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INDEX.

Familiar Sketches and Essays.

Page
Air and Water Pollution (w. c.), 513
Boarding-out System (w. c.), 353
Charley Ross (w. c.), 305
Christmas-time, 801
Cornish Haven, a, 449
Costers and their Donkeys (w. c.), 753
Derelicts, 97
Experiences of a Knocker-up, 721
Fairbairns, Story of the (w. c.), 417
Female Professionals (w. c.), 65
Gaelic Nuisance, the (w. c.), 689
Good Manners, 390
High-mettled Racer, the (w. c.), 209
Holiday in the Lake Country, 369
Hygeia: a Model City of Health, 33
Kingsley (Charles) at Home, 497
Live to a Hundred, To (w. c.), 113
'Lives o' Men,' 193
Ludicrous, the, 287
'Making Pretend,' 257
Marvel of Artistic Genius, 241
Names (w. c.), 177
Peter Botte (or Pieter Both), 465
Predominant Delusions (w. c.), 481
Rabbits, About (w. c.), 145
Rich Folks, a Word on, 625
Rob Graham: a Tweedside Reminiscence (w. c.), 129
Romance of Accident, 817
Royal Game of Golf, 705
Seventy Years Since, 385
Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs (w. c.), 273
St Kilda, Life in, 284, 312, 331
Strange Family History, 529
Sunny Days on the Thames, 321
Thrift and Unthrift (w. c.), 641
Treatment of Animals (w. c.), 545
'Village Home,' a, 433
Vital Force, 293
Wasted Existence (w. c.), 17
Waste of Life, 173
Window Willie (w. c.), 337
Wooden Leg, the (w. c.), 81

Poetry.

Autumn in the Woods, 608
City Weed, a, 448
Coming Flowers, To the, 144
Deserted Garden, the, 624
Desolate, 800
Duffers Yet.—By Two 'Long Spoons,' 707
'Ever Believe Me Affectionately Yours,' 400
Fairies, the, 384
Fall of the Year, the, 640
Language of Flowers, the, 416
Leaf Prophetic, the, 32
Lenachluten, a Waterfall in Argyleshire, 368
Let Bygones be Bygones, 816
Monument and Turf, 736
Mountain Lamb, Lines to a Late-born, 64
My Baby, 496
My Sweetheart, 576
Pet Dove Killed by a Dog, On a, 432
Reinterment of John Hunter, 96
Robin Redbreast, To My, 752
Rocky Boulders of Cornwall, 160
Roll-call of Home, the, 832
Sisters, 288
Song of the Carilloneur, 48
——— Irwell, 515
Sonnet,' 224
Sunset, 592
Spring Showers, 256
Sweet Love and I, 656
Thomas Tyrie, Lines to the Memory of, 192
Tomb and the Rose, the, 240
Walmer Life-boat, the, 464

Popular Science.

'Bell-animalcules,' 190
Changes of Colour in the Chameleon, 575
Colour-blindness, 152
Electricity as a Light-producer, 667
Errors concerning Animals and Plants, 110
Fossil Men, 200
French Notes, 607
Froth, 447
Germ Theory Again, 717
Odd Fishes, 78
Photographic Progress, 134
Porcelain-painting, 169
Prism, the, 341
Science and Arts—62, 126, 206, 269, 334, 413, 477, 542, 621, 685, 748, 829
Sea-eggs, 325
Telegraph, Singing and Talking by, 554
Telegraphy and War, 737
Telephone, the, 811
Voice, Curiosities of the, 471

Tales and Other Narratives.

ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE, THE—
  I. Surmises, 633
  II. A Quiet Evening at Home, 635
  III. At Government House, 636
  IV. Laura brought to Task, 650
  V. The Question Answered, 651
  VI. Family Counsel, 652
  VII. Coming Home, 664
  VIII. Return of the *Leo*, 665
  IX. Tangled Threads, 682
  X. Only Two Letters! 696
  XI. The Charade Party, 698
  XII. Other Events of that Evening, 712
  XIII. Confession, 714
  XIV. Through the Grim Gates, 724
  XV. News at Last, 725

Archie Raeburn, 47
Bunch of Keys, a, 785
Cast of the Net: the Story of a Detective Officer, 756, 775, 789, 803
Cousin Dick, 424
Cross-purposes, 441, 457
Curate's Holiday, a, 11, 28, 43, 58
Dawn to Sunset—548, 563, 579, 595, 611, 627, 643, 659, 675, 691, 708
Diamond cut Diamond, 600
Difficult Question, a, 808, 819
Dream and its Consequences, a, 821
Duke's Piper: a Story of the West Highlands, 376, 392, 410
Faithful unto Death, 401
Fanchette, the Goat of Boulainvilliers, 365
Gold-mine Experiences, 154
Gordon, 793
Hidden Box, the, 769
Inn at Bolton, the, 745
Irish Mistake, an, 237

105317

Page

Last of the Haddons, the. By Mrs Newman, Author of *Too Late*, &c.
i. 'Incongruous Materials,' 1
ii. Success, 20
iii. Flitting, 35
iv. Fairview, 37
v. 'I am Lilian,' 53
vi. First Impressions, 67
vii. Vanquished, 82
viii. 'Through the Valley of the Shadow,' 85
ix. Arthur Trafford's Chivalry, 99
x. Marian, 116
xi. Cross-purposes, 137
xii. Under-currents, 146
xiii. Arthur Trafford's Tactics, 148
xiv. A Revelation, 164
xv. Robert Wentworth's News, 180
xvi. Marian's Rise in Life, 197
xvii. Mrs Tipper to the Rescue, 210
xviii. Marian's Generosity, 227
xix. Mrs Chichester's Arrangement, 243
xx. Mrs Tipper at Home, 259
xxi. Our Experiment, 276
xxii. More Weak than Wicked, 279
xxiii. Nancy Dean, 295
xxiv. A Death-blow, 308
xxv. In the Lane, 323
xxvi. Preparation, 339
xxvii. Philip, 354
xxviii. Congratulations, 371
xxix. Philip and Robert, 387
xxx. Mrs Trafford's Happiness, 406
xxxi. At the Stile, 420
xxxii. Bent, but not Broken, 436
xxxiii. 'A Woman's Errand,' 452
xxxiv. Two Letters, 468
xxxv. A Twelvemonth After, 483
xxxvi. Wages, 499
xxxvii. Rest and Peace, 515

Legend of 'The Forty-five,' 683
Major Hammond's Ring, 617
Masonic Incident, 524
Minding the Bairn, 222
Mrs Petre, 104, 123

Nearly Wrecked—
i. The Betrothal, 728
ii. The Parting, 731
iii. Wilfred's Letter, 739
iv. The Journey, 740
v. Saved, 741

Queer Clue, a, 488, 504
Ready-money, 75
Rob Graham: a Tweedside Reminiscence (w. c.), 129
Romance of a Lodging, 344, 359
Shamrock Leaves—
A Wedding, 654
A Wake, 671
'Softie's' Dream, the, 761
Strong-minded Woman, the, 170, 185
Such Old Friends, 202

Sunshine and Cloud.—In Two Parts.

Part I.—Sunshine.
i. Isaac Webb, 217
ii. Our Hero Prepares to go to London, 218
iii. In the Metropolis, 219
iv. Miss Angela Faithful, 233
v. Our Hero is Fulfilling his Destiny, 234
vi. A Pressing Invitation, 235
vii. Isaac is Touched, 249
viii. The Leap, 249

Part II.—Cloud.
i. The Sun is Slightly Obscured, 250
ii. Shadows Deepen, 251
iii. Too Bad of Mr Scamplin, 265
iv. Webb vice Ashton, 266
v. Where is the License? 266
vi. Checkmated, 267
vii. The Moral, 268

Tim Baylis, 585
Tim Hargaton's Courtship, 568

Twelfth Rig, the—
i. The Charm Suggested, 289
ii. The Charm Tried, 291
iii. The Flight, 316
iv. The Glamour Fades, 318
v. The Working of the Charm, 327
vi. The Charm Dissolved, 329

Notices of Books.

Aitken's (Dr) Science and Practice of Medicine, 396
Arnold's Summer Holiday in Scandinavia, 631
A Thousand Miles up the Nile, by Miss Edwards, 485
Baldwin's (Captain) Large and Small Game of Bengal, 230
Baron de Hübner's Ramble Round the World, 122
Burton's Helen's Babies, 556
——— Other People's Children, 556
Cameron's (Commander, R.N.) Across Africa, 214
Carpenter's (Dr W. B.) Mesmerism and Spiritualism, 481
Charley Ross: the Story of his Abduction, by C. K. Ross (w. c.), 305
Claretie's Camille Desmoulins and his Wife, translated by Mrs Cashel Hoey (w. c.), 17
Clark's Golf—a Royal and Ancient Game, 705
Dampier's (Rev. W. J.) Memoir of Carter, 241
Davies' Swan and her Crew, 157
Hamerton's Round my House; Notes on Rural Life in France, 8
Human Nature, by David Mitchell, 102
Hygeia (City of Health), by Dr Richardson, 33
Jones' Finger Ring Lore, 319
Kingsley's (Rev. Charles) Biography, 497
Lakes in Sunshine, the, by J. Payn, 369
Lord and Baines' Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life, Travel, and Exploration, 362
Mandl's (Dr) Larynx, 471
Margary's Journey from Shanghae to Bhamo, 40
Payer's New Lands within the Arctic Circle, 55
Rimmer's Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England, 780
Saxby's (Mrs) Rockbound, a Story of the Shetland Isles, 746
Schuyler's Journey in Turkestan, 72
Smiles' Huguenots (w. c.), 177
——— Life of a Scotch Naturalist—Thomas Edward (w. c.), 49
Squier's Land of the Incas, 787
Streeter's Precious Stones and Gems, 742
Symondson's Two Years Abaft the Mast, 520
Timbs' Anecdote Lives of the later Wits and Humorists, 6
Timbs' English Eccentrics and Eccentricities, 535
Trade-mark Journal, 491
Wallace's Russia, 374
Warren's (Captain), Underground Jerusalem, 182

Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.

About Rabbits (w. c.), 145
Advertisements, Deceptive, 70
Advice to Young Women, 192
Affection in Bird-life, 268, 368
Africa, a Walk Across, 214
After-dinner Anecdotes, 91
Air Pollution (w. c.), 513
Amazonia, a Visit to, 501
American Bench, Drolleries of the, 382
Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England, 780
Animals and Plants, Errors concerning, 110
Archie Raeburn, 47
Arctic Regions, Christmas in the, 734
Arrows, Poisoned, 220
Artificial Eyes, the Trade in, 704
Artistic Genius, a Marvel of, 241
Austrian Arctic Discovery, 55
Banffshire Naturalist, the (w. c.), 49
Beche-de-Mer, the, 15
Bee-keepers, Hints to, 301
'Bell-animalcules,' 190
Big Trees of Mariposa, the, 122
Bird-life, Affection in, 268, 368
Boarding-out System (w. c.), 353
Breithorn, a Lady's Ascent of the, 533
Bridge Pool, the, 589
Brigade of Foot Guards, the, 23
Brigandage, Italian (w. c.)— 4, 46, 336, 727
British Angler on the Continent, 404
——— Navy, as it Was, 161
'Broads,' Cruising on the, 157
Bunch of Keys, a, 785
Burial Eccentricities, 593
Buried City, a, 766
Cables, Submarine, 281, 357, 454
Canine Attachment, a Local Instance of, 736
Carrier-pigeons, 672
Cast of the Net, 756, 775, 789, 803
Caterpillars, Processionary, 240
Cats, 128
Change-ringing, 731
Changes of Colour in the Chameleon, 575
Charley Ross (w. c.), 305
Children's Troubles, 13
China, Notes from, 445
Christmas in the Arctic Regions, 734
Christmas-time, 801
Cleopatra's Needle, 225
Clerks, 570
Cod-fishing in Iceland, 662
Coincidences, Some Curious, 510
Colonisation, Polar, 461
Colour-blindness, 152
Commercial Travellers' Schools, 144
Cornish Haven, a, 449
Costers and their Donkeys (w. c.), 753
Cousin Dick, 424
Cricket, the Morale of, 298

Page
Crime in Italy, 46
Crocodile and Gavial, the, 653
Cross-purposes, 441, 457
Cruising on the 'Broads,' 157
Curate's Holiday, a, 11, 28, 43, 58
Curiosities of the Railway-ticket Manufacture, 140
Curiosities of the Voice, 471
Curious Pick-ups, 429
—— Picture Book, a, 491
Deceptive Advertisements, 70
Delusions, Predominant (w. c.), 481
Derelicts, 97
Diamond Cut Diamond, 600
Dickens' (Charles) Manuscripts, 710
Difficult Question, a, 808, 819
Donkeys and their Costers (w. c.), 753
Dream and its Consequences, a, 821
Drolleries of the American Bench, 382
Duke's Piper, the, 376, 392, 410
Earning a Livelihood, Unsuspected Ways of, 446
Eccentric People, 535
Editorial Note, 16
Electricity as a Light-producer, 667
Emergencies, 703
Emigrants, a Promising Field for, 399
England's Ancient Streets and Homesteads, 780
Errors concerning Animals and Plants, 110
Experiences of a Knocker-up, 721
Extraordinary Project, an, 792
Fairbairns, Story of the (w. c.), 417
Faithful unto Death, 401
Famous British Regiments, the Brigade of Foot Guards, 23
Fanchette, the Goat of Boulainvilliers, 365
Fans, Japanese, 783
Fearful Swing, a, 751
Feats of Endurance, 806
Female Professionals (w. c.), 65
Few Words about Poultry, 462
Fighting for Life, 526
Fijian Tragedy, a, 480
Fires and their Causes, 772
Fishing Extraordinary, 141
Foreigners' English, 561
Fossil Men, 200
Fox-hunting on the Mountains of Scotland, 473
France, Rural Life in, 8
French Fisher-folk, 701
—— Notes, a Few, 607
Froth, 447
Gaelic Nuisance, the (w. c.), 689
Gavial and Crocodile, the, 653
Gems at Random Strung, 742
Germ Theory Again, 717
Gigantic Moa Bird, 587
Glimpse of the Indian Famine (w. c.), 764
Gold-mine Experiences, 154
Golf, the Royal Game of, 705
Good Manners, 390
—— Templars, the, 167
Gordon, 793
Gossip about Tails, 351
Green Flag of the Prophet, 609
Grist-tax, the Italian, 655
Guacho, the, 715
'Helen's Babies,' 556
Hidden Box, the, 769
High-mettled Racer, the (w. c.), 209
Hindu Fellow-subjects and Ourselves, 88
Hints to Bee-keepers, 301
—— Sick-nurses, 396
Holiday in the Lake-country, 369
Homesteads of England, 780
Hotel Hospitals, 599

Page
Hyderabad and its Rulers, 518
Hygeia: a Model City of Health, 33
Iceland, Cod-fishing in, 662
Imported Beef and Mutton, 253
Incas, Land of the, 787
Incubation, Snake, 538
India, Tea-culture in, 559
Indian Border Warfare, 590
—— Famine, Glimpse of the (w. c.), 764
Indian Military Sports, 398
—— Pets, Our, 694
Inn at Bolton, the, 745
Irish Mistake, an, 237
Iron-clads, Our, 759
Is the Telephone a Practical Success? 811
Italian Brigandage (w. c.), 4
—— Grist-tax, the, 655
—— Vagrant Children, 614
Japan, a Railway Trip in, 26
——, Mushroom Cultivation in, 512
Japanese Fans, 783
—— Wrestlers, 669
Jerusalem, Underground, 182
Journey in Turkestan, 72
Jungle and its Inhabitants, the, 230
Keepsake, a Restored, 95
Kingsley (Rev. Charles) at Home, 497
Knocker-up, Experiences of a, 721
Lady's Ascent of the Breithorn, a, 533
—— Journey in Moldavia, 573
Lake-country, a Holiday in the, 369
—— Nyassa, a Trip on, 428
Lamp-forge, the Quichenot, 112
Lampreys, 409
Land of the Incas, 787
—— Pharaohs, 485
Legend of 'The Forty-five,' 683
Life in a Military Prison, 798
—— St Kilda, 284, 312, 331
Lime-juice, 188, 367
Lion Kings, Queens, and Trainers, 174
Live to a Hundred, To (w. c.), 113
'Lives o' Men,' 193
Lost in Magellan's Straits, 620
Ludicrous, the, 287
Mafia and Camorra (w. c.), 727
Major Hammond's Ring, 617
'Making Pretend,' 257
Man on Man, 102
Manuscripts of Charles Dickens, 710
Margary's Journey from Shanghae to Bhamo, 40
Mariposa, the Big Trees of, 122
Market-garden Women, 646
Marvel of Artistic Genius, 241
Masonic Incident, a, 524
Medium's Correspondents, a, 236
Memory, 349
Military Sports, Indian, 398
Minding the Bairn, 222
Missing Articles, More, 272
Mistakes and Misconceptions, Odd, 605
Mistletoe, the, 735
Moa Bird, the Gigantic, 587
Model City of Health (Hygeia), 33
Modern Superstitions, 603
Moldavia, a Lady's Journey in, 573
Mongoose, the, 508
MONTH, THE: Science and Arts—62, 126, 206, 269, 334, 413, 477, 542, 621, 685, 748, 829
Morale of Cricket, the, 298
Morning in a London Hospital, 195
Mother Goose, 320
Mount Pisgah, London, W., 255
Mrs Petre, 104, 123
Mushroom Cultivation in Japan, 512
Mystical Plants, 347
Names (w. c.), 177
Narcotism, 797
New Zealand, Rabbits in, 205

Page
Noble Occupation, a, 704
Norway, a Summer Holiday in, 631
Notes from China, 445
Obelisk, the Coming, 225
Ocean-voyages in Small Boats, 719
Odd Fishes, On Some, 78
Odd Mistakes and Misconceptions, 605
Odd Notes from Queensland, 824
Old Friends, Such, 202
Old Showman's Recollections, 94
'One Shilling,' 120
'Only Trifles,' 523
Ostriches, Capturing, 224
'Other People's Children,' 556
Our Indian Pets, 694
Our Iron-clads, 759
Ourselves and our Hindu Fellow-subjects, 88
Partridge and Her Chicks, Story of a, 640
Peter Botte (or Pieter Both), 465
Pets, Some Uncommon, 31
Pharaohs, Land of the, 485
Photographic Progress, 134
Pick-ups, Curious, 429
Picture Book, a Curious, 491
Pixies, the, 784
Plants, Errors concerning, 110
——, Mystical, 347
Playtime at Oxford, 540
Poisoned Arrows, 220
Polar Colonisation, 461
Poppet's Pranks, 494
Porcelain-painting, 169
Post-letter Items, 107
Poultry, a Few Words About, 462
Predominant Delusions (w. c.), 481
'Prentice-life at Sea, 520
Prism, Story of the, 341
Processionary Caterpillars, 240
Prodigies, Youthful, 577
Project, an Extraordinary, 792
Promising Field for Emigrants, 399
Quack Medicine, 528
Quebec, Reminiscences of, 699
Queensland, Odd Notes from, 824
Queer Clue, a, 488, 504
Quichenot Lamp-forge, 112
Quigrich or Staff of St Fillan, Story of the, 422
Rabbits, About (w. c.), 145
—— in New Zealand, 205
Railway Accidents, 379
Railway-ticket Manufacture, Curiosities of, 140
Railway Trip in Japan, 26
Railways, Three Wonderful, 246
Ready-money, 75
Relic of Antiquity, 143
Reminiscences of Quebec, 699
Restored Keepsake, 95
Rich Folks, a Word on, 625
Ring Lore, 319
Rob Graham (w. c.), 129
Rockbound, 746
Romance of a Lodging, 344, 359
—— Accident, the, 817
Roughing It, 362
Round the World, Voyaging and Studying, 304
Royal Game of Golf, the, 705
—— Naval Reserve and Royal Naval Volunteers, 566
Rural Life in France, 8
Russia and her People, 374
Rusty Iron, 432
Schools, the Commercial Travellers', 144
Scotland, Fox-hunting on the Mountains of, 473
Sea-eggs, 325
Sea-lions, 778

Page
Sea-monsters, 673
Sea-shore Rambles, 262
Sea-spoil, 648
Seventy Years Since, 385
Shamrock Leaves, 654, 671
Shanghae to Bhamo, Margary's Journey from, 40
Showman's Recollections, an Old, 94
Sicilian Brigandage (w. c.), 336
Sick-nurses, Hints to, 396
Siege of Paris, Episode of the, 365
Singing and Talking by Telegraph, 554
Singing Mice, 814
Sketches in Vancouver Island, 680
Smuggling in its Droll Aspects, 476
Snake-incubation, 538
'Softie's' Dream, the, 761
Solan Goose, the, 416
Some Curious Coincidences, 510
Spread of Disease, 560
St Kilda, Life in, 284, 312, 331
Staff of St Fillan, the Story of the Quigrich or, 422
Story of a Partridge and Her Chicks, 640
Story of the Fairbairns (w. c.), 417
——— Prism, 341
——— West Highlands—376, 392, 410
Strange Family History, 529
——— Pair, a, 688
Strong-minded Woman, the, 170, 185
Studying Round the World, 304

Page
Submarine Cables—
  Their Manufacture, 281
  Laying, 357
  Working, 454
Summer Holiday in Norway, 631
Sunny Days on the Thames, 321
Sunshine and Cloud—217, 233, 249, 265
Tails, Gossip About, 351
Taking it Coolly, 826
Tea-culture in India, 559
Telegraph, Singing and Talking by, 554
Telegraphy and War, 737
Telephone, Is it a Practical Success? 811
Templars, the Good, 167
Thrift and Unthrift (w. c.), 641
Tim Baylis, 585
Tim Hargaton's Courtship, 568
Tit for Tat, 638
Torpedoes and Infernal Machines, 438
Toy-land, 60
Toys, 657
Treatment of Animals (w. c.), 545
Tricks in the Wine Trade, 637
Trip on Lake Nyassa, 428
Turkestan, a Journey in, 72
Tweedside Reminiscence (w. c.), 129
——— Tradition, a (w. c.), 337
Twelfth Rig, the, 289, 316, 327
Tyndall (Professor) on the Spread of Disease, 560

Page
Tyrolese Catastrophe, 552
Underground Jerusalem, 182
Unsuspected Ways of Earning a Livelihood, 446
Using up Waste Substances, 816
Vagrant Children, Italian, 614
Vancouver Island, Sketches in, 680
'Village Home,' a, 433
Visit to Amazonia, 501
Vital Force, 293
Voice, Curiosities of the, 471
Volunteers, Royal Naval, 566
Voyaging Round the World, 304
Walk Across Africa, 214
Walter Scott, Sir, and his Dogs (w. c.), 273
War and Telegraphy, 737
Waste of Life, On, 173
Wasted Existence, a (w. c.), 17
Watchmaking by Machinery, 92
Water Pollution (w. c.), 513
Weaving-schools, 583
Welsh Coal-mine, Story of a, 526
Window Willie (w. c.), 337
Wine Trade, Tricks in the, 637
Wits and Witticisms, 6
Wonderful Railways, Three, 246
Wooden Leg, the (w. c.), 81
Word on Rich Folks, a, 625
Wrestlers, Japanese, 669
Young Nobles, Hint to, 592
——— Women, Advice to, 192
Youthful Prodigies, 577

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THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

By MRS NEWMAN, AUTHOR OF 'TOO LATE,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—'INCONGRUOUS MATERIALS.'

'No. 81. Yes; this must certainly be the house,' I murmured, turning my eyes somewhat disappointedly towards it again, after consulting an address in my hand. A large, gloomy, dilapidated-looking house, in a respectably dull street in Westminster, its lower windows facing a dead-wall, and its upper ones overlooking venerable ecclesiastical grounds. The lower rooms appeared to be the only portion of the house which was occupied; and, to judge by the shabbiness of the blinds, they were kept but in a mean condition. None the less dreary was the present aspect of the house for the suggestions of by-gone prosperity in the noble proportions of the entrance, with its link-extinguishers on either side, and great massive doors opening from the centre. It would require a vivid imagination to picture those doors flung hospitably open, and light and warmth from within streaming down upon a gay party of the present generation, alighting before the broad steps.

'Not very promising,' was my mental comment, as I gathered courage to ascend the steps and lift the heavy iron wreath of flowers, which used to be considered high-art in the way of knockers. Nor was I certain that the house was inhabited at all, until I heard footsteps within, and presently one of the doors was opened a few inches and a bony hand thrust out.

'A pretty time this to be bringing coffee that was wanted for breakfast!'

'Does Mr Wentworth live here?'

A tall, thin, grim-visaged woman looked out, and shortly replied: 'Yes; he does.'

'Is he at home? Can I see him?'

'He's at home,' she slowly and reluctantly admitted; adding, as she determinedly blocked up the doorway: 'But he can't see anybody; he's engaged.'

'Please give this card to Mr Wentworth, and say'——

'If it's the advertisement, you should have come before. Ten to twelve was the time.'

'Please give this card to Mr Wentworth, and'——

'It won't be any use.'

'And say I shall be greatly obliged if he will see me for five minutes.'

Evidently this was a woman accustomed to have her way, at anyrate with such callers as came there. The very novelty of my persistence seemed for the moment to disconcert her, as she eyed me from beneath her bent brows before replying: 'Haven't I just told you?'

'Please give this card to Mr Wentworth, and say I shall be greatly obliged if he will see me for five minutes.'

She appeared for a moment undecided as to whether she should shut the door in my face or do my bidding; then ungraciously moved aside for me to pass into the hall, which I unhesitatingly did. Mumbling something to herself, which, to judge by her countenance, was the reverse of complimentary to me, she left me standing on the mat, and went into a room on the right of the square hall, the stone floor of which was sparsely covered here and there with old scraps of carpet. I had just time to note that, poor and forlorn as everything looked, it was kept scrupulously clean, when I heard a man's voice, and the words: 'Did I not tell you?' uttered in a stern low voice.

'I know you did; and I told her, but she wouldn't take "No" for an answer.'

'Nonsense! Say I'm engaged; it's past the time.

I have all but arranged with some one already. Get rid of her somehow, and do not disturb me again. I thought you prided yourself upon your ability to keep off intruders.'

'This one isn't like the others,' grumbled the old woman. 'She goes on hammering and hammering. However, I'll soon send her off now.'

A nice introduction this! I had not really believed that she was acting under orders, and I had too grave a reason for desiring an interview, to allow a disagreeable old woman to prevent my obtaining it. I felt that an apology ought to be made before I was 'sent off.' Advancing to the door of the room from which the voices came, and standing on the threshold, I said: 'Allow me to exonerate your housekeeper, sir' (it was really a pretty compliment to give that gaunt personification of shabbiness so sounding a title, and she ought to have been touched by it). 'I am afraid I was more pertinacious than are the generality of intruders, in my anxiety to obtain an interview.'

A gentleman sat facing me, frowning down at my card. A pen still in his hand, and the quantity of papers and pamphlets covering the large library-table at which he sat, seemed to shew that it had been no mere excuse about his being engaged. A tall, broad-chested man, with a fine massive head, and good if somewhat rugged features, looking at first sight, I fancied, about forty years of age. I saw that there were a great many books in the room, and two or three fine specimens of old carved furniture, in curious contrast with the small square of well-worn and well-mended carpet at the end of the room where he sat.

At sight of me he laid down his pen, and pushed his chair back from the table, ruffling up his already sufficiently ruffled-up hair with a look of dismay which was almost comical. As he appeared somewhat at a loss how to answer me, I added: 'I set out immediately I read the advertisement; and I hope you will excuse my being an hour and thirty-seven minutes late;' looking at my watch in order to be quite correct as to time.

A smile, which had a wonderfully improving effect upon him, dwelt for a moment on his lips, and remained in his eyes.

'Will you take a seat, Miss—Haddon?' consulting my card for the name. Then to the old woman: 'You need not wait, Hannah.'

Throwing a look over her shoulder at him, as though to say, 'I told you,' she went out and shut the door.

He placed a chair for me, then returned to the old-fashioned library-chair he had risen from, and courteously waited for me to begin. So far good—he was a gentleman.

'I will be as concise as possible, Mr Wentworth. I am seeking a situation of some kind, and can, I think, offer as good testimonials as any one who has not had an engagement before could have. If you have not yet decided upon engaging any particular lady, I shall be much obliged by your kindly looking through these;' taking a little packet of letters from my pocket, and placing it upon the table before him.

He was eyeing me rather curiously, and I earnestly went on: 'I have been accustomed to use both my brains and hands, and I would do my very best with either to earn a respectable living.'

'I fear that I am committed in another direction,' he said courteously.

'In that case, I can only hope that the lady upon whom your choice has fallen needs an engagement as much as I do,' I replied, trying to stifle a sigh.

'I am extremely sorry that you should be disappointed.'

'You are very kind' (for I felt that he really was sorry); 'but I am accustomed to disappointments; and there is a sort of poetical justice in this, after intruding upon you as I have done,' I said, trying to speak lightly.

'I am very sorry indeed,' he repeated.

'Pray do not think of it, Mr Wentworth,' rising from my seat; 'allow me to'——

'A moment, Miss Haddon. It is of the first importance to find a lady thoroughly competent to undertake the office, and to be candid, I do not feel quite sure that I have succeeded.'

'But if you are committed?'

'I have been considering that, and I do not think that I am wholly committed—only so far as having promised to communicate with one lady goes. For the moment, I could not arrange matters with my conscience. Out of those who were good enough to notice the advertisement only one appeared to me at all suitable. But,' he added apologetically, 'I ought to explain that the requirements are of a somewhat exceptional character.'

'May I ask what they are, Mr Wentworth?'

'Principally tact in dealing with incongruous materials, and the exercise of a healthy influence over a sensitive girl.'

'Tact in dealing with incongruous materials,' I repeated musingly. 'Yes; certainly I ought to know something about that.'

Our eyes met, and we both broke into a little laugh, as he said: 'Most of us have opportunities for acquiring a little experience of the kind.'

'And I think I may claim to have made use of my opportunities,' I rejoined, after a moment or two's deliberation. 'But the healthy influence over a sensitive girl,' I went on more doubtfully; 'people hold such very opposite opinions as to what *is* a healthy influence. I certainly should not like to have my own weaknesses petted.'

'You have been accustomed to training?'

'I have been accustomed to *be* trained, so far as circumstances could do it, Mr Wentworth,' I returned with a half-smile at the thought of all that was implied by my words. I could not enter into my history to him; I could not tell him what I had resigned in order to remain in attendance upon my dear mother. Indeed, she had been a confirmed invalid so long a time, that the giving up had ceased to cost anything; the dread of losing her having become my only trouble, though year by year the difficulty of getting the little luxuries she needed and keeping out of debt, had terribly increased. When the parting came, it took something from the bitterness of regret to think that she knew nothing of the difficulties which had beset us. 'Still,' I added, desirous of making the best of myself, and led on by his evident anxiety to select the right kind of association for his child, or whoever she was, to be as frank as himself, 'mine has been an experience which ought to be worth something. One's experiences are hardly to be talked of; but I honestly think you might do worse than engage me, if it is any recommendation to have been accustomed to struggle against adverse circumstances, as I think it ought to be. My testimonials are from the clergyman of the parish, the medical man who attended my mother during a long illness, and an old friend of my father's. The last is more complimentary than could be wished; but the first two gentlemen knew me during a long heavy trial, and, as I begged them to do, they have, I think, stated only what is fair to me.'

He was smiling, his eyes fixed upon me; and I went on interrogatively: 'It is a chaperon and companion for a young girl required—your daughter or ward, I presume?'

He laughed outright; and then I saw he was younger than I had at first supposed him to be. At most, he could not be over thirty-five, I thought, a little confused at my mistake.

'No relation, and I am glad to say, no ward, Miss Haddon. I am simply obliging a friend who resides out of town, in order to spare both him and the ladies replying to the advertisement unnecessary trouble, by seeing them here. To say that I have regretted my good-nature more than once this morning, would of course be impolite.'

'It must have been very unpleasant for you sitting in judgment over a number of women,' I said; 'almost as unpleasant as for them.'

'Pray do not think that I have ventured so far as that, Miss Haddon,' he returned with an amused look.

But I had not gone there to amuse him, so I simply replied: 'I think you were bound to do so, having undertaken the responsibility, Mr Wentworth;' and returned straight to business, asking: 'Do you think there is any chance for me?'

'Your manners convince me that you would be suited to the office, Miss Haddon. Mr Farrar is an invalid; and his daughter, for whom he is seeking a chaperon, is his only child, and motherless. That may excuse a little extra care in selecting a fitting companion for her, which every good woman might not be. There is only one thing'—— He trifled with the papers before him a few moments, and then went on hesitatingly: 'The lady was not to be very young.'

Greatly relieved, I smiled, and put up my veil. 'I am not very young, Mr Wentworth. I was nine-and-twenty the day before yesterday.' It would be really too ridiculous to be rejected on account of being too young, when that very morning I had been trying to lecture myself into a more philosophic frame of mind about the loss of my youth, and had failed ignominiously. The loss of youth meant more to me than it does to most people.

'Ah! Then I think we may consider that the only objection is disposed of,' he gravely replied.

Relieved and glad as I was at this decision, I could not but think it curious that he had not first examined my testimonials. For one so cautious in some respects, this omission appeared rather lax. But I still allowed them to lie on the table, as his friend might desire to see them, though he did not.

'Am I to write to your friend, Mr Wentworth?'

'I was to ask the lady selected, to go to Fairview as soon as she conveniently could, Miss Haddon,' presenting me with a card upon which was the address—Mr Farrar, Fairview, Highbrook, Kent.

'To make arrangements with Mr Farrar?' I inquired, not a little surprised at the suddenness with which matters seemed to be settling themselves.

'To remain, if you are willing so to do, Miss Haddon. But I ought to state that the engagement may possibly be for only a limited period; not longer than a year, perhaps. Miss Farrar is engaged to be married.' ('Ah, now I understand your anxiety about her finding a suitable companion,' was my mental comment.) 'She will not leave her father in his present state of health; but in the event of his recovery, there is some talk of her marriage in a year or so.'

'I do not myself desire a long engagement, Mr Wentworth,' I replied, with a slight pressure of a certain locket on my watch-chain. If the illusions of youth were gone, certain things remained to me yet.

He looked a little curious, I fancied, but simply bowed; too much a gentleman to question about anything not connected with the business in hand.

'Was there any mention made of salary, Mr Wentworth?'

'Salary? O yes. I really beg your pardon. Something was said about eighty or a hundred a year. But there were no restrictions about it. You will find that Mr Farrar is'—— Whatever he was about to say, he hesitated to say; and after a moment's pause, substituted the word 'liberal. He is a man of large means, Miss Haddon.'

I was rather surprised at the amount; and in my inexperience of such matters, I failed to take into account the appearance a chaperon would be expected to make. The little I had hitherto been able to do in the way of money-getting had brought but very small returns. But then it had been done surreptitiously, whilst my dear mother was sleeping. She had been too anxious about me to be allowed to know that her small pension did not suffice for our expenses; and mine had been such work and for such pay as I could obtain from shops in the neighbourhood. 'Eighty pounds a year certainly is liberal; I did not hope for anything so good as that,' I replied. Then I once more rose, and bade him good-morning, begging him to excuse my having taken up so much of his time. 'In truth, Mr Wentworth, I was getting almost desperate in my sore need.'

'I can only regret that a gentlewoman should be put to so much inconvenience, Miss Haddon; although it bears out my creed, that gentlewomen are more capable of endurance than are their inferiors.'

All very nice and pleasant of him; but even while he spoke, I was painfully conscious that I should have the greatest difficulty in getting out of the room as a gentlewoman should. The sudden revulsion—the great good fortune—coming so swiftly after bitter disappointments, told, I suppose, upon my physical strength, lowered by a longer fast than usual. In fact, a course of discipline in the way of bearing inconvenience, was telling upon me just at the wrong moment; and it seemed that his pretty compliment about a gentlewoman's capability of endurance was about to be proved inapplicable to me. The furniture appeared to be taking all sorts of fantastic shapes, and he himself to be expanding and collapsing in the most alarming manner. But angry and ashamed as I felt—could anything be more humiliating than an exhibition of weakness at this moment—I strove to smile and say something about the heat, as with some difficulty I made my way towards the door.

'But I fear—— Pray allow me,' he ejaculated, springing towards the door, where I was groping for the handle, telling myself that if I could only get into the hall and sit there in the fresh air a few moments, all would be well again.

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

When we were at Naples a few years ago, and wished to make an excursion to Paestum—which would have occupied only two days altogether in going and returning—the landlord of our hotel strongly discommended the attempt. The roads, he said, were unsafe. Brigands might lay hold of the party, and great trouble would ensue. As this advice was corroborated by what we heard otherwise, the proposed excursion was given up. Perhaps, since that time things may have improved on the route to Paestum; but from all accounts, brigandage is as rife as ever in the south of Italy and Sicily, or has rather become much worse.

The Italians have generally been congratulated on their establishment of national independence. The many petty states into which the country had been divided for centuries, are now united into a single kingdom, with Rome as the capital. All that sounds well, and looks well. But here is the pinch. The south of Italy is now much more disturbed and kept in poverty by brigands than it was when under the Bourbons. A nominally strong and united government is apparently less able or willing to keep robbers in subjection than a government of inferior pretensions, which used to be pretty roundly abused and laughed at. Possibly, the political convulsion that led to the consolidation of power may have bequeathed broken and dissolute bands, which took to robbery as a profession. Possibly, also, the dissolution of monastic orders may have had something to do with the present scandalous state of affairs. A still more expressive reason for the corrupt state of society has been assigned. This consists in the feebleness of the laws and administrative policy of the country. Capital punishments have been all but abolished. The most atrocious crimes are visited by a condemnation to imprisonment for years or for life; but the punishment is little better than a sham, for prisoners contrive in many instances to escape, through the connivance of their jailers, or get loose in some other way. In a word, the law has no terrors for the criminal, who is either pardoned or gets off somehow. He is coddled and petted as an unfortunate being —looked upon rather as a hero in distress than anything else. In this view of the matter, the blame for the wretched condition of Southern Italy rests mainly on those higher and middle classes who are presumably the leaders of public opinion.

There is a moral blight even beyond what may be suggested by these allegations. It is absolutely asserted that there are vast numbers of persons, high and low, from the courtier to the peasant, who, for selfish purposes, wink at brigandage and theft. Strange tales have been told of a confederation in Naples, known as the *Camarista*, the members of which live by extorting under threats a species of black-mail on every commercial transaction. Shopkeepers are laid under contribution for a share in the profits of every sale they happen to make. And it has been said, that a cabman is expected to deliver up a percentage of every fare he pockets. As little has been lately heard of the Camarista, we entertain a hope that, taking shame to itself, the municipality has successfully stamped out this illegal and intolerable tyranny.

If we take for granted that the Camarista has disappeared or been abated, it is certain that in Sicily a much more cruel species of oppression, called the *Mafia*, is still in a flourishing condition. The Mafia might almost be called a universal conspiracy against law and order. Its basis is terror. All who belong to the confederacy are protected, on the understanding that they aid in sheltering evil-doers and facilitating their escape from justice. On certain terms, they participate in the plunder of a successful act of brigandage. Men in a high position, for instance, who are seen driving about in elegant style, derive a part of their income from the contributions of robbers, whom by trickery they help to evade the law. Just think of nearly a whole community being concerned in this species of underhand rascality! Neither law nor police has any chance of preserving public order. Society is rotten to the backbone. Who knows but the higher government officials, while ostentatiously hounding on Prefects to do their duty, are all the time pocketing money from the audacious wretches whom they affect to denounce? If the persons in question are not open to this suspicion, they at least, by their perfunctory proceedings, are chargeable with scandalously tolerating a condition of things disgraceful to their country.

No doubt, the government officials ostentatiously offer large rewards for the capture of certain notorious brigands; but they must well know that the public are in such a terror-stricken state that no one dares to bring malefactors to justice. The greatest ruffians swagger about unchallenged. Local magistrates are so intimidated and browbeaten by them, that they are fain to let them go about their business. It is perfectly obvious that the civil authorities are powerless. Nothing but martial law, firmly administered, is fit to check the disorder. The Carabinieri, a species of armed police, seem to be a poor-spirited set. A few companies of French gendarmerie, with authority to capture, try, and shoot every brigand, would very speedily render Southern Italy as quiet and orderly as any part of France or England.

Within the last two or three years several cases of brigandage in Sicily have been made known through the newspapers. One of the latest, which occurred early in November 1876, was that of Mr Rose, an Englishman connected with a mercantile firm in Sicily. 'Mr Rose and his brother with two servants (so runs the account) alighted at the railway station of Lercara. There Mr Rose mounted a horse, accompanied by one of the servants. His brother followed in a carriage with the other servant. Other carriages appeared immediately behind the brothers filled with apparently friendly people. At a turn of the road suddenly the celebrated brigand Leone, on whose head a reward of one thousand pounds has been set for three years, presented himself, with three other men, all well mounted. Leone caused Mr Rose to dismount and take another horse, and made for the village of Montemaggiore. Mr Rose, looking back, saw his brother in the carriage and other carriages following. He dismounted, ran towards his brother, thinking the party would outmatch the brigands, and called to them for help. But Leone riding up dared the whole party to raise a finger. All seemed paralysed. Mr Rose offered fifty thousand lire as ransom. Leone contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, made Mr Rose remount, and carried him off. Four hours after, the Carabinieri were informed of the matter, and the chase of Leone began, but came to nothing. It appears that Mr Rose had to ride for sixteen hours on horseback. His horse being at last exhausted, had to be abandoned. They arrived at a cave on the morning of the 5th inst., and remained there seven days, being abundantly supplied with provisions. On the eighth night the brigands, knowing that they were pursued by an armed force, abandoned the cave and remained on the march all night, the same thing occurring every subsequent night until the captive was released. From morning until mid-day they remained stationary in a wood, supporting themselves on poor fare, consisting of bread, cheese, and wine. In the afternoon the brigands, knowing that the troops were reposing, made prudent exploring excursions. Mr Rose never undressed from the time of his capture until he returned home. He was set at liberty near the Sciarra Railway Station, and the brigands gave him a mantle and a cap, with a third-class passenger ticket.' Mr Rose was liberated only on giving a ransom of four thousand pounds.

A Sicilian newspaper courageously commenting on this case of abduction, makes the following candid remarks: 'The putting of Mr Rose to ransom has proved incontestably two things—that ransoms in Sicily are not arranged by the brigands, but are the result of a vile and dastardly speculation of wealthy persons, and that round a band of brigands a vast association of evil-doers belonging to the upper class forms itself and enriches itself in different ways by means of brigandage. We ask, who furnished the brigand Leone with all the necessary indications to make the seizure? Who informed him in advance of the coming of Mr Rose? Who gave to the bandit the exaggerated audacity of going and seeking again his prey among thirteen persons in the midst of three carriages, at a short distance from three "Carabinieri?" Who communicated to the brigand the password that the mounted soldiers use with the "Carabinieri?" And again, who posted to Palermo the letters which Leone made Mr John Rose write to the members of his family? And who gave him the account, with such marvellous exactness, of the conversations which occurred in the house of Rose and with the friends of the family? Who gave complete information of the movements of the public force? Who furnished them in the plain country (for during twenty days the band did not come near a single house) with victuals, with warnings, and who had care of the bandits' horses? This is what we wish to know, what we ought to know. The civic power has the supreme right, the supreme duty, of bringing these things to light. The state of alarm is intolerable; the state of fear is unworthy of us. Citizens, arouse yourselves! you are sons of a free country—and there is no liberty where order is not—and let it be a blow of the executioner; put a price on the head and kill without pity. But the government does not believe that if it ought to arouse for itself the vigour of the citizens it would not have the duty of completing it. The security of the infected Sicilian provinces can only be regained by Herculean efforts and exceptional intelligence.' Very true; but where is that intelligence to be found?

A correspondent of *The Times* (December 11), dating from Naples, throws some light on the audacious proceedings of Leone, and the weakness of magisterial authority in dealing with Sicilian brigandage. 'To shew you (says this writer) what is the state of Sicily, I cite briefly the report of a recent trial at Assisi. The band of Leone, which lately carried off Mr Rose, some time ago carried off a gentleman of Termini called Paoli. As he was rich, money was supposed to be the motive of the capture, and a large ransom was offered, but vengeance was the object, and Signor Paoli was murdered. His friends, who were ignorant of the fact, sent a ransom amounting to between seventy and eighty thousand lire, not to be delivered until Paoli was in their hands. The brigands, however, insisted on the money being given up immediately, promising to send their prisoner to his friends. This the two messengers refused to do, and were returning, when they were riddled with shot, and the ransom money was seized. A companion of Leone, called De Pasquale, who had some regard for the murdered man and some sense of honour, resolved to take vengeance on Leone, but he was anticipated, for Leone murdered him treacherously, and placed his head on a cross in the commune of Alia, which, by-the-bye, has a population of from four to five thousand inhabitants. The trial which has been alluded to above concerned three of the band who had been arrested after these atrocious crimes. Each had his advocates, but on the day of trial they were not forthcoming. The president of the court assigned them three other advocates, but these were refused by the brigands, who demanded an adjournment. To this the court would not consent, and the accused then began to insult the president, jury, advocates, and witnesses, till it was found necessary to remove them and continue the trial in their absence. The result was, that two were condemned to capital punishment, and the third to the Ergastolo, in consideration of his youth, he having been under twenty-one years when the crimes were committed. As to the two condemned to death, no doubt a pardon or commutation will be granted, the more so that the abolition of capital punishment is resolved on; but whether pardoned or not, it will make little difference under the present weak system of judicial administration.'

Nothing, we repeat, but a stern course of martial law will remedy the disorder. But of that or any intelligent system of repression there is little prospect. The ministers of the crown, and likely enough other members of the legislature, will talk plentifully on the subject, and there will be an end of the affair. Mawkish philanthropy, to say nothing of black-mail, is keeping a large portion of Sicily in a state of chronic disorder. Capital has deserted that beautiful and productive island. Tourists are afraid to visit it. Roads are in a bad condition. Lands are uncultivated. Unless from some mercantile compulsion, well-disposed persons flee from a country so delivered up by misgovernment to a parcel of unscrupulous ruffians. A sad blot this on modern Italy, which it does not seem in a hurry to remove. Nor, we fear, will it be removed until a higher moral tone pervades the classes connected with the public administration. As regards the personal security of travellers, the southern parts of Italy at present rank below Turkey; and we advise all who have the power to do so, to refrain from visiting a country so unhappily delivered up to the demon of brigandage!

W. C.

WITS AND WITTICISMS.

SHAKSPEARE's statement, that 'a jest's prosperity lies not in the tongue of him who makes it,' is unhappily not quite correct. It often lies not only in his tongue but in his manner of speaking it, and in the occasion which brings it forth; and all these advantages are lost when it is re-told. In works, therefore, such as Timbs' *Anecdote Lives of the later Wits and Humorists* (Bentley) before us, the editor has a much more difficult task, and one less likely to be appreciated than may be supposed. With the exception too of Douglas Jerrold and one or two others, whose sayings have not only been 'extremely quoted,' as Praed expresses it, but published, it is very hard to discover what they said. A wit is in this view almost as unfortunate as an actor, since if we have neither seen nor heard him, we are not likely to be in a position to judge how great a wit he was. On the other hand, a work of this kind is very useful in putting the saddle on the right horse, and also in tracing the accepted witticism to its true source.

For example, no *bon mot* has been in more general use of late than that attributed to Sir George Cornewall Lewis. 'How pleasant would life be but for its amusements; and especially if there was no such thing as "a little music" in the world.' Now, the germ of this, as Mr Timbs shews us, is to be found in Talleyrand's *Memoirs*. 'Is not Geneva dull?' asked a friend of his. 'Yes,' he replied, 'especially when they amuse themselves.'

There has been no one like Talleyrand for cynicism; for though Jerrold has a reputation for bitter aloes, there was generally some fun about his satire, which prevented irritation on the part of its object. Imagine a lady hearing that this had been said of her: 'She is insupportable;' with the addition (as if the prudent statesman had gone too far, and wished to make amends): 'that is her only defect.' Thulieres, who wrote on the Polish Revolution, once observed: 'I never did but one mischievous work in my life.' 'And when will it be ended?' inquired Talleyrand. It was he who remarked upon the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, that 'it was worse than a crime; it was a blunder.' Curiously enough, Charles Buller said of this 'that such an expression could never be uttered by an Englishman, and could be heard by no Englishman without disgust;' and yet this saying has been more quoted of late—and seriously too—than almost any other, both by our statesmen and our newspaper writers. Madame de Staël drew a portrait of him, as an elderly lady, in her novel of *Delphine*, and also of herself as the heroine. 'They tell me,' said he, 'that we are both of us in your novel in the *disguise* of women.' Perhaps his very best witticism was upon an old lady of rank, who married a *valet de chambre*, and it was made at the whist-table. 'Ah,' said he, 'it was late in the game: at nine* we don't reckon honours.'

A very different sort of Wit was Archbishop Whately; for though he was caustic enough, he could be comical, and even did not shrink from a pun. This is generally a low species of wit, but it must be remembered that perhaps the very best 'good thing' that was ever uttered, Jerrold's definition of dogmatism (grown-up puppyism), included it. Pinel was speaking to the archbishop about the (then) new and improved treatment of lunatics, and mentioned that gardening was found to be a good occupation for them. 'I should doubt that,' replied His Grace; 'they might *grow madder*.' He once confounded a horse-dealer who was endeavouring to sell him a very powerful animal. 'There is nothing, your Grace,' said he, 'which he can't draw.' 'Can he draw an inference?' inquired Whately. It is curious how many now popular jokes and even riddles emanated from the brain of the Archbishop of Dublin: What Joan of Arc was made of; the difference between forms and ceremonies; why a man never starves in the Great Desert, &c. The answer to the following he withheld; it has puzzled many persons who make nothing of a double acrostic, and will probably continue to do so:

When from the Ark's capacious round
  The beasts came forth in pairs,
Who was the first to hear the sound
  Of boots upon the stairs?

One of his great pleasures was to poke fun at people who will think philosophically upon questions that only require the commonest of commonsense. He propounded to a whole roomful of divines the problem: 'Why do white sheep eat so very much more than black sheep?' There were all sorts of reasons suggested. One profound person thought since black attracted the sun, that black sheep could get on with less nutriment than the others. Dr Whately shook his head: 'White sheep eat more because there are more of them.'

The archbishop was the very personification of shrewdness, and he was not afraid to say what he thought.

'Concealment,' he observed, 'is a good spur to curiosity, which gives an interest to investigation, and the *Letters of Junius* would have been long forgotten if the author could have been clearly pointed out at the time.' This is very true, though few would have had the courage to say it. The *Letters of Junius* are inferior to those of *The Englishman* (also, by-the-bye, anonymous), published in the *Times* newspaper some years ago, and even inferior to many of the biting personal articles (beneath contempt, viewed in that light) printed later still in the *Queen's Messenger*.

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* They played long-whist in those times; we should say of course 'at four' nowadays.

Lord John Russell, like 'Single-speech Hamilton,' said one good thing, on which we believe his reputation in that line rests; he defined a proverb as 'The wisdom of many and the wit of one.' Rogers observed it was the only saying for which he envied any man, and Rogers was a good judge. Sydney Smith said of the latter's slow habit of composition, that 'when he produced a couplet he went to bed, the knocker was tied up, straw laid down, the candle made, and that the answer to inquirers was, that Mr Rogers was as well as could be expected.' And he was almost as elaborate with his sayings as with his verses. When they were said, however, they were very good. 'When Croker wrote his review in the *Quarterly* upon Macaulay's *History*, Rogers remarked that he had "intended murder, but committed suicide."'

A great advantage bestowed on us by the publication of these volumes is that they contain several famous things which are not to be found elsewhere, or only with much difficulty. One of these is Lord Byron's *Question and Answer* upon Rogers, which (if we remember right) is suppressed, and at all events is not to be found in many editions of his works; another, of a very different kind, is Albert Smith's 'Engineer's Story,' which used to convulse the audience in the Egyptian Hall. Of course one misses the hubble-bubble of the pipe, and the inimitable manner with which the narrator informed us: 'He told me the stupidest story I ever heard in my life, and now I am going to tell it to you.'

There are some very disappointing things in this work, which, however, are not to be laid at the door of Mr Timbs; a good many wits appear in it, who—for all that is related of them—never made a witticism. Dr Maginn, for example, had a great reputation, but it has not outlived him, and nothing we read here of him impresses us favourably, or indeed at all. 'Father Prout' also, as the Rev. Francis Mahoney called himself, may have been a most charming companion, but he is very dull reading. We are afraid that whisky had a good deal to do with the exhilaration experienced in their society by these gentlemen's friends. Even John Hookham Frere—when he comes to be 'fried,' as the Americans call it—was not so much of a joker, and made a little wit go a very long way. It is true that the farther we go back the less likely it is that good *sayings* should be preserved; but those that *are* preserved should be worth hearing. On the other hand, all that is written stands on the same ground, and it is certain that the examples given of the more modern writers are much superior to those of their elder brothers.

Of the seniors, Canning is one of the most remarkable, though the impression that he was greatly overrated by his contemporaries is not to be eluded. In many respects he reminds us of the living Disraeli. Moore says of him, in his *Life of Sheridan*, that he joined the Tories 'because of the difficulties which even genius like his would experience in rising to its full growth under the shadowy branches of the Whig aristocracy;' and generally the interest attaching to him, as in the case of the present Premier, is of a personal character. His mode of life was, for statesmen of that day, domestic, and he is said to have invented the now popular game of 'Twenty Questions.' In the example here given of it, however, the answers are not simply 'Yes' and 'No,' so that the thing which is to be guessed must have been very much more easily arrived at, and his 'power of logical division' need not have been overwhelming. As a drawing-room wit he had a great reputation; but as a statesman, Sydney Smith gives this characteristic account of him: 'His being "in office" is like a fly in amber. Nobody cares about the fly; the only question is, How the mischief did it get there? When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest metre, I do most readily admit.' He certainly said some very injudicious things in parliament; for example, his description of the American navy—'Half-a-dozen fir frigates with bits of bunting flying at their heads'—excited Cousin Jonathan, as it well might, beyond all bounds. He compared Lord Sidmouth (Mr Addington), because he was included in every ministry, to the small-pox, 'since everybody must have it once in their lives.' His wittiest verses perhaps occur in the poem composed on the tomb of Lord Anglesey's leg, lost at Waterloo:

And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with other five;
Unheeded of their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Lie here of one commanding;
Who though he might his wits retain,
Lost half his understanding. . . .

And now in England, just as gay,
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, the ball, the play,
With one leg in the grave. . . .

Fate but indulged a harmless whim;
Since he could *walk* with one,
She saw two legs were lost on him
Who never meant to *run*.

A very lively poem, no doubt; but how inferior, when compared with one on a somewhat similar subject by Thomas Hood, namely, *Ben Battle:*

Said he: 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my *second* leg,
And the *forty-second foot.*'

Comparisons, however, are odious; and it would be especially odious to Mr Canning to pursue this one.

Of the once famous Captain Morris, we read that his poems reached a twenty-fourth edition. But where are they now? His verses were principally Anacreontic; his *To my Cup* received the gold cup from the Harmonic Society; but they are greatly inferior to Tom Moore's. In Hood's line, however, he was more successful, and his *Town and Country* might well have been written by that great humorist himself:

> Oh, but to hear a milkmaid blithe,
> Or early mower whet his scythe
> The dewy meads among!
> My grass is of that sort, alas!
> That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
> By folks of vulgar tongue. . . .
>
> Where are ye, birds that blithely wing
> From tree to tree, and gaily sing,
> Or mourn in thicket deep?
> My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
> The watchman is my Philomel,
> My blackbird is a sheep!

The above is excellent; nor is the Captain less felicitous in describing the other view of the subject—which was no doubt his own—namely, the disadvantages of a rustic life:

> In London I never know what to be at,
> Enraptured with this, and transported with that;
>
> . . . . .
>
> Your jays and your magpies may chatter on trees,
> And whisper soft nonsense in groves, if you please;
> But a house is much more to my mind than a tree;
> And for groves—oh, a fine grove of chimneys for me. . . .
>
> Then in town let me live and in town let me die,
> For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
> If I must have a villa, in London to dwell,
> Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

It is sad to think that the last line will be almost the only one familiar to our readers, and that the memory of the gallant captain has died away, not indeed 'from all the circle of the hills,' but from the London squares he loved, and which knew him so well.

It is not as a wit that Samuel Taylor Coleridge is chiefly famous, but his *Table-talk* contains many things that would have made the reputation of a diner-out; sometimes they are metaphorical, as when, upon a friend of Fox's, who would take the very words out of his mouth, and always put himself forward to interpret him, he observed that the man always put him in mind of the steeple of St Martin's on Ludgate Hill, which is constantly getting in the way when you wish to see the dome of St Paul's. Sometimes they are philosophic, as when he remarked that all women past seventy, whom ever he knew, were divided into three classes —1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch. And again, they are sometimes purely witty, as, 'Some men are like musical glasses —to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.'

Coleridge has also left some fine definitions, which are only not witty because of their wisdom. He compares a single Thought to a wave of the sea, which takes its form from the waves which precede and follow it; and Experience to the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

His epigram on a bad singer is excellent:

> Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
> Should certain persons die before they sing.

With respect to the Irish wits who are introduced in these volumes, the reader is in many cases disposed to imagine that some of the joke must lie in the brogue, which print is unable to render; but Curran is a brilliant exception. There is nothing more humorous in the whole work than the account of his duel with Judge Egan. The latter was a big man, and directed the attention of the second to the advantage which in this respect his adversary had over him.

'He may hit me as easily as he would a haystack, and I might as well be aiming at the edge of a knife as at his lean carcass.'

'Well,' said Curran, 'let the gentleman chalk the size of my body on your side, and let every ball hitting outside of that go for nothing.'

Even Sydney Smith never beat this; but he said many things as humorous as this one of Curran's, and indeed was always saying them. Here is one, also, as it happens, respecting fat and leanness. Speaking of having been shampooed at Mahommed's Baths at Brighton, he said: 'They squeezed enough out of me to make a lean curate.' Every one knows the advice he gave to the Bishop of New Zealand, just before his departure for that cannibal diocese: 'A bishop should be given to hospitality, and never be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack and a cold missionary on the sideboard.' The above is perhaps the best example of the lengths to which Sydney Smith's imagination would run in the way of humour; as the following is the most characteristic stroke of Jerrold's caustic tongue. At a certain supper of sheep's heads a guest was so charmed with his fare that he threw down his knife and fork, exclaiming: 'Well, say I, sheep's heads for ever!' 'There's egotism,' said Jerrold.

There is nothing, it has been written, so dreary as a jest-book; and for fear our article on this subject should come under the same condemnation, we here bring it to a conclusion, with a cordial expression of approval of the cake from which we have extracted so many plums.

RURAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

The ordinary tourist has in general no time to get acquainted with the inner life of the people to whom his flying visits are paid. He has the largest possible space to get over in the shortest possible time, and thanks to railways and steamboats, he accomplishes his object. He goes to see Paris, and finds it not altogether unlike London; the people are not very dissimilar; the habits of life have a general resemblance; he need not even talk French unless he chooses; and except that he is generally pretty well got up in his Continental Bradshaw, he returns little wiser than he went away.

This ignorance about continental nations in general, and about our nearest neighbours in particular, Mr Hamerton does his best to remedy in his very interesting and instructive account of rural life in France.*

His first difficulty was to find a house there which should be tolerably convenient, and within easy reach of the picturesque scenery in which a landscape painter finds his treasure-trove. In company with his wife he visited a variety of places, such as Vienne, Macon, Collonges, and the wine districts of Burgundy; but with none was he satisfied. He next tried Nuits, Besançon, the valley of the Doubs and other spots, without being able to find the particular one which could alone suit his wandering foot; and when about to give up the search in despair, a friend came to the rescue. 'Make a note of what you want,' said this sensible man, 'and I will find it for you.' He was as good as his word; the house was found (precisely where, we are not told); and a very charming little house it was, out of the world, but still sufficiently in it to be accessible, with fine natural scenery near, and an abundance of hills, valleys, and streams sufficiently large to be navigable by a canoe.

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* *Round my House; Notes on Rural Life in France.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London, Seeley.

The roads around were good, having been made by the government of Louis-Philippe just before the introduction of railways; and good roads, as Mr Hamerton justly observes, are 'one of the very greatest blessings of a civilised country.' In looking out for and choosing his house he had thought very little of the society in which his lot might be cast, and yet he did not intend to live like a hermit; he was ready to make friends, but it must be in his own way. In England, when a stranger settles in a neighbourhood, the families around call upon him; but in France it is quite the reverse. There a new-comer must push his own way, and card in hand, call upon every one with whom he would like to become acquainted; and blowing his own trumpet as judiciously as he can, endeavour to impress them with the desirability of his acquaintance. This Mr Hamerton refused to do; and finally his neighbours, becoming convinced of his respectability, called upon him in the English fashion, and he had as much society as he desired. He found, however, that he had in a sense fallen upon evil times; the easy old-fashioned hospitality of the good country folks around him was beginning to decline, stifled by the demon of the state dinner, which some ambitious wretch had had the inhumanity to introduce from Paris; and which, with its many courses, expensive wines, and grandes toilettes, threatened to annihilate the enjoyable family meal, at which the only difference made for a guest was the addition of a few flowers, sweets, and candles. The society 'round my house' was not distinguished for intellectual culture, although there were a few brilliant exceptions to the general dullness of the small squires of the neighbourhood. One or two, he found, had studied painting in Paris under Delacroix; another was an enthusiastic ornithologist; another was an excellent botanist and entomologist; and there were one or two antiquaries; and a really first-rate musician, who was so modest, that when he wished to practise, he always locked himself and his violin into a cellar.

The ladies he found decidedly behind the gentlemen in point of culture and attainments. They invariably belonged to one of two classes—the women of the world, and the women who preferred domesticity and home. The latter were most respectable individuals, deeply read in cookery-books, and *au fait* in every housekeeping detail, but not interesting as companions. Nor were their more ambitious rivals greatly preferable to them in this respect; they were dressy, and had plenty of small-talk, but their conversation was confined to the gossip of the neighbourhood, or the latest things in the ever-changing Paris fashions. It is to this cause that Mr Hamerton assigns that separation of the sexes which most travellers have remarked as characteristic of French society. There is nothing else to account for it; the English custom of leaving the gentlemen alone over their wine after dinner is unknown; but still in most provincial salons it will be found that the men collect into one corner, and the women into another, and there discuss undisturbed the separate questions which interest them.

We are accustomed to consider the aristocratic feeling as much stronger with us than in France; but this Mr Hamerton found was a great mistake. Around his house, the caste feeling in all its genuine feudal intensity was peculiarly strong. Without the all-important *de* prefixed to a man's surname he was a *roturier*, an ignoble wretch, a creature sent into the world only to be snubbed. The social value of these two letters is incalculable, and as a matter of course, they are often fraudulently assumed by the vulgar rich; nor does it, curiously enough, when the transition is once accomplished, seem to make much difference whether the coveted prefix is real or borrowed. A false title steadily kept up for a series of years is found to answer quite as well as a true one; and while a constant manufacture of this *pseudo*-nobility is going on, there is side by side with it a continual process of degradation, by which the true nobles lose their nobility. They become poor; the necessity of earning their bread by manual labour is forced upon them; they drop the *de*, or if they try to cling to it, their neighbours drop it for them, and in the crucible of poverty, the transmutation soon becomes complete: the gold is changed by the roughness of daily toil into simple clay. The *de*, which is not to be sneezed at, at any time of life, becomes supremely important to the Frenchman when he is about to marry; then, without any trouble on his part, merely by getting a friend to act as his ambassador, it may, and often does procure for him the hand of a rich heiress.

Sometimes people are ennobled in spite of themselves, as when Mr Hamerton, much to his own annoyance, had the title of 'My Lord' bestowed upon him by his French neighbours. It was in vain that he protested against it; he was shewn the title duly registered in an official book at the prefecture; and half-angry, half-amused, he at last accepted his fate, and settled tranquilly down into the dignity of the peerage.

From the noble of the earth, who may be, and sometimes are very poor indeed, one glides by a natural transition into a consideration of the very wealthy. These do not abound in France. As a rule, it is difficult to find a Crœsus; but gentlemen with comfortable incomes, which, with careful management, may be made to procure all the luxuries of life, are very common. The law of the division of property militates against either very large estates or very large incomes, and has made great nobles, such as were common in the days of Louis XIV., an impossibility. The great castles built by these men still exist, and are out of all keeping with the establishments maintained in them. It is not unusual to find a stable with stalls for forty horses, and in a corner the family stud of four unobtrusively munching their oats; while in the great house beyond, the proprietor lives quietly with two or three servants in a tower or wing of his ancestral palace, often thinking very little of himself at all, and a great deal of those who are to come after him, and pinching and saving, that the old place may not require to be sold.

No one is ashamed of saving; thrift is the rule in France; and Mr Samuel Smiles himself cannot have a more genuine admiration of it than the French middle classes have. They are economical to a fault, and their thrifty habits form the great financial strength of their country. A middle-class Frenchman almost invariably lives so as to have something to his credit at the end of the year; if he is rich the balance is large; if he is poor it is small; but, unless in exceptional circumstances, it is always there. In the country the French rise early; five in summer and seven in winter is the usual hour. Ladies in the morning have generally a cup of coffee when they rise and a piece of bread; but the majority of men eat nothing until breakfast, which is the great meal of the day. There is always at breakfast one or two dishes of meat, vegetables, and dessert, and the beverage used is wine, *vin ordinaire*. A Frenchman never tastes tea except when ill, and then he regards it as a kind of medicine. In summer, white wine mixed with seltzer-water is often used at breakfast; and after the meal, coffee is drunk. Breakfast is usually served between ten and eleven in the forenoon, and dinner at six in the evening. Unless when guests are present, it is a much lighter meal than breakfast, and often consists of an omelette and salad, or *soupe maigre* and cold chicken.

In rural districts the usual hour for retiring at night is nine o'clock; and after dinner it is not unusual to find some of the elderly gentlemen so sleepy that they are almost incapable of conversation. This drowsiness is caused by their open-air habits and the great amount of exercise they take.

In the country, all the gentlemen shoot; the game consists of partridges, rabbits, hares, snipe, woodcock, wolves, and wild boars; the hunting of which last is by no means child's play. Few country-gentlemen ride; they all of them drive a little, and are most of them great walkers, thinking nothing of what we would count very long distances, such as fifteen miles and back in a day.

Formerly, country-life in France had a certain charming rural rusticity about it, which admitted of the utmost freedom in matters of dress and housekeeping; but now, Mr Hamerton tells us, the old liberty to do exactly as one pleased is disappearing, and fashion and a superficial veneer of external polish are greatly increasing the cost of living, without improving in any way the minds, manners, or constitutions of the people.

On one most important point, however, the old freedom is still maintained—no Frenchman burdens himself with more servants than are absolutely necessary for the requirements of his household. Mr Hamerton relates a case in point: he had an intimate friend in Paris, who went out into the best society and received at his house the greatest people in Europe, yet this man kept only three servants and had no carriage.

It is in this liberty to spend or not as you choose, in this freedom from the tyranny of custom in the matter of expenditure, that the cheapness of continental life lies. Added to this is the pre-eminently practical tone of the French mind, which is always striving with incessant activity to solve the problem, how to make the best of life. As a means to this end, the French almost invariably get on comfortably with their servants; and French servants, when frankly and familiarly treated, and considered as human beings and not as mere machines, generally make very good servants indeed; and the tenure of service, which with us is not unfrequently a matter of months, often continues unbroken in France until the servant is married or dies.

Such is life in the country. Life in a small French city is very different in many respects. It is full of a lazy, purposeless enjoyment, which is always ready with some trifling amusement to fill up every vacant moment in the too abundant leisure of men, who are either independent in fortune, or have professions yielding them an easy maintenance without engrossing much of their time. To such individuals the cafés and clubs of a small town, with their good eating and drinking and sociable small-talk, form a realisation of contented felicity beyond which they do not care to aspire, although it stifles all that is noblest in their nature, and too often lays the foundation of what we would call drinking habits.

The peasantry in France form a class, a world by themselves, full of prejudices, devoid of culture, and very independent in their tone of feeling. The French peasant is inconceivably ignorant, and yet very intelligent; his manners are good, and he can talk well; but he can neither read nor write, and his knowledge of geography is so small, that he cannot comprehend what France is, much less any foreign state. Freed from the grinding oppressions of the past, he is still under bondage to the iron slavery of custom. Every other Frenchman may dress as he chooses, but the peasant must always wear a blue blouse, a brownish-gray cloak, and a hat of a peculiar shape. Custom also prescribes to him the furniture of his house; he must have a linen press, a clock and a bed, and these must be all of walnut wood. Cookery, which is the national talent *par excellence*, does not exist for him. In the morning he has soup, cheaply compounded of hot water, in which float a few scraps of rusty bacon, a handful or two of peas, and a few potatoes; and if there is not enough of soup to satisfy his hunger, he finishes his meal with dry bread and cold water *ad libitum*. At noon he dines on potatoes, followed (as an occasional variety in his perennial diet) either with a pancake, a salad, or clotted milk. He never tastes wine or meat except during hay-making and harvest, when he has a little bit of salt pork, and a modest allowance of wine with a liberal admixture of water. Among the peasantry, many of the old superstitions are still prevalent.

Between husband and wife there is little love, but there is also little wrangling or disputing, and they are mutually true and helpful each to each. The children grow up in this cold home, under a rigid patriarchal discipline, in which personal chastisement plays an important part, and is continued even to mature age. In peasant as in town life, however, the tendency is towards change; the children now are in course of being educated; and the young men, although frugal still, are not so parsimonious as their fathers were. They smoke, heedless of the expense, a piece of extravagance which their stoic ancestors would have most sternly denounced; and in the train of tobacco the common comforts of life are slowly finding their way into the houses of the more wealthy peasants.

No subject is more interesting to the English observer in France than marriage, a subject, however, which has already been adverted to in these columns.[*] We conclude this notice of Mr Hamerton's interesting work by relating how he remained in the country during the Franco-Prussian war, and how he shared to the full the anxiety of his French neighbours, for he was constantly expecting that the district around his house would be included in the circle of the invasion, as eventually it was. First came Garibaldi and his army, a very unwelcome sight to the bishop and clergy, to whom the Italian hero seemed the very impersonation of evil. Then came the Prussians quite suddenly and unexpectedly; and naturally Mr Hamerton has very lively recollections of that day, which he spent in a garret of his house, surrounded by a bevy of ladies, reconnoitring the enemy through a very excellent telescope. Throughout the day he remained on the outlook, and when evening fell he went out into the birchwood above his house to bury a certain precious strong-box. When he had concealed his treasure, he returned home in the twilight, watching in the distance, as he descended from the wood, the red flashes of flame leaping from the cannon's mouths, and illuminating with their dusky glow all the surrounding scenery, and then—what does the reader think he did? Take refuge in immediate flight? He did no such thing; he went to bed, and had a comfortable night's sleep. The Prussians were still at the distance of a few miles, and there the armistice stopped them; peace soon followed; and the pleasant little house, which the Englishman had beautified and made comfortable and home-like, escaped the devastation which its occupation by a detachment of Uhlans would in all probability have entailed.

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[*] *Journal*, No. 578, January 23, 1875.

A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

FIFTEEN years ago I was a slim, tolerably good-looking young curate, addicted to long coats and Roman collars, condemned by poverty to celibacy, and supporting myself upon the liberal salary of seventy pounds a year. I am now a Liverpool merchant in flourishing circumstances, 'fat and forty,' with a wife, lots of children, and religious views somewhat latitudinarian. 'What a change was there!' it may well be exclaimed. And indeed, when I look back upon what I once was, and compare my present with my past self, I can scarcely believe I am the same man. I shall, therefore, conceal my name, in relating, as I am about to do, certain occurrences accidentally connected with my change of state, and substitute for that of each person and place concerned in the little narrative, some fictitious appellation.

To commence then. I had been for three years curate of St Jude's Church, Ollyhill, a populous agricultural district in Lancashire, when one morning in Easter-week, as I was disrobing after an early celebration, I fell upon the vestry floor in a dead-faint. The sacristan, who fortunately was at hand to render assistance, after accompanying me home, and observing that I was still weak and indisposed, thought proper to convey intelligence of what had happened to the vicar. The result was that in the course of the morning I received a visit from that gentleman, the Rev. Fitz-Herbert Hastings. He found me stretched upon the typical horse-hair-covered sofa of a poor curate's lodgings, suffering from a severe nervous headache, and to judge from his exclamation of concern, looking, as I felt, really ill. Taking a seat by my side, he condoled with me very kindly, expressed his opinion that I had been overworking myself; and went on to prove the sincerity of his sympathy by offering me a fortnight's holiday, with the very requisite addition of a cheque for expenses. Most gladly did I hail his proposition, affording me as it did an opportunity for which I had just been longing, of getting away for a time from Ollyhill. But neither my desire for change of scene, nor my illness, arose from the cause to which the vicar attributed them. It was true that I had of late, during Lent, been working very hard, as also had Mr Hastings himself.

But in producing the state of utter physical and mental prostration in which I now found myself, these duties of my sacred calling had had little share. My malady, unhappily, was not the effect of any mere temporary reaction of overstrained faculties—its seat was the heart. In that tender, though not hitherto susceptible region, I had been sorely wounded—loath as I am to admit it—by the mischievous little god of Love. Six months ago, Lily, only daughter of Squire Thornton, our principal churchwarden and most wealthy parishioner, had returned home from her Parisian boarding-school a lovely girl of eighteen, with rippling auburn hair and distracting violet eyes, but with tastes and manners which I considered a little frivolous. Fenced about by celibacy, and little dreaming of any dangerous result, I had, from our first introduction, set myself to effect an improvement in her taste, and to take a general interest in her spiritual welfare. Only too abundant had been the success which rewarded my efforts. Lily had proved an excellent pupil, looking up to her self-elected monitor (at the superior but not altogether fatherly age of twenty-five) with the utmost reverence, and obeying with an unquestioning childlikeness eminently charming, my slightest wish or suggestion. Under my directions she had given up novel-reading, and had become an active member of the Dorcas Society, a teacher in the Sunday school, and a visitor of the sick. As a matter of course, her attention to these good works had involved frequent meetings and consultations; and the constant intercourse had by degrees proved destructive of my peace of mind. In vain had I, tardily awakening to a knowledge of the truth, made every endeavour to exercise self-discipline. The mischief, almost before I was aware of its existence, had gone too far for remedy. There had been nothing for it, as I had eventually seen, but to avoid as far as possible all further intercourse with my charmer; and upon that principle I had accordingly shaped my action. Then had followed a time of very severe trial. Unable to understand my coldness, Lily at first had treated me to reproachful glances whenever we chanced to meet; subsequently, growing indignant at the continuance of what seemed to her my unaccountable change of demeanour, she had scornfully seconded the avoidance. And finally, my breast had been wrung in perceiving that she too suffered, as was evidenced by her sorrowful air, and by the fact that she was becoming pale and thin.

For several days before that upon which my fainting-fit had occurred, I had missed her from her accustomed place in the church; forbearing, however, to make inquiries concerning her, I had failed to learn, as I might have done, that she had been sent for the benefit of her health to visit a relative residing at a sea-bathing place in North Wales. In ignorance of this, I set off on the morning following my vicar's visit, for the same country, bent upon a pedestrian excursion, and determined, during my absence from Ollyhill, to make vigorous efforts towards conquering my unfortunate passion.

About a week afterwards I found myself, at the close of a day's hard walking, at a small fishing village on the south-west coast, frequented during the summer season as I learned, from the cards in two or three lodging-house windows, by a few visitors. But as yet Lleyrudrigg was, I surmised, empty of all save its ordinary inhabitants. At any-rate, there appeared to be no other stranger than myself in the rather large hotel in which I had taken up my quarters for the night. It was a dismal dispiriting evening. The rain, which had been threatening all day, was now descending in torrents, beating against the windows of the coffee-room and swelling the gutters of the narrow street.

Not a living thing was to be seen; and the long, scantily furnished apartment of which I was sole tenant, looked very dreary as I turned away from the cheerless prospect. Its gloom was increased rather than otherwise, however, when presently that prospect was shut out and two uncompromising tallow-candles were set upon the table. On their appearance I drew a volume from my knapsack, and eliciting a feeble blaze from the smouldering fire, seated myself in front of it and commenced to read. But all endeavours to concentrate my attention upon the book failed; and at length, depressed by the solitude and my melancholy thoughts, I determined upon ringing the bell and begging the landlord to give me his company. I had just risen for the purpose of putting this resolve into execution, when my attention was arrested by the sound of approaching footsteps, and in another instant the door was unclosed and a gentleman entered the room. I say gentleman advisedly, although at a cursory glance there was little about the appearance of the new-comer to indicate his right to the title. He was a small spare man, with large features, and a head almost ludicrously out of proportion with his body. His dress, which was black, was of an unfashionable cut and very shabby, and he wore a voluminous white neckcloth. Pausing at a few paces from the door, he gave orders to the waiter for chops and tea. Then advancing towards the fireplace, energetically rubbing his hands together, he addressed me in perfectly good English, but with a strong Welsh accent, telling me that he had arrived at the inn some quarter of an hour ago, drenched through with the rain—having carried his own carpet-bag from a station distant about a mile—and that in consequence, he had been obliged to change all his clothes. 'And by the way,' he continued somewhat abruptly, 'I had the misfortune whilst doing so to drop my purse, and several pieces of money rolled out amongst the furniture of the room. I feel almost sure that I managed to collect all again; but if you would excuse me doing so in your presence, I should like to satisfy myself completely upon that point. The fact is,' he added with a frank smile, 'that the money in question does not belong to me, and I am the more anxious about it on that account.'

Whilst thus speaking, the little man had drawn from his pocket a huge wash-leather purse, and after waiting until I had bowed permission, he proceeded to empty its contents upon the table. They consisted of a large roll of bank-notes and a considerable sum in gold and silver—and as I watched him furtively over the edges of my book, which I had again taken up—I saw him carefully count and arrange the latter into heaps. A sigh of relief accompanied the announcement which he shortly made to me, that he had found the money correct; and he was in the act of opening his purse to replace it, when the landlord—a meagre, sharp-nosed individual—entered the room with a tray. Happening to glance at this man as he stood by cloth in hand, I detected a gleam of intense avarice crossing his face; and although the expression was but momentary—vanishing as the glittering piles were swept into their receptacle—it left me with the impression that the small Welshman's exhibition of his riches in the presence of strangers had not been an altogether judicious proceeding. No suspicion of its imprudence, however, appeared to disturb that gentleman's mind, and I soon forgot all about the little incident in the interest of the conversation which ensued between us.

From his dress and general appearance I had already conjectured my chance companion to be a Dissenting parson, and his first words as, having finished his tea, he drew a chair to the opposite side of the fireplace, confirmed my surmise. Throwing his eye over my attire, he remarked that he thought we were 'both in the same profession,' and inquired if I were not a 'minister of the gospel.' And upon my informing him that I was a clergyman of the Church of England, we were soon in the midst of a polemical discussion, which lasted a couple of hours and covered a large amount of ground; and which ended (at least as far as I was concerned) in producing feelings akin to sincere friendship.

The insignificant-looking, ill-formed, shabbily dressed Welsh minister had interested and attracted me more than any man I had ever met in my life. Endowed with a rich melodious voice, and with wonderful conversational powers, he was possessed also of an excellent memory and a keen intelligence. His reading, moreover, had been various and deep, as I found when, later on in the evening, the conversation turned upon other than ecclesiastical matters. But it was perhaps even more to his imperturbable good-humour, and to the singular innocence and candour which shone in his clear gray eyes and exhibited themselves in every word he uttered, than to his rare natural gifts, that he owed his ability to please. However that might be, I had certainly found the Rev. Peter Morgan a most charming companion, and when, just as we were about to separate for the night, I learned that he was going upon the following day to Twellryst, a town I was myself intending to visit, I eagerly proposed that we should make the journey together. The suggestion met with a ready and pleased acquiescence from my new acquaintance, and we then exchanged information as to the different objects which were taking us both to this rather out-of-the-way place.

Mine was a very simple one, that of examining the ruins of an ancient monastery in its vicinity. My friend's was a more business-like and, as he laughingly said, a more agreeable errand. It was to receive certain subscriptions which a friend of his, resident in the town, had collected on his behalf. These subscriptions were to be applied to the purpose of enlarging the chapel of which he was pastor at Pwlwyln, a rapidly growing village on the northern sea-board. The money which I had seen him count, the little man went on to state, was the fruit of his own labours for the same cause. He had obtained it by travelling about the country begging from town to town amongst the members of the denomination to which he belonged, and had been engaged in this manner nearly two months. The mission, he concluded, had been crowned with much greater success than he had anticipated. With the subscriptions he was to receive on the morrow, and those already in his custody, he expected to be able to return home (as he was intending to do on the day afterwards) with upwards of three hundred pounds in his pocket, which, together with another hundred raised by his own very poor congregation, would, he anticipated, be amply sufficient to cover all expenses of the alterations.

'And how, sir, do you propose to get to Twellryst?' I inquired. 'As you are no doubt aware, there is no railway line in that direction. I was intending to *walk* myself; but *you* surely were not thinking of doing so?'

'Indeed' no, my friend,' he replied with the *sunny smile* which upon the slightest provocation *would* break over his large plain features. 'At upwards of sixty, one doesn't undertake a walk of thirty miles unless it be under the pressure of stern necessity. No, no; I could walk well enough at your age; but now, alas! the infirmities of age, &c. &c. So if you please, we will go by coach. I have ascertained that one runs twice a week from Abermeulth to Twellryst, passing through Lleyrudrigg. To-morrow will be one of its days, though I do not yet know at what hour of the morning it will arrive here. The landlord, however, will be able to tell us that; and if you will kindly ring the bell, which I see is on your side of the fireplace, we can make inquiries forthwith.'

In bending forward to obey this request, I noticed that a door immediately behind my chair stood a little ajar, and it at once flashed upon me that for some time I had been vaguely conscious of a slight draught. The bell still in my hand, I remained for a moment after ringing, with my eyes fixed upon the door. When last I had looked in that direction it had, I felt quite sure, been closed; and as an instant's reflection convinced me, no person had entered the room by it throughout the entire evening.

Prompted by an unpleasant suspicion which had suggested itself against my will, I advanced quietly, and throwing it more widely apart, peered through. It opened into a small china-closet, connected by another door with a long passage. Both passage and closet were flagged. I had heard no sound of footsteps, yet there, within the latter, stood the landlord. Upon seeing me, he looked, I thought, confused, but immediately recovering himself, stepped into the room, as though he had been coming that way in answer to the bell. I had certainly no proof that he had been listening, but I felt, nevertheless, a moral assurance of the fact, and wondering what could have been his motive in the act, I eyed him sharply whilst he gave a not very satisfactory reply to Mr Morgan's interrogations respecting the stage-coach. According to his account, the vehicle in question was a most irregular and unpunctual one, starting at hours varying from ten to twelve in the morning, and being even less reliable as to the time of its return. This report naturally was not agreeable to the minister; but expressing a hope that the coach would be upon its best behaviour next day, he requested that bedroom candles might be sent in; and the landlord departed to order them. In a few moments, however, he returned, and made us a proposition which had apparently just occurred to him. It was to the effect that we should hire a horse and dog-cart belonging to the hotel. The horse, its owner affirmed, was a splendid animal, and would carry us to Twellryst in half the time it would take the coach to get there. We should, moreover, he promised, have the conveyance for little more than the amount of our coach-fares, since not only did the horse need exercise greatly, but he had besides some business of his own in that town, which could be transacted for him by a cousin who would drive us. By adopting this plan, too, he concluded, we could see the Spike Rocks. Everybody who came to these parts in the summer-time went to see the Spike Rocks, and Jonathan should drive us round that way.

A question or two convincing us that the rocks referred to would be well worth a visit, we gladly accepted the landlord's offer; and waiting only to make arrangements as to the time of starting, bade each other good-night and separated for our respective chambers.

CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.

If children occasionally turn out to be 'Torturations,' their parents are not uniformly guiltless of bringing such a result on themselves. What with over-indulgence or neglect, or it may be harshness of discipline, there is little wonder that children fall short of expectations. We have known a father who paid no end of attentions to his girls, and let his boys grow up any way. We have also known the greatest mischief arise from unnecessary severity and snubbing. Some parents seem to imagine that they sufficiently perform their duty when they give their children a good education. They forget that there is the education of the fireside as well as of the school. At schools and academies there is no cultivation of the affections, but often very much of the reverse. Hence the value of kindly home influences that touch the heart and understanding. Children need to be spoken to and treated as if they were rational beings, and who are for the most part keenly observant of what goes on before their eyes. Good example along with gentle hints as to manners and conduct are consequently of first importance. As children learn much from being allowed to listen to conversations on subjects of interest, it is an unwise policy to turn them out of the room when any useful information may be picked up. Of course they must be taught to be discreetly silent, and not lend in their word on subjects they know nothing about.

It is useless to speak of the terribly real suffering which selfish, careless parents cause their children; but we shall advert to a few of the common mistakes of well-meaning persons who, from want of thought, prevent their children being as happy as they ought to be. How much happiness and improvement do those children miss who are never encouraged to observe the beauties and marvels of nature! Instead of this, they are put to books, containing dull abstractions, far too soon, and as a consequence they remain all their lives bad observers, seeing everything through books—that is, through other men's eyes, and ignorant of almost everything except mere words.

When a child begins to cross-examine its parents as to why the fire burns, how his carte-de-visite was taken, how many stars there are, and such like—grown-up ignorance or want of sympathy too often laughs at him; says that children should not ask tiresome questions, and, as far as it can, checks the inquiring spirit within him. 'Little people should be seen and not heard,' is a stupid saying, which makes many young observers shy of imparting to their elders the things that arrest their attention, until they stop learning and overcome their sense of wonder—the spur of all philosophy—from want of sympathy and encouragement. And yet grown-up people should surely be aware that Nature has implanted in us a desire to know and to communicate knowledge, considering how very much most of us love to hear and to spread gossip. Children 'would gladly learn and gladly teach;' but if they are early snubbed, they will not be glad to do either in after-life.

If we only reflected how 'queer' everything must appear to a mind newly arrived on such an earth as ours, children's questions would not appear at all foolish. During the first four or five years, which is occupied in distinguishing and naming the commonest objects, perhaps children solve more difficult intellectual problems than at any future period of their lives. How keenly, then, must young children feel want of sympathy and encouragement!

As an example of the physical misery which 'is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart,' we may allude to the 'Can't you be quiet?' which puts young children to the unnecessary torture of sitting still like 'big people.' Why do not parents reflect that it is almost a physical impossibility for any young animal to remain quiet for more than a few moments?

Then, as regards food; some are too prone to put in practice ascetic theories in the rearing of their offspring, which they shrink from as far as their own personal conduct is concerned. And yet, why should not appetite be a good guide for childhood as it is for animals; as it is for infancy; as it is for every adult who obeys Nature's laws?

We must, however, thankfully acknowledge that people are beginning more and more to conform their education to children's opinion; that is, generally speaking, to the promptings of Nature. It is found that those turn out worst who during youth have been subjected to most restrictions. 'Do children take to this or that?' is therefore a common question. Good teachers now endeavour to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable rather than painful. They study children's intellectual appetites, in order to discover what knowledge they are fit to assimilate. Disgust felt towards any information is now considered a sign either that it is prematurely presented, or that it is presented in an indigestible form.

We shall say nothing about the sufferings endured by boys at public schools, because so many are the counteracting pleasures such places afford, that most boys would prefer school-life to remaining at home for a continuance. We are not sure, however, that the pains of school-girls are counterbalanced by their pleasures. They have not cricket, rowing, paper-chases, and the unequalled excitement of bolster-fights to compensate for indifferent food, home-sickness, the torture of 'deportment,' and the dreadful tread-mill exercise of the hour's promenade. We do not advocate girls adopting boys' sports; but surely they should have out-of-door games of some kind. Why will schoolmistresses care so little for health and happiness as never to allow the gardens of 'Establishments for Young Ladies' to ring with the laughter and shouts of romping children? Do they fancy that a miserable walk of one hour, during which the attention of the young ladies is on the rack about the proper holding of themselves, is as health-giving as out-of-door games in which the players can forget themselves?

In his book on *Responsibility in Mental Disease*, Dr Maudsley well says: 'There is hardly any one who sets self-development before him as an aim in life. The aims which chiefly predominate—riches, position, power, applause of men—are such as inevitably breed and foster many bad passions in the eager competition to attain them. Hence, in fact, come disappointed ambition, jealousy, grief from loss of fortune, all the torments of wounded self-love, and a thousand other mental sufferings—the commonly enumerated moral causes of insanity. They are griefs of a kind to which a rightly developed nature should not fall a prey. There need be no disappointed ambition if a man were to set before himself a true aim in life, and to work definitely for it; no envy nor jealousy, if he considered that it mattered not whether he did a great thing or some one else did it, Nature's only concern being that it should be done; no grief from loss of fortune, if he estimated at its true value that which fortune can bring him, and that which fortune can never bring him; no wounded self-love, if he had learned well the eternal lesson of life—self-renunciation.'

This may be called 'unpractical;' but we cannot help thinking that if parents would sometimes reflect on such ideals, they would have less of false and more of true ambition than they now have. They would wish their children to turn out useful rather than brilliant, good rather than clever. As it is, a dull child is too often snubbed and rendered miserable because he does not give promise of shining in the world; while his precocious brother, who will probably do far less (precocious brains being often the worst), is lionised to strangers, and regarded as a sort of Liebig's Essence for the support of the family. Perhaps it is owing to this association of early ideas that at school the clever boy who spends the shortest time possible at his books is considered by his companions a far greater man than his less clever class-fellow who wins in the long-run by working more conscientiously.

How much unhappiness then might children be spared if their parents would goad them less and sometimes cheer up that dullness which has fallen to the lot of most of us, by saying:

> Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things—nor dream them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever,
> One grand sweet song.

If now we allow our thoughts to pass on from childhood to youth, we shall find that in the case of many young men the choice of a profession is attended with much anxiety and no little misery. Some there are who take kindly to the profession which their friends advise or which is cut out for them by circumstances. There is, however, a class of young men for whom we have much sympathy, who find it very difficult to get started in life, because they have no strong inclination or prearranged reason which would induce them to choose one profession rather than another. These are speculative rather than practical men, who are better adapted for taking college honours than for the struggle for existence. They do not wish to enter the clerical profession; they may not have sufficient money to enable them to live through the winter of discontented brieflessness at the bar; their tastes and nerves are not such as would qualify them for the medical profession; they may have no business connection. At last they begin to fancy that they are *de trop* in the world, and come to the very erroneous conclusion that mankind has no need for their service.

To such we would say: Go into the profession you dislike least, and habit will make it bearable. Remember that patience and conscientious plodding, though sneered at by shallow young men, are the highest virtues and synonymous with true genius. Life is too short to make ourselves miserable over the choice of a profession, or to spend years speculating about what is best to do, which would be better employed in doing it. We must not seek for mathematical demonstration that the road we propose to travel on is the right one, when we come to cross-roads in life. A certain amount of probability is sufficient to make us take either, especially if the wolf of Hunger be at our heels, or the nobler incentive of a desire to be useful to our fellow-creatures is urging us.

In the choice of a profession, as of a wife, there must be a certain venture of faith, and in this unintelligible world there is a rashness which is not always folly. Young men cannot always adapt circumstances to themselves, let them therefore endeavour to mould themselves to circumstances.

Medical men tell us that at every great physiological change in our systems the mind is apt to be for some time greatly out of tune. Now this is especially the case when boys and girls are becoming youths and maidens, and should not be overlooked when considering the sorrows of youth. At this period they see everything as it were upside down, and are sometimes tormented by strange fancies, which will vanish when the tissues of their flesh and of their characters become firmer. Mr Carlyle says that young men should be shut up in barrels and kept somewhere out of sight until they have passed their twenty-fifth year, because it is about this time that they 'attain to their maximum of detestability.' Now we are quite sure that this was not said in a cynical tone, for Mr Carlyle values the freshness and enthusiasm of youth, as every great man must. And indeed it must be acknowledged that some young men do make themselves very objectionable when they speak and act, as though they fancied that nothing half so valuable as themselves had ever been produced on this earth before.

Is it not probable, however, that young people would better attend to the lessons which their elders can teach them if these elders had more sympathy for their peculiar trials and sorrows, and were willing to consider the originality and fire of youth as little less indispensable to the movement of society, than is steam to the locomotion of a railway engine? Youth may make itself absurd, but it does not always become every old man to rebuke it. The old should not speak disparagingly of 'inexperienced young men,' unless they themselves make use of the experience they possess. One of the Earls of Chatham was once taunted on account of his youth, and his reply was: 'Sir—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.'

We conclude these few random notes by saying that people should try to be the friends and companions as well as the parents of their children; for if true friends do not win their confidence, false ones will. Nothing is more difficult than to understand a thoughtful child; but if once you do so, you can bring him up in the way he should go. Do not solve your child's nature or anything else too quickly, for 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' or in mine, or in any man's. Certainly childhood ought to be the happiest period of life; but it greatly depends on the sympathy of parents whether it is so or not.

THE BECHE-DE-MER.

On the reefs of the Southern Ocean is found a kind of sea-slug termed the Beche-de-mer. There are as many as sixteen different species found in Fiji alone, and known all over the group by the generic name of Dri (pronounced Endree); and this word we will continue to use throughout this article, as being shorter and more definite than the French term. It was the French who first came across the mollusc in China; and in that country it is held in great esteem, and commands a very high price, two hundred pounds a ton being paid for the best sorts. The mandarins and the porcelain-makers cannot do without their favourite dish of dri soup; and even in Paris it is coming into use; and in Melbourne beche-de-mer is by no means an uncommon dish. When cotton came down in Fiji from four shillings to one shilling a pound, many a planter not knowing what else to do, turned to dri-fishing; but several years ago, the price fell from one hundred and seventy pounds to seventy pounds a ton, and the inferior sorts became unsaleable. Some Chinamen say the fall was in consequence of the death of their emperor, and while in mourning for him (a year), they were obliged to give up their favourite soup; hence the fall. But some whites say that the Europeans in Sydney bought inferior dri, and shipped it to China direct on their own account in a leaky ship: the dri was all spoiled; the merchants lost heavily, and refused to have anything more to do with the article; and the Chinamen have the trade in their hands, and give what they like, and that the price in China still remains the same. However, it yet pays to fish for the two best sorts, the tit-fish * and black-fish, which are now (1876) worth from sixty to seventy pounds a ton in Levuka—ten or fourteen corn-bagsful making a ton.

The first thing required in dri-fishing is a good boat from twenty-five to thirty feet long with plenty of beam; then a dri station is settled on—an island, or on the coast close to the big reefs, as may be. The next thing is to get thirty or forty girls and boys, and curiously enough the girls are the best fishers and divers by far. At half-tide, all hands sail off to the reefs. Sometimes you fish the day, sometimes the night tides, according to the sort of fish you are getting and the stage of the moon; the tit-fish being a day-fish, and the black only coming out at night. When the tide is nearly low, you put your labourers on to the reef, and anchor yourself in a deep spot. The water on the reef is from six inches to three or four feet deep, according to the moon and state of the tide; and your labourers walk about and pick up the fish here and there, each having a basket and stick. Sometimes a shark comes up, looking for a tit-bit, when he is pelted off. If a black one (the most dangerous), it is hard to make him go; and if the water is deep (three or four feet), they generally sing out for the boat. You generally remain with the boat. Sometimes you go overboard and fish for yourself; but three hours in three-feet water is cold work, and if not accustomed to it one is apt to catch cold. The labourers pick up shell-fish, crabs, &c. for themselves. At the end of two or three hours, the tide begins to make fast; the boat is poled on to the reef, and you pick up your fishers and start for home.

After measuring the 'take' in order to pay your fishers, the fish are placed in large boilers. After being on the boil for half an hour they are done, taken up, a stick driven through them to clean and knock the water out; and are then taken to the smoking-house, where they are put on large frames of reeds over a slow smoky fire. These frames are technically called *vatas;* and they are left on the lower vata about three days, and then removed to the upper, where they are left eight or ten days longer. They are by that time smoked hard and dry; then sorted carefully (one improperly dried fish will injure the rest), and put in bags for sale.

Besides paying you also feed your labourers, giving them yams or Indian corn or sweet potatoes, with what shell-fish they get themselves. They work for two, three, or six months, or even a year; and on a good calm night an expert fishing-girl will fill what is termed a *qui* case and earn a shilling, occasionally two. Not bad for a little thing twelve or thirteen years old. In some parts of Fiji—Maenata, for instance—the natives get and smoke the dri themselves, and sell it to you cured; you giving about twenty shillings a bag for good cured fish. On dark nights, when there is no moon, torches are used; but the tit-fish is got during the day-tides. Five or six big tit-fish will fill a good-sized hand-basket. The labourers, after fishing, can hardly keep awake, and sleep all over the boat in every position.

Dri is an extraordinary sort of sea-slug; it moves very slowly, and has hundreds of little suckers or legs. It seems to feed on the small insects that live in the reef-sand, and very small fish. It has no bone. It has the power of covering itself with sand, to hide its whereabouts, and gives out a sort of gummy fluid, which makes the sand stick to it. This is only correct with regard to the tit-fish. The black-fish is not half the size of the other. The latter comes out only in calm sunshiny weather. Let a shower come, or even dark clouds, and hardly a slug will be got; it slips into holes in the rocks in no time. It has one or two young ones at a time, and is very domestic; where you find one, its mate is generally close by. Like many other favourite delicacies, such as the oyster of Great Britain, the beche-de-mer has been over-fished; and unless the government establish a close time the employment of gathering it must cease to exist.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

BEGINNING another year, and again taking a short retrospect, we are glad to announce to our readers that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL continues to increase in circulation, and is to all appearance more acceptable as a Family Magazine than ever. This is encouraging. We feel satisfied that the resolution to exclude wild sensational fiction from our pages, however much that kind of literature may be in demand, has met with very general approval. We shall accordingly, as in the past twelve months, endeavour to sustain the reputation of the work on the basis which secured for it a high meed of popular favour pretty nearly half-a-century ago. We might be excused for indulging in some exultation, that our small periodical, without adventitious aid—without professing to lean upon great names, either as writers or patrons—has so successfully kept its ground for so long a period of time. But, while offering all proper acknowledgments for the esteem in which the work is apparently held, content ourselves with saying that now, as heretofore, no effort will be spared by the Editors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL to maintain it as a weekly and monthly miscellany of recreative and instructive literature—a literature as free from political or sectarian bias as from aught that is morally objectionable.

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* Though in commerce the Beche-de-mer is called 'fish,' it belongs to a family of invertebrate animals, and in consequence occupies a comparatively low rank in the scale of life. This delicacy is also termed trepang.

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A WASTED EXISTENCE.

In every account of the French Revolution, there crop up names of actors in that terrible drama, not to be forgotten. The very vileness of these individuals has rendered their names imperishable. Execrated by successive generations, it would never occur to us that a time would come when, by a distortion of principle, literature would try to gloss over the evil deeds of these infamous personages, and hold them up to general admiration and pity. It would be imagined that Robespierre, Marat, St Just, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Hebert, Couthon, and a number of others, were too bad—too persistently wicked—to evoke sentiments of compassion. Time, however, brings about unexpected changes. For anything we can tell, some plodding enthusiast may be ransacking archives, and gathering traditions to represent Robespierre as a noble-minded hero, whose character has been altogether misunderstood. Marat, too, may possibly soon be spoken of with gentle regret—as what a worthy young man he was when studying medicine at Edinburgh, and living in modest lodgings in the College Wynd, and so on; making him out to be a prodigy of excellence. As a commencement to this new and undesirable literature, comes a biography of Camille Desmoulins, by a French writer, Jules Claretie, purporting to be founded on hitherto unpublished documents, and which appears before us as an English translation. Not a paltry-looking book is it by any means, but a handsomely printed octavo, of nearly five hundred pages, embellished with a portrait of the hero Camille. After that nothing will surprise us.

Unless for a hope of drawing some useful moral for the benefit of young and ardent spirits, we should not have ventured on any notice of this extraordinary production. What the moral is, will appear as we go along. It may be worth while in the first place to say that Claretie, the writer of the book, almost worships his hero. He sets out by describing him as the '*gamin* of genius, whom Paris attracted, seduced, and kept for ever;' and then, to let us know the fullest particulars of the wonderful *gamin*, he makes a pilgrimage to the small town of Guise, in Picardy, where Camille was born, 2d March 1760. The antique little town is gone through from end to end; and the house in which Camille first drew breath, and spent his early years, situated in the street of the Grand Pont, in front of the Place d'Armes, is minutely described. Claretie was shocked to find that the inhabitants of the town had no remembrance of his hero. 'They have forgotten their unfortunate townsman, the generous fool, the madcap of genius, who gave his life to the Republic—they have forgotten, after having misunderstood, and perhaps calumniated him.'

Camille's father occupied a good position. Skilled in the law, he was lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Guise, and a grave and industrious man, highly esteemed by all within his jurisdiction. His wife had brought him a small fortune, which partly paid for the education of his five children, of whom Camille was the eldest. As this eldest boy grew up, great hopes were entertained of his intelligence and general liveliness. He should receive a good college education, and be brought up a man of law. Who knows but he might one day become a member of the Parliament of Paris? With some financial scheming, and the presentation of a bursary, Camille was entered a student at the college of Louis-le-Grand. Here, studying with avidity, and quick in apprehension, he attained a singular proficiency in a knowledge of Greek and Roman classics. Unfortunately, the more deeply he became acquainted with ancient authors, the more was his enthusiastic temperament stimulated to uphold in its wildest form the cause of political liberty. Nothing restrained his impassioned notions. Poring over the Old Testament, he discovered, as he thought, in a passage in Ezekiel that the Revolution was predicted word for word. Then, in his perturbed imaginings he began to write poetry, full of frantic allusions to the harangues of Demosthenes and Cicero. Completing his education, he became a licentiate of law, and in 1785 was sworn in as an advocate of the Parliament of Paris. His choice of a profession was somewhat of a mistake; for in the opening of a speech he usually stammered awkwardly, by involuntarily repeating the words hon, hon; wherefore, in fun, he acquired the name Monsieur Hon. It was only at the outset of an oration that he stumbled on hon, hon; for when once fairly set agoing he spoke fluently and with precision. Yet, the hon, hon was against him as a pleader, and he did not rise to distinction at the bar. The truth is, he was more ready as a writer than a speaker; and at the dawn of the Revolution he is found to be one of those pamphleteers who inconsiderately helped to stir up the wildest passions of the mob. To his relations in the antiquated town in Picardy he offered a painful spectacle. It was felt that his education and his brilliant talents had only qualified him to be a reckless demagogue. Sad downcome to the hopes of old Desmoulins, who had not the slightest desire to turn the world upside down.

Camille's infatuation was that of thousands, whose brains had been deranged not less by the teaching of so-called philosophers, than by the scandalous condition of public affairs. From causes familiar to all who have read the history of France, abuses of every sort had attained dimensions which nothing short of the most earnest and patient consideration could peaceably redress. Patient consideration, however, was the last thing thought of. The unfortunate Louis XVI. was unable to allay the general effervescence; and his ministers, though well-meaning in their way, were unfit to stem the political ferment. In July 1789, on the exile of Necker, the popular wrath was great. The great court-yard of the Palais-Royal, which we now see a picture of tranquillity with its nurses and children, was crowded with vehement orators. The most fiery of the whole is Camille Desmoulins, who jumps upon a table, and for the instant overcoming his stammer, addresses and adds fury to the surging multitude. The spark of armed revolt was struck. A day or two afterwards (July 14), the Bastille was assaulted and taken. In the midst of the hideous saturnalia, Camille is seen with a drawn sword in his hand, joining in the popular triumph.

From this time Camille is one of the leaders of the Revolution, by speaking at the clubs and using his pen freely. His work *La France Libre* (France Free) helped materially to give him notoriety. The book, however, dealt too much with liberty in the abstract. He deemed it necessary to hint at the advantages of doing summary justice on suspected individuals. Here was a scholar and a gentleman so carried off his feet by political frenzy as to write ironically of assassination. His production, animated with a terrible demoniac fury, was entitled *Discours de la Lanterne aux Parisiens*—in plain English, the iron of the street lamps is invoked as a convenient gallows on which to perform the atrocities of 'Lynch-law.' From this extraordinary and disreputable production, Camille became known as the 'procureur-général de la lanterne;' a designation which he did not dislike. Will it be credited? Claretie, who tells all this minutely, expresses no horror at the revelation. Speaking of the work, he says: 'There was never anything more eloquent. Its wit, even when it seems ill employed in deadly personalities, dazzles us.'

Conferring a feverish popularity on Camille, which was satisfying to his vanity, these productions were, it appears, of little pecuniary avail. He was now thirty years of age, with barely means of subsistence; such was his extremity, that he was driven to ask doles of money from his father, which could very ill be spared. From this state of depression his fortunes rose by the exercise of his pen as a journalist. His periodical was styled the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant.* It was successful, but only by the vileness of its lampoons and libels on private character, which brought him frequently into trouble. In his wild indiscretion, he even cut libellous jokes on M. Sanson, the public executioner, who, not inclining to submit to his impertinence, raised an action of damages to the extent of three thousand livres. Considering the way in which public affairs were drifting, an attack on Sanson was very much like an act of madness. The guillotine was soon to be in full swing.

Towards the end of 1790, Camille passed through what may be called the romance of his existence. He formed an ardent attachment to Lucille Duplessis, a young lady of a good family, handsome, beautiful, of gentle temperament, and whom he called 'an adorable little blonde.' M. Duplessis, the father, offered some opposition to the proposed match; but in time he assented to what seemed the inevitable, and accepting Camille as a son-in-law, gave him a good fortune with his daughter. The marriage took place December 29, 1790, and we observe that among Camille's friends as witnesses are inscribed the names of Petion and Robespierre.

While still pouring out invectives in his journal, there occurred a fresh theme for vituperation. Alarmed for his personal safety, the poor king attempted to fly with his family, and was arrested, and brought back (June 1791). Roused at the idea of the king's desertion of his post, Camille's fury knew no bounds. He degraded his pen by writing of the 'male and female Capets,' and in his fervour headed a deputation to the municipality informing them of the project of deposing Louis XVI. Shortly afterwards, under some apprehension of rough usage, he dropped the publication of his journal, and for a time he resumed his occupation of advocate at the tribunals. In these vicissitudes he clung in a friendly spirit to Danton, and Danton liked him as an associate. They lived in different floors of the same building, in the Cour de Commerce, and betwixt their respective wives there was a kindly intercourse, the account given of which comes soothingly amidst details of public perturbation. Camille's son, Horace, was born July 6, 1792, 'the little Horace whom Robespierre danced so often on his knees'—a fine point this for any biographer of Robespierre!

Soon came the terrible convulsion of the 10th August 1792, when the Tuileries were sacked by a savage mob, and the royal family were forced to seek refuge in the National Assembly. What part Camille took in this brutal affair is not mentioned. We only know that he was somehow engaged in the disturbance, and, to the consternation of his wife Lucille, came home with a gun in his hand. The monarchy, at which he constantly railed, was now substantially at an end. A universal terrorism was let loose. Searching visits to private houses having filled the prisons with suspected aristocrats, it was resolved to massacre them *en masse*. The municipality taking in hand this atrocity, hired a band of three hundred assassins, who began the work of destruction on the 2d September. The massacre lasted five days, during which eight thousand individuals, convicted of no crime, were put to death with barbarous cruelty. Claretie indignantly denies that Camille had any hand in this iniquity, and throws the blame on Danton, who was now Minister of Justice and wished to strike terror into the royalists. An authority which we consider to be as trustworthy as Claretie, says distinctly that Camille, who was appointed secretary to Danton, 'organised with him the massacres in the prisons.' At any-rate, Camille was the confidant and associate of Danton, with whose designs he could scarcely fail to be acquainted.

Camille was now appointed a deputy to the Convention by the city of Paris, and as such he was placed in close connection with the leaders of the Revolution. We have not space to follow him in this new line of duty. As a Dantonist, he roundly abused the Girondists. To his eternal disgrace, he voted for the king's death, and had not even the good taste to refrain from facetiousness on the occasion. Deeply and remorsefully did he pay for his obsequiousness to the vilest of mankind. Already there was a Nemesis on his track. Batch after batch of unhappy individuals were condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal, not only in Paris but all over France. Camille began to entertain the notion that things had gone too far. His conscience was roused, and roused in a remarkable manner. Walking out one evening, the rays of the setting sun shining brilliantly, seemed to transform the waters of the Seine into a river of blood. To his poetical fancy the phenomenon was accepted as an appeal to mercy, and awakened him to a lively sense of the horrors produced by the revolutionary mania. We are led to understand that from this time he began to agitate for moderate measures. The change of views, though morally commendable, was fatal as regarded his own safety. Camille, who at first was thought to be recklessly extreme in his views, was now reckoned among the moderates, and was pointed at with the finger of scorn. He was chargeable with the grave offence of dining with aristocrats. Repudiated by the Cordeliers, of which club he had once been a shining light, he was in a sense a political outlaw. Such was the reward of his frantic extravagances. In his mortification he commenced a paper in numbers, the *Vieux Cordelier* (Old Cordelier). It was admirable as a brilliant effort of genius, but was of no more avail than if it had been addressed to a menagerie of wild beasts. The Old Cordelier advocated the institution of a Committee of Clemency to stay the Reign of Terror. The proposals for mercy were denounced at a meeting of the Jacobin Club, when Robespierre suggested that the numbers of the Old Cordelier then published should be burned. 'Burning is not answering,' said Camille. 'Well, your writings shall be answered,' replied Robespierre. The answer was to be of a sharper nature than was implied by the words. Robespierre resolved to get rid of Camille, as any further connection with him would imperil his own safety.

From the fragmentary documents which Claretie has strung together, it is learned that in the beginning of 1794 Camille was beset by fatal presentiments. 'He was weary; he felt that all was lost; and that he had brought about not his own destruction only, but that of his family.' Bitter consideration! We wonder—for Claretie does not tell us—whether Camille at this saddening period ever had a clear idea of the error he had committed? Did he now see that while his theories were possibly unchallengeable in the abstract, they had all along been unsuitable for practical application in France, where the bulk of the people were illiterate, and without any experience of the obligations incidental to constitutional government? Likely enough, like others about him, his head was too much in the clouds to see things in this light. The 'generous fool,' as Claretie calls him, he had, ever since commencing as tribune of the people, been contributing to widespread ruin and his own cruel death. Possibly, he reckoned that the friendship of Robespierre, who was now the arbiter of fate, would save him from the guillotine. Vain hope, if it ever existed. Robespierre, the 'Incorruptible,' knew nothing of friendship, in pursuit of his grand idea of cutting off three hundred thousand heads; and the heads of Camille Desmoulins and his wife Lucille would help as well as others to make out the tale. Besides, Camille's defection towards moderatism was not to be endured.

It was not pleasant for Camille to find that he was at the mercy of a man possessed with notions so very uncompromising; but he had brought this awkward position on himself, and felt he must take the consequences. Robespierre had no difficulty in finding a plea to ruin Camille. Passages of the Old Cordelier were quoted to his disadvantage. Camille foresaw his condemnation, and while anticipating his arrest, he received a letter from his father intimating the death of his mother. 'Camille's grief was profound; his eyes were still red with tears when the patrol charged with the duty of arresting him and Danton, took possession of the Cour de Commerce. The first words that Camille uttered when he heard the dull sound of the butt-ends of the muskets on the pavement were: "They have come to arrest me." Lucille listened to him, and looked at him bewildered. She felt as if she should go mad. Camille was calmer than might have been expected. He dressed himself, embraced his child, took from his library Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*, and then pressing to his heart his weeping wife, whom he adored, their lips met for the last time in an agonising kiss made bitter by burning tears.'

Camille and Danton were carried off to the prison of the Luxembourg. Friends endeavoured to interpose in Camille's favour. Lucille traversed Paris trying to reach Robespierre's ear, that she might move him to pity. All in vain. There was a trial, but it was little better than a sham. Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Lacroix, Herault de Sechelles, Fabre d'Eglantine, Westerman, and some others, fifteen in all, were condemned. It was done! The Dantonists were to die. For the short space they were in prison previous to execution, Camille crouched down and wept over his wasted existence, and of what his young and bereaved wife might have to endure on his account. He had committed a double crime. By his folly two existences were blighted. And it was agonising to think of being brought to a violent death at thirty-four years of age, when full of life and vigour—hard to be sent to the scaffold by a parcel of ruffians, for whom he had paved the way to power by his writings, and who were glad to get rid of him, as being no longer useful in their selfish designs. These were crushing thoughts for Camille, at this terrible moment. Danton took things more philosophically. He, too, had to leave a young wife, but besides being less remorseful, he was of a manlier nature, and he stood firm at the approach of death. When the executioner arrived at the prison with his assistants to perform the toilet of the condemned, Camille struggled unmanfully, and it was necessary to tie him to his seat while the collar of his shirt and his hair were cut. He asked Danton to place between his bound hands a locket containing Lucille's hair, which he had hitherto worn next his heart. Danton complied; then gave himself up in his turn to the scissors and cords of the executioner.

The condemned filled two tumbrils or carts. The cortège, environed by an immense crowd, pursued its way along the quay of the Seine to the Place de la Révolution. 'Wild with rage and despair, Camille tried to break his bonds, and tearing his shirt to rags, so that his shoulders, neck, and chest shewed through the tatters, he made a last appeal to the crowd.' 'Citizens, your preservers are being sacrificed! It was I who in '89 called you to arms; I raised the first cry of liberty! My crime, my only crime has been pity.' Vain words. Danton requested him to be quiet. It was a beautiful April evening in 1794, as the two cartloads of victims were driven to the foot of the scaffold, on which stood the hideous machine, which glowed in the setting sun. All around, the taverns were full of men drinking, who enjoying the spectacle, sung, and clinked their glasses. A few minutes sufficed to put the Dantonists out of existence. At the last, Camille recovered his composure, and died with the lock of Lucille's hair in his hand.

A terrible but just retribution, when we consider the part Camille had taken to stimulate the popular fury! There was something less justifiable and more heart-rending to ensue. Lucille had been seen hovering near the prison, trying to get a glimpse of her husband; and was seized on the preposterous charge of plotting to overthrow the Convention. She had been only guilty of love and despair. Along with eighteen other women, all under twenty-six years of age, she was condemned. There was a grandeur in the death of the unfortunate Lucille. She was a little pale but charming. Conscious of her innocence, and animated with the pious hope of speedily joining her dear Camille, her face bore a smile of happiness when placed under the guillotine. 'The fair child-like head retained its expression of profound joy and passionate ecstasy even after it lay bleeding in the dreadful basket.' The family tragedy was complete; for little Horace was too young to be beheaded. He grew up a fine boy in charge of his mother's family, but died young at Jacmel, in Hayti, 1817. There is some satisfaction in knowing that, in little more than three months after the judicial murder of the Desmoulins, Robespierre perished by the same violent death which he had fanatically meted to others.

For some not uninteresting particulars regarding the effects that had belonged to the Desmoulins family, we must refer to the work of Claretie, which at least deserves the praise of untiring industry and enthusiasm; while it will be admitted that much pains must have been taken with the translation.* In concluding his narrative, the author offers a number of laudatory remarks on the Revolution, with which we cannot possibly agree. A convulsion that destroyed the lives of upwards of a million human beings, besides leading to military despotism, and wars which for two-and-twenty years were the scourge of mankind, can never, among well-regulated minds, be spoken of without abhorrence. As eighty-six years have failed to give a settled government to France, nothing can be more certain than that the disorderly excesses promoted by Camille Desmoulins and others were an irreparable and ever-to-be-lamented blunder.

W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER II.—SUCCESS.

'ONLY a little hungry.'

Was it my voice making the humiliating confession? Had I lost my self-command and self-respect to such an extent as that! The words seemed to come from my dry lips independently of my will.

Sundry ejaculations in one voice, and 'I thought she looked a poor half-starved mortal!' in another, brought my stray senses back, and I looked about me. I was lying on a couch in a back sitting-room, smaller, and more comfortable in appearance than that which I had first seen, Mr Wentworth and his sour-looking servant watching me. A strong unpleasant smell of burnt feathers pervaded the room. As I afterwards found, Hannah knew of no better remedy for faintness; and her master had hurriedly set light to a packet of quill pens, whilst she deluged my face and head with water.

'Bring some wine and the best you have in the way of food, at once,' said Mr Wentworth.

She quitted the room; and her master considerately went towards the window, and stood there turning over the leaves of a pamphlet until she re-entered carrying a tray, upon which were a glass of sherry, a small basin containing something with a savoury smell, and some bread.

'Have you nothing better than that?' he asked.

'It's the strong gravy I was making for your chicken,' she replied. 'She couldn't have anything better than that upon an empty stomach.'

I tried to utter a little protest; but I soon felt it was no use; I should never be able to get away decently without the little fillip which the food and wine would give me. So I took a few spoonfuls of the gravy and a little bread, trying to keep up appearances by saying that I had foolishly taken a very light breakfast, and so forth.

He accepted the explanation in an easy, matter-of-course way; adding, that he also frequently got into disgrace with Hannah on account of his want of appetite in the early morning, and could quite understand other people's shortcomings in the same way. Then he courteously expressed a hope that I should rest there until Hannah had prepared luncheon. 'There is no one in the house besides us three, and therefore you will not be disturbed. Quietness is about the only thing this old place has to boast of now.'

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* *Camille Desmoulins and his Wife.* By Jules Claretie. Translated by Mrs Cashel Hoey. Smith and Elder, London, 1876.

'You are very kind,' I murmured, at a loss for words.

'In an hour or two, when you have had luncheon, and feel quite sure you are sufficiently rested, I will give you fuller particulars as to the best way of getting to Fairview. We shall meet there very shortly, I daresay, when I trust to hear that you approve of your new surroundings, Miss Haddon.' Then, touching my hand, and bowing low with old-fashioned courtesy, he quitted the room.

The old woman watched him with astonished eyes, and then turned them suspiciously upon me. I could not help fancying that she was mentally repeating the words, 'Meet there very shortly.' How weak I must have been to let this grim-looking, disagreeable old woman see the tears which forced themselves into my eyes. I intuitively knew that tears and weakness were the very worst weapons to use with one of her calibre. I felt that she had in her heart declared war against me from the very moment I succeeded in obtaining an interview with her master, and, so to speak, set her at defiance. This was but an armed truce between us, if truce it was. In course of time I learned that there was another cause for her antagonism.

Her forbidding suspicious looks had very soon the good effect of helping me towards recovery. Brushing away the tears which her master's kindness had brought to my eyes, I drank the sherry, set to work with the spoon again, and was presently able to eye her as steadily and speculatively as she eyed me.

'You will do now, till lunch is ready, I suppose?'

'I shall do now without luncheon; in five minutes I shall be able to go. Will you please tell Mr Wentworth so; and say if he will kindly send me the further instructions he spoke about, I need not disturb him again.'

'You are going to meet again?' I thought rather offensively.

'Yes; I hope so.—My bonnet, please. How wet you have made my hair!'

'I suppose it's most of it that new stuff, that can be easily dried or replaced,' she ungraciously replied, presenting my bonnet. (I did not take the trouble to vindicate my hair, simply using a towel which lay near to press out the water as much as possible.) 'I am sorry there is not a looking-glass in the room; but I can fetch one, if you like.'

I saw that this was meant for sarcasm, so pleasantly responded: 'Yes, please.'

'*It*'s at the top of the house,' she grumbled.

'In *that* case I will excuse you from fetching it,' I replied, with amiable condescension.

She waited a moment to recover that, and then said: 'You are not going to stop to lunch then?'

'No. Does that surprise you?'

'Yes; it does.'

'Ah, that shews you may be mistaken sometimes.'

She seemed to hesitate a moment as to whether she should carry on the war or not; and then, I suppose, concluded to defer it, though she took unnecessary pains to shew that it was only deferred, frowning angry defiance at me as she went out of the room.

She presently returned with the message that her master thought I could not be sufficiently rested, and hoped I would stay to luncheon; adding, with a grim smile: 'He is not accustomed to ladies who are given to fainting; and does not know how soon they can sometimes get over it.'

'Your master is very kind; but I must go now.'

'If you would not be persuaded, I was to give you this.'

'I am much obliged to him,' I replied, taking the letter she offered; I really could not honestly add, 'and to you;' but bade her good-day as pleasantly as I could. She opened the room-door, and then the hall-door, still as it were under protest, and with the same expression of disapproval on her face. 'I suppose it is a disagreeable manner that is natural to her,' I thought, as I turned away.

I walked slowly to the Park, where I sat down and rested awhile; then went on again towards home—if I could give the place I found shelter in so euphemistic a name—trying to get used to the idea of my good fortune, and to think over the arrangements that had to be made for my flitting. But I was not yet equal to anything in the way of sustained thought, only conscious, in a pleasant, dreamy kind of way, that a heavy burden was lifted off my shoulders, and that life would now be more endurable for the next few months.

The fresh air was doing me good; and by the time I had reached the house where I lodged, situated in a by-street west of the Park, I had begun to recover my mental equilibrium. But I fancy my first proceeding after reaching my room made Becky, the small maid who occasionally did errands for me, think that I had taken leave of my senses.

'A chop, and a sixpenny cake, and a quarter of a pound of best butter, and an ounce of tea and sugar!' she repeated, staring at me with widely opened eyes, while she ran over the items, pausing at each, as though to remind me of what I was doing.

'I am expecting company, Becky,' I replied, with what was meant for a reassuring smile.

But Becky was not to be so easily reassured. 'Then give them a penny'o'th of shrimps, and keep the chop and the cake for yourself when they are gone,' she earnestly advised.

'But it is some one I care very much for, Becky,' I replied; 'and I can quite afford it now—I can indeed.'

Very reluctantly she took the money, and went off with a grave face to do my bidding. Then I sat down with pencil and paper to make certain calculations. I possessed fifteen shillings and sixpence in money, my clothes, and a certain packet of my dear mother's old-fashioned jewellery, with a few words written on the outside to the effect that, in the event of either illness or death, the contents were to be sold to defray expenses. I had spoken truly enough in alluding to my sore need. I had had a hard fight for existence for five long weary months, during which time I had been able to obtain no better employment than such as was to be had from shops. Embroidery, screen-painting, wool-work illuminating, I tried them all in turn, with very slight success in the matter of remuneration; 'ladies' being, I found, looked upon rather suspiciously as workers, and as a rule, expected to give a great deal more labour for small pay than do the 'regulars,' as they are called. This arises, or did arise—women are getting wiser in these days—from the false delicacy of a few, who preferred keeping up the fiction that they were only playing at work, and so deteriorated the value of gentlewomen as workers. I soon found that it was hopeless to expect to earn a living that way; and as I had not the experience in teaching which I believed to be necessary for a governess to have, there seemed little else to turn to than that of obtaining an engagement as companion. After the expenses of my mother's funeral had been paid, I found myself almost destitute; and though I had contrived to exist since, it was a kind of existence which could not go on much longer. And yet there was a bright future before me, if I could contrive to get through the next eight or ten months.

Eight years before the commencement of this story, I was on the eve of marriage with Philip Dallas, and we were to set out on a voyage to Jamaica immediately afterwards. Certain plantations there, belonging to his elder brother, were going to ruin for want of an interested overlooker on the spot. Edward Dallas did not wholly depend upon the property, and was not inclined to exile himself; but as he appeared still less inclined to advance his brother's fortunes in England, Philip and I agreed to go out and reside in Jamaica until he had made a competency, which we had every reason to believe might be done in the course of a few years. We were young (both one-and-twenty), and strong, and energetic; and hoped, by careful living, to be able to return in time to enjoy the best part of our lives in Old England. The one and only thing which caused us to hesitate was the dread of leaving my dear mother. But she would not hear of Philip sacrificing his prospects, or of my remaining with her. Unselfish as she was clear-sighted, she cheerfully assured us she would be more happy in the reflection that her child was the wife of a good man, and well cared for, than in keeping me by her side. She was so unmistakably in earnest, that we felt we were really doing what would most conduce to her happiness in obeying her. She had her small pension, which quite sufficed for her needs; and as she pointed out to us, she was altogether better situated than many mothers. There seemed every reason for hoping that she would live to a good old age, and we persuaded ourselves that we should be in England again in time to be a comfort to her declining years.

We had few friends, mother and I. Her limited means, and perhaps a little of the morbid sensitiveness which the refined poor are apt to acquire, prevented her moving in the society she was so well fitted for; and as years went by, she gradually drifted away from old associations without making new ones. By my father's family (in which my father was the only son) she had never been much noticed; and after his death, which took place when I was a child, they entirely ignored her. She had accepted the position—which now entailed straitened circumstances—and proudly kept aloof from them. It was perhaps natural enough that the Haddons of Haddon should not approve the marriage of their only son with the vicar's penniless daughter; the match was perhaps not a very prudent one, but they ought not to have forgotten that she was a gentlewoman. So little, however, did the loss of their favour trouble us, that it had come to be a jest between my mother and me to threaten each other with the Haddons of Haddon when any little financial difficulty arose; a jest which made us more inclined to be satisfied with things as they were. We could imagine nothing more humiliating than being obliged to apply to the Haddons of Haddon for aid of any kind.

My modest trousseau was prepared, and everything packed ready for transport to the vessel in which our passage was taken. It was the evening before our wedding-day, and Philip and I had been for a walk in a quiet silent fashion of our own, taking farewell of the old country. We walked through part of the city, at peace in the soft summer moonlight after its day of unrest; and turning into a church where evening service was going on, knelt down unseen in one of the high pews to join in the prayers. Then we turned our steps homewards—it would ever be home to us where my dear mother was—our hearts too full for words.

I was to spend the remainder of this last night alone with her; and as we had previously agreed to do, Philip and I parted at the door. Ah, Philip! how good and true, how handsome you looked as you stood there lingering to say a few last words, before I entered the house!

'Our last parting, Mary! God bless you, dear wife. Try to make our mother believe what you will be to me; it will be her best comfort; and remind her of our agreement. No tears to-morrow.'

Ah, me! had sorrow not been too deep for tears, there would have been nothing else on the morrow. I ran hastily up-stairs—we had secured comfortable lodgings with a respectable family for her—and opened the door, looking towards her accustomed seat as I half-uttered some little loving speech; only half-uttered it, and then broke down with a cry of alarm. My mother was lying on the floor in what, for the first few moments, I imagined to be a fainting-fit. Alas! it was more serious than that. Whether the cause was physical or mental, I know not; it is most probable that she had suffered more about the approaching separation between us than she herself would allow; but she was taken up a helpless and incurable invalid, who would never again be able to move from her couch. That was the fiat issued by the medical men on the bright May morning which was to have seen me a happy bride.

It was very hard for Philip; and as might naturally be expected, he for a while found it difficult to accede to the sudden change in his prospects. But I knew he was not likely to blame me for acting as I did, after the first bitterness of disappointment was over. After a hurried interview with his brother, in which the latter insisted upon his keeping to his bond, and setting sail with or without me, Philip entreated me to go through the ceremony with him, and let him at least feel that he was leaving a wife. I might soon be left motherless, he pleaded; and in that case, it would be so much easier for me to follow him as his wife.

My courage almost gave way. I was sorely tempted to yield. But the doctors had said that, though my dear mother might not live very long, there was just a possibility that she might linger for years. My mother might be excused for looking at the question only as it affected her child; and she entirely sided with Philip in wishing me to become his wife, since I insisted upon remaining with her. But I had to think for him; and strength was given me to act according to my perception. So long as my mother was spared to me, she must be my care, and Philip must remain unfettered. That was my decision; and they could not turn me from it by any amount of persuasion. The following day Philip set forth alone, and I remained with my mother. But if, in his disappointment, he was a little hard with me at the time, his first letter shewed that he blamed me no longer.

I know now it never occurred to him that my mother's income might die with her. He had been content to take a penniless bride; and if he gave a thought to my mother's money, it was only to rejoice that she had enough until he could more amply provide for her. Pride, self-reliance, or perhaps a little of both, prevented my telling him at the last.

She lived nearly eight years after his departure. Philip, with whom I had corresponded all that time, was beginning to write hopefully of being able to return within a twelvemonth, and I tried to struggle on unaided. What I should have done had things come to the worst, I know not. There was Edward Dallas; but he was a hard man, who had taken a great deal more kindly to the delay than he had to our marriage, and I did not choose that he should know his brother's future wife required his charity. And there were the Haddons of Haddon, I told myself, with a forlorn attempt at the old jest.

Meantime, Philip's letters arrived regularly, full of life, and love, and hope. He had succeeded beyond his expectations. The estate had rapidly increased in value under his management. Before he had been there a year, he was able to dictate terms to his brother, and had since acted as managing partner, with everything in his own hands. Before she died, my dear mother had the happiness of believing that Philip and I would soon be united and living in affluence. It was her greatest comfort to know that I never regretted my decision, and that Philip had come in time to say that he loved and trusted me all the more for having kept to it.

As years passed on, there had been observable in Philip's letters just the growth of mind which might have been expected in the man I had known at twenty-one. I on my side did my best to make my mental growth worthy of his. But of late, when I looked at the portrait in my locket of the fair, frank, almost boyish face of my lover, I was conscious of a certain uneasiness slowly but surely taking root in my heart, though I told myself that of course he could not look like that now. Did *he* also remember the years that had passed, when he looked at the portrait he had of me? Did he reflect that a woman of nine-and-twenty could no longer look like a girl? But these reflections disturbed me only occasionally, and were soon put aside as unworthy of the woman he loved. He loved *me*, so what mattered my age?

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE BRIGADE OF FOOT GUARDS.

THIS famous band of British soldiers has always played an important part in the annals of this country, and its services afford an example of what our army has been in the past, and what England hopes it will be in the future. The brigade consists of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Fusilier Corps; the first having three battalions, and the others two each. Each regiment is distinct in itself, and is possessed of its own traditionary records, although the brigade has likewise traditions common to the trio which extend over a period of more than two hundred years; for these splendid corps have ever been inseparable, though each is in possession of an orderly-room of its own at the Horse Guards, where its affairs are conducted, and where are kept, amongst many interesting souvenirs, its records and State colour or flag. The latter is an elaborate standard, used only on special state occasions, such as the coronation, mounting guard on the sovereign's birthday, &c.; and is of crimson silk, richly embroidered with gold, and edged with gold fringe, and bearing in the centre of its silken folds the names of the battles in which the regiment to which it belongs has been engaged.

The oldest of the three regiments is the Coldstream, which, when the brigade is paraded, takes up its position as such on the left of the line; the Grenadier regiment comes next in point of seniority, and occupies the right; while the Fusilier—the youngest regiment—forms up in the centre. This formation may appear mysterious to non-military readers, as, according to popular notions, the oldest regiment always occupies the right of the line; but this is not so, for the true reason is, that the Grenadiers occupy the right because of the particular service which their title signifies, the grenadier company of every regiment being the first company.

The proper designation of the three corps is as follows: 1. The Grenadier or First Regiment of Foot Guards. 2. The Coldstream Guards. 3. The Scots Fusilier or Third Regiment of Foot Guards. This is the order in which they stand when on the right of the army, and it will be seen that although there is a first and third regiment of Foot Guards, there is, nominally, no *second*, the Coldstreams never being officially designated by any number. The reason for this will presently appear; and in the meantime we will take the regiments in regular order, and narrate, as briefly as possible, the history of each, together with some deeds of daring performed by individual members of them, and the collective achievements of the brigade.

The Grenadier Guards, as just mentioned, takes the right of the British army when in line. It is looked upon as the premier corps of our infantry, and was raised under the following circumstances. In the year 1655, Cromwell having allied himself with Louis XIV., Charles (II.) quitted the French coast and joined the Spaniards in the Netherlands against the king of France. The loyal English who shared the prince's exile were enrolled in 1657, and formed into six regiments. The first of these was called the 'Royal Regiment of Guards.' There after a time it became disbanded, through the inability of the exiled prince to maintain it intact; and its members were compelled to wander about the continent, many of them being reduced so low as to beg for their daily subsistence.

On the Restoration of Charles II. the regiment was again assembled, and returned to its native land, where, under circumstances which will be narrated in connection with the Coldstreams, it became the First Regiment of Foot Guards.

At Waterloo, this regiment particularly distinguished itself by totally defeating the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guards, and thus won a chaplet which will for ever be associated with its name, for after the battle the Prince Regent conferred upon it the title of 'Grenadier Guards' in honour of the event. Every Briton must remember with pride the glorious charge of the Guards on that occasion, when, lying down (to avoid the galling fire of the French artillery) until their opponents were within a few yards of the supposed breach in the British line, they sprang up at the magic and heart-thrilling words of 'Up, Guards, and at them!'—ascribed to the Duke of Wellington; and after pouring a tremendous volley into the devoted ranks of Ney's followers, rushed madly forward to a splendid and complete victory.

The Duke of Cambridge is the present colonel of the regiment, and its colours bear the words Lincelles, Corunna (at which battle it was the only regiment of the Guards present), Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol. The badge of the regiment is a grenade, which is likewise borne on the colours, together with the royal cipher within the garter, and the words, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'

The Coldstream Guards was raised in the year 1650; but it was in 1660 that it marched from the little town of Coldstream (from whence it derives its name), near Berwick-on-Tweed, to London, under the command of its first colonel, George Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle), for the express purpose of restoring the monarchy by placing Charles II. on the throne. Monk was a general in the Parliamentary forces and an admiral of the fleet, and owing to this latter fact the regiment is permitted to bear upon its Queen's colour a small Union-jack, in honour of its first colonel's naval rank; a proud privilege not appertaining to any other regiment in the service.

The 'gallant Coldstreamers,' as they were called, materially assisted in the happy restoration of the English monarchy; and while marching to London they met with an enthusiastic reception in the towns and villages through which they passed. In the meantime Colonel Russell, an old loyalist officer, had raised a corps which he called the 'King's Regiment of Guards;' and on the arrival of Charles it was united with the 'Royal Regiment of Guards' which came with him. After the Restoration, the three regiments which now form the brigade of Guards were assembled on Tower Hill to take the oath of allegiance to the king; and as a sign that they repudiated the Commonwealth, they were ordered to lay down their arms. Having obeyed this order with the utmost alacrity, they were commanded to take them up again in the king's service as the First, Second, and Third Regiments of Foot Guards. The First and Third Regiments did so with cheers; but the Coldstreamers, to the astonishment of the king, who was present, stood firm.

'Why does your regiment hesitate?' inquired Charles of General Monk.

'May it please your Majesty,' said the stern old soldier, lowering the point of his sword, 'the Coldstreamers are your Majesty's devoted servants; but after the service they have had the honour of rendering to your Highness, they cannot consent to be *second* to any corps in your Majesty's service.'

'And they are right,' said the king; 'they shall be second to none. Let them take up their arms as my Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards.'

Monk rode back to the line and communicated the king's decision to the regiment. It had a magical effect. The arms were instantly raised amid frantic cries of 'Long live the king!' Since this event the motto of the Coldstream Guards has been '*Nulli Secundus*'—Second to None.

The regiment has had a part in every important campaign which has taken place during the two hundred and twenty-six years of its existence, and has on many occasions greatly distinguished itself. Its colours bear the words Lincelles, Egypt (with the Sphinx), Talavera, Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol. And the badge of the regiment is the star of Brunswick with the garter and motto, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'

The Scots Fusilier Guards was raised previous to the Restoration, and did good service as a part of the Parliamentary army. Though generally believed to be of Scotch origin, such is not the fact, for the regiment originally came from Ireland, and was an Irish corps, its name being taken from its first colonel and founder, Scot; hence Scot's Fusiliers; or as it now stands, Scots Fusiliers. The regiment has, however, for many years past been composed principally of Scotchmen; and after the Crimean War the Queen's permission was given to the appointment of a band of pipers in Highland garb to each of the two battalions. But, as we have seen above, the Coldstreamers are the genuine Scotch corps. There is little known authoritatively about the movements of the Fusiliers previous to the time when they took up arms in the king's service as the Third Regiment of Foot Guards. Since that interesting and important event its brilliant services have equalled those of its sister regiments on every occasion.

The regimental badge is the star of the order of St Andrew, with the thistle, and the words, *'Nemo me impune lacesset'* (No one touches me with impunity). On its colours are the words Lincelles, Egypt (with the Sphinx), Talavera, Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol.

Here we must remark that time-honoured traditions are amongst the most treasured possessions of British regiments, for there is hardly a corps in our army without a history of its own. And by some means or another, every soldier, from the colonel to the smallest drummer-boy, who takes a pride in his profession, becomes acquainted with these traditions, and cherishes them with jealous care; for in those tattered colours which are borne proudly before him, he views the record and visible embodiment of deeds of valour, and resolves, when in the battle-field, that no action of his shall sully the proud history of his corps. Nelson's celebrated signal at Trafalgar trebled the strength and pluck of the force under his command; and so likewise, in the heat of a battle on land, the magic words 'Coldstreamers!' 'Fusiliers!' 'Black Watch!' (whichever the regiment may be) have precisely the same effect, by conjuring up in every man's breast that *esprit de corps* without which a regiment would be an utter nonentity. The soldier of every nation is, as a rule, very sensitive with regard to the name and distinctive badges of his regiment, and none more so than the British soldier. Take these away, as some have actually proposed to do; simply number the regiments from right to left; give them a universal badge, with clothing of the same pattern; or, in other words, destroy that regimental organisation which has made the British army famous, and much of the romance and heroism of the British soldier is gone.

The uniform of the Guards has undergone many changes since the Restoration, at which time it was of a very neat and picturesque character. The bearskin head-dress of the present day is a comparatively modern adoption, and was introduced into the English army by the Duke of Wellington, in imitation of those worn by Napoleon's Imperial Guard; while the present pattern tunic and waist-belt superseded the swallow-tailed coats and clumsy cross-belts which were in use so recently as the year 1855.

The three regiments, although doing duty principally in London, have at all critical moments in the nation's history been ordered abroad, to share in the glorious task of facing the foreign enemies of their country; and we find them acquitting themselves nobly beneath the banners of Marlborough, Moore, and Wellington. At the battle of Fontenoy occurred that ever-memorable scene, when for the first time the English and French Guards found themselves face to face, and both corps hesitated, from a noble sense of chivalry, to commence the attack. At length, Lord Charles Hay, a captain of the English Guards, called out: 'Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!' But with characteristic courtesy and *sang-froid*, the French commander replied: 'Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire you first!'

The Coldstreamers and Fusiliers in 1801 proceeded to Egypt, where, beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, they gained fresh laurels against the French; and the former so distinguished themselves as to win the distinctive badge (a red plume) which they wear to this day on the right side of their bearskin caps. For their [illegible] Egypt both corps were permitted to bear [illegible] their colours the word 'Egypt' with the Sphinx above it. Again, all through the Peninsular War the Guards did gallant service, which culminated in that noble and irresistible charge at Waterloo which crushed Napoleon's power, and placed England upon the pinnacle of fame.

Many are the deeds of daring which have been done by individual members of these famous regiments, both officers and men; but as those of the former rarely fail to be blazoned forth to the world, it will be our pleasant task in these pages to record a few instances of the deeds performed by heroes of humbler rank. Unrecorded deeds are like hidden jewels, and it is not until they are exposed to the light of day, that the world marvels at their value and worships them accordingly. At Waterloo the defence of Hougoumont was intrusted to the flank companies of the brigade of Guards, for it was the key of the English position, and orders were issued that it was to be defended until not a stone was left of it. It consisted of an old farm-house and outlying buildings composed principally of wood; and no sooner were the Guards posted there, than they began to loophole the walls and make every preparation for its defence. Against this place Napoleon sent the finest of his troops, who, to the number of many thousands, made a desperate attack upon it, which lasted nearly the whole day. Again and again were the French repulsed, only to renew the onset with greater vigour and determination; but those five or six hundred Guardsmen were invincible in their dogged tenacity, and would not yield even when the buildings were blazing around them. In the midst of the mêlée, a young sergeant of the Grenadiers approached his commanding officer, and with tears in his eyes asked for a few moments' leave to perform a brotherly duty. The astonishment of the officer was great, for but a few moments before he had occasion to remark the bravery of his subordinate's conduct.

'It must be something very important to take you away from your duty at this critical moment,' said the officer with a gesture of impatience and a reproachful look.

'See!' said the sergeant, pointing to a building which was in flames from top to bottom; 'my brother lies there severely wounded, and in a few moments more the roof will fall in: am I not, sir, to make an effort to save him?'

'Go!' said the officer; 'and may you be successful.'

Away sprung the young soldier; and dashing into the midst of the flaming pile without the least hesitation, he emerged in a few seconds, singed and scorched all over, but bearing upon his shoulders a precious burden—his wounded and still living brother. Scarcely had he left the building ere the roof fell in with a terrific crash, that was heard above the crackling of muskets and the booming of artillery. Bearing his brother to a protected spot, he laid him gently down, and instantly rejoined his company, where he arrived just in time to save his captain's life!

In another part of the old farmyard of Hougoumont stood the heavy wooden gate, which, of course, became a special object of attack on the part of the French; and after several hours of hard and desperate fighting (during which many useless attempts to open the gate had been made), they at last succeeded in forcing it. The moment was a critical one for the little garrison, and for a second or two, the defenders of the gate seemed stupefied; but there is, seemingly, a hero for every occasion, and a stout-built sergeant of the Coldstreams, named Graham, stepped forward just as the enemy began to push in at the gate, and placing his shoulder to the heavy structure, he, with almost superhuman energy, shut it against the foe. The shoulders of twenty or thirty stout men were instantly laid against the gate until it could be barricaded more strongly than before; and when the battle of Waterloo was won and lost, Hougoumont, though razed to the ground, remained untaken. In addition to this brave act, Sergeant Graham had also saved his captain's life several times during that eventful day; and when, some time afterwards, the Duke of Wellington was made trustee of a legacy of one hundred pounds left for the bravest man at Waterloo, and had sent it to Captain Macdonald (the commander at Hougoumont), the latter immediately returned it to the Duke with the reply, that Sergeant Graham was the hero of Waterloo, for he had by his own strength saved the British position. The sergeant eventually received the legacy and a commission.

At the battle of the Alma, on the 20th September 1854, numerous instances of bravery occurred in the ranks of the Guards, foremost amongst which was the act of Sergeant Davis of the Scots Fusiliers, who, when the officer who was carrying the regimental colour was surrounded by the Russians and shot down, seized the sacred emblem of his regiment's honour, and battling his way forward single-handed, planted it triumphantly on the summit of the hard-won height.

At Inkerman, the soldiers' battle, the brave Coldstreamers—George Monk's *Nulli Secundus* men—made heroes of themselves, and immortalised their name. They went into action with sixteen officers and four hundred men; and of this small number they had thirteen officers and more than two hundred men killed and wounded. Eight of these officers were killed, amongst them being Colonels Cowell, Elliott, and Mackinnon, who fell in the act of leading their men on to the charge. At length the Grenadiers and Fusiliers, after much severe fighting, cut their way to the spot where their gallant comrades were being annihilated. Thus united, the three regiments bore down upon the enemy in a line of *single file* (so fearfully had they suffered), and beat them back down the ravine.

When peace was proclaimed the Guards returned home to receive the well-earned reward of their prowess. All London turned out to welcome them, and a right hearty welcome it was. Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort witnessed the march of the three regiments from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, and the former waved her handkerchief to the brave fellows, as they passed on their way to Hyde Park, with their ranks broken by the people, who, in their enthusiasm, demanded to shake hands with the popular heroes. In Hyde Park, they were received by the home battalions with military honours, and were afterwards reviewed by the Queen, when, as a mark of high honour, the Crimean battalions were permitted to march past their sovereign with their tattered ensigns *flying* instead of being lowered in the usual way. They had nobly shewn their fidelity to Queen and country, and those *flying colours* was a simple but touching acknowledgment of the fact. Indeed, the reception of these regiments was quite an ovation; and never had soldiers better deserved the honours bestowed upon them.

A RAILWAY TRIP IN JAPAN.

FIVE years ago the only means by which communication was kept up between the rapidly growing settlement of Yokohama and the capital of the empire, Yedo, was by the Tocaido—the great main road—or by sea. As the steamers on the latter route were under Japanese guidance, and as blowings-up and runnings-ashore were unpleasantly frequent, the majority of travellers chose the land-route. And even by this way the annoyances and accidents were so serious and so frequent, that few, except those who had pressing business on hand, or who were ardent explorers, chose to leave the security of the European settlement at all; so it may be said that until the introduction of railways, Yedo remained almost unknown to Europeans. A rackety four-horse van, barring accidents, made the journey and returned every day. The road was execrable, and the people of the villages along the route generally ill-disposed to 'white barbarians.' A week of fierce sun converted the track into a bed of dust, a day of rain turned it into an almost impassable quagmire. Overturnings and break-downs were of daily occurrence; and the safe arrival at the capital was hailed as an unlooked-for pleasure and surprise. English enterprise, however, backed by English gold, has changed the order of things; and the pilgrimage which formerly occupied five hours and cost ten dollars may now be performed in forty minutes by *rail* at the comparatively reasonable price of one dollar.

The Yokohama terminus is admirably suited to the requirements of the public, and it is difficult to stand there, surrounded by waiting-rooms, cloak-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and ticket-offices, jostled by diminutive natives clad in the orthodox British porter costume, reading by-laws, advertisements, and notices in English, and realise the fact that one is in the mystic land of Japan, fifteen thousand miles from Ludgate Hill, King's Cross, or Edinburgh.

Everything is British belonging to the railway itself. The locomotives are Sheffield built, and are driven by brawny specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race, aided by native stokers. The carriages are from Birmingham—constructed on the American principle—that is, with a passage running from end to end, so that the guard may walk through the train. Every signal-post, switch, and lamp comes from England. The officials are almost without exception 'Samourai'—men of good birth, and have taken wonderfully to their change of profession; the guards are even learning to jump in and out of the trains when in motion with the precision and agility of those at home. In fact during the short journey between Yokohama and Yedo one is transported for a while into the old country; and one only has to shut the eyes to the quaint forms and faces of the passengers and the peculiarity of the scenery, to make the illusion complete.

Leaving Yokohama, the train crosses the spit of land connecting the settlement with the promontory known as Kawasaki Point, passes through the pleasure part of the town—a sort of suburb, consisting entirely of large tea-houses and places of entertainment, and stops at the first station, Kanagawa. This was originally intended to be the foreign port, but objections were raised by the European merchants that the depth of water was insufficient to admit of large vessels anchoring conveniently near, so that, in spite of government opposition, the present port of Yokohama was chosen. To this day, however, all official documents are dated from Kanagawa, and not from Yokohama.

Kanagawa, a long straggling village on the Tocaido or great road, has always been a hotbed of disaffection towards foreigners. Many a bloody record still tells of the days when the proud 'Samourai' or officers felt that they were scarcely doing their duty towards their country in allowing a European to pass unmolested on the road; and even now, though feudalism, Samourai, and all have been swept away by the march of civilisation, one cannot ride or walk along the narrow street without being saluted as a 'beast' or 'foreign invader.' The temples which were the first residences of the foreign consuls still exist, but the natives have carefully wiped away all traces of foreign occupation, and they are now used, as formerly, for purposes of Buddhist or 'Shinto' worship. From Kanagawa the railway passes under the great road, and enters a broad fertile plain ablaze with many tinted crops, fringed on the left hand by a picturesque range of hills, and bounded on the right by the sea. The peasants are becoming accustomed to the sight of the locomotive and its string of carriages, and rarely stop on their path or rest from their work to gaze at what was but a few months back a wonderful phenomenon. But the pack-horses are less tractable, and dance and pirouette in all directions till the noise is over.

Tsurumi, a little village, also on the Tocaido, is the next station. It is the centre of the snipe district, and on Saturdays and Sundays the little platform is crowded with knickerbockered Britons with their dogs; Frenchmen, fantastically arrayed in sporting costume; Israelites; sailors and soldiers from the men-of-war in harbour, armed with every variety of rifle, musket, or blunderbuss, all bent on wading through the 'paddy' mud in the hopes of making some sort of a bag.

From Tsurumi, the train glides through a delicious stretch of scenery—on the one side little villages nestle amidst the trees, and the deep blue ocean glitters away into the distance; on the other, all is a romantic jumble of hill, and wood, and dale. Here and there a red temple roof breaks the sombre verdure of the hill-side, and at a certain point a depression of the hills affords the traveller a peep at the distant goblin-haunted range of mountains of which Oyama is the chief, behind which the pure white cone of the sacred mountain Fuji rises, solitary and grand, like a monarch in repose. All around is pure unadulterated rusticity. The iron road cuts remorselessly through pleasant vales and wooded hills, but nothing is changed; and if the visitor will take the trouble to explore on either side, he will find the old-world life of Japan still existing as it did centuries ago, when the only Europeans in the land were a few Portuguese missionaries and a small colony of Dutch traders cooped up in an island at Nagasaki.

After a fifteen minutes' run through this charming country, Kawasaki—exactly half-way between Yokohama and Yedo—is reached. Here the down-train from the capital meets us, and there is a stop of a few minutes.

Kawasaki was in the old days one of the most important towns on the great road. On their way from Kiyoto to Yedo, from the western capital to the eastern, the great lords made Kawasaki their last halting-place, and one may yet see the shadows of the great feudal age of Japan in the magnificent tea-houses scattered through the town. Like the old coaching inns on our great main roads in England, these tea-houses have lost almost all their ancient prosperity, as the turmoil of revolution, and above all the accomplishment of the railway, have diverted almost all the traffic from this part of the Tocaido. In one or two of the houses, however, splendidly adorned and painted suites of apartments, pretty gardens, and huge ranges of out-buildings, still attest the former splendour of the age; and although fowls and half-wild curs have made the stabling and out-houses their home, and although the numerical strength of the domestics is not sufficient to keep the dust and cobwebs away from the gaily screened rooms, the proprietors still shew the remains with some pride, and at the instigation of a cup of 'saké' will tell many a quaint story of the doings in those half-forgotten days and sigh that they can never return.

Moreover Kawasaki is the starting-point for pilgrims to two of the most celebrated shrines in this part of the country, so that notwithstanding the decay of its prosperity, Kawasaki is still sufficiently full of life and animation, well fitted to repay a visit from the student of Japanese life and manners. Within ten minutes' walk rises the huge fane of Kobo-Daishi, a Buddhist saint of great renown and the reputed originator of the syllabary now in common use. Hither repair on certain days annually, from all parts of the empire, troops of pilgrims of both sexes and all ages, attired in holiday costume, and though nominally on devotional exercise bent, from the exuberance of their spirits and the time they pass in the surrounding pleasure-houses, not at all inclined to forego the enjoyment of a holiday.

Farther away from the town is the almost equally celebrated shrine of Ikigami, dedicated to Iyeyas, the great self-raised priest who founded the Tokugawa line of emperors, beautifully situated on a solitary deeply wooded hill. This is one of the sweetest spots near Yokohama. The most complete calm reigns over everything, only broken occasionally by the tinkle of the old temple bell and the monotonous drone of the officiating priests, or by the wind murmuring through the great trees. Scattered about around a pagoda of quaint proportions are the tombs of many of the old feudal lords—quaint curious examples of that reverence for the dead so characteristic of the Japanese as of all oriental nations. Except during the pilgrim season, until the opening of the railway, one might wander about these solitudes for hours without any chance of being disturbed. Now, however, that the railway has brought Ikigami within easy access of

Yokohama, the graves on the hill have become a favourite resort of picnic parties and pleasure-seekers from the great foreign settlement. New tea-houses have sprung up around the base of the hill, and the place is rapidly assuming the tea-garden character which has too often degraded beautiful spots near Yokohama. At Kawasaki, the river runs which nominally is the boundary beyond which foreigners may not explore. The law insisting on this, however, is far more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and not a day passes without scores of foreigners crossing the new bridge.

From Kawasaki the train speeds through huge apple-orchards, till the houses become more frequent and less detached, and now skirting the sea, one visibly approaches a large city, close to which are anchored men-of-war, merchant-vessels, and junks.

The train stops at Shinagawa, the last station, at which, from its want of interest, there is but little temptation for the visitor to alight. The only pleasing bit to break the monotony of dull-coloured hovels is the stately demesne and foreign-built mansion of one of the most ardent supporters of the 'Advance' School of Japanese politicians. Soldiers, coolies, and low-class women seem to compose the street population of this suburb; whilst every other house is either a 'rowdy' tea-house or a 'buvette' of the commonest type. Equestrians and pedestrians therefore, if Europeans, may look out for a repetition of the scowls and abuse of Kanagawa. Leaving the station, and proceeding towards the terminus within the city gates, the train passes the temple, formerly the seat of the British Legation, where the murderous attack was made by hired bravoes of the anti-European party in Japan on Sir Rutherford Alcock and suite, some years back. Farther on a collection of hovels—for otherwise they cannot be designated—situated on a high hill, was, till a year ago, the seat of English diplomatic power in Japan.

The train passes on over the sites of old 'Yashikis' or palaces, and through the once extensive hunting-grounds of the great prince of Tosa, skims the vast barren tract which still marks the disastrous fire of 1871, and finally enters the Yedo terminus. The station is the exact counterpart of that at Yokohama, and is situated in the busiest part of the capital, close to the 'Foreign Concession,' where the Europeans chiefly reside, and within ten minutes' walk of the celebrated 'Nihon Bashi' or Bridge of Japan, from which all distances in the empire are measured. Outside the station are waiting carriages, 'Jinrickishas'—or chairs on wheels dragged by coolies—breaks, and even a Hammersmith built omnibus; so that the traveller has but to take his choice and be taken anywhere. The Japanese and, strange to say, the Chinese (who have only just permitted a line to be made on their sacred soil) have taken wonderfully to travelling by railway. All classes avail themselves of it; and it is sometimes amusing to observe how Young Japan tries to assume an air of nonchalance, and endeavours to appear as if he had been accustomed to railways all his life. Every train is crowded, especially on Sundays; and the pilgrims bound for the capital from Mount Fuji or Oyama, hail the foreign engine and train waiting for them at Kanagawa as a godsend and a saving of many hours of weary travelling and, what is more important, much cash. The childish delight of the natives at being rattled over the ground at twenty miles an hour is ludicrous; and although the novelty has worn off, there are still numbers who simply travel up and down the line for the sake of the sensation.

A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Mr John Williams, landlord of the *Ship and Anchor*, Lleyrudrigg, had not deceived the little minister and myself with regard to the qualifications of his horse. It was a high-stepping thoroughbred; and notwithstanding that the roads were heavy with the rain of the previous day, we bowled along next morning at a famous rate on our way to Twellryst. Clouds of a somewhat suspicious character floated overhead, occasionally depriving us for a space of the sunshine, and the wind was perhaps too high to be altogether agreeable. But on the whole the weather was favourable; and enlivened by Mr Morgan's instructive and cheerful conversation, the day's trip promised to prove a pleasant one. For some time after leaving Lleyrudrigg we followed the regular coach-road, which, though running for a little way on a line with the coast, very soon turns inland. Then quitting it for one upon which was much less traffic, we found ourselves, at the close of three hours' quick driving, again coming within sight of the blue ocean with its foam-flecked billows, and were told by Jonathan Williams, our hunch-backed, sinister-looking little driver, that we were nearing the Spike Rocks. The Spike Rocks! how I shudder at the bare mention of that name, recalling as it does—— But I will not anticipate. Drawing up before a five-barred gate which led into an extensive piece of meadow-land bordering the shore and, as I afterwards found, crowning precipices which for nearly a mile in length descended in sheer walls to the sea, Jonathan rose in his seat, and pointed out with his whip the two rocks which we had come hither to visit. They stood at some distance from the land—small, conical-shaped islands, bleak and sharp-pointed—their interest consisting, as we had been told, in their being a peculiarly favourite resort of a species of sea-bird. At certain seasons of the year, of which the present was one, the birds would collect here in thousands, covering the rocks from base to summit with a compact living mantle of whity-brown feathers. From the point at which our carriage stopped, however, the rocks were too far away for their clothing to be clearly visible; and we accordingly set off for a nearer inspection, warned by a shout from our driver, when we had taken a few steps, to beware of the 'Devil's Holes.' (So Mr Morgan translated the barbarous-sounding Welsh word he used.) 'Devil's Holes! Why, what can *they* be?' I inquired. But my companion was no wiser with regard to the matter than myself, as he confessed with a shake of the head; so we walked on, trusting to our observation for enlightenment.

The enlightenment came sooner than we anticipated, and was accompanied for me by a great shock. Under the influence of my new friend's inspiriting society, I was feeling a light-heartedness to which I had long been a stranger; and upon observing before me a small round hollow in the field we were crossing, I was seized with a momentary impulse to run forward, as I might have done when a boy, and let the impetus of descending the near side carry me up the sloping grassy bank which I saw upon the farther one. Had I followed out that impulse, however, I *should not* now have been writing this story; for when close upon it, but not before, I perceived to my horror that the innocently seeming indentation of the ground was in reality an awful natural pit. Where the grassy slope terminated, instead of the green level I had expected to see, yawned a black chasm; and looking downwards, I positively trembled as my eye sank into an abyss some hundred feet in depth, at the bottom of which, as though it had been a gigantic caldron, appeared a seething mass of water, rolling and dashing itself against the rocky sides, and sending up a booming sound like the explosion of cannon.

An exclamation of horror burst from my lips as this unexpected phenomenon met my sight, and drawing Mr Morgan backwards, I nervously entreated him not to stand so near the edge. That 'Devil's Hole' had filled me with the strangest sensation of creeping dread; and when presently we came upon a second hollow in the meadow, I shrank from approaching it. The little minister, however, would not be deterred from doing so; and from the manner in which I saw him walking round and round, curiously peering over its side, I was prepared for the announcement which he made upon rejoining me, that that too was a 'Devil's Hole'—larger but in other respects similar to the one I had seen. An involuntary shiver was almost the only comment I made upon this communication; and as we continued our course, I looked apprehensively in all directions for further suspicious undulations of the ground. But none presented themselves; for like the Spike Rocks, these holes are but two in number; and when we had taken a survey of the Rocks—to my mind the lesser curiosities of the district—we returned to our dog-cart.

Words can scarcely express the relief I experienced as I felt myself being carried swiftly away from the neighbourhood of these horrible pits. The state of my health possibly may have had something to do with it; but my imagination certainly had been powerfully impressed with what was perhaps an exaggerated idea of their danger, and throughout the remainder of our drive I could talk of little else. Interested only in a lesser degree than myself, Mr Morgan joined me in conjectures as to the way in which they had been formed; the probable depth of water contained in them; the manner in which they were connected with the sea, and so forth. But though each of us endeavoured by turns to draw Jonathan into the conversation, in order to extract information from him, our dwarfish driver either could not or would not afford us any. He did not know, he said, whether or not there had ever been an accident at the spot, and replied to all our questions with a shortness which—considering that he had chattered incessantly during the former part of the journey—made me think that for some reason or other the subject must be distasteful to him.

Upon reaching Twellryst the little minister and I separated, with the understanding that we were to meet again at the inn at which we had put up, at four in the afternoon—that hour being as late a one as we thought it wise to appoint, on account of the necessity of getting back to Lleyrudrigg that night.

A careful exploration of the ruins, which turned out to be very interesting; a walk in the country; and a saunter round the town, filled up my time very agreeably; and arriving exactly as the clock struck the appointed hour, I found Mr Morgan already at the rendezvous. Our conveyance was then called for; but to our annoyance, the driver was not forthcoming. He had strolled away from the hotel some time ago, we were told; and when, eventually, the search for him ended in his discovery in a neighbouring public-house, he appeared to be a good deal the worse for liquor. The delay thus occasioned in starting upon our backward journey was the more vexatious because of the threatening aspect which during the last hour the weather had been assuming. Thick dark clouds had gradually spread themselves over the entire sky, and the wind, as it moaned amongst the trees of a neighbouring orchard or whistled round the corners of the inn, had a decidedly stormy sound. Naturally I am rather a passionate man, and at the time of which I write my private troubles made me more than usually prone to irritation. It is scarcely to be wondered at then, that when, upon my friend's calling Jonathan's attention to these signs of the times, I observed an impish look of satisfaction stealing over his face as though he were inwardly rejoicing in the anticipation of our getting a good wetting, in return for the scolding we had given him. Indeed, I had some difficulty in restraining my inclination to seize his horse-whip and lay it across his shoulders. I did restrain it, however; and when ready at length, we set off at full speed. This was so well kept up by Mr Williams's excellent horse, that although we could not hope to escape a drenching, we began to congratulate ourselves that after all we might get to Lleyrudrigg before very late in the evening.

We had been for more than an hour upon the road and had made first-rate progress, when on a sudden the looked-for storm broke upon us with the utmost violence. In a few moments the wind had risen to a hurricane, rendering our umbrellas entirely useless; and it was only by enveloping ourselves in a large horse-rug with which the landlord had provided us, that the little Welshman and I had any chance of keeping dry. Taking off our hats, we passed the rug over our heads, and had been riding in this way for a considerable distance, when my companion observed that the vehicle was jolting very much; and removing the covering from my face, I saw that we had turned off the highway into a narrow lane. On being questioned by Mr Morgan, to whom I uneasily communicated this fact, Jonathan declared that the lane was a short cut which would presently bring us out again upon the road we had quitted. I can scarcely tell why, but from the very first I doubted the correctness of this statement; and when, after twisting and turning times without number, the lane appeared yet as far as ever from its promised termination, my suspicions became confirmed. That our driver was purposely taking us in a wrong direction, I could hardly think, since I could conceive of no object for his doing so; but that he had, either through drunkenness or carelessness, lost his way, I felt assured. Bending forward, I angrily charged him with the mistake; and though at first holding doggedly to his former assertion, he admitted by-and-by that he thought he must have turned up the wrong lane—adding, however, that as I might see for myself, he could not get his horse round in so confined a space, and would be obliged therefore to drive onwards. That obligation I was of course forced to allow; and muttering something as like an anathema as my clerical character would permit me to use, I re-covered my head and resigned myself, along with my more even-tempered associate, to the inevitable. But our misadventures were not to end with this contretemps. We were still in the lane, and had been going more and more slowly on account of its increasing roughness, when all at once the dwarf affirmed that something was wrong with the horse's right fore-foot, and precipitately descended to examine it. The examination occupied a long time; and peering from beneath the sheltering rug, I noticed Jonathan's arm working about as he bent over the hoof he had raised, and thought I distinguished, mingling with the roar of the wind, a faint sound as of grating metal. I remarked upon this to Mr Morgan, and we both called out to inquire what was the matter. But the fellow would vouchsafe us no reply until he had remounted to his seat, when he informed us sulkily that the shoe upon that foot was coming loose, and that he had been trying to refasten it. Apparently, however, he had not succeeded to his satisfaction, for he shortly got down to look at it again, and kept on repeating the action at intervals. At length just as we emerged from that seemingly interminable lane, the horse stumbled slightly; and once more descending from his box, the hunchback, with an ejaculation, in which it struck me there was a tone of triumph, brought forward the shoe, which had now indeed come off.

For a few moments the little minister and I sat in silence interchanging glances of dismay, which it was becoming almost too dark to read. Then simultaneously, we inquired of Jonathan what was to be done. The driver's answer was prompt and decisive. We must, he said, stop at the first house we came to and beg a night's lodging, since upon no account dared he proceed towards home at the risk of laming the horse. His cousin, he added, would be furious should any harm come to it, as it was very valuable, and he was, besides, much attached to it. Recognising its necessity, we acquiesced in this plan without demur, and in fact without unwillingness, the idea of a speedy shelter from the still violent storm being by no means ungrateful. But where, the question remained, could that shelter be found? We rose in the dog-cart, looked eagerly to right and left, but could discern no habitation. Jonathan, however, after applying himself to a similar scrutiny, declared that he perceived, just beyond a small plantation or orchard, about a hundred yards distant, what he felt sure was the corner of a building; and taking the horse by the bridle, he led it in that direction. His keener sight, as we shortly found, had not deceived him. When upon stopping again, we displaced the rug in which we had once more enveloped ourselves from head to foot, we saw in front of us, through the battering rain and gathering gloom, a low straggling farmhouse.

A small garden, entered by a wicket-gate, led to the door; and begging us to sit still, Jonathan ran towards it, returning almost immediately with the information that we could be accommodated here for the night. Blessing our good fortune, we accordingly alighted, and were met, as we passed into the house, by a hard-featured elderly man in a smock-frock and leathern gaiters, who after bestowing upon us a gruff welcome, shewed us into a large sanded kitchen. An unpleasant odour of bad beer and stale tobacco greeted our entrance, and my first impression, in the uncertain light which filled it, was that the apartment contained a numerous company. Upon candles being produced, however, as they speedily were by the farmer's direction, its occupants resolved themselves into seven. These were, a stout red-visaged woman, the wife of our host; and six tall strongly built young men, varying in ages from sixteen to thirty-five—his sons. With much courtesy the whole family proceeded at once to busy themselves for our comfort—one of the sons placing chairs for us in front of the peat-fire, another assisting to remove our damp coats and hang them to dry, whilst a couple more accompanied Jonathan to an out-building, where our horse and carriage were to be disposed for the night. The woman, upon her part, hastened to prepare us something to eat; and grateful for all this attention, Mr Morgan (whom I began by this time to look upon as quite an old friend) chatted away to our entertainers in his usually pleasant manner. I too for a while exerted myself towards their amusement, giving them an account of our day's excursion, and speaking of other matters which I thought calculated to interest. But with the exception of the woman, who had a harsh disagreeable voice, and was sufficiently loquacious, none of the party possessed much conversational power, and the talk gradually flagged.

Upon lapsing into silence, the men's faces naturally fell into their ordinary expressions, and as my gaze now wandered from one to another, a feeling of dislike and mistrust of the entire group seized upon me. The feeling was one that I could not well account for, and for which indeed I blamed myself severely. Nevertheless, far from diminishing as the evening wore on, it increased to an almost painful degree; and upon my mind suddenly reverting to the large sum of money carried by my companion, I took an opportunity of anxiously whispering him to beware of any allusion to it. The suggestion implied in this warning appeared to startle the little minister; but his nature was eminently trustful, and as I could see, a short cogitation ended in his mentally condemning my suspicion as uncalled for. Shortly after it had been uttered, however, he proposed, to my satisfaction, that we should go to bed; whereupon the farmer (whose face and figure, though I knew I had never seen him before this evening, seemed somehow familiar) slipped from the room, and returning directly with a black bottle in his hand, pressed us before retiring to rest to take a glass of spirits. Being a teetotaler, I declined for myself the proffered hospitality. But thinking, as he remarked, that it might prevent his taking cold from the wetting he had sustained, Mr Morgan accepted a somewhat stiff tumbler of whisky-punch. This, in order not to keep me waiting, he drained almost at a draught; and our host then preceding us to an upper story, pointed out the rooms in which we were to sleep. They were situated at each end of a long passage; the first, which opened at the head of a rather steep flight of stairs, being assigned to my companion, and the farther one to myself. Upon following Mr Morgan into his chamber for the purpose of bidding him good-night, I noticed with astonishment that he staggered slightly in crossing the floor. He complained too, as we shook hands, of feeling 'terribly sleepy;' and smiling to myself at the rapidity with which the whisky-punch was taking effect upon the little Welshman, I recommended him in an under-tone to lock his door; and leaving him to his slumbers, betook myself, under the farmer's guidance, to the apartment appointed for my own occupation.

SOME UNCOMMON PETS.

Proud Wolsey, it will be recollected, was on familiar terms with a venerable carp; Cowper doffed his melancholy to play with his hares; and Clive owned a pet tortoise. Less noted folk have taken kindly to snakes, frogs, lizards, hedgehogs, and other animals not usually included in the category of domestic pets. The driver of a London Hansom was wont to carry a little cub fox on the top of his cab, to their mutual enjoyment, until returning from the Downs one Derby-day, the cab overset, and the cabman and his odd companion were both killed. Mr G. F. Berkeley made a household pet of a young stoat, rendered motherless by his gun. Totie soon accommodated himself to circumstances, and would leave his cage to wash himself in a finger-glass on the dinner-table, trotting back again as soon as his ablutions were performed, taking a piece of sponge-cake with him.

Sir John Lubbock contrived to win the affection of a Syrian wasp; but the game was hardly worth the candle, or sufficiently entertaining to encourage others to follow suit; although it is said that, strong in the new feminine faith that what man does woman can do, three maiden sisters sought to relieve the tedium of single-blessedness by devoting their leisure to the domestication of English-born wasps. Before a week was out, one fair experimentalist wore a large blue patch over her left eye, another carried her right arm in a sling, the third was altogether lost to the sight of anxious friends, and all had come to the conclusion that wasp-taming was not their forte. Better taste and greater discretion were shewn by the lady, who, becoming possessed of two butterflies of different species in a chrysalis state, resolved to try how far they would be amenable to kindness, and placed them for security in a glazed cabinet in her well-warmed bedroom. A few days before Christmas she was delighted by the appearance of a little yellow butterfly, but was puzzled how to cater for the delicate creature. Taking a fairy-rose then in bloom, she dropped a little honey and rose-water in a blossom, and put the plant in the cabinet, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the butterfly take its first meal. In a fortnight it would leave the rose to settle on her hand when she called it by its name Psyche. By-and-by a peacock butterfly emerged into active life from the other chrysalis. The newcomer accepted the sensation of active life at once, and like its companion, delighted in being talked and sung to, both especially enjoying being waved in the air and danced up and down while quietly resting upon the hand of their mistress. Upon the coming of summer the cabinet was moved close to the window, and its doors thrown open. For some days neither of its tenants cared to venture beyond the window-sill, but one bright afternoon their protectress 'with many bitter tears' beheld them take wing and join some wild companions in the garden; at night, however, they returned to their lodgings. Next day they took the air again, and were not seen until September. One afternoon there came a heavy thunderstorm, and when it was over a yellow butterfly was found dead on the window-sill—which the lady, with some warrant, lamented over as her own particular one; the 'peacock' too would seem to have met a like fate, for it was never seen again.

The butterfly tamer had an eye for beauty, but ugliness is no bar to a lady's favour, so far as animal pets are concerned. It would be hard to find a more repulsive-looking reptile than the iguana, nevertheless the society of one afforded much pleasure to an American lady residing in Brazil. Pedro, as he was called, was well provided with raw meat, bananas, and milk; allowed to bask in his mistress's room in the daytime, and to make himself cosy between the mattresses of her bed when the sun went down, he cheerfully accepted the novel situation, like a wise iguana. His loving lady was wont to carry him abroad in her arms—a practice that kept acquaintances at a respectful distance—for, however they might pretend to admire Pedro's beadlike spots of black and white, his bright jewelled eyes, and elegant claws, they were careful not to make any near approaches. Nothing pleased Madame so much as to drop her pet without warning at the feet of unsuspecting gentlemen, and elicit from naval officers symptoms of terror such as would not have been drawn forth by an enemy's broadside or a lee-shore. Of course Pedro came to grief. Rambling one day unattended, he came across 'a marauding Frenchman,' his owner's maid arriving only in time to rescue his lifeless body. It was sent, wrapped in black crape, to a neighbour with a weakness for fricasseed lizard; but having seen this especial one fondled and caressed, he could not find the appetite to eat it; and so Pedro was consigned to the earth instead of the pot.

De Candolle tells of a fair Switzer who, unmindful of Red Riding Hood's sad fate, made a companion of a young wolf, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the fond beast fall dead at her feet in a paroxysm of joy at her return home after a long absence. But although one wolf was faithful found, it does not follow that the fair sex are justified in going to the forest or jungle for pets. The proprietress of a loving leopard that came regularly to her chamber door in the dead of the night, and howled loudly enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, until its mistress turned out of bed and quieted her disturber with an offering of warm milk, might well doubt if she had bestowed her affection wisely. Such favourites, however kindly they take to domestication, are very undesirable additions to an orderly establishment. When Captain Burton was domiciled in Syria, the famous traveller left the management of his live-stock to his wife, and under her fostering care that department assumed formidable proportions. Not content with horses and goats, a camel, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons, Mrs Burton must have her own especial pets—a white donkey, a young St Bernard dog, four English terriers, a Kurdish puppy, a snow-white Persian cat, a lamb, and a leopard. The last-named, according to the lady's account, became the pet of the household; which it deserved to be, if the household abhorred a quiet life, for the leopard behaved much after the manner of the gazelle whose owner sang:

> He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,
> And scared the goldfinch into fits;
> He butted through my newest hat,
> And tore my manuscript to bits!

Mrs Burton, with pretty good grace, confesses her husband had fair cause for saying his happy family reminded him of the House that Jack built; for the fowls and pigeons ate the seeds and destroyed the flowers; the cat fed upon the pigeons, the dogs worried the cat; while the idol of the household harried the goats until one of them drowned itself in sheer disgust, and frightened the donkey and camel by jumping upon their backs, and indulging in a shrieking solo, horrible enough to scare any animal of a well-regulated mind into madness.

Lady Hornby, while ambassadress at Constantinople, obtained, as she thought, a Turkish street dog, with whom she was soon on the best of terms. Introducing her pet to a gentleman who knew a dog when he saw one, he exclaimed: 'That's no dog; it is a common brute of a wild jackal!' 'Well,' rejoined the enlightened lady, 'anyhow, I have tamed him, and dog or jackal, don't mean to part with him!'

It was to her husband that Mr Frank Buckland was indebted for the Kurdish dog, whose prowess delighted him, despite the trouble entailed by its exhibition; for Arslan, imbued with the notion that he was created to rid the earth of his kind, conscientiously tried to fulfil his mission by killing every dog so unlucky as to cross his path. Fortunately for his master's serenity, Arslan's unkind attentions were confined to his own species; otherwise there would have been anything but joy in the house of Buckland, since that general lover of animal-kind was never yet without pet bears, beavers, or monkeys, calculated to excite the ire of a brave dog; and priding himself upon the brown rats, black rats, piebald rats, and white rats with pink eyes, which swarmed to the door of their cage to welcome his coming, and allowed him to handle them as he listed, while at the advent of a stranger they were up on their hind-legs in fighting position instanter.

Much, however, as he loved them, they increased and multiplied so quickly that Mr Buckland was by cruel necessity compelled, now and again, to carry a bagful away wherewith to regale the snakes of the Zoological Gardens; a method of riddance unavailable to the gentleman who tried his hand at porcupine-petting, and found the creature thoroughly deserved Shakspeare's epithet of 'fretful,' its inquisitiveness and restlessness rendering it the most unpleasant of all quadrupedal pets.

Strange pets usually come to some untimely end; as Miller Luke says, 'Things out o' natur never thrive.' But your animal lover need not go far afield for worthy objects upon which to expend his kind care, for he was a wise man who wrote, 'If we were to pet our useful and hard-working animals, we should find it both to our credit and advantage.'

THE LEAF PROPHETIC.

This year—Next year—Some time—Never.
How I laughed at some one's folly,
As in play he read my fortune,
On a leaf of shining holly.

'Next Year!' said the leaf prophetic;
'Next year,' softly whispered some one,
While I said, with voice coquettish:
'I shall wed next year with no one.

'Christmas comes, and Christmas goeth;
You shall see—for I have said it—
When the next year's Christmas cometh,
It shall find me still unwedded.'

. . . . . .

But the Spring-time came with blossoms,
Left a bud so sweetly hidden,
Which the perfumed breath of Summer
Fanned into a flower unbidden.

And when Autumn's golden glory
Gleamed o'er fields and purple heather,
Then our love reached its fulfilment
When two hands were clasped together.

And the frosts and snows of Winter
Brought us not one thought of sadness,
For the outer desolation
Made more bright the inner gladness.

Christmas came! and some one fastened
In my hair a leaflet golden:
'Wear this as a penance, darling,
For the sake of memories olden.'

H. K. W.

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HYGEIA: A MODEL CITY OF HEALTH.

A REMARKABLE attempt has been made to bring into one focus numerous suggestions put forth within the last few years by social improvers and sanitary reformers. These suggestions, as our readers are aware, take a very wide range. Matters relating to water-supply, drainage, disposal of refuse, lighting, ventilation, dry foundations and dry walls to houses, stoves and fireplaces, cookery and kitchen arrangements, washing and drying appliances, cleanliness of person and of garments, cleanliness of rooms and of bedding, special arrangements for unwholesome but necessary trades and employments, provision for the sick that may not be perilous to other persons, moderation in diet and regimen, avoidance of vicious indulgences—all these and many other subjects have engaged the attention of thoughtful persons in a marked degree; and it can be indisputably shewn that the annual death-rate is lowered in districts where improvements in such matters have been extensively adopted. Mr Edwin Chadwick, perhaps the chief worker in this laudable direction, is so confident in the eventual success of such endeavours, that he announces the possibility of building a city that shall have any assignable death-rate or annual mortality, from a maximum of fifty or more in a thousand to a minimum of five or less in a thousand. Dr B. W. Richardson, a physician and physiologist of eminence, has taken hold of Mr Chadwick's idea, and sketched the plan of a city that shall shew the lowest rate of mortality. No such city—we need hardly say—exists, and he has neither the time nor the means to build one; but his purpose is to shew that it *can* be done, whenever public opinion is ripe for it.

Dr Richardson, in an Address to the Social Science Association, afterwards published in a separate form, speaks of his *Hygeia* or City of Health in the present tense, as if it already existed. This is done for vividness of description and brevity of language, and will be understood by the reader in the proper sense.

Hygeia, then, is a city for a hundred thousand inhabitants. (The main principles could be worked out in a much smaller community, but in a less complete form.) It has twenty thousand houses on an area of four thousand acres of ground: apparently rather densely populated, but not too much so when good sanitary arrangements are adopted. There are no very lofty houses. In busy thoroughfares, where shops are required, there are three stories or floors over the shops; and some of the best streets in private or 'west-end' neighbourhoods have four stories in all; but in others the general number is three. Underground living-rooms and kitchens there are none; instead of these, every house is built upon arches of brickwork, which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is required to be got rid of. Running along beneath each main street is a railway for the transport of heavy commodities. All the streets are wide enough to admit plenty of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot-ways and carriage-ways; the carriage-ways are paved with wood set in asphalt, and the foot-ways with stone pavements ten feet wide. Tramways are not permitted, as they cut up the roadway; omnibuses above ground and railways below will suffice instead.

All the interspaces between the backs of the houses are laid out as gardens. Churches, hospitals, theatres, banks, lecture-rooms, and other public or large buildings, follow the same alignment as the houses in the streets, but all detached; and every one flanked by a garden-space, however narrow.

There is no occasion for those unsightly concomitants of London sanitation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through side-openings into subways, and is with the sewage conveyed to a destination apart from the city; there are neither gratings nor open drains; and there are no 'gutter children,' because there are no gutters for children to paddle and dabble in, and because we may hope that, eventually, 'young Arabs' will disappear from our towns.

There being no rooms or offices whatever below the level of the street, how, it may be asked, are the domestic arrangements carried on? The kitchens and offices are at the top of the house instead of the bottom. Plenty of light and ventilation are thus obtained; while hot odours, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments. All the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores can be conveyed. As there is a constant service of water, available to the highest story of every house, the kitchen boiler may be kept constantly filled; hot water from the boiler can be distributed by conducting pipes to the lower rooms, as well as cold water from the tank or cistern—an inestimable advantage, especially in bed-rooms. Every floor or story has a sink for waste water, whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-pail up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary. The scullery, adjoining the kitchen, has an opening to the dust-shaft; and so have the several floors or stories, every opening being provided with a sliding-door or shutter. The dust-bin, into which the shaft descends, is under the basement of the house. The roof of the house is nearly flat, paved with asphalt or tiles; it serves either as a pleasant little garden or as a drying-ground for clothes—the wherewithal for a laundry being provided in connection with the scullery.

The houses are built of a kind of brick which has the following sanitary advantages—glazed, so as to be impermeable to water and moisture; perforated, so as to admit of circulation of fresh air through the very substance of the walls; glazed in different colours for the interior of the rooms, thereby dispensing with the necessity for paint, paper-hanging, or whitewash, and affording scope for tasteful design in the selection and arrangement of the tints; smooth and hard, so as to be easily cleaned by washing; and some of them flattened into tiles for more convenient use as ceilings. Sea-sand is excluded from the mortar employed, on account of its tendency to imbibe and exude moisture. The chimneys, arranged on a plan prepared by Mr Spencer Wells, are all connected with central shafts; the smoke, drawn into these shafts, is passed through a gas-furnace to destroy the free carbon, and finally discharged colourless into the open air. 'At the expense of a small smoke-rate, the city is free from raised chimneys and the intolerable nuisance of smoke.' On the landing of the middle or second stories is a bath-room, supplied with hot and cold water from the kitchen above. The houses being built on arched subways, great facilities exist for the admission of gas and water into the several domiciles, and for the exit of sewage and refuse. All pipes are laid along the subways, and up thence into the houses; and workmen have easy access to these subways for the adjustment and repair of the several pipes. Abundance of water is at hand for flushing the sewers, which are laid along the floor of the subways. All the domestic offices of every kind being within the four walls of the house itself, there are none of these unsightly outhouses which so much disfigure most of our towns, and so greatly lessen the available garden-space.

In the living-rooms an oak margin of floor about two feet wide extends round the room; this is kept bright and clean by the old-fashioned bees-wax and turpentine, the centre only of the floor being carpeted or otherwise covered. In the bed-rooms twelve hundred cubic feet of space is allowed for each sleeper; and all unnecessary articles of furniture, bedding, and dress are excluded—the use of a bedroom as a lumber-room being a fertile source of weakened health to the inmates. The lift already spoken of, for conveying provisions and stores to the upper story of the house, is a simple affair: a shaft runs up in the party-wall between two houses, and in this a basket-lift is raised by a rope; while side-openings connect this lift with the middle story or stories. The living-rooms have the open cheerful fireplace which English folks so much prefer to the closed stoves of many continental countries; but at the back of the fire-grate is an air-box communicating by a passage with the open air, and by another opening with the room; the heated iron box draws in fresh air from without, and diffuses it in the upper part of the room—on a plan similar to that devised by Captain Galton.

Walking through the streets, what kind of aspect does Hygeia present? There is an absence of places for the sale of spirituous liquors. Whether by permissive bills or by temperance pledges, this kind of abstinence is so far enforced; and a drunkard would be forced out of the city by the frown of public opinion. Another moral restraint which, however, is one extremely difficult to impose—we will mention in Dr Richardson's own language, as it evidently expresses his opinion as a physician: 'As smoking and drinking go largely together—as the two practices were, indeed, original exchanges of social degradations between the civilised man and the savage (the savage getting very much the worst of the bargain)—so do the practices largely disappear together. Pipe and glass, cigar and sherry-cobbler, like the Siamese twins who could only live connected, have both died out in our model city. Tobacco, by far the most innocent partner of the firm, lived, as it perhaps deserved to do, a little the longest; but it passed away, and the tobacconist's counter, like the dram counter, has disappeared.'

The streets have plenty of life and movement in them, but a minimum of rattling jarring noises, owing to the heavy traffic being conducted through the underground railways. Most of the principal factories are at a short distance from the city; as are also large clusters of workrooms let out singly. A workman can have a workroom on payment of a moderate weekly rent; in it he can work as many hours as he pleases, but must not make it his home. Each block is under the charge of a superintendent, and under the supervision of a sanitary inspector. The artisan goes away from his home to work, like the lawyer, the merchant, or the banker. There might appear to be some waste of time in this arrangement; but it is more than compensated, in the opinion of the citizens of Hygeia, by comparative immunity from disease: 'It has,' says Dr Richardson, 'been found in our towns generally, that men and women who are engaged in industrial callings, such as tailoring, shoe-making, dressmaking, lace-making, and the like, work at their own homes among their children. That this is a common cause of disease is well understood. I have myself seen the half-made riding-habit that was ultimately to clothe some wealthy damsel rejoicing in her morning ride, act as the coverlet of a poor tailor's child stricken with malignant scarlet fever. These things must be, in the ordinary course of events under our present bad system. In the model system we have in our mind's eye, these dangers are met by the simple provision of workmen's offices or workrooms.'

Public laundries are a feature in Hygeia. If the washing of a small family is done at home, the housewife knows with what she has to deal; but when 'the washing is put out,' the linen of the family may, for aught she knows, have been mixed before, during, or after the process of washing with the *linen* from the bed or the body of some sufferer from a contagious malady. Some of the most fatal outbreaks of disease are known to have been communicated in this manner. To avoid these evils, public laundries are established in the outskirts of Hygeia, each with an extensive drying-ground, and all under sanitary inspection.

There is no one gigantic hospital, nor any hospital for special diseases—with perhaps one or two exceptions. Numerous small hospitals are distributed equidistant throughout the city; each constructed according to the most approved and efficient plan, and surrounded by its own open grounds. One of these would suffice for about five thousand inhabitants. The current system of large hospitals is abandoned, as being equivalent to 'warehousing diseases on the largest possible scale;' while special hospitals are deemed unnecessary—'as if the different organs could walk out of the body and present themselves for separate treatment.' Each hospital has an ambulance ready to be sent out to bring any injured persons to the institution; the ambulance drives straight into *the hospital*, where a bed of the same height on silent wheels receives the patient, and conveys him or her to a ward. The staff is so appointed that every medical man in the city has in turn the advantage of hospital practice; whereby the best medical and surgical skill is fairly equalised through the whole community.

Homes for little children are abundant. In these the destitute young are carefully treated by intelligent nurses; so that mothers, following their daily callings, are enabled to leave their children under efficient care.

In a city so organised, it is believed that insanity would be very small in amount, and that a few small special establishments would suffice for its treatment. For the same reason huge buildings as workhouses for the destitute would be neither desirable nor necessary; small well-managed establishments, with useful work for all who are not really incapacitated, will be better both for the unfortunates themselves and for the ratepayers of the city. Ablution-baths, swimming-baths, playgrounds, gymnasia, public libraries, public schools, fine-art schools, and lecture-halls, are good and plentiful in Hygeia.

At a distance from the city are the water and gas works, and the sewage-pumping works. The water, drained from a river unpolluted by sewage, is filtered, and conveyed to the houses through iron (not lead) pipes. The sewage, brought from the city partly by its own flow and partly by pumping apparatus, is conveyed away to well-drained sewage-farms at a distance, where it is utilised as a fertiliser. Scavengers traverse the streets in early morning, and remove all refuse from roads, pavements, yards, and stables in covered vans to the sewage-farm. The public slaughter-houses, at some distance from the city, are under the control of inspectors, who examine all animals before being killed for food; and painless slaughtering, which is now known to be practicable, is adopted. The city cemetery is artificially made of fine carboniferous earth, on which vegetation springs up quickly. The dead, either in shrouds or in baskets or cradles of wicker-work, are placed in the earth, and vegetation soon covers them; and anything in the nature of a monumental slab or inscribed stone is placed in a spacious covered hall built for the purpose. The burial system is thus a compromise between the old graveyard usages to which England has been accustomed for a thousand years or more, and the very un-English process of cremation which has a few advocates among us.

Such is Hygeia, the imaginary City of Health. Dr Richardson states his reasons for thinking that mortality would lessen to eight per thousand per annum in the first generation, in a community thus domiciled and organised; and afterwards lessen to five per thousand. He says, to the audience he addressed: 'Do not, I pray you, wake up as from a mere dream. The details of the city exist; they have been worked out by the pioneers of sanitary science; I am but as a draughtsman who has drawn out a plan, which you in your wisdom can modify, improve, perfect.' Whether by speculative landowners, architects, and builders, or by social reformers who have no interested or professional motives, a scheme has been brought forward for a City of Health to be called *Hygeopolis*, somewhere on the Sussex coast; but it is only in the rough, without any detail of 'ways and means.' We fear that the whole project is little better than a dream. It is certain that a city such as Dr Richardson portrays in imagination could not be established without a revolution in our social habits; that a species of communism would supplant a good deal of individual enterprise; and that the local rates, however imposed and however collected, would be enormously heavy. Nevertheless, many of the suggestions are admirable, and could be singly worked out in most of our existing towns.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER III.—FLITTING.

On opening the envelope sent to me by Mr Wentworth, I found a five-pound note, and a few words to the effect that Mr Farrar desired to do what was usual in the way of paying all expenses incidental to the journey and so forth, which might be incurred by the lady who accepted the engagement.

How can words express my appreciation of the good fortune which had come to me? I sat thinking over it in deep thankfulness; realising its blessedness in the sudden renewal of faith, and hope, and trust which it had brought to my fainting spirit. Then I presently recollected what had to be done, and went down-stairs and tapped at the door of the back-parlour, which was my landlady's sitting-room.

I occupied one room at the top of the house at the modest rental of five shillings a week, slipping in and out on sufferance, as it were; and I had hitherto seen very little of Mrs Sowler, sending down my week's rent and receiving the receipt by the small maid Becky. Becky had not yet arrived at the dignity of waiting upon the first or second floor lodgers; being only a drudge to the other servants, of whom I had seen as little as of their mistress. Indeed I had no right to expect much in the way of attendance for the sum I paid. Such small services as I had received from Becky had been for the most part rendered from goodwill, and so to speak surreptitiously, as was the little I had been able to do for her. There was a sort of freemasonry between us. We had been some little comfort to each other in a quiet way, and without injury to any one else; it being understood that complaining or ill speaking was undignified, and beneath people who knew how to endure. We simply helped each other to make the best of the position we found ourselves in.

Mrs Sowler, who had been a ladies' maid, had married the butler in the family she lived with, and they had invested their joint savings in furnishing a lodging-house. She was a very great personage in the eyes of Becky, who had great reverence for elegance of attire, and considered it quite natural to be 'a bit set up, when you were dressed better than your neighbours.'

From the little I had seen of Mrs Sowler I judged her to be sufficiently 'set up;' but that in no way offended me.

Obeying a request to enter, I opened the door and walked in. Mrs Sowler had half-risen from her seat; but at sight of me she sank languidly back again.

'Oh, it's you, Miss—Miss'——

'Haddon,' I smilingly suggested, taking a seat unbidden. 'I have come to pay my next week's rent, and to say that I am going away, and shall not require my room after to-morrow morning, Mrs Sowler.'

'Going away!' she repeated, in a somewhat raised voice. 'I am sure you've had nothing to complain of here. Very few houses such as this let rooms at five shillings a week, with a member of parliament on the first floor, and a—— Why, it's worth five shillings to any one who wants to be thought respectable, to have letters addressed here! Not that it makes any difference. A paltry five shillings a week is not of much consequence to me, of course; and if you are not satisfied, you are quite welcome to go as soon as'——

'But I am, and always have been satisfied, Mrs Sowler. I can assure you I have quite appreciated the advantage of having a respectable shelter at so small a cost. It is not that'——

'Then what is it? I think I have a right to ask that much?' said Mrs Sowler, looking as though there was no exaggeration in certain rumours which had reached me to the effect that the partings with her lodgers were not always got through in the most amicable way. 'If Becky has been saucy'——

'No, indeed: she has'—I was going to say, 'been extremely good to me;' but reflected in time that Becky's goodness to me might not impress her mistress so favourably as it did me, so quietly added —'done quite as much for me as I had any right to expect, Mrs Sowler. I am leaving simply because I have succeeded in obtaining a situation.'

'A situation! O indeed!' ejaculated Mrs Sowler, sinking languidly back into her seat again; graciously adding: 'Well, you have conducted yourself in a quiet respectable way since you have been here, and I hope you will do well.'

'Thank you, Mrs Sowler;' putting down the money for the week's rent as I spoke.

'*Good*-evening; I will send a receipt up by one of the servants. And if Becky can be of any assistance in cording your boxes or what not, I have no objection.'

'I am much obliged. Good-evening, Mrs Sowler.'

Having thus taken leave of my landlady, I informed Becky—who had returned with her purchases, still in a state of wonderment at my extravagance—of my intended departure.

'I thought there was something the matter!' she ejaculated, sitting down on the edge of my small bedstead and gazing forlornly at me, as the tears began to make for themselves a channel down the poor grimed cheeks.

'I have found a home, Becky,' I said gently.

'I know I ought to be glad, for you could never have bore going on much longer like this; but I can't be just yet. O Miss Haddon, dear, it isn't your mending my stockings and things; please don't think it's because of that.'

'I do not think it, Becky. I am sure you care for me as much as I do for you, and we will both try to prove our friendship by sparing each other as much as possible at parting.'

'You will soon find other people—lots.'

'I shall find no one who will make me forget an old friend.'

'O miss, how can I be your friend?'

'You have been my only one here, Becky. But we will now put away sentiment, and try to make the most of the afternoon. You are to be my company.'

'Me!'

'Yes. Go down to Mrs Sowler; give my compliments to her, and say I shall be much obliged if she will kindly allow you to spend the rest of the day with me.'

'No good,' returned Becky, with a very decided shake of the head.

'Tell Mrs Sowler that I have a dress and a few other things to spare which we might easily alter to fit you,' I replied, feeling that that was the best way of appealing to Mrs Sowler's feelings. Becky had been taken from the miserable home of a drunken mother out of charity, as she was very frequently reminded, and was not as yet considered to have any claim to wages; depending upon such odds and ends in the way of clothes as fortune might bring her.

She was quick enough to see that I had hit upon the best means of inducing her mistress to consent; and at once went down to make the request. It was graciously granted; and Becky presently returned with the front of her hair well greased, and her face red and shining from hasty friction with soap and water and a rough towel, which was as much preparation for being company as she had it in her power to make.

I had some little difficulty at first to induce her to share my feast. She resolutely turned her eyes away from the cake. 'I'm not hungry, thank you, miss.'

But I soon succeeded in proving to her that I should enjoy it a great deal more with her assistance, and that much would have to be wasted without. 'Think of having to throw plumcake away, you know, Becky'—plumcake being an acknowledged weakness of Becky's. Her scruples once overcome, Becky and I feasted in good earnest, enjoying our strong tea and all the rest of it in the most convivial manner. She at first tried hard not to laugh at my little jests, with, I fancy, the notion that laughter was not proper for the occasion. But I soon had her stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, and burying her head in the bed, to prevent the sound reaching the other lodgers, in the old fashion. Such very small jokes did for Becky, and I was not going to have my first tea-party made flat and dismal. Afterwards we passed a pleasant evening patching and contriving.

'O Miss Haddon, do you think you'd better? Are you *quite* sure you can afford it?' again and again ejaculated Becky, quite overwhelmed by the magnificence of the gifts, and afraid I should afterwards suffer for the want of such treasures.

I smilingly unlocked two of the largest boxes, and shewed her the contents—my wedding outfit, which had remained untouched, so far as linen and so forth went, for eight years. Fortunately for me, the fashion seemed to be veering round again to that which it was when they were purchased, and the two dresses I had carefully preserved as too good for ordinary wear, would serve me for best at Mr Farrar's, until money was due to me.

'They *are* clothes!' exclaimed Becky, looking in extreme surprise at the little heaps of linen and what not.

'What did you think my boxes contained, Becky?' I inquired in some amusement.

'Well, we knowed you paid for everything *you had*; but missis said you'd never be living a-most upon dry bread if there was much left in your boxes; and as to their being heavy, master said bricks would do that!'

It was impossible to divest Becky's mind of the idea that I had suddenly become recklessly and extravagantly generous, as her heap of belongings increased; and when I added a small box to contain them, with a key, her gratitude knew no bounds.

'My very own! What's give me is my own; isn't it, Miss Haddon, dear?'

I was very decided about that.

'And if I was to run away in them, it would not be thieving, would it?'

'No; it would not be thieving; but I should be very sorry if you were to run away, for then I should not be able to find you, in case I am able to obtain a situation for you near me, by-and-by. It would be wiser as well as braver to endure a little longer, Becky.' At which Becky screwed up her mouth, and gave me a little nod, which I knew meant enduring and staying.

Thus pleasantly was spent my last evening in the small room where I had many a time passed half the night anxiously speculating upon the chances of being able to earn sufficient to keep me. It had seemed but a forlorn-hope answering that advertisement, without being able to offer any testimony of previous experience. But I was becoming desperate, knowing that if I once began to sell my small belongings in order to obtain food, it would very soon be out of my power to accept an engagement, should one offer.

I set forth for the railway station the next morning on better terms with myself and the world than I had been for many a long day, Becky and I comforting each other at parting with a smile instead of a tear, as we had agreed to do.

What was my new home going to be like? The only impression which had been conveyed to me about Mr Farrar had been that he was rich and liberal. Mr Wentworth had given me no clue to the characters of either father or daughter beyond saying that the former was liberal and the latter sensitive. Liberality seemed to speak for itself; but sensitiveness might or might not be a charm, according to circumstances. A refined, self-depreciative nature is not sensitive from the same cause as is a self-loving one; and unfortunately it is not the latter kind of sensitiveness which is least prevalent. But I comforted myself with the reflection that they must indeed be difficult to please, if one so desirous of finding a home as I was could not please them.

CHAPTER IV.—FAIRVIEW.

The station at which I stopped was about twelve miles from town, and I found that Fairview was distant a short drive from thence. I took the advice of the driver of a solitary fly in waiting, and engaged it to convey me and my luggage, instead of having the latter sent, and walking, as I had intended to do. 'They'll charge you eighteenpence for the barrow up to Fairview, and I'll take you and the luggage too for half-a-crown, miss,' said the man, in a fraternal kind of way, which seemed to indicate that he understood the cause of my hesitation, and put the case accordingly.

Very curiously did I gaze about me as the fly jogged slowly through part of a primitively built little village, and turned into a high-road, rising ground the whole way. I caught sight of some exquisite bits of Kentish scenery; beautifully wooded hill and dale, with picturesque-looking homesteads dotted about it; and pictured to myself a delightful old family house to match the scene—a gable end or mullioned window appearing here and there amidst grand old elms, with rooks cawing about them. Dwelling upon this picture, I did not notice that we had left the main road, and turned into a newly-made one branching from it, leading to the top of a hill. It was only as the fly turned sharply in at some showy-looking lodge gates that an enormous structure of bricks and mortar—a modern palace—met my view. Even as I was driven round the sweep, something, which I then tried to persuade myself was size and grandeur, but to which I now give a different name, jarred upon me, and dispelled all my rosy visions of a country home.

A man-servant came out to see to my luggage, looking somewhat surprised at my paying the driver myself, and methodically counting my boxes before ascending the steps. At the hall-door I was received by another servant, and conducted to what he termed the library—a large and lofty room, furnished in costly modern fashion. 'But where were the books?' I asked myself, gazing around. How jealously they were guarded, if they were kept in those closed and lined bookcases! There was not a book nor a paper to be seen, and all the elaborate appliances for study looked new and entirely unused. I could only suppose that Mr Farrar had taken a dislike to the room, and gathered his favourite authors about him in some cosy study, where ideas would flow more freely.

I sat waiting, as patiently as might be, for about ten minutes, when the man-servant looked into the room: 'Will you come this way, if you please, miss?'

I rose and went across the hall, where he threw open a door and ushered me into a large drawing-room, gorgeous with amber satin hangings, and gilded furniture, immense pier-glasses, and every conceivable expenditure in the way of decoration. Still no one to be seen! It almost looked as though I had been taken from room to room in order that I should be duly impressed with the Fairview grandeur. But I presently found that there were other things besides furniture in the room; beautiful works of art, collected from all parts of the world. Indeed they were in such excess as to destroy the general effect, by fatiguing the eye. One longed to isolate them from their too brilliant surroundings and examine them at leisure.

I had contrived to forget where I was and what had brought me there, in examining some treasures on an engraving-stand, when the man again made his appearance: 'Mr Farrar will be glad to see you, if you will please to step this way, miss.'

Mr Farrar at last! I rose and followed the servant across the hall again, feeling anything but as calm and collected as I tried to appear. I was, in fact, oppressed with a sudden dread lest I should not find favour in Mr Farrar's sight, and the consciousness that when I had given the change out of the note to him, I did not possess sufficient money of my own to pay my fare back to my old lodgings again. I suppose the self-restraint which was necessary to conceal my anxiety made me appear to greater disadvantage than usual. Whatever the cause, I was very soon made to understand that first impressions were unfavourable to me.

'I did not expect you to arrive so early, Miss Haddon,' were the first words, not very graciously uttered, which met my ears as the doors closed behind me.

'I thought it best to come at once, Mr Farrar, in case you should require'——

'O yes; very right—very right and proper.'

The *haut en bas* in the tone strengthened me in a moment, bracing my nerves as suavity and gentleness would not have done.

'I presume you have heard from Mr Wentworth respecting'——

'Yes, O yes; I received a letter this morning apprising me of his success in finding a lady to act as chaperon to Miss Farrar. Pray be seated, Miss—O yes—Haddon, Miss Haddon. Unfortunately, I am just at present an invalid. It is that, in fact, which necessitates the engaging a lady to act as chaperon to Miss Farrar.'

Miss Farrar again; not his child; not his motherless girl, but Miss Farrar! I bowed, leaving him to proceed.

'Not that she is the only lady here; my—sister resides with me, Miss Haddon. But she—in point of fact, she belongs to the old school, and therefore is not altogether fitted—that is, she is independent of anything of the kind, and does not care to undertake the duties required. I came to the conclusion that a somewhat younger lady would be more fitted for the office, and consequently begged my friend, Mr Wentworth, to undertake the selection of a lady for me.' He paused a moment, then went on, half interrogatively, I thought. 'He understood that it was a desideratum that the lady should be one accustomed to the best society, and in other respects a suitable companion for a young lady who will, at a future period, be the wife of a man of family holding a distinguished position in the world.'

This was serious. A lady accustomed to the best society, and capable of inducting a young girl into the mysteries (they were mysteries to me) of fashionable life. The only society I had been accustomed to was that to be found in my dear mother's sick-room, and such faded gentility as people who live about in second-class lodgings are likely to meet with. Undoubtedly my mother was a gentlewoman, and Philip a gentleman according to my creed; but what *society* might think about it I did not know.

I anxiously debated the matter in my own mind for a few moments. Was I justified in accepting the position? What if I gave Mr Farrar an exact account of my past life, and left him to decide? I could have done so without a moment's hesitation to Mr Wentworth. But I very quickly came to the conclusion that it would not do here. The cold, calculating eyes, narrow brow, and heavy, loose lips, seemed to indicate a very different character to that of his friend; and it was therefore probable that he had a very different standard as to what constitutes a gentlewoman. Then there arose the difficulty—could I satisfy my own conscience in the matter? which presently brought me back again to the question, what constitutes a gentlewoman? and I resolved to make the attempt.

He had been drumming his fingers on the arms of his chair, waiting, I suppose, rather impatiently for some sort of rejoinder to his peroration; but I was obliged to think the matter carefully over in my own mind, and he had to wait a few moments. He was probably not in the habit of being kept waiting for a reply, as he went on in a somewhat irritated tone: 'Mr Wentworth informs me that you are well connected, Miss Haddon?'

The very best speech he could have made, in the way of leading up to what I felt obliged to say, and yet rather shrank from saying.

'My father was a Haddon of Haddon, and held a commission in the Guards, Mr Farrar,' I replied, hardly able to repress a smile at the thought of making them useful to me at last and in this way. If they were of any service to me now, it would be for the first time.

'Oh, indeed; very good; the Haddons of Haddon. Yes; that is satisfactory certainly—Haddons of Haddon; *quite* satisfactory.'

I could only smile, making a deep mental courtesy to the Haddons of Haddon. To think of my former want of reverence for so great a power!

With a wave of the hand he graciously went on: 'I was sure I might trust to Mr Wentworth's discrimination. I hope you will soon feel at home here, Miss Haddon' (I could not help noticing that the name was uttered in quite a different tone now); 'I keep a good housekeeper; and I trust you will find all the servants in my establishment treat you with proper respect.'

'I expect one generally gets one's deserts in that way, Mr Farrar,' I replied smilingly; 'I will try to deserve their respect.'

He looked a little dubious. 'A strong hand—a firm hand.' Then, I fancy, reverting to the Haddons of Haddon again, he added pleasantly: 'But of course they will be kept in their place by you. And now, perhaps you would like to see my daughter.'

'Allow me first to give you this change from the five pounds, and to thank you, Mr Farrar.'

'O yes; Wentworth mentioned something about it. He knows I like everything of that kind done in a large spirit. No consequence—no consequence at all, Miss Haddon,' as I put the change on to the table at his elbow, and mentioned something about third class, the cost of which was all I had deducted.

'I am sorry you came third class, Miss Haddon. But in future it must be always first, as befits a lady of gentle breeding.'

'You are very kind.'

'Not at all—not at all.' He rang the bell within reach of his chair, and inquired of the man who obeyed the summons: 'Is Miss Farrar in, Drew?'

'No, sir.'

'Shew this lady to the morning-room;' adding, after a moment's hesitation: 'Mrs—Tipper is there, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir.'

He half rose from his chair, keeping his hands on the arms, and bowed to the Haddons of Haddon. Their representative bent low in return, and then once more followed the man-servant.

What a palace the place seemed in size! I was ushered into a fourth great room, although I was much relieved to find that this last had an entirely different aspect from the others I had seen. A cheerful homelike room, with windows to the ground, looking on to terraces and flower-gardens, and different, in every other way, from the show-rooms to which I had previously been introduced. I breathed a sigh of relief; quite refreshed by the sight of books, work, an easel, &c., the usual pretty feminine litter of a morning-room. Some one at anyrate played at having ideas here.

But a slight cough drew my attention to a corner of the room near one of the open windows; and I saw a lady rising from an easy-chair—a short, stout, little lady, of about sixty years of age, who could never have resembled her brother at any time, and was a great deal pleasanter to look at now. To me she was quite pretty, in a homely, motherly way, with bright blue eyes, a mouth used to smile, and a dear little button of a nose, which combined charmingly with all the rest. The simple honesty and thorough good-nature so evident in every line of her face, appealed directly to my heart; and I felt that if she and I did not become friends, the blame would rest with me. The sight of her was my first welcome to Fairview.

'You are the lady'—— she began, a little hesitatingly.

'My name is Mary Haddon, and Mr Farrar has just engaged me to act as companion to his daughter, madam.'

'Oh, indeed—O yes, I am charmed I am sure. Charmed to make your acquaintance, Miss Haddon. Lovely weather we are having, are we not?' with a tone and manner in such singular contrast with her appearance, that I was for the moment dumb with astonishment. She half extended her hand, then drew it back again, and gave me a stiff little bow instead. 'May I offer you any refreshments after your journey, Miss Haddon?'

I declined rather stiffly, not a little chilled and disappointed. One really had a right to expect something different from this homely, good-natured looking little woman. She appeared rather at a loss what to do next, and presently hoped I was not fatigued with the journey.

No; I was not fatigued with the journey. Then, after a moment or two's reflection, I went on: 'The truth is, I am not a fine lady, Mrs Tipper; I have been accustomed to all sorts of endurance, poverty amongst the rest, and it takes a hard day's work to fatigue me.'

It was an inspiration. In a moment, her whole bearing changed to one which appeared to come a great deal more naturally to her.

'I'm heartily glad to hear it, my dear. I mean, about your not being a fine lady, you know. It does make such a difference, does not it? Do come and sit in this chair, and make yourself comfortable, if you are *quite* sure you won't have a little snack before lunch! Or perhaps you would like to be shewn to your room at once? Make yourself at home—now do.'

I smilingly seated myself on the chair by her side, explaining that I preferred sitting a short time with her, if she would allow me. Half an hour with this kind old lady—I knew now that my first impression had been a correct one, and that she was as kind and good as she looked—would help me to become better acquainted with Fairview. After once more suggesting refreshments, in a kindly, fussy, homely fashion, she drew her chair closer to mine, and proceeded to take me into her confidence.

'To tell the truth, I have been quite uncomfortable at the thought of your coming—no, not *your* coming, my dear; but the sort of lady I was afraid you were going to be. The relief it is to see you as you are, instead of being some grand lady too fine to speak to me, as some of the great people who come here are, is more than I can tell.' Here she became amiably afraid lest I should think that she meant to imply that I was not a lady; and anxiously began to apologise and explain. But I soon succeeded in setting her mind at ease upon that score; and she was chatting confidentially on again. 'You see, my dear, I'm not a lady.'

I smiled. 'Like myself, you are not a *fine* lady, perhaps, Mrs Tipper.'

'It's very kind of you to say it; but *I* know the difference between us, my dear,' she replied, her eyes beaming with kindness. 'Jacob would be very vexed with me if he knew I said it to you; but if I did not, you would soon find it out for yourself; and I am sure you would not like me any the more for pretending to be different in the beginning, would you?'

'I should be very sorry to see you different, Mrs Tipper,' I replied in all sincerity.

'I don't know, my dear. It's been very trying for Jacob. But I tell him it's no use beginning now. I am too old to learn new ways, you know; not that I haven't tried; no one could have tried harder than I did, when Brother Jacob brought me to live with him; it was only my duty so to do. Between ourselves, I took lessons of a lady who advertises to teach ease and elegance to those unaccustomed to society. Worked hard, that I did, making courtesies and all the rest of it; but it wasn't much use. I can manage pretty well when there's a large party and I've only got to smile and bow, and say I'm charmed to see you, and all that; but as I told Jacob, it would never do with a lady living with us. You must not think that Jacob is not kind, for he is very kind. He was not so ashamed of his old sister as to let me live somewhere out of the way by myself, as I wanted him to do, when first I was left a widow. He wouldn't hear of it, my dear; and though I know he feels the difference between me and his great friends, and of course it's trying to have a sister named Tipper, he always treats me in the kindest way. You must excuse my saying all this to you, my dear; but really you look so kind, and I thought it was just as well for you to know the worst about me in the beginning.'

'You have begun in the kindest way possible for me, in giving me the hope that I have found a friend, Mrs Tipper,' I replied, lifting the hand she had laid upon mine, to my lips.

'You said you have seen my brother, and that it is all settled about your staying with us?' she inquired, looking a little doubtful; not,' I fancy, quite understanding how it was that I could satisfy tastes so very opposite as were her brother's and her own.

'Yes; Mr Farrar was quite satisfied,' I returned, half smiling as I thought of the very different means by which he had been satisfied. Not for the world would I have introduced the Haddons of Haddon here!

'And I am sure I am a great deal more than satisfied, and so will Lilian be; though you must not think she is like me; no, indeed: my darling is quite a lady, like her mother before her. My brother's wife was a beautiful young creature, and as good as she was beautiful. It was said that she had married him for his money; but no one who knew her would believe that. It was a love-match on both sides; and poor Jacob was never the same after her death. Lilian was almost a baby when her mother died, and Jacob kept the promise which he made to his wife on her deathbed. Lilian was sent to a lady who was a connection of her mother's, where she was brought up, and did not come home to stay until six months ago, when her education was finished. You will find her everything a lady ought to be.'

I was a little dubious upon that point. The idea of Mr Farrar's daughter 'finished,' was rather depressing; and I became somewhat *distraite* as Mrs Tipper went gently ambling on about Lilian's beauty, Lilian's accomplishments, elegant manners, and so forth. But it presently occurred to me that a 'finished' young lady might possibly be inclined to be critical about the appearance of her chaperon, so I asked the kind little lady to allow me to go to my room. She rang the bell, and the man-servant summoned a housemaid, by whom I was conducted to a bedroom so large and luxuriously furnished that, in my ignorance, I imagined she must have made a mistake, and brought me to one of the state chambers, until I noticed my boxes with the covers and straps off. She pleasantly offered her assistance in unpacking, adding the information that she was appointed to attend to my bedroom bell for dressing or what not. This was grandeur indeed! I could not help noticing the contrast between this well-trained and well-dressed servant and poor Becky, and made a mental vow to procure equal advantage for the latter as soon as I had it in my power so to do.

I told Lucy that I was accustomed to wait upon myself, and should therefore trouble her very little, dispensing with her assistance for the present.

MR MARGARY'S JOURNEY FROM SHANGHAE TO BHAMO.

For a period of nineteen years the western provinces of China, embracing a rich and fertile region of great extent, were the scene of a disastrous civil war. This was terminated in 1874 by the complete subjection of the Mussulman insurgents, and the establishment of the Emperor of China's dominion throughout the Burmese territory. The return of the country to a state of tranquillity afforded the Indian government what seemed to them a good opportunity of reopening a trade-route between India and China through Burmah. The great advantages that would result from the establishment of such a route, both of a diplomatic and commercial kind, had been long apparent to the Indian authorities; in fact, as early as 1868 an expedition commanded by Major Sladen had been equipped for this purpose. It had penetrated as far as the city of Momien, in the province of Yun-nan, when its further progress was checked by the opposition of the two hostile factions then struggling for dominion in Burmah.

But now a fresh opportunity arose, and it seemed good to the Indian government to avail themselves of it. In 1875, accordingly, a mission was got ready, led by Colonel Browne, for the proposed undertaking. Having received assurances of safe conduct from the Pekin government, and being provided by them with the necessary passports, Colonel Browne started to traverse China from Burmah to Shanghae. It was also deemed advisable that some one should be despatched from the China side to meet the mission on the Burmese frontier, and act as escort to it during that portion of the route which led through Chinese territory. For this post, Mr Augustus Raymond Margary, a young officer attached to the British consulate in China, was chosen. Mr Margary possessed, as was subsequently most fully proved, all the qualifications requisite for the difficult task to which he was appointed, chief among which was that in the course of a six years' residence in China he had made himself master of the language of the country, and thoroughly familiar with the ways and customs of its people.

The leading facts of Mr Margary's journey and its sad termination are known to the general public; but lately there has been issued the journal* which he kept on that occasion, which gives many details hitherto unpublished, the whole forming a record interesting and valuable, for several reasons. No book that has yet appeared presents us with so clear, simple, and exact a picture of the people among whom Mr Margary's journey led him; and it has thus supplied us with an amount of accurate knowledge that may prove of the greatest service to future travellers through the same regions.

Mr Margary started on his journey under what seemed the most favourable auspices, himself in high spirits, despite that he was only recovering from a trying illness. He was of course supplied with passports, and also with Chinese despatches from the Tsung-li-Yamen at Pekin to three governors-general who were in authority over the territories he was about to traverse. These latter, he was assured, would secure him every protection and assistance in his enterprise from the magistrates and their officials along his route. He had to pass through nine hundred miles of a country hitherto almost unknown to Europeans, his journey being estimated to extend over about six months. His suite consisted of a cook, an official messenger, and a writer. He started from Shanghae on the *22d of August*; and in one of his letters home, dated on the eve of his departure, he writes that he expects to be 'completely buried out of sight till the end of November, and shall probably hear no news of you or the world in general till next year.'

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* *A Journey from Shanghae to Bhamo.* By Augustus Raymond Margary. London: Macmillan.

The first portion of Mr Margary's journey was performed by steamboat up the great river Yang-tse-kiang, which is now navigated for upwards of seven hundred miles of its course by American steamers. On reaching Hankow, five hundred miles up the river, he embarked in a small native boat, and still following the main channel of the Yang-tse, traversed the province of Sze-chuen, along the gorges and rapids of Ichang, on through Chung-khing, lat. 29° 30′, long. 107° E.; thence to Yunnan-fu, lat. 25° 30′, long. 102° E.; and thence travelling nearly due west to a town called Yung-chang-fu, on the Chinese borders.

Although unable, from frequent illness and debility, to enjoy the country through which he was passing to the full extent he could have wished, Mr Margary contrived, nevertheless, to make pretty careful observations of its main characteristics, which he sets forth in fresh and vivid language. The river Yuan, which waters the province of Hou-nan, he describes as a marvellous stream, winding through mountain gorges of great beauty, full of wonderful rapids, the hills on its banks clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation and fine forests of pine and ash. Several prolific beds of coal were also passed, in which large solid blocks lay bare to the view. These deposits were worked by the natives in a very primitive and miserable fashion—namely, by simply scraping the coal-dust into baskets and carrying it down to the towns. In these regions, the lover of botany fares better than the geological student. The plant-collector is regarded as in some sort a doctor, and accordingly held in respect; while the geologist and his hammer are looked upon with doubt and suspicion.

From Ch'en-yuan-fu, Mr Margary continued his journey by chair. Among the steep mountain passes there was not a little discomfort in this mode of travelling, and sometimes danger. The accommodation with which the traveller had to be content was often of a sufficiently meagre kind. The inns were dirty; there was sometimes a scarcity of food, and little or no variety in the daily fare. Against these disadvantages the very moderate hotel bills which Mr Margary was called upon to settle may have been some set-off. The sum of fourpence generally covered his expenses for one night.

Bending his course westward, Mr Margary entered the fine and fertile province of Kwei-chou. This region is slowly recovering from an incursion made upon it some few years ago by the Maiotsze, a wild and lawless mountain tribe, who swarmed down upon the valleys, spreading desolation everywhere in their path. They were at last quelled by the imperial troops, and the country is now gradually returning to a condition of cultivation and prosperity.

From the province of Kwei-chou, Mr Margary passed into that of Yun-nan. This extensive and important province was for more than seventeen years as good as lost to China owing to the Mohammedan rebellion which lasted during that time. It was at length put down by the government troops, hardly a rebel being suffered to survive; but the country still shews traces of the desolating effects of the rising, and the war of extermination which was its sequel.

Mr Margary had scarcely entered Yun-nan, when the most formidable part of his enterprise began. He soon experienced a marked decrease in the amount of civility and assistance which he received from the local authorities. This was no doubt in a great measure due to the fact that, seven years previously, Major Sladen, during his expedition, had sought to treat with the Mohammedan insurgents as friends—a circumstance that was still in the recollection of the people and their rulers. The manner in which Mr Margary was received generally throughout his journey deserves consideration, as shewing the amount of protection and aid which despatches and passports from the Pekin authorities may be expected to secure for a traveller in remote parts of the Chinese empire. Mr Margary's experience varied considerably, but his treatment at the hands of the provincial magistrates and officials was on the whole as favourable as could be expected. By the terms of his despatches, he was entitled to ask two escorts from any magistrate to whom he should apply for such aid. Sometimes an attempt was made to put him off with only one guide, and sometimes his escorts were of a very inefficient kind, as on the occasion when the Yao-yuan magistrate, having provided for his progress to the next magisterial town a small boat of the commonest sort, sent as guides 'a couple of disreputable-looking rascals—dirty scullions or some other such menials out of the nasty crowd that infest all yamens.'

Occasionally he suffered considerable inconvenience and discomfort from the crowding and hustling of the mob. In one instance a rabble, consisting chiefly of soldiers, 'the fruitful source of trouble everywhere,' would not allow his luggage to be brought into their town. On appealing to the local magistrate, he was treated by that functionary with great discourtesy. Mr Margary indignantly remonstrated, and produced his passport and letters; whereat the magistrate lowered his tone and consented to provide him with a body-guard. But the crowd was too much for the guard, and Mr Margary and his party were obliged again to seek protection in the magistrate's house. It was attempted to upset his chair, and he had to be carried backwards through the mob. While all this was going on, to give an instance of Chinese apathy, a military mandarin of distinction was passing close by, 'under whose command were half the rioters round, and yet he made no more effort to repress them than a private individual.'

The above are instances of the more disagreeable of Mr Margary's experiences. But he had many others of quite a different character. At Kwei-chou he was received with much courtesy by the magistrate, 'a brisk old man full of energy and intelligence,' who, on Mr Margary's taking leave of him, did him the honour of conducting him to his chair, bestirring himself in so doing to a much greater extent than many mandarins of far lower rank would have deigned to do. In fact, during the latter portion of his journey Mr Margary was treated with great consideration and civility by all the local authorities, with one or two exceptions only.

Between China and Burmah there stretches a wild tract of hilly country known as the Kakhyen Hills. These are inhabited by a bold and lawless tribe of people, in travelling among whom Mr Margary had to be very watchful and cautious. He was at this stage of his journey accompanied by a guard of forty Burmese, whose whole assistance he now required.

At last all Mr Margary's difficulties were overcome, and his journey drew to a close. He descended from the hills to the Burmese plains, and on the 17th of January met the English mission at Bhamo, receiving a warm welcome from Colonel Browne, 'with hearty congratulations on his splendid journey.'

The mission started from Bhamo early in February, and progressed as far as the bases of the Kakhyen Hills without interruption. But here indications appeared of dangers in advance. It was reported that the savage Kakhyens were determined to oppose the mission. Mr Margary, however, laid little stress on these rumours. Had he not passed safely through the Kakhyen territory alone but a fortnight previously? Why should there be any more danger now? He proposed, therefore, to Colonel Browne that he should go on in advance, and prepare the way for the mission's further progress. To this Colonel Browne consented; and Mr Margary started, having as escort a few Burmese muleteers, in addition to his private servants who had accompanied him from Shanghae.

Mr Margary reached Manwyne in safety, and sent back word to Colonel Browne that all was so far secure, and that the mission might advance; which it did as far as Seray, the first frontier town in Burmah. Here it was observed that the Seray chief and all his soldiers were armed; a suspicious circumstance. More reports of a threatening nature also reached the mission. And no further news came from Mr Margary at Manwyne. On the morning of the 22d the camp was attacked by a large armed force, and it was with great difficulty that the mission managed to make good its retreat back into Burmah. But for the fidelity of the Burmese guard, who, besides resisting all attempts at bribery, fought bravely in defence of the mission, it is probable that Colonel Browne and his party would all have lost their lives. Just previously to the attack upon the mission, letters reached Colonel Browne from Manwyne announcing that Mr Margary had been treacherously and cruelly murdered; news which filled the party with deep sorrow. During their brief acquaintance with him, all had learned to esteem Mr Margary as an old and dear friend.

The manner of Mr Margary's murder is not certainly known. There are two reports of it: one that he was attacked while riding out to visit a hot spring in the vicinity of Manwyne; and another that he was set upon at a dinner, given professedly in his honour by one of the local dignitaries. It may be expected that when the report of Mr Grosvenor's recent inquiries into the circumstances of Mr Margary's murder is published, it may throw light upon this point, as well as upon that as to who must be charged with the crime, a question which, while we write, remains also in doubt.

Thus then ended the second attempt to establish a trade-route between China and India. In a concluding chapter to the work under notice, Sir Rutherford Alcock reviews at some length the subject of the two missions, that of Major Sladen's and that of Colonel Browne's. His remarks are very suggestive, and seem to set the question before us in its proper light. On the whole he thinks that the second expedition was not well timed. Considering the great suspicion which the Chinese have of any attempts made to extend the rights of foreigners in the interior and western provinces, and that they still bore resentment from recollections of Major Sladen's expedition, which had sought to make terms with the Mohammedan rebels, he is of opinion that the authorities at Pekin were not made sufficiently aware of the nature of the mission, and had some cause for complaint. But this is in no way an excuse for the treachery and barbarity to which Mr Margary fell a victim, and for which it is absolutely necessary that reparation should be made.

Moreover, having once made the attempt to open up a highway for foreigners through Central China, it is not advisable that we should give up the endeavour without renewed effort; for this would be to acknowledge defeat, which, since our position in the East is one of prestige, would be most damaging to the British influence among Asiatics. It would tend greatly to weaken the moral power by which, more than by physical force, we hold sway among those peoples, and by which alone our presence in their midst may affect them for good. Having once attempted to advance, we cannot, either with safety to ourselves or what we believe would be real benefit to the Chinese, retreat.

As to the commercial value of a trade-route between China and Burmah, Sir Rutherford Alcock is doubtful; but still he thinks that renewed effort must be made on our part to establish such a route, for we have now committed ourselves to it, and the question is no longer one of money cost. The only proper way by which what we seek can be accomplished is by 'direct negotiation with the Chinese government, without concealment or disguise as to what is required, and the real object in view.'

But with the desirability of opening up a commercial highway through China and Burmah, or whether our last attempt to do so was well timed or judiciously planned, it will be seen that Mr Margary had nothing whatever to do. He was appointed to perform a work, and he performed it. A hazardous and responsible enterprise was by him nobly gone through, and that it terminated so fatally as it did for himself was due to no want of foresight, energy, or courage on his part.

The impression which we gather of Mr Margary from his own journal, simple and unconscious revelation of character as it is, is a very pleasing one. We see him pressing on through his long and wearisome journey patiently, steadily; determined upon doing his duty under whatever difficulties; lonely and often sorely tried, hampered continually on this hand and on that, attacked by one disease after another of the most prostrating kind, yet always undismayed, hopeful, and cheerful. When placed in some difficult situation, in dealing with the people about him, his tact and good temper never desert him, and his experiences all tend to prove how much further a kindly and sympathetic attitude towards races of different civilisation from our own go than 'treaties, gun-boats, and grape-shot.' Day after day he encountered vexations and crosses *of all kinds*, both grave and trivial. These had of necessity to be met with firmness, but while so meeting them he always preserves his self-control and courtesy. Only thus could he have passed through such an extent of wild and unknown country so rapidly and securely as he did. Despite the not unfrequent, to say the least, indifferent usage he meets with, he generally contrives to find 'the people everywhere charming, and the mandarins extremely civil.'

The information contained in Mr Margary's journal is, as we have said, valuable. The geography of the country, its physical aspect, climate, and scenery; the products and natural resources of the different provinces; the character and habits of the people; the amount of consideration which imperial letters and passports are likely to insure for European travellers in distant parts of China: on all these important points, Mr Margary's journal supplies us with new and exact knowledge.

It is not too much to say that most of the pioneer work of the world has been done by our fellow-countrymen. Whenever a call has seemed to come from some hitherto little known region of the earth, either simply to explore its trackless wilds, or it may be to bring succour to the oppressed, it has very frequently been England that has answered it; and prominent on the noble roll may surely be placed the name of Augustus Raymond Margary.

A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

WHEN left alone by the farmer at whose house I had so unexpectedly become a guest, I looked around the room in which I was to pass the night. It was small, ill furnished, and carpetless, but not uncleanly; and as I listened to the gusty wind, and heard the rain pelting against the casement, I felt thankful to be under cover of a roof, however lowly. Securing the door by the only means it possessed, a rough wooden bolt, I said my prayers, got into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

How long I had slept I have no means of judging, before I awoke with a start from a dream in which one of the farmer's six sons—magnified into a giant—had been poising me by the hair over the 'Devil's Hole' at the Spike Rocks.

The dream disturbed me so greatly, that for a long time I could not again compose myself; but at length I was just upon the point of relapsing into unconsciousness, when a sound, too confused to be at once explicable, but which appeared to come from the neighbourhood of Mr Morgan's room, struck upon my ear, rousing me in an instant to renewed wakefulness. Wondering what it could be, I strained my attention to listen; but it was not repeated. Presently, however, I became conscious of other sounds, faint in themselves, and partially drowned beneath the wail of the wind, but which, nevertheless, my hearing, rendered acute by anxiety, distinctly reported. They were an intermittent creaking of the distant staircase, accompanied by a shuffling kind of tread upon it, such as might be occasioned by the cautious descent of several persons bearing a heavy weight. That at least was the interpretation which, with a sickening conjecture as to what that weight might be, I put upon these mysterious midnight noises. Slipping from bed, I crossed the room on tiptoe, applied my ear to the crevice of the door, and bent all my faculties to hearken. I am not, I think, a coward; but I must own to experiencing a strong sensation of alarm when, after standing there for a few moments, during which I not only heard the wind whistling through the passage below, but actually felt a powerful draught, I knew from the cessation of both that the entrance-door, which must have been opened, had been again closed.

Noiselessly but swiftly I passed over to the window, and pressed my face against it, in the hope of discovering who and *what* it was that had left the house at so strange an hour. But the night was pitchy dark; I could see nothing beyond a foot from the pane; and shivering, less from exposure to the cold than from a horrible idea which had taken possession of me, I crept back to bed.

Several hours appeared to have elapsed, though I have no doubt it was in reality less than half a one, before, by an intuitive perception, I became aware that the individuals who had quitted the farm had returned to it. Trembling with dread, none the less overwhelming from its being in a measure vague, I once more concentrated all my powers upon the act of listening, and was soon informed by my terror-quickened senses that the stairs were again creaking—this time beneath a lighter tread. Then—yes! I was sure of it—a stealthy step was coming down the passage, slowly approaching my room! It paused before the door, and in another instant a wary hand was at work upon the fastener. Some kind of instrument had been inserted between the door and its frame, by means of which the bolt was being gradually pushed backwards in the socket.

With a rapidity not unusual in moments of excitement or danger, my mind flew in an inconceivably short space of time through a course of reasoning, which shaped all my previous surmises and brought me to the following conclusions.

Firstly, that my friend and I had fallen into bad hands, and that by some means or other the villainous inmates of the farm had found out about the money in Mr Morgan's custody. Secondly, that the poor gentleman had been robbed and perhaps murdered upon its account. And lastly, that those who had done the deed, having returned, were now meditating the commission of a similar offence upon myself.

Scarcely, however, had I arrived at this terrible judgment ere there darted upon me a hope of escape from the apprehended danger. It was brought about by the reflection that in my case there was no booty—save the very insignificant one of a few sovereigns and a clumsy silver watch—to tempt to the commission of so great and dangerous a crime. If therefore, I sanguinely endeavoured to persuade myself, I could but manage to deceive the amiable individual who was so considerately striving to force a way into my room without disturbing my slumbers, into the belief that he had made it unobserved, an examination of my effects might end, possibly, in both them and myself being left untouched. The experiment, at all events, I resolved should be tried, the more especially as upon further consideration I felt sure it offered my only chance of safety; for, as I recollected with an access of consternation, it had been arranged that Jonathan should sleep in a hayloft apart from the house, and consequently, should my solution of those ominous sounds be correct, I was alone amongst these wretches, and entirely in their power. Resistance, whatever might be their design, would, I saw, be worse than useless; and accordingly, though my heart throbbed violently when I knew that the door had at last yielded and that the intruder was in the chamber, I lay perfectly still, breathing loudly and regularly.

The adoption of this line of conduct in all probability saved my life, for as the issue of the event proved, it was not to rob me, but to discover whether or no I were asleep, that my surreptitious visitor had entered my apartment. This fact became sufficiently patent when, after leaning over my bed for what, measured by my mental suffering was an eternity, during which, with a difficult exercise of self-control, I continued to respire like one in heavy slumber, he stole away again, without having meddled with my clothes or gone near the rude dressing-table upon which lay my watch. But my trial was not yet over. For I should think fully an hour after he had quitted the bed-chamber and carefully replaced the bolt, my unknown watcher remained listening outside the door; and throughout that time I neither dared stir a limb nor remit my sonorous breathing. Eventually, however, an exchange of whispers with some person or persons, who had evidently been awaiting, not far off, the result of this protracted test, was followed to my intense relief, by the sound of retreating footsteps.

Upon how I passed the remainder of that dreadful night, with the long-drawn-out hours of early morning which succeeded, I am not about to dwell. But that no sleep visited my eyelids, and that, tortured by suspense and enforced inaction, my hard couch was by no means a bed of roses, it will readily be believed. Upon that couch nevertheless I forced myself to remain until considerably after seven o'clock; then, rising and dressing, I bathed my face in cold water, and studying it in the tiny mirror, strove carefully to remove all traces of solicitude or want of rest.

But when ready at length to go forth from that chamber of horrors and satisfy myself, as I had been so feverishly longing to do, as to the truth or falsity of the theory (for after all it was little else) which I had based upon the events of the night, I shrank from doing so.

After another earnest prayer, however, for strength to meet whatsoever might be in store for me, and to act the part upon which I had determined, I summoned up courage, drew the bolt, and passed out. On reaching the room allotted to Mr Morgan upon the previous evening, I found the door standing wide open, and with mingled feelings of awe and curiosity, I entered. It was, as a single glance shewed me, in perfect order. The bed, of which the coverings were turned down, was ruffled no further than it would have been by a peaceful slumberer, and the coarse sheets were unstained by the slightest mark of blood. Nowhere could the faintest indication of disturbance be discovered; and as the welcome thought suggested itself, that had any deed of violence really taken place, its evidences could scarcely have been so cleverly effaced, I turned with a heart lightened by hope, which was well-nigh assurance, and went downstairs. A clatter of crockery greeted my ears as I neared the kitchen; and upon arriving there, I found the farmer with his family and Jonathan the driver seated at breakfast by a large centre table. A smaller one, laid with cups and plates for two, stood nearer the fireplace; but the little minister, a rapid survey of the apartment satisfied me, was not present. Instantly my strong hope perished, giving place to a pang of keen disappointment. But commanding my features to an expression of unconcern, I returned the good-morrows which were showered upon me, and replied to a question from my host as to how I had slept, with the assurance that I had passed an excellent night, and that indeed I was at all times a remarkably sound sleeper.

Whilst making this statement, however, I was fully conscious that in each of the several pairs of eyes which I saw directed towards me there was a hard, scrutinising look. But instead of disconcerting, that inquiring gaze rather emboldened me. Convinced thereby of the absolute necessity for enactment of the rôle upon which I had decided, I felt my spirit rising to meet the occasion. Crossing the floor, I seated myself by the smaller table, and inquired in a firm voice, and with a smile upon my face, where Mr Morgan was, remarking, that in passing his room, I had noticed that it had been vacated.

'Well, inteet yes sir; it is more as an hour I should think since the goot gentleman will be come down-stair, and that he is gone out for a walk,' composedly returned the farmer, to whom I had addressed myself. 'It is to see the Spike Rocks that he will be gone, it wass no doubt. But I 'oold be glad he came now to breakfast, for he is a long while away, whatever.'

'The Spike Rocks!' I exclaimed, feeling that I was turning pale, and almost losing my self-possession. 'Surely, we are not near the Spike Rocks?'

'But yes inteet sir,' rejoined the old woman, who was standing up, cutting bread for the rest, and in whom I detected a large amount of suppressed excitement. 'It wass but very little way off the Rocks, this farm. And it is name, sir, the Spike Rock Farm. In the summer-time there wass a many ladies and gentlemen will call here to'——

'Spike Rocks!' I cried, interrupting her rudely, and turning to Jonathan in a violent rage, which for the moment swallowed up all thought of caution—'how dared you, sirrah, bring us again to this horrible spot? You *must* have known where you were driving. You—you; or,' I added, stammering, as a highly discomposing suspicion flashed across my mind, and finishing the sentence differently from what I had intended—'or you must have been more drunk than I had imagined.'

'But sir, I wass *not* drunk no more than you wass yourself,' rejoined the hunchback in a threatening tone, glaring at me fiercely. 'And it is of no use that you will scold me sir, not of any at all; for, sir, I did not know that we wass come here myself—not till this morning whatever. And by'——

'Silence, man!' I interposed, with an assumption of dignity and a strenuous effort to appear collected; 'swearing and passionate language will not convince me that you are speaking the truth any better than quiet words would do. But I will go and meet Mr Morgan,' I concluded, rising as though to put an end to the incipient quarrel; and taking up my hat, I prepared to leave the house.

Following me to the door, the farmer politely proposed that he, or one of his sons, should walk with me for company. But upon my declining the attention, it was not pressed; and contrary to my fears, I was allowed to pass out alone. Owing to the storm, I had on the previous evening been able to pay no attention to the farm's surroundings, and my bedroom window, as I had this morning found, looked out merely upon an orchard by its side. But now, scarcely had I opened the wicket of the little garden, than, with a start of surprise, I distinctly recognised the locality in which I stood. There, to my right, at not many yards distant, appeared the identical white gate by which our conveyance had waited yesterday whilst the little minister and I paid our visit to the Spike Rocks. It was down this very road we had driven; and upon looking back thereat, I even recollected the farm itself. I recollected *something else* too, which made me involuntarily quicken my steps, and which confirmed beyond doubt the suspicion which I had just conceived—that Jonathan might be in collusion with the people at the farm. I had thought nothing of it at the time; but I now well remembered, upon our return to the dog-cart, observing a man, who, it struck me, was our obliging host himself, walking away from it in the direction of the house.

The longer I ruminated upon the aspect of affairs, the uglier they now became, and the more clearly did I begin to perceive that the whole thing had been a preconcerted plot. It was by no *mistake*, I presently told myself, that Jonathan had turned up that lane, and by no *accident* that the horse had lost its shoe. We had been expected last night at that farm-house, and we had been taken there deliberately, in order that Mr Morgan might be robbed of his money. Jonathan had either discovered the existence of the three hundred pounds, or he had been informed of it. But how or by whom? The answer to this question was not far to seek, and being supplied, it furnished the completing link in the chain of evidence I was mentally working out. The landlord of the *Ship and Anchor* was the dwarf's cousin; he had seen the minister's money. I recalled his covetous glance, his suspicious presence in the closet, the fact that he had proposed our taking the dog-cart; and everything grew transparent as daylight. But had the little Welshman really been *murdered?* And was my method of accounting for the noises of last night accurate? I could not doubt it; nor could I dismiss a hideous idea as to how his body had been disposed of, which, directly upon learning that I was in this vicinity, had taken possession of me. It was in fact with an implicit belief that my late companion was lying at the bottom of it, that I now approached that Hole which on the previous day had affected me so disagreeably. Leaning over the brink upon gaining it, I experienced that peculiar kind of fascination which attends the horrible, as gazing into its depths, I watched the water foaming and whirling, and occasionally rising in great sheets to cast itself with angry impatience against the confining barrier. Noting its fury, which appeared to have increased since my former visit, I saw to a certainty that, even were it possible to reach the bottom without being dashed to pieces upon the rocks, no life could be retained for an instant in that boiling pool. To fall or to be thrown down here would be certain and instantaneous death. There would be no chance of being exhumed for interment in a more hallowed spot, for what diver could be found daring enough to descend below those gyrating waters! No! had my friend been cast into this 'Devil's Hole,' here he must remain. There could be no tales told by his body as to how he had met with his death, for that body would be seen no more by mortal eye.

But to me the manner of that death had now become no longer a mystery. Shut out from the supposition that there had been actual violence, by the total absence of any proof of it, I had lighted upon another hypothesis respecting the crime, which to my mind, however, was no hypothesis, but a well-assured fact. It was, that by means of something mixed with the whisky of which he had drunk just before retiring to rest, the poor little minister had either been drugged into unconsciousness or actually poisoned, and in that condition conveyed from the house and disposed of as I had said. But although all this appeared to myself so lucid and certain, I knew well that I could bring forward no legal proof of the well-arranged villainy, and that consequently, the scoundrels who had perpetrated it would in all probability escape punishment, and Mr Morgan's disappearance be attributed to accident. Inwardly raging at this thought, I was about to move away from the place of his entombment—for so I felt confident it was—when something occurred which arrested my steps, and made my heart leap. What that something was, I will endeavour to relate in as simple a manner as possible.

For some time, during which the reflections I have recorded had been passing through my brain, my eyes had been resting quite unconsciously upon an abutting fragment of rock some twelve or fourteen feet below the level of the ground. The rock sloped sharply upwards, forming an acute angle with the well-nigh perpendicular walls of the 'Hole,' of which it constituted perhaps the chief irregularity. My gaze, I repeat, chanced to be resting upon this inclined abutment, when, with what indescribable amazement and awe may be imagined, I all at once saw a human hand and arm emerge from what appeared to be the solid granite of the upright side, and grasping the projecting shelf, draw after it the head and shoulders of a man. During the first moment the back of the head only was presented to my view; then slowly, and as though with difficulty, a white face was turned upwards! Although pale, and drawn as though in intense pain, I recognised it perfectly: it was that of the little minister. But before my bewildered faculties could collect themselves, or my paralysed tongue articulate a syllable, the hand had relaxed its hold, and the figure had slid back as it were, right into the rock. The suddenness and strangeness of this appearance so upset my nerves that my knees trembled and shook beneath me. Yet not for an instant did I entertain the idea that I had seen an apparition. That face I felt sure was the face of a living man, and belonged to none other than Mr Morgan himself. But notwithstanding my assurance upon this point, I was so startled by the unexpected phenomenon, that until I could hit upon some way of accounting for his presence in and disappearance from that singular spot, I could not even rejoice in the knowledge that my friend was alive. I did, however, hit upon a way of accounting for it, directly the dazing effect of my astonishment passed sufficiently to allow me to consider at all. And in truth the explanation was obvious enough. Behind that projecting crag, and entirely concealed by it, there must be, it was plain, a hole or cavern so large in size as to admit a man's body. Upon being cast over the precipice (about which there could now be no further question), the little Welshman, in a state of insensibility, had by a merciful providence fallen upon that rocky escarpment, and had either crept into the sheltering crevice upon coming to himself, or—what was the truth of the case—had rolled into it by force of the descent.

This problem worked out to my satisfaction, and with the blood now coursing through my veins with delight and excitement, I leant forward with the intention of calling out to attract Mr Morgan's attention, in order that I might warn him to keep carefully hidden, and assure him that if he did so, I would undoubtedly effect his rescue. Happily, however, the warning which I was just preparing to utter had not left my lips before a voice at my elbow inquired: 'Is it something in the hole, sir, you wass seeing?' The shock of this abrupt address almost sent me over the precipice. But recovering my self-possession by a suddenly inspired effort, I turned, and seeing two of the farmer's sons close behind me, angrily addressed the nearer: 'You stupid fellow, you!' I exclaimed, 'don't you see that you had nearly been the death of me? Why did you so suddenly speak before letting me see you! You might have known, surely, that I couldn't hear the sound of your footsteps over the soft grass. I was listening to the booming of the waters down there. What an unearthly noise they make! But come away; it's an awful place,' I added, moving a step backwards, and striving not to betray the uneasiness I felt.

'Ay inteet sir, it *is* an awful place—as awful a place as there is in the whole 'orld, I wass well belief,' returned the young man to whom I had spoken, fixing upon me a curious searching gaze. Then letting his keen black eyes follow those of his brother, he peered eagerly into the chasm, and observed: 'Pless us! it 'oold be a pad job, look you, if a man wass to fall over here. The prains of him 'oold soon be dashed out; 'oldn't they, sir?'

'There's not much doubt of that, truly,' I replied, not daring again to direct my own glance into the Hole, and praying, as I had never prayed in my life before, that the little minister might not at present emerge from his hiding-place. 'But where *can* Mr Morgan be?' I subjoined, shading my eyes with my hand, and affecting to look carefully in all directions. 'Do, pray, come and help me to look for him, like good fellows, for I want my breakfast;' and in the hope that they would follow, I began to walk slowly away.

My request was obeyed, though not immediately. But as a matter of course, the pretended search proved fruitless; and returning to the farm, I breakfasted alone, forcing myself to eat, and expressing the while much displeasure at my companion's lengthened absence.

The meal over, I paced the sanded kitchen for nearly an hour, looking every few minutes from the window, and simulating increasing impatience and anger. My estimable host meantime, with his wife and several of their hopeful sons, remained with me, observing me closely though stealthily, and alternately making testing suggestions as to what had become of the 'goot gentleman.' All these, however, I pooh-poohed, and obstinately adhered to the opinion I professed to have formed myself respecting the matter, namely, that in a fit of absent-mindedness—to which I declared he was subject—Mr Morgan had extended his walk to a great length, and not having noticed where he was going, had ended in losing his way.

My acting I could see completely lulled all suspicion; and when presently, I informed the company that I was engaged to preach in England upon the following day—which was Sunday—and affirmed, that unless I returned to Lleyrudrigg at once, I would be unable to catch the train by which I must travel, no opposition was offered to the proposition that Jonathan should forthwith drive me there, and return again for Mr Morgan.

The horse (already re-shod by one of the sons, who had learned the trade of blacksmith) was accordingly put into the dog-cart; and promising, as a further blind, that before setting off for England, I would inform the landlord of the *Ship and Anchor* about my friend's disappearance, and leave it to him to take the proper steps for his discovery, in case he should not have reached the farm before Jonathan's return to it, I tendered the farmer a sovereign, and with an exchange of civilities, drove off.

CRIME IN ITALY.

As a Supplement to our recent article on Italian Brigandage, we give the following, which appears in a newspaper from a Roman correspondent. Referring to the effort now making in Italy for the total abolition of capital punishment, he says: 'It is a wonderful reply to the urgent demands from every part of the country, and I might almost say from every part of Europe, that the brigandage, which is rapidly destroying the civilisation of large districts of Italy, and is portentously and undeniably increasing, should be put an end to. The real truth, however, is that the proposed alteration of the law would but bring it into conformity with the universal practice. And it would be but another step in the same direction to legalise brigandage. We are not far from it. Take as a proof the following story, told in the *Opinione*, on the 17th instant: Ten men, all Sicilians, all old convicts of the worst possible antecedents and character, have been tried at Naples under the following circumstances. They had all been condemned to *domicilio coatto*—a species of imprisonment somewhat resembling transportation—in the island of Ischia. There these ten men forthwith established a *camorra*. Among other things they imposed a tribute of ten centimes (a penny) a day on all the other prisoners. There was, however, one, and only one, who persistently refused to pay this demand. A meeting of the camorrists was therefore held, in which he was condemned to death; and lots were drawn to decide who should be the murderer. The man to whom the task fell undertook to do it; but his heart failed him, and he went to the authorities and revealed the whole affair. The first thing done was to place him in an inaccessible prison, to secure his life. Then the man who was to have been murdered was summoned and questioned, and all his replies entirely confirmed the relation of the other, even to the telling that he had been warned that he was condemned to death. One morning the informer was found by the jailer hanging to the bars of his window. He had tried to kill himself from terror of the camorrists, who, he felt assured, would sooner or later wreak terrible vengeance on him. However, the jailer was in time to save his life. The ten men were all taken to Naples to be tried, the public prosecutor demanding two years of imprisonment for nine of them, and six months for the informer. The tribunal, however, acquitted them all! The *Opinione* with much indignation asks what could have been the motive of such an acquittal. Not want of sufficient evidence, certainly. But the reply to the question asked by the *Opinione* is but too clear and unmistakable. These men were acquitted because if they had been condemned the lives of all who had any part in condemning them would have been in danger—and no little danger—nay, would in all probability have been taken. But under such circumstances it was very evident that the thing to do was to change the venue, and take these criminals, say, to Turin to be tried. But Europe, in the face of the line Italy is taking, has the right to say, if not that Italy does not wish to eradicate crime, at least that she is very far from being duly impressed with the necessity of doing so, and does not wish it at such cost as is absolutely necessary to pay for it. Perhaps the commission which has just followed the instinct which impels Radicals to diminish the strength of the law in deciding on the abolition of the punishment of death, were moved to their decision by the declaration in court of a man who had murdered his wife in Tuscany, where capital punishment has for some years past been erased from the code, to the effect that he had come to Tuscany for the express purpose of committing the crime, because he could not there be punished with death for it.'

ARCHIE RAEBURN.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE BERWICKSHIRE COAST.

CHAPTER I.—HOGMANAY.

I HAD been but three years married—short and happy years they were—when Archie, my husband, was called away to Queensland in Australia, where an uncle of his, long settled there, was ill, and required the presence of one whom he could trust to keep, as the old saying is, goods and gear together on his farm. I do not mind owning now that I was very unwilling that Archie should go far away from his bairn and me, to the opposite side of the world; but go he would. 'My darling!' he said, bending down his tall head to kiss me, for I am but a little thing—'don't cry; and don't fear for me, for have I not been, as an engineer, in worse climates than that of Australia? See, Alice, my dear; I cannot refuse to go to Uncle Scott now, he that was so good to me as a boy, and first put me in the way of earning a living. But with Heaven's help I'll be back next year, safe and well, wifie!' So Archie Raeburn went over the waste of waters to the far-away lands that lie beneath strange stars that never shine upon us at home in Britain; and his poor little wife, with our one child, wee Lilian, went back to live at my native place, East Craig, on the sea-coast, where I was known, and felt less lonesome than elsewhere. I was an orphan when Archie married me, and there was none of my kindred left living there; but still I loved the old place and the familiar scenes, and chose to wait there for my husband's return.

We lived in a bit cottage close down upon the sea-shore, so near to the tide-mark that the roar and roll of the waves in rough weather, or their plaintive plash when it was fine, were seldom absent from my ear; and often I looked for hours together over the changeful surface of the sea, dreaming rather than thinking of Archie, so far off. Then came ill news. The *Good Intent*, the ship in which my husband had taken his passage for the homeward voyage, was given up for lost. She was long, hopelessly overdue. No vessel had spoken her, no tidings been received concerning her, for weary months. There could be no doubt but that the *Good Intent* had gone down with crew and passengers.

I was a widow then, and I so young, and with my baby child to support as best I might. Brave Archie, my own only gallant love, was gone! Weeping and pale, the mere ghost of myself—so folks said—I went about, in my new-made mourning, that I felt I never should put off again, striving to live, for the sake of the helpless bairn in her black frock, that nestled to my side and clung to my hand. We were poor—sadly poor; for the small stock of money waned cruelly fast; and the embroidery and other needlework for which I had received such praise when a girl brought in very, very little, though I worked with aching eyes and heavy heart deep into the night.

How it jarred upon my ear, the merry talk of the neighbours on the blithe Hogmanay (New-year's eve) that followed the sad news about Archie! They all seemed—young and old—so gay and full of hope in the glad incoming of a new year, while I—what had the year to bring to me? What I had saved and gained had waned so low that soon we must leave the cottage and East Craig, and go to some great noisy city, where employment might possibly be found. That night, as the bairn lay peacefully asleep in her cot, I could not close my eyes through the long hours of the darkness, but turned my throbbing head from side to side. Archie, Archie! How I sorrowed for the loss of my man. Weariful and wae, how thankfully would I have rested beside him for ever; but then there was the bairn to claim my care. Towards morning I fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.—NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

I awoke, after my short sleep, in the gray dawn, to find the world astir already, the great sea before my window spreading far away, calm and glistening as a lake, and the sun shining cheerily in the pale blue of the morning sky. The people without, in their holiday attire, seemed happy and hopeful; but for me, alas! there was not much of either hope or happiness. I began to think very seriously of the future. Yes; I must leave East Craig, and try in Edinburgh or Glasgow, or, who knew, even in London! to earn a livelihood for Lilian and myself. I could surely sew, or work, for the bread we both needed. My bonny Lilian unconsciously added to my sorrows on that bright, sad morning of the new year, by the way she lisped her little prayer for 'dear father;' but I managed, for her sake, to be strong and brave again, and came down-stairs with a smiling face.

'I'm wishin' ye a happy new year, ma'am!' blurted out Jeanie, the lassie from a cottage hard by, who performed the rougher household duties of our modest household for such wages as content a girl of thirteen. Oh, but it was hard, to preserve a steady demeanour, and acknowledge Jeanie's well-meant greeting, and sit down to breakfast with little Lilian in her black frock beside me, and—— A knocking at the door, quick and strong. The heavy tread too of a man's impatient foot upon the shingly path, that led up from the wicket of the narrow garden. My visitors, I need not say, were few, and I knew none who were likely to come thus early. 'I can see no one now!' I cried apprehensively to Jeanie, as that active lass bustled forward to answer the peremptory summons.

'Not even me!' answered a voice, the sound of which made me tremble and grow white, as they told me later, to my very lips, while the door burst open, and with dilated eyes I gazed as on a vision. Yes; the tall, bronzed, bearded man who rushed into the room and caught me to his heart, and kissed me and the bairnie again and again, was Archie, my Archie, my dear goodman that I had believed to be dead and cold, far off beneath the measureless waters of the Pacific.

'And you thought me dead, did you?' said Archie, when, feeling safe in his strong arms, I had sobbed out some portion of my short and simple story. 'No wonder, for the *Good Intent* was cast away, but luckily without loss of life, on the Van Ruyter Islands, so called from some early Dutch navigator; and being out of the track of ordinary ships, we wrecked folks had trouble enough to keep alive on shell-fish and sea-fowls' eggs, until we were rescued by an American whaler. Many 's the night, Alice, love, that as the wind moaned around the wave-worn rock, I have knelt and prayed, with the bright stars of the Southern Cross shining overhead, that God's mercy would lead me back to my wife and child; and here at last I am!—We are rich now,' said Archie later, when we could talk more calmly, and the first transport of my half-incredulous joy was spent; 'for poor Uncle Scott, who is dead, left me heir of all he had, land, cattle, and money; but the land is the best of it; and if you do not fear to follow me so far, Alice, we will settle in Australia.'

'Gladly and thankfully,' I answered him; and had Australia been a land of cold and barrenness, instead of one of warmth and plenty, I would have followed him cheerfully to the very ends of the earth. As it is, we are all happy and healthy in Queensland, and it is there that I write these lines; and Lilian and I, I need scarcely say, wear black no more, and can look back smilingly to the day, now long ago, when all our joy and happiness came to us with the glad New Year.

SONG OF THE CARILLONEUR.

RING out, my bells, in accents clear;
Ring soft and sweet,
And take a message true and dear
To hearts that beat.
Soothe the soul with sorrow aching;
Cheer the life when all's forsaking;
Sing of joy to hearts now breaking;
Ring on, my bells!

Ring out, my bells, across the plain;
Ring wild and free,
And wake the echoes back again
To melody.
O'er the mountains waft my dreaming,
Where the sunset glory 's streaming,
Where the purple vines are gleaming;
Ring out, my bells!

Ring out, my bells; ring full and strong.
My soul, to-day,
Upon inspiring notes of song
Would float away.
From the gray old minster sending
Tones that, in such concord blending,
Tell of harmonies unending;
Ring out, my bells!

Ring out upon the listening air
Your silver spell;
Ring out the music quaint and rare
I love so well:
Hope to every faint one bringing,
Peace on earth for ever ringing,
And of Love eternal singing;
Ring on, my bells!

H. K. W.

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THE BANFFSHIRE NATURALIST.

Our old friend, Samuel Smiles, now a veteran in literature, who has been indefatigable in writing of the power of Self-help, has, as one of his late exploits, narrated in a most amusing and instructive manner the *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, Thomas Edward, who at an advanced age modestly occupies the position of a working shoemaker in Banff. This is a curious and interesting book. Few persons would have taken the trouble that Mr Smiles has done to narrate the efforts in pursuit of a knowledge of Nature of so very obscure and poor a man as is the hero of his remarkable biography. The thing is altogether unique. Nothing but vast kindliness of heart, along with the pleasure of shewing what can be done by constant self-denial and industry, could have influenced the benevolent writer. As probably not many of our readers have yet had an opportunity of seeing the work—a beautifully embellished duodecimo of four hundred pages, published by John Murray, London—we shall try to give a sort of abridged history of the now famed Scotch naturalist, with such observations as occur to us.

Thomas Edward, born in 1814, is the son of a private in the Fifeshire militia, who on the breaking up of his regiment, resided for a short time at Kettle, his native place in Fife, and then, for the sake of work as a handloom weaver, settled with his wife and child at Aberdeen. Here the boy was brought up in the usual rough way experienced by the humbler class of Scotch children. He ran about barefooted, was poorly clad, and required pretty much to find his own amusement. His parents, while willing to do their best for him, soon found that he was far from being easily managed. He was intractable, and in a very strange way. While still a child, he demonstrated an extraordinary love of animals of all kinds. He took delight in dogs, cats, pigs, living birds of every kind, and every description of small creatures, down to bees, beetles, flies, spiders, and so on—in fact, any living thing he could lay hold of; even rats and mice did not come amiss. This idiosyncrasy considerably puzzled and vexed the father and mother. Not understanding him, he was scolded and cuffed, but all to no use. The boy was moved by a predominant passion, amounting to a species of mania. When asked what he meant by his eccentricities, he said he could not tell. His love of Nature was an unconquerable instinct.

Tam Edward, as he was ordinarily called, was thought to be in some degree out of his senses. At from four to five years of age he was sent to a dame's school, but did not long continue at it; for being found to have a kae or jackdaw in his pocket, that caused some trouble, he was summarily dismissed by the schoolmistress. Another school received him, and here ensued a similar catastrophe. The teacher was plagued beyond endurance by his bringing all kinds of disagreeable little creatures to school. On one occasion he brought with him a bottleful of horse-leeches which he had gathered in a neighbouring pool. All went on smoothly until one of the leeches escaping, crawled up a boy's leg, and a fearful commotion ensued. Telling the culprit to take his bottle of leeches and begone, the schoolmaster turned Tam to the door, at the same time bringing down the taws so heavily upon him that he thought his back was broken. Another school was tried; but there he was worse used. One morning the master felt something creeping on his arm, which shaking from him proved to be a centipede. Edward was at once called up and accused of bringing the creature to the school. The charge was quite erroneous, for he had not done so. His denial was unavailing, and by the enraged teacher he was beaten in a most unjust and unmerciful manner. Finally, he told the poor boy to take his slate and books and go about his business. Thus he was expelled from his third and last school. Disgusted with the cruel treatment he had received, he positively refused to go to any other school. So there, at six years of age his education ended. He could read, knew a little of arithmetic—nothing of writing and grammar. He had already acquired somewhat idle habits vagrandising in quest of animals, but he was honest, exceedingly truthful, and by no means indisposed to work for a livelihood. For about two years he was employed at a tobacco-work at a short distance from the town. This was a happy time, for in going to and returning from his labour in the factory, he had pleasant rambles in the woods and plantations, which afforded opportunities for picking up a knowledge of birds, insects, wild-flowers, and plants, the like of which he had never seen before.

It was a hapless thing that this eagerly inquiring child had no one to direct him in a way likely to be useful. His father and mother had no sympathy for his love of nature. All they cared about was to have him apprenticed to some regular trade, by which he would gain his living. At length they succeeded in apprenticing him to a shoemaker, named Begg, who proved to be a dissolute drunken vagabond, very ill qualified to teach the boy his business. Tam, however, learnt to make upper-leathers, and was proceeding to make shoe-bottoms, when all went wrong on the discovery that he brought boxes of butterflies and such like to the workshop; the sight of them usually throwing Begg into a rage. Doubtless, it was indiscreet to bring his pet animals with him; but there ought to have been allowances on account of his youth, as well as from the fact that he never spent a moment of his master's time on his amusements. One afternoon, when waiting till his master came in to allow him to go to dinner, and while he had no work to do, he amused himself with a young sparrow which he had taught to do a number of little tricks. The master, entering in a drunken fury, struck Edward such a blow as laid him flat on the floor, and then trampled the bird with his foot. Picking up the poor and innocent creature, Tam found it was still breathing. He put it tenderly in his bosom, and went home crying over the unprovoked outrage. Shewing the mangled and dead bird to his mother, he said he did not care so much for himself, if only the bird had been spared, adding that 'if Begg struck him again without a cause, he would certainly run away. She strongly remonstrated against this, because, being bound apprentice for six years, he must serve out his time, come what would.'

Persuaded to return to the shoemaker's shop, young Edward struggled on till three years of his wretched apprenticeship had passed over. Then, there was a climax. The boy had brought three young moles ensconced in his bonnet. Begg, now more drunken than ever, discovered the moles, killed them on the spot, knocked down his apprentice with a last, dragged him to the door and threw him into the street. A good deal hurt, Edward resolved he would no longer serve under such a monster. And he kept his word. Begg threatened the terrors of the law; but, perhaps, conscious of his brutality, he did nothing. For a time the youth was a kind of loose waif. He thought of being a sailor, but could get no one to take him to serve on board a ship. He had an uncle at Kettle in Fife; and without telling any one, he went off to walk all the way to Kettle, a distance of about a hundred miles, living on morsels of bread he had in his pocket, and sleeping at night among whins or under the shelter of a haystack. All the money he possessed was sixpence, which was just sufficient to pay his fare in the ferry-boat across the Tay. But how was he to pay a pontage of a penny to cross the Esk at Montrose? That was a distressing consideration, yet he would not beg, nor would he break in upon the sixpence for the ferry. He tried again and again to sell his pocket-knife for a penny, and only succeeded in doing so when he came in sight of the bridge. The toil and privation endured in the journey were fruitless. The uncle, a mean-spirited wretch, would do nothing for him, and sent him back to Aberdeen with a present of eighteen-pence to pay his expenses on the road.

The parents of Thomas Edward were glad to see him again, for they were afraid he was lost. By their advice he procured work in making shoes of a light kind, his new employer being of a kindlier nature than Begg. In this situation, and at another shoemaking concern, he completed his knowledge of the craft, which, however, he never liked, and stuck to it only as a means of livelihood. As a kind of interlude in his occupation, he enlisted in the Aberdeenshire Militia in 1831. For the period he served as a soldier he acquitted himself creditably. His only escapade consisted in having on one occasion quitted the ranks while on drill to try to catch a butterfly which struck his fancy. It was a grave military offence; but at the intercession of some ladies with the officer on duty, was passed over lightly. When Edward was about twenty years old, he left Aberdeen with his father and mother to reside in Banff, a much smaller town, where his chances of advancement were materially lessened. The removal was a blunder, and entailed on the young naturalist a life-long depression of circumstances. Situated on the shore of the Moray Firth, where that fine estuary expands into the German Ocean, Banff is doubtless favourably adapted for explorations in Natural History. Edward was so far highly favoured, but the poor fellow had to live by his daily manual labour, and unfriended as well as unsympathised with in this remote sea-side town, there was no prospect of improving his position.

Good or bad, here Edward was fixed; and how, in the midst of daily toils and cares, he found time to accumulate a vast store of knowledge concerning animals and plants, is truly wonderful. Some may think he made a mistake in marrying when no more than twenty-three years old. But his wife was a sensible, prudent woman, and gave him a happy home. 'Mutual affection,' as our author observes, 'makes up for much.' Perhaps they occasionally felt the bitterness of poverty, for Edward's earnings did not yet amount to more than about nine shillings and sixpence a week!

With nothing but the most elementary education, without books, without advisers, the young shoemaker made up for everything by immense diligence, by sobriety, and a keen disregard of personal inconvenience. In his assigned hours of labour he worked hard. He never spent a moment idly. He never entered a public-house, nor drank anything stronger than water. In his expenditure he was rigorously economical. All his spare time was devoted to his favourite pursuit, that of acquiring a knowledge of animals by painstaking practical inquiry. When he began these inquiries, he did not even know the correct names of the animals he sought for, because he had no books and nobody to tell him. He was a thoroughly original student of nature. He learned everything by personal observation. Nothing but a degree of enthusiasm amounting to fanaticism could have impelled him to endure cold, wet, hunger, want of sleep, in order to add to his stock of facts. His fellow-shoemakers jeered at him for not joining in their vicious and costly indulgences; but he held on his way. There, we think, was manifested his heroic, his noble struggle—not that he ever esteemed it to be a struggle, for he only followed the bent of a simple self-sacrificing character; but his conduct in this respect was not less worthy of admiration.

Whatever were the sacrifices made by Edward, he was compensated, as an intense lover of Nature. Describing his tastes and pursuits, Mr Smiles says: 'Everything that lived and breathed had charms for him. He loved the fields, the woods, the moors. The living presence of the earth was always about him, and he eagerly drank in its spirit. The babbling brooks, the whispering trees, the aspects of the clouds, the driving wind, were all sources of delight. . . . He felt himself free amidst the liberty of Nature. . . . As his wanderings were almost invariably conducted at night, he had abundant opportunities of seeing not only the ocean, but the heavens in their various aspects. What were these stars so far off in the sky? Were they worlds? Were they but the outposts of the earth, from which other worlds were to be seen, far beyond the ken of the most powerful telescope? To use Edward's own words: "I can never succeed in describing my unbounded admiration of the works of the Almighty; not only the wonderful works which we ourselves see upon earth, but those countless orbs which roll both near and far in the endless immensity of space—the Home of Eternity. Everything that moves or lives, everything that grows, everything created or formed by the hand or will of the Omnipotent, has such a fascinating charm for me, and sends such a thrill of pleasure through my whole frame, that to describe my feelings is utterly impossible."'

Early in the spring of 1838, Edward began to form a collection of specimens in natural history, for which he taught himself to stuff and prepare the animals he was able to secure. In his researches he was aided by an old gun, which he had bought for four-and-sixpence. Sallying out at nine o'clock at night, when his day's work was over, with his gun and some insect boxes and bottles, and putting a piece of oat-cake in his pocket for supper, he scoured the country as long as it was daylight for any living thing that came in his way. 'When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept until the light returned. Then he got up, and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labour.' On Saturday evenings he returned home by twelve o'clock, so as not to encroach on the weekly day of rest. On Monday mornings he contrived to have a few hours' observation before six o'clock. As he was known to live soberly and honestly, there was no suspicion that he was either a poacher or a burglar, yet these nocturnal ramblings were incomprehensible. People at length gave him up as an oddity. Gamekeepers did not think of molesting him in his explorations. Occasionally, he took up his quarters for the night in a ruined castle, in some disused building, a sand-hole or cavern amidst the rocks by the sea-shore, the shelter of a table-shaped gravestone in a churchyard, or anywhere. This was a most dismal mode of spending the night; for independently of exposure to the weather, he was liable to be visited by polecats, weasels, badgers, or other wild animals sniffing about him. There was, however, always a chance of catching moths and other creatures that flutter or roam about in the dark. Sometimes he was bitten on the hands by weasels and rats during his disturbed sleep, and on one occasion he had a tremendous encounter with a polecat. When morning broke, he had excellent opportunities of studying the habits of the skylark, blackbird, thrush, and other early choristers.

By these assiduous labours he had, by 1845, collected two thousand specimens, consisting of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, crustacea, star-fish, zoophytes, corals, sponges, and other objects. He assorted the whole in cases made from old tea-boxes, fashioned by his own hands, and which he neatly papered and glazed. With some pride, he made a public exhibition of his collection at a local fair; and by it not only paid his expenses, but had something over for future purposes. This measure of success induced him to exhibit his collection at Aberdeen. Although advertised, and spoken favourably of by the newspapers, the exhibition was a failure. There was no rush of visitors, as Edward fondly expected. In fact, the exhibition did not nearly pay expenses. Dreading the horror of being in debt, he offered the collection for sale; and in desperation accepted an offer of twenty pounds ten shillings for the whole of what had cost him eight years' labour exclusive of outlay. The gentleman who bought this very fine collection unfortunately stored the specimens in a damp room, and the whole went to ruin. So ended this unfortunate enterprise. Aberdeen and Banff shires lost an opportunity of not only helping a most deserving man of genius, but of acquiring a splendid collection illustrative of the natural history of the two counties.

Though terribly crushed, on returning to his home in Banff, he went to work at his usual trade of making the lighter kinds of women's shoes, in which he was reputed to excel. and in he resumed his researches by the sea-shore, a short time began a new collection of specimens. Suddenly he met with a grievous accident. He rolled down a rocky precipice a depth of forty feet, falling on his gun, which was smashed to pieces, and receiving such bodily injuries as confined him for weeks to the house. To support his family during his illness, he was under the necessity of selling a portion of his newly formed collection.

About this time, Edward had the good fortune to attract the attention of the Rev. James Smith, of the parish of Montquhitter, a place a few miles from Banff. This gentleman having a strong love of natural history, and possessing a good collection of books, did an important service in offering hints to Edward, and in lending him books to enable him to define and classify various animals which he caught. So instructed he began to write observations on natural objects, which appeared in the *Banffshire Journal*. Afterwards, at the suggestion of Mr Smith, he sent papers to the *Zoologist*, the *Naturalist*, and the *Linnean Journal*, through which channels his name and qualities as a writer became known to naturalists generally. The result was a considerable private correspondence, and an enlargement of his knowledge regarding the names and species of animals, but with no improvement in circumstances—rather the reverse, for being ever on the brink of starvation, the expense for paper and postage stamps pressed severely on his resources. Yet, he willingly gave such information as he possessed to all who requested his assistance. Considering Edward's meagre education and his inexperience of literary composition, his papers, of which some extracts are given by Mr Smiles, strike us with surprise. Besides being correctly written, they have all the elegance and graphic force of Audubon. How, by those scientific inquirers, who had the best means of judging of his talents, Edward should have been suffered to drag on existence at a mechanical employment which never seems to have yielded him twenty shillings a week, is not very easily understood. No doubt, he was shy in pushing himself forward. He had none of the saliency of character which through devious adventure leads to fortune; but these palliatives scarcely explain the strange neglect which he experienced.

Nobly, but still obscurely struggling on, a great misfortune befell Edward in the death of Mr Smith in 1854. There, a true friend was gone. As some assuagement of his loss, he found a friend and counsellor in the Rev. Mr Boyd, parish minister of Crimond, whose hospitable manse was always open to him when he visited the neighbourhood. But ere long, Mr Boyd died suddenly, and here was a fresh and agonising bereavement. By 1858, Edward had accumulated a large and splendid collection, but at the cost of his health and strength. 'He had used himself so hardly; he had spent so many of his nights out of doors in the cold and wet; he had been so tumbled about amongst the rocks; he had so often, with all his labours, to endure privation, even to the want of oatmeal—that it is scarcely to be wondered at if, at that time, his constitution should have begun to shew marks of decay.' There was a fever and illness of a month, which led to a fresh sale of articles in his collection; and on getting well, he was distinctly told by his medical attendant 'that if he did not at once desist from his nightly wanderings, his life would not be worth a farthing.' From this time, making fewer pulls on his constitution, he more particularly devoted himself to investigations along the sea-shore, capturing rare fish, crustacea, and zoophytes.

In these sea-side researches he was considerably aided by one of his daughters, who poking about among fishing villages, procured the refuse material brought up by nets, in which many most interesting small animals new to science were discovered. From the stomachs of cod-fish he procured innumerable specimens of animals which had been voraciously swallowed. By these and other means he gained no little celebrity for his additions to a knowledge of the myriads of creatures which inhabit the depths of the ocean. Twenty-six new species of crustacea were discovered by himself alone in the Moray Firth.

Some honours—none of them of any value in a money point of view—were now awarded to Edward. The Linnean Society having discovered his genius and talent, unanimously elected him an Associate in 1866. Immediately afterwards, the Natural History Society of Aberdeen unanimously admitted him a member; and in 1867 he received the diploma of the Glasgow Natural History Society. 'Although Banff,' says Mr Smiles, 'possessed an "Institution for Science, Literature, and the Arts, and for the encouragement of native genius and talent," the members did not even elect Edward an honorary member. The scientific men of Banff fought shy of the native shoemaker.'

It is pleasing to know that Thomas Edward is still in the land of the living, and though broken down in health, is cheerful, contented, and able to a certain extent for his accustomed duties. Latterly, he has in many ways derived comfort and assistance from his grown-up daughters. His searches after strange sorts of animals are at an end. He has fought the fight of science unaided, and he has fought it well. He has likewise fought the fight of poverty; for he has always lived within his means, and owes no man anything. Therein, independently of his sacrifices in behalf of science, lies the grandeur of his character. In these days, when the gospel of idleness is so eloquently preached, and so readily responded to, we should be glad if it were in our power to fix the attention of the masses on what this humble shoemaker has done by dint of self-denial and the careful economising of time. Expecting no one to make such extraordinary sacrifices, we would say: Look, ye misspenders of idle time, ye wasters of existence, ye thriftless dram-drinkers, ye vacant-minded street loungers, what was done by one as poor, if not poorer, than yourselves! All we ask is that, reflecting a little on your responsibilities, you would endeavour to take to heart the thrilling and instructive instance we have presented of A Noble Struggle! W. C.

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have learned that a fund to succour Thomas Edward has been commenced at Aberdeen. The still more gratifying fact is announced that 'the Queen has been much interested in reading his biography by Mr Smiles, and touched by his successful pursuit of natural science under all the cares and troubles of daily toil; Her Majesty, therefore, has been graciously pleased to confer on him a pension of fifty pounds a year.' The concluding days of the Scottish Naturalist will thus be passed in the degree of freedom from toil and anxiety which he so eminently deserves.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER V.—'I AM LILIAN.'

I STOOD for a few moments at the window in contemplation of the beautiful view of the surrounding country, so wide and varied and well wooded; then, afraid of the sentiment which was creeping upon me again, I turned away, and set resolutely to work at unpacking. After putting my small belongings into something like order, I proceeded to make the best of myself for presentation to 'Miss Farrar.' It was the first time I had seen myself from head to foot as I now did in the large cheval glass, and I gazed not a little curiously, as well as anxiously and critically, at the *tout ensemble.* What should I look like to a lover, who I knew was an admirer of women's beauty in the way a good man can admire it? What did I look, to myself?

For the first few moments I experienced a thrill of altogether agreeable surprise. I really had no idea my figure was so good. 'Tall, *élancée*, head well shaped and well poised,' I thought, pleasantly checking off my perfections up to that point. With my face, I was far from being as well satisfied. I tried to persuade myself that it was because I was more accustomed to it, and that such familiarity breeds contempt; but is one ever familiar with one's own face? I can only say I was looking very discontentedly at mine, forgetting that the very discontent was reflecting itself.

Too much squareness about the brow, too decided a mouth and chin, and eyes—well, if they ever looked soft, as well as large and dark, *I* had not seen it. Then the complexion, it might do for some people, but Philip's wife ought to have more colouring and softness, more general loveliness than this. Philip's wife! She ought to be a child of light, 'beautiful with all the soul's expansion'—the expression of her face ever varying with the dainty colouring of her graceful poetic thoughts.

I was still picturing to myself the kind of woman Philip's wife ought to be, frowning the while at a dark discontented face, frowning discontentedly back at me, when the door was softly opened, and turning hastily round, my eyes fell upon a young girl standing upon the threshold.

'I beg your pardon; I do not think you heard me knock, and I could not wait. I am Lilian.'

How shall I describe Lilian Farrar? I *have* described her! A child of light, 'beautiful with all the soul's expansion'—the expression of her face ever varying with the dainty colouring of her graceful poetic thoughts. I need only add that she had deep-blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, straight, delicately chiselled little nose, sweet sensitive mouth, pale-brown hair, and the figure of a graceful child just merging into womanhood.

'May I come in, please?'

Might love and loveliness and youth and all that is true, and sweet, and good, come in? But I only bowed, and held out my hand with a smile.

'I am so sorry I did not know when to expect you, Miss Haddon.'

'I came earlier than I ought to have done.'

'O no; pray do not think that; only I should like to have been at the station to make friends at the beginning.'

'Let us call this the beginning.'

She drew nearer to me, and in a caressing child-like way, lifted up her mouth to be kissed, as she said: 'Welcome to Fairview.'

I am not considered to be demonstrative; but I know I kissed her as heartily as she kissed me, quite understanding that this was not like an ordinary first meeting. Then she gently impelled me towards a low chair, and knelt down beside me.

'If you could only know how very anxious I have been, and how relieved I am.'

'Relieved?' I asked, bending down to get a better view of the sweet face.

'Yes; indeed I am.'

'Then you can in a measure understand *my* sensations,' I replied, smiling down into her eyes.

'O yes; but you could go if you did not like us, you know.'

'And you could dismiss me if you did not like me.'

'I did not think of that; I was only afraid—companion means so much, does it not?—how hard it would be for me if I cared for you, and you only cared to be here because'——

'Of the salary I received?'

'Oh, pray do not think that I meant that. —May I say exactly what I was thinking of, Miss Haddon?'

'Pray do.'

'Then I meant that it would be bad for me if you looked down upon the Farrars, if you were ever so nice, or even if you looked down upon the Tippers. I have just seen papa, and he says you belong to great people. That rather frightened me, until I saw dear old auntie, and found that she only knew you were nice; when I began to hope.'

'I shall soon set your mind at ease about all that,' I cheerfully replied. 'Meantime, believe this much—I have begun to look up to Mrs Tipper.'

'What a nice kind thing to say, Miss Haddon.'

'What a pleasant thing to feel, Miss Farrar.'

She made a little *moue* at the 'Miss Farrar,' and I went on: 'You are very young, are you not? —younger than I expected to find you.' I was going to add for an engaged young lady, but thought it better to let the allusion to her engagement come first from her.

'Only just turned seventeen,' she replied with a little sigh.

'Is that so very depressing?'

'Dear Miss Haddon, if I may tell you about myself, we shall feel more at home with each other?'

'Tell me anything you please, my dear; and try to believe this much—you may trust me.'

'I believed that, the very first moment I looked at you. Yours is a face to trust.'

'Is it—is it?' I murmured, smoothing the hair back from her white brow. 'That is indeed something to be thankful for. And now I can ask with a clear conscience, why it is a trouble to be only seventeen?'

'Because—dear Miss Haddon, I am engaged; and

Arthur—that is his name, you know—does not like waiting until I am older, to be married. Papa says he must wait at least a year, and Arthur does not like it. Of course I should prefer waiting. I am sure we could not possibly be happier than we are now, and I should not like leaving papa—I will not, until he is quite well again—but I do not like Arthur to be disappointed either.'

'Mr Farrar told me of the engagement.'

'But I do not think that papa told you of one thing which is the very best of all. Arthur first met me at a garden-party, given by one of our neighbours, just after I came home for good; and he had not the least idea that papa was rich when he began to care for me. He liked me for myself—only for myself!' with a grave little nod at me. 'He was quite surprised when he found that I am an heiress. Do you know, he often says that he should prefer having to work for me; only, of course, that need not be.'

I read her thought, and my heart went out to Lilian Farrar, as I smilingly replied: 'He gives one that impression.'

'Do you know him?' she inquired, looking a great deal surprised.

'Enough for that, I think. Mr Wentworth, is he not?'

'Mr Wentworth!' she ejaculated. 'What made you think that? No; but Arthur is an intimate friend of Mr Wentworth's.'

I saw that I had made a mistake. But I was so much impressed in Mr Wentworth's favour, that the fact of his being an intimate friend of her lover's seemed a sufficient guarantee of the latter's claims to respect.

'They were at Eton and Oxford together, and Arthur likes him very much,' she continued, as though she, on her side, considered that was saying a great deal in Mr Wentworth's favour.

'A barrister, is he not?'

'Yes; but he has not been very successful as yet, though he works very hard—writes for newspapers and magazines; and I am sure it is very good of him, for Arthur says he was brought up in the greatest luxury by a rich uncle, and always led to believe that he would be the old man's heir. But just as he was leaving Oxford, his uncle married a young girl, and when he had children of his own, he quite discarded his nephew. But he is like Arthur, and does not care about the money; he is a great deal more troubled about having lost the old man's good-will. Arthur says that he lives in an old tumble-down house—which is all he possesses of his own—with one servant, in the poorest way, and very rarely visits anywhere but here. Even here he does not come half often enough to please us, we all like him so much. Strange that both Arthur and he should commence life with large expectations, and both find themselves penniless; is it not? Mr Trafford was unfortunate in some speculations, I believe; and the estates had to be sold after his death.'

I said something to the effect that it was fortunate that they were equal to the position. Later, I found that her lover's father had squandered his property in the worst kind of extravagance.

A gong was being sounded, and she rose, putting her hand under my arm. 'You must be wanting luncheon, Miss Haddon. Auntie said that she could not prevail upon you to take any refreshment.'

I was beginning to feel hungry, and acknowledged that I was. As she went down, she explained that her father had of late taken to invalid habits, and did not join them at table. We found only Mrs Tipper in the dining-room; a large, lofty room, furnished with the same heavy grandeur of style which had struck me in the other parts of the house. But a change had come over Mrs Tipper since I had left her. Her genial good-nature was veiled by the same stiffness and constraint which had jarred upon me at first, as she politely trusted I should find something I could eat, regretted not having known that I should arrive early, so that she might have given orders accordingly; and so forth.

'The Haddons of Haddon!' I thought. She had seen her brother, and been awed by them. But I really could not allow them to come between this dear old lady and me, and therefore replied, I had been accustomed to live so plainly that this was quite a banquet to me; as indeed it was. I saw that I lost ground a little with the man-servant in attendance by my candour; but I could afford to wait for his better appreciation. Mrs Tipper hesitated a moment, when she reached the head of the table, and signified by a gesture her wish for me to take my seat there; in fact, I know now, as I guessed then, that she was only too glad to slip out of taking any prominent position in the household. But I very decidedly shook my head, and passed down, replying to her little protest, that it was not to be thought of—it would not be right. I saw that she understood me to mean that it would not be etiquette, and sat down contented. Could the dear little lady have known it, my ignorance of the ways of the fashionable world was greater than her own. To my amusement, Mrs Tipper's superiors in such knowledge have succumbed to the magic words, 'It would not be right,' with which, knowing no other code, I have occasionally ventured to settle a question. With certain people, 'It is not right,' solely means 'It is not etiquette,' than to sin against which there is no greater wrong; and they have yielded, because they have supposed me better acquainted with the newest mode, rather than imagine that I could have the audacity to attempt innovations of my own.

I soon succeeded in making matters pleasant with Mrs Tipper again. In five minutes the Haddons of Haddon were forgotten, and we were getting through luncheon in friendly agreeable fashion. There was a slight obtuseness on Richard's side when I required anything; but he found that his forgetfulness did not in the slightest degree disturb me, nor prevent my obtaining what I wanted. I quietly waited; and as he could not let me repeat a request more than once without drawing the attention of the others to his negligence, he came at length to understand that it was just as well to do a thing at once as to be quietly forced to do it. The attention of both Lilian and her aunt was too much concentrated upon me for them to notice the man's remissness, and I did my best to prevent them seeing it. I knew that Lilian's eyes were turned upon me more than once when I was supposed to be unobservant, and thought of her words, 'Companion means so much,' with all the more respect for her judgment, whatever it might prove to be.

That we two should be friends, I knew. I should love her, and I believed that she might come to love me. But would ours be as the companionship of two of the same age? Should I ever be able to lay bare my inmost self, living so intensely and so differently to the Mary Haddon most people knew, to this young girl? She had spoken of her love to me; should I be able to speak of mine to her—the love which was deeper and stronger than a girl's love? It was with something akin to pain that I told myself no. Because it was not the love of a girl; because it was in its heights higher and in its depths deeper; because it was in its strength and weakness so much more human at eight-and-twenty than at seventeen, I could not talk about it to Lilian Farrar. The shadowy poetic sentiment which clings about a young girl's dream, the love which is more in love with love than with the lover, was not mine. I am an old woman now, writing a story for men and women, and therefore I will add that I have still quite as much romance and enthusiasm in my composition as I had at seventeen, which is an admission to make in these days; but at eight-and-twenty I persuaded myself that they were or ought to be dead. In truth, my eight-and-twenty years were pressing upon me rather too heavily for mental health. I could not take kindly to the idea that youth was gone, or recognise that the best of me was not necessarily gone with it. But there is no need for me to analyse and dwell upon my weaknesses here; they will be apparent enough as I go on, and will doubtless preach their own moral without my assistance.

After luncheon, we returned to the pretty morning-room where I had first seen Mrs Tipper, and devoted the afternoon to making better acquaintance with each other. I began by telling *my own little story* (so far as it could be told, with Philip left out) about my dear mother's long illness, the struggles I had had to obtain a living when alone, and so forth, because I wished to appear in my true colours to these two, and above all, wished to get rid of the Haddons-of-Haddon tone in our future intercourse. Then dear old Mrs Tipper came out grandly with her little story respecting past ups and downs; not even omitting the fact that her deceased husband had been messenger (between ourselves, porter, my dear) in the firm where her brother rose to be chief, and how he had been pensioned by 'dear Jacob,' and ended his days in peace and comfort in a cottage of his own at Holloway, all the grandest visions of his youth realised.

Afterwards, Lilian told how her father had risen in life entirely by his own efforts; whilst her colour deepened with an equally right pride as she added that her mother had been a gentlewoman, to whose foresight her child owed the education that was something better than any her father's money alone could have purchased. As Mrs Tipper had informed me, it had been Mrs Farrar's dying wish that the first fifteen years of her child's life should be spent with an old friend and distant connection of her own. She had not erred in her judgment. Notwithstanding her naturally good disposition, Lilian would have suffered from the disadvantages consequent upon being brought up in luxury, the petted heiress of a wealthy man, instead of spending her early years at a country vicarage in wholesome study and exercise. I could understand now how it happened that Mr Farrar's daughter was so refined and different from what might have been expected. I knew now why it gratified her so much to believe that her lover had not sought her for her money's sake. Any one but herself would have thought it natural enough that she should be sought for her own sake. How true, and good, and sweet she was, and how soon one knew it; there being no mysterious complications in her nature which it would take time to discover.

'To think of our having so dreaded the lady-companion, auntie; and to think of my having pleaded so much with papa against engaging one!' ejaculated Lilian, when, after a very pleasant afternoon, we rose to go to our rooms and dress for dinner.

'We did dread her, did we not, dear?' smilingly returned the old lady, putting her hand upon mine; 'though I had the most cause for dread.'

'Indeed you had not—your cause is mine,' very decidedly said Lilian.

That they could say so much before me was sufficient, had I not already arrived at the agreeable conclusion that I had found a home until Philip's return.

AUSTRIAN ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

At a time when the attention of this country is again being specially directed to the question of Arctic exploration, it becomes interesting to take note of what other nations have recently achieved in the region of Polar discovery. It is not too much to say that it is with justice that England considers herself in the van as yet of Arctic enterprise; but we have little hesitation in affirming that the expedition the story of which is told in the two volumes under notice,* is worthy of ranking side by side with the most memorable of our own voyages of discovery; and when it is considered that the attention of Austria has but very recently been turned to the subject of Arctic exploration, the amount of success achieved by that nation is all the more creditable.

It deserves to be stated that the expedition of the *Tegetthoff* was partly due to the munificence of a private individual, the Count Wilczek, who contributed the sum of forty thousand florins towards its equipment, besides encouraging the enterprise by every means in his power. The *Tegetthoff* was a screw-steamer of two hundred and twenty tons burden, built expressly for this expedition, with engines of one hundred horse-power, and fitted out for a voyage of two-and-a-half years' duration. Her commander was Captain Weyprecht, and with him was associated, as colleague and as director of the land operations, the writer of these volumes, Lieutenant Payer. The crew, officers and men included, numbered only twenty-four. The ideal object of the voyage was the north-east passage; its direct and expressed aim, the exploration of the seas and lands lying to the north-east of Novaya Zemlya. Where the ship was to winter was not definitely fixed; and a return home by way of Behring's Strait was, though improbable, a possibility.

The *Tegetthoff* left Bremerhaven on June 13,

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* *New Lands within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship Tegetthoff in the Years* 1872—1874. By Julius Payer, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. Macmillan & Co.

1872, and Tromsoe a month later. Immediately previous to the voyage of the *Tegetthoff*, a preliminary voyage of reconnaissance had been made in a small coasting-ship by Count Wilczek, who had found the sea between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya almost entirely open and free from ice. It was hoped, therefore, that the water would be in the same condition when the *Tegetthoff* crossed it, and that where a small sailing-vessel had gone so far, a fully equipped steam-ship might penetrate almost indefinitely. But to the latter vessel the Spitzbergen seas presented a wholly dissimilar aspect. The ice was first encountered in seventy-four degrees—much farther south than was expected; and from that time it never entirely left the vessel.

Off Cape Nassau the expedition was overtaken by Count Wilczek, who had followed in the *Isbjörn*, the small sailing-ship in which the preliminary pioneering voyage had been made, with the object of placing a depot for the *Tegetthoff* on the north coast of Novaya Zemlya. Very shortly after the two vessels separated, the *Tegetthoff* was fairly beset and hemmed in by the ice in latitude 76° 22′ N., longitude 63° 3′ E. The good ship had made her first and her last voyage, for from that icy grip she was destined never to get free.

Long and desperate were the efforts made by officers and men to release the ship. Sawing the ice and blasting with powder, both above and below the surface, alike proved fruitless. Fissures that had been made with great toil, froze again as soon as made; and when the vessel tried to steam against the ice, it was unable so much as to set the floe in motion. The *Tegetthoff* was now entirely at the mercy of the terrible foe by which she was beset on all sides.

It might be supposed by such as are only imperfectly acquainted with the Arctic regions, that the ship thus firmly locked in the ice would be safe at least from immediate danger. But this was very far from being the case. For some time indeed, the ice by which she was encircled remained motionless, but this condition of things was not to last. The 13th of October—a Sunday—was a day ominous for the fate of the expedition. In the morning, the ice-floe burst across immediately beneath the ship. Officers and crew rushed on deck to behold the ice heaving around them on all sides. The aft-part of the vessel was already nipped and pressed; and the rudder, which was the first to meet the shock, trembled and groaned. The crew were unable to unship it by reason of its weight, and had to be satisfied with lashing it securely. All then leaped out upon the ice, and as quickly as possible got on board whatever articles had been left lying outside the ship. Next, the fissures in the floe were hastily bound together with ice-anchors and ropes, and filled up with snow, in the hope that they might freeze over, though it was felt that at any moment a sudden heave might undo the whole work.

During all this time meanwhile, the ice was tossing and trembling from its bases, while the air reverberated with the most awful sounds, as of shrieks and howls. Mountains lifted themselves suddenly above the level surface, and the low groan that rose from the depths grew into a deep rumble, and finally increased to a roar of fury with the volume of myriad voices. Uproar and confusion ruled supreme, and destruction seemed every moment drawing nearer the ship as the ice crashed against her. Now huge blocks reared fathoms high above the vessel, forcing themselves against her hull; now masses fell down beneath her, until they began to raise her above the level of the sea, the explorers being in readiness at any moment to abandon the ship, in the event of her being crushed. The pressure approached its height at about noon, at which time the vessel was straining and groaning in every plank and spar; but the crisis had now been reached, the pressure abated, the *Tegetthoff* righted herself, and all immediate danger at least, was past.

But the above terrible experience indicated to the explorers what they might at any time expect. Henceforward every noise in the ice was heard by them with apprehension and fear. It was worse than living within the continual influence of earthquakes. At night, officers and men always slept with their clothes on, ready to rush on deck whenever the ice was heard beginning to groan and heave; and this state of things continued *for one hundred and thirty days*, the whole of that period being one of almost constant darkness.

The first winter passed by the expedition in their icy prison was at best but a time of gloom, though all on board combined to render each other's lot as little wearisome as possible. The conduct of the crew throughout the enterprise was exemplary and praiseworthy; and it is pleasant to read of the kindly feeling and sympathy that prevailed between officers and men. Only by the maintenance of complete harmony and mutual consideration could an existence passed under the circumstances described in these volumes be rendered tolerable. The devices resorted to, to employ and pass the time, were various. Constant occupation on the part both of officers and men was found not only to be beneficial, but absolutely necessary to ward off ennui and depression. The duties connected with the daily routine of work were not sufficient; occupation had to be invented. The chief officers had their scientific observations to employ and interest them; but the resources of the men were fewer. At first the building of snow-houses was resorted to as a means of filling up the time. Then a school was begun, in which were passed many hours daily; besides which, there was seal-catching and bear-hunting. On an average, two bears were killed weekly, and roasted bear-flesh was relished by all; and the flesh of the seal, which was at first but little appreciated, was by-and-by found to be at least palatable.

It is well known that the getting-up and performance of theatricals have been found a source of great beneficial occupation and amusement during winters passed in the Arctic regions, where it is a matter of prime importance that the spirits of the men should be kept as even and jolly as possible. But there were several reasons why the crew of the *Tegetthoff* were compelled to forego such recreations. Their numerical strength was too small; the languages spoken on board were too diverse; for the crew was a very mixed one, including Germans, Italians, Hungarians, and Slavs, all orders, however, being issued in Italian; and the performance must have been given in four separate languages. There was no other place available for a theatre than the barricaded deck, where the spectators would have had to sit enduring a temperature of from twenty to thirty degrees of cold; and lastly, there was a general feeling that the situation of the party was a far too serious and critical one for such diversions to be so welcome as other Arctic expeditions have found them.

During the first winter the *Tegetthoff* drifted through the wandering ice for the most part in a north-easterly direction. When a little north of seventy-four degrees, she took a turn towards the west in February 1873. Her course was now a generally westward one, but with variations. In the spring and summer of 1873 every effort was of course again put forth to free her from the ice. All endeavour in this direction, however, still proved ineffectual, and the little party again prepared, though with very anxious and depressed hearts, to face a second winter. But through the long gloom of that second winter they were to be buoyed up by hope and expectation. In August the ship took a turn northward, when suddenly, 'as if by magic,' the mists lifted, and behold! a vast shape, high, bold, and rocky, loomed out of the fog on the vessel's bows. It was land beyond a doubt, new land; and fresh hope and life filled every breast at the sight. The whole aspect of things suddenly changed for the explorers. They had now something to look forward to through the long winter—namely, the exploration of that new land which they had discovered, or as it may be said, which had discovered them.

When the land first revealed itself to the explorers, it was too late in the season to leave the ship for purposes of exploration, and so the *Tegetthoff* remained close by it, still fast in the ice, all through the succeeding winter, during which one disturbing thought troubled the minds of all on board, the fear, namely, that the vessel might drift away again from the land, and all the hopes of the expedition end in nothing. But no such untoward fortune awaited them. When the spring came round, and the long darkness waned, the light revealed the land still in the same position. And now preparations began to visit the new-found land. Three separate sledge-journeys were made from the ship, all under the command of Lieutenant Payer. The first journey began early in March 1874, and was a short one. The party comprised six men and three dogs; but as Lieutenant Payer contemplated making his second journey the most important one, he reserved the pick of the crew for it. It will be understood that it required no little courage and patient endurance on the part of the handful of men engaged in this first sledge-journey across the desolate wastes of ice, when it is stated that their physical condition was very far from being perfect. 'Pospischill suffered from lung-disease; Lurkinovich from palpitation of the heart; Haller from chronic rheumatism; Lettis from a tendency to bronchial catarrh.' It is therefore all the more creditable to these men that they bore up so well, and accomplished so much, for the first sledge-expedition did all that its leader expected from it. The position of the new land and its general character were determined; Wilczek Island and the south part of Hall Island explored; and from the results thus arrived at, Lieutenant Payer was enabled to arrange a plan for a more protracted journey towards the north.

The second sledge-expedition was by far the most important of the three. It started from the ship on the 26th of March in the thick of a snowstorm. After enduring the most excessive toil and hardship, the party penetrated northwards to a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, as far as it was possible to go with sledges. The cold endured during these sledge-journeys was often most intense. The men never dared to bring their lips in contact with a metal cup in the act of drinking. One shook the liquid into his companion's mouth. The strongest rum seemed to lose all its strength, and had the taste of milk and the consistence of oil. The bread was frozen so hard that there was danger of breaking the teeth in eating it, and it brought blood as it was being consumed. The instruments used by Lieutenant Payer in surveying burned when he touched them; and the medals worn by some of the men felt like hot iron, proving the truth of the saying that 'extremes meet.' The furthest point northward reached by Lieutenant Payer and his party was Cape Fligely, 85° 5′, where the Austro-Hungarian flag was planted for the first time in the far north. Gladly would the Lieutenant have visited the lands beheld from that northern peak, could he have done so with any degree of safety. But he felt that he had gone as far as the resources at his command warranted, and wisely shrank from further risking the lives of his brave followers.

The work accomplished by the second sledge-journey was a sufficiently thorough exploration of Kaiser Franz Joseph Land—named after the Austrian emperor—and the exploration of Austria Sound, which divides Franz Joseph Land into Wilczek Land and Zichy Land. Lieutenant Payer returned to the ship well satisfied with the results achieved; and we think he had every reason for being so. He had, by careful investigations, surveys, and drawings, arrived at a very satisfactory conception of the newly discovered land.

Kaiser Franz Joseph Land is an archipelago, of about equal dimensions to Spitzbergen, extending from eighty degrees or thereabouts to at least eighty-three degrees north latitude, but how far from east to west was not determined. It is a very barren region, as may be believed, containing mountains from two to five thousand feet high, glaciers of great size, and many deep fiords. Animal life is abundant, bears and seals and Arctic birds in great variety, vast numbers being found by the explorers in many parts. No trace of human beings was anywhere discovered, and Lieutenant Payer believes the region to be uninhabitable by man. By the geological formation of the islands, which seem to be of volcanic origin, the explorer was reminded of the north-east coast of Greenland. A third and final sledge-journey was made by which the north-west coasts of M'Clintock Island were visited. The sledge-expeditions began on March 10, 1874, and ended May 3d, during which period a distance of four hundred and fifty miles was traversed.

While these expeditions were being made, the ship was all the while fast in the ice; and as there seemed no prospect of getting free, it was resolved to abandon her. To remain another winter with the hope of further discoveries, would have been, under the circumstances, a very great risk. Provisions were becoming scant, and the physical condition of the men, so severely tried by the two winters already passed amid the ice, was far too low to make it safe to face a third. And all now felt that they could return to their country at least with honour. The *Tegetthoff* was abandoned on the 20th of May 1874, and the return journey to Europe began. But the dangers and hardships of the explorers were by no means yet over. The progress southward, now in the sledges, now by boats, was toilsome, painful, and slow in the extreme. To convey a conception of this it is sufficient to state that 'after two months of indescribable efforts, the distance between us and the ship was not more than two German miles;' a space that would be equal to about nine English miles. Does not this rate of progress correspond in a striking degree with the experience of our own recent Arctic expedition in traversing the terrible 'sea of ancient ice?' But had the ice of the Novaya Zemlya seas remained much longer as formidable as it did to the sledge-parties of Commander Markham and his colleagues, the Austrian expedition party must have one and all perished. But fortunately, at the end of two months' travelling, and when the men had almost begun to despair, 'leads' unexpectedly opened up in the ice; and after one more month of sledging and boating, the open ocean was reached in 77° 40′; an unusually high latitude. Ultimately the party were picked up, as they had hoped for, by a Russian fishing-vessel, off Cape Britwin, minus one only of its members, poor Krisch the engineer, who had died of consumption shortly before the abandonment of the ship.

The literary skill with which the writer of these volumes has told the story of the Austrian Arctic Expedition is quite equal to the best of similar narratives by any former Arctic explorer. He describes the really wonderful fortunes of the expedition, through all its many vicissitudes and perils, simply and modestly, yet with great vividness and realistic power. His story purports to be no more than a popular narrative of what Austria has accomplished in Arctic discovery; but it is really more than this. In addition to their interest as a record of courageous enterprise and patient resolution and endurance in the face of the most excessive hardships, the volumes possess a distinct scientific value; for their author is an accomplished man of science, as well as a brave navigator and explorer. In a portion of the introductory chapters, Lieutenant Payer treats at length and with great clearness the various theories that have at different times been put forward as to the existence of an open Polar sea. He unhesitatingly concludes that no such sea exists; a conclusion which agrees with the actual discoveries of our own Arctic expedition. From this opinion, however, his colleague Commander Weyprecht, dissents, as does also the eminent German geographer Dr Petermann. 'The Pole impracticable;' such was the brief telegraphic summary with which the announcement of the return of the *Alert* and *Discovery* was heralded. But Captain Nares has since modified this expression. He wishes it to be understood that all he means to affirm is, that the Pole is impracticable by the route taken by the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and with the present existing scientific appliances.

Impracticable the North Pole may perhaps ever remain, if the state of the ice encountered by our expedition and by Lieutenant Payer be its normal one. But of this we have as yet no certain proof; nor yet, in spite of our author's well-reasoned conclusions, that in some seasons an open sea may not exist. Some of our readers may remember that the American expedition in the *Polaris*, under Captain Hall, found open water where the sledging-parties of the *Alert* and *Discovery* found only vast ice masses of a hundred and fifty feet in height. It appears to us then that nothing dogmatic can be said on one side or the other in respect to this question.

One other point raised by Lieutenant Payer is deserving of note, which is, that in all Arctic exploration there are two objects to be considered, and that these are distinct, and not, as has been too often supposed, identical. These are—the 'reaching of the North Pole,' and 'the exploration of the Polar regions.' The former appeals more to the imaginative and romantic side of our nature; but Lieutenant Payer takes a broader view of the question. He believes, in conjunction with Commander Weyprecht, that the Polar regions afford special facilities—greater perhaps than any quarter of the globe—for observations of natural phenomena—magnetism, the aurora, &c.; and for the study of geology, zoology, and botany. In short, while not undervaluing the importance of geographical discovery, he holds that the prime object of future Arctic expeditions should be the increasing of our knowledge of natural phenomena, for the observation of which these northern regions offer such great advantages.

A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

It was not long past noon when I alighted before the door of the *Ship and Anchor* at Lleyrudrigg. But instead of entering that inn, I waited merely until Jonathan had driven the dog-cart to a stable-yard round the corner, and then walked away at a quick pace towards the beach. Arrived there, I collected a number of fishermen whom, in accordance with my anticipations, I found loitering about the sands, and told them my story. I did so in as clear and succinct a manner as possible, commencing with an account of Mr John Williams's suspicious conduct, and proceeding in regular order to its termination. The narrative, however, was frequently interrupted by excited exclamations from the sturdy Welshmen, and its progress considerably delayed by the necessity for interpretation to those amongst them who did not understand English. By the time it was finished quite a small crowd had gathered around me; and when finally I made an appeal for assistance in rescuing Mr Morgan from his dangerous situation, a dozen stout fellows volunteered to accompany me to the spot. Thanking them with no hypocritical cordiality, I inquired, albeit with some doubt, whether conveyance for so large a party could be obtained in the village. Unhesitatingly a chorus of voices assured me in reply that the best and speediest method of returning to the Spike Rocks would be by sea—one of the sailors adding the agreeable intelligence, that with wind and tide both in our favour as they were at present, we might hope to reach them in little over an hour.

The suggestion meeting, as I need scarcely say, with my delighted approval, a friendly contention ensued as to which of the fishing-smacks offered by their respective owners for the purpose should have the honour of making the little voyage. But hastened by my impatient entreaties, the question was quickly and amicably settled; and the anchor of the selected vessel having been weighed, I embarked along with my rough but kindly natured companions. As might be expected, all conversation during the short sail turned exclusively on the one theme, and over and over again I was called upon to repeat to those of the fishermen not engaged in working the vessel, portions of the tale I had already related. But the information was not all on one side, since for my part I learned from my seafaring associates one or two very significant facts—the chief amongst them being that the owners of Spike Rock Farm and of the *Ship and Anchor* inn were brothers; and that two other gentlemen who had visited the Spike Rocks, after staying at the hôtel in Lleyrudrigg, had also mysteriously disappeared from that neighbourhood. With light thrown upon the matter by the former of these facts, I now understood how it was that the farmer's physiognomy had impressed me as familiar—the resemblance between the brothers, though not very striking, being quite sufficient to account for it—and by the latter I was, if possible, more thoroughly convinced than ever of the diabolical premeditation with which the intended murder had been committed.

The sailor who had made it proved to be not far wrong in his calculation as to the length of time it would take to reach our destination. Exactly one hour and a quarter after quitting Lleyrudrigg we landed, with some difficulty, a little beyond the bird-haunted crags, and at once started, almost at a run, for the farther of the two 'Devils' Holes,' the seamen, by my direction, carrying with them a coil of strong rope. But although upon attaining it, we all shouted in concert, urging my reverend friend to make some sign from his place of concealment, no response was given to the summons. And when time after time it had been repeated without other result than a series of echoes, loud enough to be heard above the din of the restless waters below, I could see some of the men beginning to look at me askance; then gradually upon the faces of one or two the air of questioning doubt gave place to an angry scowl; and from certain low mutterings which reached my ear, I gathered that an impression was beginning to be formed that I was either mad, or that I had mischievously brought them upon a fool's errand.

Determined at once to alter this state of affairs, I adopted what, with my sensitiveness to giddiness, was certainly a bold measure. Requesting that the rope might be fastened about my waist, I directed my companions to lower me to the spot in which I asserted that I had seen the minister. Reassured by the confidence implied in this step, the men obeyed; and accordingly, I shortly found myself swinging within that awful chasm, with the rope vibrating to and fro, and a deafening roar coming up from beneath. Presently my feet touched the slanting granite shelf described in the previous chapter, and immediately I felt them slip from under me; then, as the rope paid out with a jerk, I slid downwards through a narrow opening into a minute cave in the rock, and lay there for a few moments stunned by the violence of a blow which my head had received in the fall. Upon recovering consciousness, I found myself resting upon the body of my friend; and moving so as to obtain a view of his face, I soon discovered why there had been no reply to our reiterated calls.

The little minister—I saw it with deep thankfulness—was still alive, but his ears had been rendered obtuse by the delirium of a raging fever. His eyes, wide open, were fixed upon the roof of the tiny cavern, and though, upon my addressing him, they wandered during several seconds over my countenance, it was without the slightest sign of recognition. He commenced a rigmarole of rambling disconnected sentences, at all times painful to hear from the lips of the poor sufferer from a perturbed brain, but which, uttered in that weird and awful place, was naturally invested with double horror. My fingers trembling in the attempt, I now hastened to undo the rope from about my own person, in order that I might secure it round that of Mr Morgan. But owing to the opposition offered by the unconscious man, the task proved to be one of no small difficulty. At length, however, it was accomplished; and signing to those above to draw in the rope, I gently guided the body of the little Welshman through the entrance to the cavern, noticing as I did so that his right leg was fractured and terribly swollen. Not caring to witness the perilous ascent, I remained within the cave until a loud 'Hurrah!' proclaimed his safe arrival upon *terra firma*. Then scrambling out, I watched the rope re-descending, once more adjusted it round my waist, and in a few moments afterwards was kneeling by my friend's side upon the grass, and at the request of the excited fishermen, searching his pockets for the huge wash-leather purse of which I had spoken to them.

Its absence, as well as that of his watch and chain, appeared to settle beyond question in their minds the fact that there had been foul-play; and a motion emanating from one of their number that we should take the law into our own hands, and proceed to arrest the farmer and his family, was unanimously carried.

Accordingly, leaving Mr Morgan under the care of a couple of the elder men, we adjourned in a body to the Spike Rock Farm; but only to find it, to our extreme mortification, entirely untenanted. Evidences, however, of hasty flight existed in such abundance, that we could not but conclude that its late inmates had only just departed. And confirmation of this supposition was not wanting; for one of the sailors, gazing from an upper window, presently espied, far down the winding lane up which I had yestere'en driven, a mass of heads progressing rapidly, but with a jolting kind of motion, as though their owners were being carried along in a spring-cart or some such vehicle. Drawing the obvious inference that our large party must have been seen by the criminals, surrounding the supposed grave of their victim, and that conscious guilt having excited their alarm, they were now endeavouring to escape from the justice which would follow detection, we consulted with each other as to what it were best to do. The result of the conference was a decision to take the vessel farther round the headland, to a small town where better accommodation could be found for the sick man than at Lleyrudrigg, and in the vicinity of which was a station of coast-guardsmen. This resolution being promptly carried out, Mr Morgan was conveyed upon landing to a comfortable hotel, where a physician was speedily procured to attend him; and accompanied by my corps of witnesses, I proceeded to lay before the proper authorities a full statement of the events I have described, and to place the case in their hands. Then bestowing upon my quondam companions a good dinner, and promising to obtain for them a reward for their services, which I was myself unable to afford, I walked with them to the landing-stage, and saw them off upon their return voyage. A message directed that same afternoon to Mrs Morgan, Pwlwyn, brought with great celerity to the side of the little minister the tenderest and most devoted nurse in the world; and before many days, he was so far recovered as to be able to supply any further testimony which was wanting for the conviction of his intending murderers. Such testimony, however, had by that time become almost unnecessary, since upon being captured (as they had been with prompt despatch), the youngest of the culprits had consented to earn a pardon by turning king's evidence. By this lad's confession it was now clearly proved that the minister's glass of spirits had, as I had suspected, been heavily drugged, that his three hundred pounds had been stolen, and that he himself had been cast into the 'Devil's Hole;' and from the same source it was also ascertained that two other gentlemen—one of them a jeweller, known to be travelling with valuable diamonds in his possession—had by Abel Williams, owner of Spike Rock Farm, and his two eldest sons, and at the instigation of John Williams of Lleyrudrigg, been done to death by being precipitated into the same chasm.

At the following summer assizes, Abel, Robert, and Thomas Williams were condemned to suffer the full penalty of the law; Jonathan Williams the hunchback and the farmer's remaining sons received sentences of imprisonment of more or less severity; whilst to the landlord of the *Ship and Anchor* was awarded the well-merited punishment of transportation for life.

A few sentences will now suffice to complete my story. At the urgent request of the good couple, to whom I had become sincerely attached, and to whom indeed my services for the journey were, I thought, almost indispensable, I consented to return with them to their home. I did not, however, when giving that consent, intend to remain longer than one evening at Pwlwyn—my leave of absence from my duties having long since expired. But strange to say, when a full week had elapsed I was still lingering in that small and in itself unattractive Welsh village; and it was not until an entire change in my sentiments and in all my prospects for life had been wrought by my visit, that I eventually left it for Ollyhill.

During the time she had spent at the hotel whilst engaged in nursing her husband, and especially when upon the way home, Mrs Morgan had made frequent allusion in my presence and in terms of the highest praise to a certain young cousin under whose charge she had left her house and children. But little did I dream that *that* cousin—the *Lily* whose name I had so often heard repeated—was *my* Lily—Lily Thornton! Such, however, upon arriving at Pwlwyn, I found to be the case; and in the surprise and uncontrollable joy of that unexpected meeting, I knew that I, in fact that both of us, had betrayed ourselves. Then followed days full of a bliss so sweet, that resolve as I would, I *could* not forego it, when in the delightful consciousness of tacitly confessed love, Lily and I wandered forth together, seeking the shady woods and conversing in confiding tones—principally about nothing. At length there came a certain sunny afternoon when, seated side by side upon a rustic bridge, we bent in silence over a little babbling stream, our heads coming into closer and closer proximity, until in the end, with a sudden movement, 'our spirits rushed together in the meeting of the lips.' After that, as any person of the slightest experience in such matters will readily believe, it was—to use a slang phrase—all up with me. I left that bridge an affianced man; and upon returning to Ollyhill I resigned my curacy; and upon receiving Squire Thornton's somewhat reluctant consent to my engagement with his daughter, I obtained a situation in a mercantile house in Liverpool, the principal of which was an uncle of my intended bride. With indefatigable industry I laboured for two years to earn for myself a good position; and at the close of that time took to my bosom, for weal or woe, the wife for whose sake I had quitted the Church and joined the Merchants' Service.

In conclusion, the events I have here faithfully related, involve a virtue which every one ought to endeavour to practise—the virtue of Presence of Mind. In cases of sudden peril, a moment or two of calm thought on the part of *one* person, has frequently been the means of saving not only his own but the lives of his fellow-creatures. In the case of a theatre on fire, or in a runaway carriage, he (or she) who has the presence of mind to sit still, has the best chance of saving his (or her) life. In my case, feigning sleep probably saved mine.

TOY-LAND.

In a romantic and beautiful district of the Southern Tyrol, at no great distance from the town of Botzen, stands the flourishing village of St Ulrich. It is indeed more a small town than a village, and extends itself widely along the right bank of one of those rushing streams that dash through nearly every valley, and are fed by the melting of the snow on the lofty mountain-ranges of the neighbourhood. It contains several good and comfortable inns; and boasts of two churches, one of which is old and small; the other new and large, and handsomely carved and decorated outside, while in the interior, besides some richly painted windows and a good altar-piece, there is a great variety of statues and small figures, all of wood, most of them very delicately carved, and many of them, as well as much of the internal ornamentation of the church, tastefully gilt and coloured. This wood-carving is indeed the staple manufacture of the place, and has raised it to its present condition of evident prosperity. There are no signs of poverty anywhere visible; the people look healthy, happy, well fed and well clad, and their houses roomy and clean. Let us see how this pleasant state of matters has been brought about.

Wood-carving is the chief occupation of many a mountain village both in the Tyrol and in Switzerland; but in no place has it been carried to greater perfection or been entered into more thoroughly by the inhabitants than at St Ulrich. One branch of it indeed, the manufacture of wooden toys, particularly dolls, may be considered almost a speciality of the district; for the little town of St Ulrich is the great storehouse from which the chief toy-traders of Europe, we might almost say of the world, draw those rich and inexhaustible supplies which brighten so many nurseries and gladden the hearts of so many little ones. The art is said to have been introduced into the valley about the beginning of the last century, since which time it has been the principal employment of the inhabitants, male and female, young and old alike; for ancient grandfathers and grandmothers may be seen steadily pursuing the vocation that has been theirs from their earliest years; and as soon as the little boys or girls can be safely trusted with knives, they begin their rude endeavours to carve the form of some animal or toy which is the peculiar line of their family. This is one of the odd things in connection with the trade, that, as a general rule, each family or group of families has its own special department, from which they do not deviate. Some carve, some paint, some gild; the painters often working only in one particular colour; while the carvers constantly stick to the manufacture of one or two, or at the most of half-a-dozen animals, of certain toys or certain portions of toys and dolls, and so on through all the endless ramifications of their Lilliputian industry.

It is a most curious sight to watch them at work. They use no models, and work entirely by rule of thumb; long practice having made them so perfect that they turn out the tiny articles without the slightest hesitation, every one as precisely alike as if they had been cast in a mould. In this way are manufactured the varied collection of animals found in a Noah's Ark. Some families will cut out lions, tigers, camels, and elephants; others, sheep, oxen, and deer; others, chiefly birds; while another group will produce the wonderfully dressed little men and women popularly supposed to represent Noah and his seven human companions. The colouring of these productions is quite another branch of the trade; and while the carving goes on at all times with unabated regularity, the painting of the various articles is only added as they are required; that is, when orders come from the toy-dealers; and this frequently varies according to circumstances; so that the colouring and gilding business is not on the whole so steady and profitable as the carving.

There are several shops and warehouses where the articles thus manufactured are sold; but there are two leading merchants who act as wholesale exporters, buying the carved work either from the people themselves, or from minor agents, who realise a small profit by acting as middlemen. Permission can readily be obtained to visit those establishments; and it is a curious and amusing sight to walk through their vast repositories, and inspect the extraordinary collection of dolls and toys gathered together under one roof. The dolls are in themselves a very wonderful exhibition. There are rooms upon rooms quite filled with them, of every size and style, small and large, painted and unpainted; their size varying from tiny atoms scarcely an inch long, to huge figures of nearly a yard in length, most of them jointed, and the greater part uncoloured, and just as they came from the hands of the carver. They are carefully sorted according to their various sizes; and great shelves and cases in every direction are crammed with them. Some sizes are more popular than others; a very favourite length being about two inches; of this size one of the great doll-merchants of St Ulrich buys thirty thousand every week during the whole year! The makers of this kind can turn out about twenty dozen a day, each skilful worker; the painting being quite an after concern, with which the carvers have nothing to do. Here also are bins filled with wooden animals, also of different sizes and different degrees of excellence; for while some are merely roughly shaped and the production often of very young children, others are carved with very great care and dexterity, and are faithful representations of the creatures they are intended to imitate. All the numerous toys with which we are familiar in the shops, or which we have played with in childhood, here first spring into being. Noah's Arks, empty and full; armies of wooden soldiers on horseback and on foot; farmyards of various dimensions, stored with every article needful for the juvenile agriculturist; dolls' furniture of every shape and pattern; sets of tea-cups and saucers, and all kinds of domestic utensils; little wooden horses, little wooden carts. In short it is toys, toys everywhere; and even with all our experience of the capacity of children for acquiring such possessions, it is really difficult to credit the fact that this enormous manufacture and unceasing distribution go on, like the poet's brook, 'for ever.'

Quitting the premises, the visitor is still pursued by the prevailing occupation. Carts are coming and going, all carrying the one universal load — toys; while at every cottage door are seated some of the inmates, busily engaged with their own special branch of the trade; mothers singing to the children on their knee while they yet deftly carve a cow or a goat; old men and women whittling away, the ground at their feet strewed with the chips and shavings; and quite little boys and girls gravely cutting the portions intrusted to them, and soon acquiring a skill which enables them to add materially to the family gains. The men are usually employed on carving of a higher class, chairs, boxes, brackets, or on the superior quality of toys; as well as on that special branch which has attained very great perfection in St Ulrich, the cutting out and ornamentation of crucifixes, figures of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints, and of numerous other articles employed for the decoration of churches and sacred buildings.

As we have already said, it is an interesting sight to watch the people at their work. They are very willing to gratify the curiosity of visitors, and will readily communicate all the information in their power regarding their trade and its emoluments. The trees from which the different articles are made are a soft kind of pine, very easily cut and worked. They grow in abundance in the district, and are the main source of its prosperity. But with this prosperity the steady and industrious habits of the people themselves have also much to do. The youngest members of a family begin to work as soon as they are able to do so; and this regular occupation is continued through life till the trembling fingers can no longer hold the carving-tools.

As a rule the inhabitants of St Ulrich are simple and domestic in their tastes; they are fond of flowers, and their little gardens are carefully cultivated, and gay with bright colouring. As yet their isolated position, remote from the track of the ordinary tourist, has preserved them from many of the hurtful follies and vices too often found in more frequented districts, and but few of the villagers have ever passed beyond the bounds of their own secluded valley. And yet this little hamlet has a world-wide reputation. The toys of St Ulrich have delighted generations long passed away; they are to be found in palace, hall, and cottage; in the populous cities and quiet country homes of Europe, in far-distant nurseries of Asia and America; and in all probability they will continue to be poured forth in inexhaustible profusion when this and many a succeeding generation have gone from the whirl and bustle produced by the less innocent toys and amusements of maturity, to that silent land whose shadows are still deeper than those of the dark and majestic pine-trees that close in round the little valley of St Ulrich.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE have more than once mentioned the Australian 'gum-tree'—*Eucalyptus*—and the remarkable properties by which it checks malaria and the noxiousness of marshes. Dr Angus Smith, F.R.S., whose valuable paper on Peat-bogs we noticed a few months since, believes that the neighbourhood of Rome, the malarious, unhealthy Campagna, might be rendered habitable by large plantations of the eucalyptus. He has visited the locality, and saw an experiment on a small scale, about four miles from Rome, which appeared to be satisfactory. 'As one enters the garden,' he says, 'there is a peculiar odour perceptible: it is fragrant, pleasant, and resinous; some compare it to that from turpentine, some to the black currant; but every one attempts to give the name of some other odour as evidently mixed with this more prominent one. . . . This experiment shews that men may live in health in one of the worst parts of the Campagna with proper precautions. Instead of a neglected country with scarcely a house, it might be a pleasant habitation, as it once was, for many thousands. . . . We are informed that the tree itself with its exhalation is quite sufficient to render a district healthy; and it is perfectly certain that if the oil is efficacious, and the evidence gives faith, those who live near must be continually taking in doses which must soon equal in amount that usually given as a cure. They must in fact be living in a constant vapour of this healing oil.' More on this interesting subject may be found in the *Proceedings* of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, vol. 15.

At the last annual meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society (Falmouth) there was, as usual, an interesting display of works of art and mechanical inventions, and prizes were offered which may, perhaps inspire further inventions. As examples we mention five hundred pounds for the best boring-machine applicable to Cornish mines: fifty pounds 'for the discovery of a new mineral in Cornwall or Devon likely to become commercially valuable;' and 'for a method, mechanical or chemical, of making marketable, with commercial advantage, ores or minerals produced in Cornwall or Devon, and hitherto regarded as worthless, or of little value.'

The so-called diamonds in the Diamond Rock Drill are in reality carbonite, a mineral found in Brazil. When first offered for sale, the price was fourpence a carat; now it is from fifteen to twenty shillings. These pieces of carbonite being firmly set in a 'crown,' form a drill which, when driven by steam, will pierce the very hardest of rocks. According to the nature of the rock, the progress will be from one inch to two and a half inches a minute, which in ten hours would amount to a considerable number of feet. The wear of the carbonite is so small that in boring quartz, which is not a soft rock, to a depth of thirty feet, not more than one sixty-fourth of an inch would be worn off. The dangerous reef in the estuary of the Tees is in course of removal by means of the diamond drill. Holes are bored; blasting charges are inserted; the rock is blown to pieces; two thousand tons a day are lifted by a dredger; and the total cost for all this is not more than four shillings a cubic yard.

Mr Handyside exhibited at the Cornish meeting above mentioned a locomotive which will ascend steep slopes of one foot in ten, or one in eight if required, and therefore may be turned to good use in a hill-country. The Brenner Railway, by which trains cross from Tyrol into Italy, has a rise of one foot in forty: on railway lines generally one foot in eighty may be taken as an available gradient: hence it will be understood that a locomotive able to run straight up hill without miles of zigzag will admit of much economy in railway construction. This new locomotive has, at its rear, a drum wound round with a chain, and is provided with self-acting grips, which descend at the proper moment, and biting the sides of the rails, after the manner of a vice, so fix the locomotive to the spot that it becomes a stationary engine. Some of the wagons are fitted with similar grips, to prevent the train from running back during the ascent. When preparing to mount a hill, the free end of the chain is made fast to the foremost wagon; the locomotive moves on the whole length of the chain and fixes itself; the drum begins to turn, and by winding up the chain, hauls the train up; and this process is repeated until the hill-top is reached.

Here then is a new appliance for the engineering profession. Its capabilities have been proved, as stated in the Report, at the new Avonmouth dock, where a Handyside locomotive has hauled the excavated material from the bottom of the basin, and deposited it wherever required for filling on the top.

Other advantages possessed by this locomotive are: that it can be used with rails much lighter, and consequently less costly than those in general use: that the drum and chain facilitate the passage of curves: that a train of coal-wagons may be close coupled as a passenger train; and that its break-power is complete, and being applied to the sides of the rails, does not injure the surface that bears the traffic.

We are informed that a steam tram car has been invented at St Louis, United States, which travels seven miles in fifteen minutes. The boiler, cylinder, coal-box, and water-barrel are ingeniously planned to occupy as little space as possible; and the inventor states that 'under ordinary circumstances the cost of fuel will not exceed three shillings a day.' For further particulars, inquirers must write to St Louis.

On looking at a map, one often feels a desire to tell off-hand the distance between two places. Among the instruments exhibited at Falmouth, Morris' Patent Chartometer, which may be carried in the pocket as easily as a watch, will enable any one to get the desired information. The 'works' of the chartometer are moved by a wheel projecting on one side. To measure any distance on a map, we are told it is only necessary to hold the instrument upright, and run the wheel along the line between two places, or the course of a river, or the sinuosities of a coast, and the indicating fly denotes the number of miles or parts of a mile. The distance is shewn at once, without the trouble of calculation, which is an important advantage. A Patent Measuring Instrument, by the same maker, is described as 'somewhat similar in character, being run along the surface to be measured. It measures up to one hundred feet; and is of the size of an ordinary watch.'

The practice of using leather belts for transmission of power in foundries and factories, which prevails largely in the United States, has been imitated in Lancashire and Yorkshire with satisfactory results. With belts there is less noise and less vibration than with iron shafting and bevelled wheels; the walls of the building are consequently not weakened by perpetual shaking, and diminution of roar and rattle cannot fail to be a benefit to all concerned. Nevertheless leather belts are costly articles, and if hemp could be substituted for leather there would be a saving of two-thirds of the cost. This has been proved in Dundee, where in one of the factories (Messrs A. & J. Nicholl's) rope-gearing is used for transmission of power to all parts of the building, and during an experience of five years, has given full satisfaction. The size of the ropes varies with the work required; the largest, in the instance here under notice, being six and a half inches circumference. The power is communicated directly from the fly-wheel, the rim of which, instead of cogs, is filled with circumferential V-shaped grooves. The 'life' of a rope is said to be from three to five years, though some ropes last much longer; which considering that they travel from three thousand to six thousand feet per minute, may be regarded as long enough.

The *Proceedings* of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers contains a description of Frisbie's Mechanical Fire-feeder—a contrivance which economises fuel, increases heat, and saves trouble when applied to the fireplace of a steam-engine or furnace. Underneath the fireplace is a mechanism which carries a movable hopper; the hopper is filled with coal, and by the turning of a winch, is raised until the fresh coal is pressed against the bottom of the fire. The smoke, having to rise through an existing fire, is nearly all consumed; and the pressure from below breaks up the clinkers, and causes them to fall away to the circumference of the fireplace, from any part of which, as the bars are made to rotate, they can be easily removed. Among the advantages of this method are: that 'the fire is not reduced in intensity by the cold fuel damping the flame,' as is the case in fireplaces of the usual construction: that 'each successive charge of fuel lifts up and most effectually pokes the fire:' that 'the cooling of the furnace by the admission of a large volume of cold air when the fire-doors are opened for stoking, is avoided;' and that 'a smokeless flame is readily attainable with a thick fire, although using smaller fuel than can be employed in ordinary furnaces.' Accepting this information, it is not out of place to mention that the furnace by which steam is generated for driving the machinery by which this *Journal* and our other works are printed, is fed upon a somewhat similar principle. Small coal (dross) is placed in a hopper at the near end of the furnace, and rests upon and is gradually carried into the interior and on to the far end (where it is dropped as clinkers) by closely connected parallel bars which traverse the furnace from end to end and slowly revolve round a 'drum.' The strength of the fire is regulated by a door, which may be raised or lowered by a winch, to admit of a greater or less supply of fuel, as necessity may indicate. The result is that combustion *begins* at the near end of the furnace, the smoke is consumed before it can reach the flue, a steady fire is maintained without admitting an unnecessary amount of cold air or necessitating the constant attendance of a fireman, and the economical desideratum of a perfect smoke-consuming apparatus is achieved. The apparatus goes by the name of Jukes' Patent, and has been in constant use for over twenty years. In comparison with ordinary furnaces, a saving of seven per cent. of fuel is effected. Why this patent apparatus for prevention of smoke is not in universal use, we cannot explain.

A curious fact was mentioned at a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (Newhall Street, Birmingham). The boiler of a locomotive engine that had been working on a branch of the London and North-western Railway near London had become very foul through the constant use of hard water. Recourse was then had to a supply of water which had been softened, 'and at the end of a month the boiler was perfectly clean. The soft water had taken out the whole of the deposit, and not a handful of scale could be got when the boiler was washed out.'

Another fact: the water of a well at Camden Town (London) was so unfit for locomotive purposes that it could not be kept in the boilers on account of priming. 'To get over the difficulty, the railway company arranged with the canal alongside, by putting down a double acting-pump with separate outlets and inlets, so that in one stroke the pump would have a measure of water from the canal and put it into the tank for the locomotives, and the return stroke would take the water from the well and put it into the canal.'

Many attempts have been made to turn kite-flying to practical uses, but with scarcely any other result than to shew that in the art of kite-flying we are far behind China and Japan. Success depends on the shape of the kite; and if a kite presents a flat surface to the wind, it will be unsteady, and cannot be employed in a successful experiment. The proper form for a kite is that of a hemisphere with the convex side to the wind: no wings and a light tail. The string should be fastened a little above the centre. A kite thus constructed will, as is stated by Dr Joule of Manchester, 'stand in the air with almost absolute steadiness. He found that by pulling strings fastened to the right and left sides of the horizontal bow, the kite could be made to fly thirty degrees or more from the direction of the wind, and hence that it would be possible to use it in bringing a vessel to windward. One great advantage of such a mode of propulsion over ordinary sails would be that the force, however great, could be applied low down, so as to produce no more careening than that desired by the seaman.'

Another measuring instrument likely to be useful to engineers, architects, surveyors, and travellers who require to measure the heights of buildings, trees, cliffs, or hills, in some instances difficult of approach, has been described by Mr Laslett at a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects. It is the 'Metroscope,' 'an instrument for measuring inaccessible heights and distances, and for levelling.' To be able to measure the width of a river, or the height of a tower to the very top of the weathercock, is a manifest advantage, which is further increased by the instrument being provided with a scale, on which the measure can be read off in feet and inches, or feet and decimals. To give a clear idea of the construction, diagrams would be necessary; and it must suffice here to say that it combines adjusting screws, spirit levels, reflecting mirrors, and a telescope; as may be seen by any one who will call at Pastorelli's, 208 Piccadilly, London.

The third volume of the Report on the Geological Survey of Victoria (Australia), by Mr Brough Smyth, has been published. It furnishes interesting information concerning the surveys going on in different districts—the several goldfields—the volcanic rocks—the palæontological remains—the various methods of treating auriferous pyrites—the gold found in the water of mines—the mineralised woods, and precious stones. Apart from its scientific statements, the book is valuable for the historical particulars it gives of the discovery of gold, and of the 'rushes' of enthusiastic diggers. The total amount of gold produced up to 1875 exceeds L.182,000,000 sterling. Announcements of discoveries of minerals are often made for speculative purposes, and the process of 'salting' appears to be as well understood in Victoria as in Nevada; and in one instance a rumoured discovery of coal—a seam of lignite—proved, on examination by a government geologist, to be a trick: the specimen lumps had been ploughed in.

A line of telegraph from one end of Africa to the other is talked of. From Alexandria to Khartoum, 1100 miles, a wire is already erected, and is to be carried on to Gondokoro. From this place to the northern termination of the South African lines stretching from Cape Colony, the distance is about two thousand miles; and it is thought that to erect and maintain a line across that wild region would not be more difficult than it was to carry a line across the great continent of Australia. Travellers in the interior might then flash their messages to Cairo or Cape Town at pleasure.

LINES TO A LATE-BORN MOUNTAIN LAMB, ON A BLINK OF SUNSHINE IN WINTER.

Wee lammie, on yon Scottish hill,
Sport while ye may, and tak your fill
O' this bit glint o' simmer still,
Puir feckless[1] thing;
Winter a routh[2] o' cauld and chill
Too soon will bring.

Sport while ye may, my bonnie fay;
'Twill last na lang this autumn day;
For sour and dour,[3] without delay
Auld Winter's bound
His heavy hand o' skaith[4] to lay
On all around.

Unsheltered on the bare hill-side,
The sleety storm is sair to bide;
Caught in its arms, O wae betide
The hapless hour!
In thy sair stress, whar will ye hide
Frae its fell power?

What tho' the snaw-wreath cover thee!
An' frosty hand shall close thy e'e,
Thy young life in adversity
Thus pass awa;
'Tis surely best thou shou'dstna dree[5]
What *might* befa'.

I wadna hae ye like to me,
Aye fu' o' care for what may be,
Thy glad hour clouding waefully
Wi' threatened ill;
Rather wi' careless thoughts and free,
Thy bright hour fill.

We look behind! wae worth the day!
Aft miry path and feet astray,
Our guiding light a flickering ray,
No frae aboon—
An ignis-fatuus 'mid decay
And earthly gloom.

How aft wi' heart's ain dool[6] opprest;
How aft wi' ithers' pain distrest;
How afttimes pained, how seldom blest;
Joy's fairest bloom
Grows on a slender stem at best,
A touch its doom!

We come but with a fretfu' cry,
A wailfu' note to trouble joy;
We go, and Nature's agony
Doth still attend;
The sinking heart, the weary eye,
Proclaim the end.

We look beyond, and there we dreed!
Frae folly shall we e'er be freed?
We hope, we trust, that there indeed,
In time to come,
We may attain the heavenly creed,
And leal become.

And there, my lammie, like to thee,
Passive and pure, nae mair to be
Assailed wi' doubt or fear that we
Shall lapse or fa',
But evermair frae trouble free,
And earthly thraw.[7]

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[1] Weak. [2] Plenty. [3] Stubborn. [4] Harm. [5] Endure. [6] Grief. [7] Pain.

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FEMALE PROFESSIONALS.

Discussions respecting suitable employments for women have for the last few years caused much unpleasant excitement. Society is divided on the subject. Shall women study to be medical practitioners or not? Are they not entitled to compete fairly with men in such occupations as are consistent with their strength and abilities? Surely you are not going to treat them as inferior beings? These are the sort of questions that have been debated, and not always in a very placid humour. Having never interfered one way or other in this matter of dispute, we approach it in a perfectly impartial spirit, and desire to treat it not from any of the partisan views usually presented, but in the broad light of Nature—for to that every temporary and local interest must in a great degree eventually give way.

Let us go practically to the point, as that is better than any abstract reasoning. In a late number of our contemporary, *The Queen*, a London periodical partly devoted to illustrations of ladies' fashionable apparel, it is intimated that a wood-engraver of high standing had opened a class in London for instructing ladies in the art of wood-engraving. The announcement proceeds to say that wood-engraving is a lucrative art, in which partial training is valueless, and that the artist referred to being 'deeply interested in the extension of this work as an employment for women, does his utmost to impress upon all whom it may concern that no one can hope to succeed as a wood-engraver who is not willing to devote six hours a day for six years to learning the work. It has often been a matter of surprise to us that ladies did not study wood-engraving as a profession. If any novelty in dress or millinery is brought to us, and we desire to illustrate it in our pages, experience has taught us—and we only say this after repeated trials—that to Paris it must go to be both drawn and engraved. We have tried artists of fame, as well as unknown men, and always with the same result—utter failure. The figures may be more natural, and the faces better drawn perhaps, but as illustrations of dress or bonnets the English engravings failed to convey any definite idea of them, and were practically useless. Now that the use of illustrations in the literature of the day is constantly on the increase, and the number of periodicals devoted to ladies' requirements, are legion; also now that catalogues issued by the leading London mercers of their latest novelties yearly become more complete, we marvel why ladies who have a talent for drawing do not attempt to bring it into the market, and acquire the French knack of drawing, even such trifling matters as bonnets, on wood. Delicacy of touch rather than strength of hand is required; the cost of the requisite tools is nominal; it is essentially a home occupation, cleanly in its nature, and free from any unpleasant accompaniments. Wood-engraving is certainly worth a trial to any ladies who have studied drawing, and like the occupation, but to succeed it should be taken up seriously, and not as a pastime.'

We should be exceedingly glad to learn that the artist mentioned was successful in finding a numerous class of young women, who having little or nothing to do, would patiently and intelligently 'devote six hours a day for six years' to acquiring a satisfactory proficiency in the art of drawing and cutting illustrations on wood. It is an elegant art, requiring taste and accuracy of observation. In London especially it is, as is stated, largely in request, and accordingly to the skilled who are ready with their services, can hardly fail to be fairly remunerative. Nor should we forget that it involves no more severe bodily labour than needlework, if so much, while it is ten times more interesting.

Unfortunately, there is a *per contra* in almost everything, and particularly as concerns the prosecution of industrial occupations by women—wood-engraving and doctoring included. We frankly own that in many employments women are qualified to come up to men in proficiency, if not to go beyond them. We see this in various departments. It is much more observable in France than in England, perhaps because the draining away of men for the army has long been much greater in France than in our own country. In Paris, as we have seen, the man struts about in uniform, while Madame, under the pressure of domestic necessity, paints pictures, keeps the shop, or in some other way employs herself to secure a living, and sends baby to nurse with the chance of never seeing it more either alive or dead. That may be called making the most of women as bread-winners.

In England, society has not got this length, and we hope it never will. The foundation of our polity, civil and religious, is the family system, and it is the natural and proper system, anything else being abhorrent to cherished feelings and convictions. The destiny of man has been indicated with a plainness not to be mistaken. 'Man goeth forth to his labour.' In the old texts we do not hear of women having, like the over-drudged shop-keeping females in Paris, to toil for the support of husband and family. Knowing, and in no respect objecting to his fate, a young man learns and sticks to his profession. There is his work before him. It is the thing by which he proposes to live, as well as to maintain those for whom he may incur a responsibility. He may in the progress of affairs enlarge and improve upon his original employment, but unless he be a downright ne'erdoweel, or by good-luck falls into a fortune, he never entertains the idea of giving up work altogether as long as he is blessed with health and strength. The truth is, in most instances, work becomes so much a pleasure and a habit, as not to be readily relinquished, even when the pressure of necessity has passed away.

Such is the destiny of men according to the order of Nature. That of females is very different, or at least it is only modified by special and unavoidable circumstances. The young woman does not naturally look out for a trade which she will have to pursue for life. If she selects an employment to support herself, it is a kind of make-shift. It is something that may honourably provide for her wants in the meantime, or for a few years, as the case may be, but is not seriously viewed as a profession for life. The result is a degree of training and self-sacrifice inferior to that to which men feel obliged to devote themselves. Miss Nightingale has said that 'three-fourths of the mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men.' Just so. Women might in many departments of labour be equal to, or outshine men, but they will not take the trouble. They are thinking about something else, as it is quite natural they should do.

Miss B. B. M'Laren, a lady in Edinburgh, who has interested herself in the instruction of young women in wood-engraving as a pleasant and remunerative profession, does not speak very hopefully on the subject, in a small pamphlet which she has issued. Her words are worth quoting: 'In some of the novels of late years, in which a heroine is suddenly thrown on her own resources for maintenance, she at once becomes an engraver on wood, the profession being invariably acquired in the course of a year! Accuracy had to be sacrificed for the exigences of the tale, and anything can be accomplished on paper; but in real life *several* years of daily work will pass before proficiency is acquired. This does not mean to say that a proficiency very pleasing to the amateur may not be reached at a much earlier period, and pictures for admiring friends to praise grow under her hands; but the amateur standard and the professional one are widely apart. Partial training has been the ruin of many attempts to gain new employment for women. It is often spoken of as desirable that they should do "a little" work, but the "little" which is meant to apply to the matter of quantity, is easily transferred to that of quality, and this effectually bars the way to success. It is very undesirable to see a lowered standard for women's work, and yet what reason is there to expect the attainment of the higher one in any way but with the same amount of time and labour given by young men? No one asks for more. It is sometimes said that girls "take up things" more quickly than boys; but even where this is the case, the intuitive quickness of perception which rapidly obtains some knowledge of art, will not do away with the need for that time and experience which alone will give the power to practise it.'

In the education of women, according to this lady, there is usually a fatal want of 'thoroughness.' Things are learned superficially. This she laments; but from what we have already hinted at, it does not seem strange. The ordinary professions are not the vocation of women, and by no contrivance can we make them so, any more than we could make water run uphill. The hope of woman from the outset is some day to be married, and fall into the range of duties imposed on a wife and mother. Now, there is nothing wrong in aspirations of this kind. They are, on the contrary, to be commended, and at all events spring from moral and intellectual conditions which Nature has demonstrated from the earliest girlhood. Take, for example, the love of dolls. In every country in the world, dolls are the solace of female children. In the most savage nation, where the neatly manufactured doll, or *poupée*, as the French term it, was never seen, the little girl instinctively dresses up a piece of bone, and fondles it with an affection as ardent as that shewn by an English female child for a poupée of the most life-like and costly description. What is this but an inherent idiosyncrasy in the female mind, obviously implanted for a beneficent purpose. The girl playing with her dolls is the incipient mother loving and nurturing her children.

So is it in tracing girls up to womanhood. In their education, their domestic training, their style of dressing, and love of personal adornment, are recognised the position they are destined or hope to assume. Acute and clever as they may be, they seldom fail to make themselves as attractive as possible. From youth to age, dress runs in their head. The largest mercantile concerns in the world are got up and maintained purely for decorating their person. We find no fault with this prevalent taste, unless when it degenerates into something grotesquely absurd, as it occasionally does under the impulse of fashion. Every woman is entitled to make the very best of herself, to insure if possible the admiration of those whose good-will she especially cares for. But all such, and often very costly efforts, as regards dress are significant of the fact, that professional labour lies not within the course of life appointed for women. Their rôle is in the region of the heart —the domestic circle—not within the hard lines in which men find it incumbent on them to struggle for a subsistence.

Doubtless, through various exigences, large numbers of women betake themselves to professional employment of some kind. They become domestic servants, governesses, teachers, dressmakers, shop-assistants, and so on. While still young they work in factories. But we repeat that whatever they do in these several respects is done on the principle of a temporary make-shift; the predominant hope they indulge being that they will some day settle down as the happy and respected mother of a family. In this candid view of the matter it is hardly to be expected that women—taking them all in all—will ever make that resolutely persevering effort to attain the proficiency in a profession which is universally aimed at by men. To expect anything of the kind, is to hope for more than human nature can justify. In the notification which has been made respecting wood-engraving, it is specified that young ladies must make up their minds to study six hours a day for six years. Of the propriety of this obligation, we have no doubt. What concerns us to know is, how, besides paying fees, young ladies driven to the expedient are to live in the meanwhile, and how many will persist in giving six years of assiduous diligence in learning a profession which any day may be tossed aside on marriage, the paramount object in life, being happily achieved.

As far as we know, there are few or no instances of any regular trade being successfully appropriated entirely by women. Such, indeed, is not to be looked for, and, properly speaking, no blame ought to rest on females for essentially following a primarily assigned duty. We have known cases in which, from motives of benevolence, young women alone were invited to conduct a trading experiment, and they failed, not from want of skill, but want of perseverance. The members of the establishment broke away piecemeal, and went to other and more attractive pursuits. Where young men are employed along with young women in any commercial undertaking, there is less chance of disruption; and the reason why is so obvious as to need no particular explanation. No accusation can be made on this account. Celibacy is a violation of every instinct and sense of social obligation. It is often nobly submitted to as a duty by females, but the instinct is indestructible and to be respected.

When one reflects on the many reasons why young women are not, as a general rule, likely to give that close and lasting attention to any branch of scholarly or mechanical art qualifying them to excel, the vehement objections sometimes made to female professionals seem not a little ridiculous. We should like to see the subject treated in a more practical and sympathising spirit. A little consideration might shew that only in a few remarkable instances—such as that of Mrs Somerville—do women possess that resolute spirit of study which leads to eminence in scientific or other learned pursuits. The thing is not to be done off-hand, or by fits and starts, and half-formed resolutions. Look at the hard and tedious work that young men must undergo before attaining proficiency in the practice of medicine. Success with them is a matter of life and death. No one can reasonably expect that any large number of young ladies are ever likely to make similarly enduring efforts.

To us there is something melancholy in the exigent circumstances that often in this old country drive ladies to look for subsistence in pursuits not very accordant with the delicacy of their sex. The redundancy of unmarried young women should set people thinking on the causes for so much enforced celibacy. That is a broad department of inquiry somewhat strangely neglected. Neither emigration nor drafting for the army will account for the phenomenon. We have space here only to hint at one or two prevalent errors—or call them failings—in which society is intimately concerned as regards the number of female celibates.

Let us first point to the extravagant modes of living—extravagance in dress, extravagance in house-furnishing, extravagance in nearly everything—that has conspicuously gained ground among the middle classes within the past forty years, and in the face of which marriage has become a much more serious affair for men to encounter than it ought to be. There, plainly enough, lies the basis of innumerable mischiefs. For such a state of things, both sexes must bear the blame. Fathers of families are seen misexpending means, and leaving daughters unprovided for, but with tastes and habits which are incompatible with their position, the result being that they are reluctantly obliged to swell the already overswollen ranks of governesses. On the other hand, the lofty expectations erroneously entertained by many young women, drive away suitors who have still to make their way in the world. Hence, from various preventable causes, the vast numbers of young unmarried women crowding public places of resort.

Pondering on these social mistakes, who need feel surprised that women of an independent spirit should try to make their way as professionals. Applauding, we yet pity their meritorious endeavours. Only a few out of groups of aspirants are likely to be eminently successful; and we are prepared to learn, that as opportunity offers they will drop into the line of duty for which they were destined by the imprescriptive ordination of nature.

W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER VI.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I DID the best I could in the way of adorning for dinner with some of my dear mother's old lace, and a cherry-coloured bow or two on my black silk dress, and flattered myself that I was presentable enough for a family party. But on entering the drawing-room, I was somewhat dismayed to find Lilian in full evening dress. To my unaccustomed eyes her elaborate toilet appeared more suited to a ball-room than for dinner, and my taste in this case served as well as knowledge, for I know now that it was too much for home-dress, according to the decrees of Society. I think she saw what was passing in my mind, for she apologised in her half-shy graceful way by asking me to excuse it. It was 'a fancy of papa's to see her so; and she liked to gratify his lightest fancies now.'

Mrs Tipper had also made more change than seemed necessary for home toilet; and did not look at home in her rich moire and too massive jewellery, put on haphazard as it were: brooches stuck in upside down and on one side, as though it were enough for them to be there; rings, bracelets, &c. glittering with diamonds and other precious stones, not combined in the best taste.

But I soon had something to think of besides our toilets. Lilian whispered to me that 'he' had arrived; and when presently Mr Trafford entered the room and was introduced to me, my attention was concentrated upon him. Interested as I already was in Lilian Farrar, I was more than curious to see her lover. Moreover I was altogether inclined in his favour. No one could be more prepossessed in another's favour than was I in Arthur Trafford's; and yet I had been in his society barely half an hour before I was conscious of being not a little disappointed. Whether my expectations had been too exalted, or there was some graver cause for the disappointment, time would shew. I certainly had expected to find Lilian's lover and Mr Wentworth's friend very different from the fashionable-looking young man before me.

His bearing was that of a gentleman, and he was handsome—some might say very handsome. I would not allow even that much, in my disappointment, telling myself that his head wanted more breadth; that his features were too delicately chiselled for manly beauty; and that his hands were too small and soft and white. The very grace of his figure offended me, as indicating lack of power. What does the world want with graceful men, with hands incapable of grasping anything?

I had been prepared to like him for Lilian Farrar's sake; and already I was unpleasantly conscious that I might learn to dislike him for her sake. I tried to persuade myself that I was too hasty in my judgment—that his might be the type of manly beauty—the refined delicacy which in certain instances has accompanied a fine order of intellect. But no; Shelley had a different brow from that, and something very different looked out of Shelley's eyes.

While I was summing him up in this uncompromising way, I am bound to acknowledge that he was most courteously trying to make talk with me. Lilian had introduced us in her pretty graceful way, informing us that we were to become great friends; and he had taken the hint, making himself specially attentive and agreeable to me during dinner. He talked well, and appeared well read; and I must do him the justice also to say that his bearing towards Mrs Tipper was all that it should be, with no perceptible undercurrent of pride or satire. Above all, I must acknowledge that his love for Lilian was sincere; no woman could for a moment have doubted that; whatever its value in other respects, it was sincere. And yet I was perverse enough not to be satisfied with him. Why could I not take to him? I irritably asked myself, conscious that I had not sufficient grounds for my prejudice, and ashamed of feeling it. But there it was, and I could not overcome it.

Mr Farrar joined us in the drawing-room, which was lighted up as if for a large assembly, for an hour after dinner; and I, who had been accustomed to note certain signs and symptoms in an invalid, could see that the effort cost him a great deal. He was, however, not too weak to tell me the cost of building and furnishing Fairview; that he had paid two hundred and fifty pounds for the grand piano; a guinea a yard for the curtains; that the carpet had been made to his special order, &c.; whilst Mrs Tipper was smiling amiably in her after-dinner nap, her fat little jewelled hands folded at her capacious waist; and Lilian and her lover were sauntering amongst the flowers in the moonlight outside.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, Mr Farrar told me there were to be all sorts of entertainments given at Fairview; dinner-parties, garden-fêtes, and so forth. Then he named two or three City magnates as his friends, and went more fully into the Trafford pedigree for my edification, dwelling enjoyably upon the idea of being father-in-law to a Trafford. 'The Warwick Traffords, you understand, Miss Haddon; it is very essential that should be remembered.' Going on to point out the great things which might be expected from such an alliance. 'With money as well as birth, Arthur Trafford would enter parliament and make some mark in the world.' All of which proved that he too had faith in the young man's capabilities. I know now that it was Arthur Trafford's evidently sincere admiration for things great which misled so many who knew him. Were he capable of doing the deeds he could admire, he would have been what he had the credit for being. When I heard him dilate with glowing eyes and heightened colour upon some heroic deed, I could understand how he had obtained an influence over a young imaginative girl. He not only made her believe him to be endowed with the qualities of a hero, but honestly believed it himself; persuaded that he only lacked opportunity to prove that he was made of very different material from that of ordinary men.

I listened to Mr Farrar politely, as I was bound to do, and not a little pitifully too. All this was what he had set his heart upon; and he would not live to have his ambition gratified, even had Arthur Trafford been all he was imagined to be. Had no one warned him? Did not the sight of his own pinched and drawn face warn him that he was already on the threshold of the other life? Had I been speculatively inclined just then, I might perhaps have carried on the thought which suggested itself to me. I will only say that I felt more respect for the etherealised body at that moment than for the earth-bound soul. I think now that Mr Farrar would not be warned of what was approaching, and contrived to deceive his child and those about him as he deceived himself respecting his real state.

There certainly was at present no foreshadowing of the coming separation, in his daughter's face. She was altogether free from care; and I was presently very glad to find that my first estimate of her had been so far correct; she was not the kind of girl to be selfish in her happiness; in small things she shewed herself to be considerate for others. Mr Farrar was presently wheeled away in his invalid chair, bidding me good-night with the information that he was just at the period of convalescence when rest and seclusion are essential; and as soon as his daughter found that I was left companionless in the drawing-room, she came in, her lover's protests, which were carried on to the very threshold, notwithstanding.

But I begged to be allowed to make acquaintance with the garden; and went out into the moonlight, leaving the lovers at the piano together. It was the very best light in which to see the Fairview grounds where there were no trees higher than shrubs, and too much statuary, with vivid patches of colour, so fatiguing to the eye—masses of flowers without scent or leaves, arranged with mathematical precision, as though they had become strong-minded, and would only speak to you in problems. In fine, it was the newest fashion in gardening, which Mr Farrar prided himself upon keeping up at great expense. To my unaccustomed eye, it lacked the poetry of the old less formal styles. But it looked its best in the softening and subduing effect of moonlight; one got some hints of shadow, which was as lacking during most of the day as in the famous Elizabethan picture. In the light of day the silvan gods and goddesses looked specially uncomfortable, for want of a little foliage. One 'Startled Nymph,' placed at the corner of a gravel-walk, without so much as a shrub near her, appealed to one's sense of justice in the most pathetic way.

My best enjoyment, as time went on, was to go down (the grounds sloped down a side of the hill upon which the house was built) through the kitchen gardens, seat myself upon the low wall which bounded them, and turning my back upon the glories of Fairview, refresh my eyes by gazing upon the beautiful undulating country, stretching far into distance beyond. I never tired of gazing at the varied scene—pasture-lands, deep woods, ripening hop and wheat fields, pretty homesteads, an occasional glimpse of the winding river, and a primitive-looking little ivy-covered church. It was this little church that Lilian and I elected to attend, instead of going in state to the newly built edifice near Fairview, to which Mr Farrar had given large donations. There was one nest of a house, peeping out from its woody retreat, on the slope of a hill, rising from a small straggling village in a lonely valley, half a mile or so to the left of Fairview, which made a special appeal to my fancy. A long, low, old-fashioned house, with veranda and green terrace walk, I pictured to myself the lovely view as seen from that aspect; and what life might be with Philip in such a home—the rest and peace we two wanderers might find in such a haven as that. Had not I been a wanderer too? He was writing more and more hopefully of being able to return and settle in England in another year.

'Thank God, there will be no more need for money-grubbing, Mary. We can live with a few chosen friends and our books in some cottage-home free from care.' It was part of our arrangement to live simply as well as largely, our only ambition being to gather congenial friends about us. Ah, me—ah, Philip! what a glorious dream it was!

Lilian was very impatient to hear my praises of her lover—or to talk them; it did not much matter which—and that first evening instituted a custom to come to my room the last thing every night. '*If* you do not mind, Miss Haddon?' in her sweet plea*ding* way. Mind, indeed! It would be the very best way of finishing the day which she could invent, I told her; taking her face between my hands, and putting my lips to her brow.

'But—I fear you are engaged; you must not let me be selfish,' she murmured, glancing at my open desk.

I had commenced a letter to Philip, telling him of my change of abode, and doing my best to convey to him the impression that my engagement at Fairview was a less business one than it really was. I closed my blotting-book at once. Philip would get his letter quite as soon if I wrote later; and it was my fancy to write to him during the silent hours of the night.

She took a seat upon a stool at my feet, for that also was to be an institution, she laughingly observed; and commenced with a few words expressive of the hope that I should like Fairview; and then, in charming Lilian fashion, told me that '"Dear Arthur" (you must let me call him that to you when we are alone, dear Miss Haddon) is delighted at my good fortune in having you. He sees, as we all do, how very different it might have been.'

She seemed to think that nothing could be more gratifying than to find favour in 'Arthur's' sight. The possibility of his not finding favour in my sight, did not, I think, for one moment enter her thoughts. Fortunately, she took my admiration of him for granted. I should have found it difficult to satisfy her expectations upon the point. How pleasant it was to listen to her ideal talk of her lover—her vivid imagination investing him with all the grandest attributes of a hero; though it would have been even more pleasant, had I had no misgivings upon the point, or felt sure that she would never be disillusioned. As it was, the fear that she might some day be roughly awakened from her bright dream, and the knowledge of what such an awakening would cost her, caused me to listen rather gravely and abstractedly.

I was a little disturbed from another cause, not sufficiently appreciative of the wisdom which comes with years. Ah, me! how far apart that twelve years' difference between our ages seemed to set us! I was so sensitive upon the point, that it did not occur to me that the difference between our characters or temperaments might in some measure account for my reticence. I was not naturally so expansive in my manner as are many women. Though the thought of Philip would set my pulses throbbing and my cheeks aflame, I could no more have talked of my love to Lilian Farrar than I could have cried it aloud in the streets. The rhapsodies over a certain portrait—the kisses pressed upon the paper that *his* hands would touch—and sundry other vagaries committed after she had left me that night. Could she have seen it all, she would no longer have thought it necessary to apologise for talking so much love-talk to me. I was illogical enough to be wounded at her supposing it to be necessary to apologise; whilst I took no steps to shew her that no apology was needed. But the kisses and rhapsodies notwithstanding, the tone of the letter written that night to Philip was tinged with a *soupçon* of melancholy. It contained more than one reminder that he must not expect to find me exactly the same in appearance as the girl he had parted with eight years ago.

But I do not think mine is a morbid nature, apart from that one subject, and fortunately there were now too many demands upon me, and my time was too fully employed in the duties of my position, to leave leisure for unhealthy study of my feelings.

Mrs Tipper at once left everything in the way of management to me; only too glad to resign the reins of government, which had been but loosely held, into my hands, and cease to have any recognised individuality in the household.

'My dear, the servants all know that I haven't been used to it, and I'm sure they are no way to blame for that; of course anybody could see, only they won't mind what I say.'

Moreover, I received a hint from headquarters that it would be considered part of my duty to keep the domestic machinery under my supervision, the housekeeper with the high wages notwithstanding. The management of a set of servants who had been accustomed to do pretty much as they pleased, except with respect to their master—he was as exacting and ready to take affront as his sister was lax and good-natured—was, I soon found, no easy task. Lilian was simply the pet of the house, as she had been ever since her return home; seeing nothing the servants did not choose her to see, and with no thought of evil—no suspicion that others might be less trustworthy and unselfish than herself. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, and lavish with her large allowance of pocket-money, she was ready to give wherever she was told help was needed, and was made acquainted with all the requirements of the servants and their relations. Grandmothers, mothers, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles—numberless needy people were made known to her, and all found sympathy and help. The servants at Fairview had good cause for their fealty to their young mistress.

I was too often obliged to look upon the reverse of the picture. Many a trait of human nature, of which it is painful to be cognisant, and still more painful to be the censor of, came under my notice, and for a time my position was a not very enviable one, the servants resenting what I suppose appeared to them as undue interference. But as time passed on, they learned to distinguish between my blame and their master's. They found that I blamed neither from pleasure nor anger, but simply because it was part of my business, which it gave me no little pain to be obliged to do.

Then they could not say that they found me either proud or ashamed of my position. Little half-speeches and innuendoes, with which I was first assailed, to the effect that 'People who took wages had no right to set themselves up above other people who did the same,' were met by the frank acknowledgment that they certainly had not a right. 'I was ready to take the blame for any undue assumption of superiority they might convict me of, whilst trying to do the work I was paid to do.' So at length we came to understand each other better; difficulties became fewer, and my work was less a task.

One step which I took, and which I quite believed would cause me to lose ground in the estimation of the servants, had quite a contrary effect to what I expected. I was very soon able, with dear old Mrs Tipper's ready sanction, to give Becky a step in life. An under-housemaid was required, and I contrived to win Mrs Sowler's consent for Becky to come to Fairview. As I laid no restrictions whatever upon Becky in the matter, I thought it quite possible that certain facts concerning my poverty, and consequent rather hard life, whilst at Mrs Sowler's, might become known amongst the servants at Fairview.

But I did not do Becky justice. As thoughtful and considerate for me as she was true, nothing relating to the past escaped her. Although she was at first awed and overwhelmed by the gorgeousness of her new home, and was, when alone with me, very frank in expressing her astonishment at the ease and readiness with which I accepted it all, I found that she said no word down-stairs about my past troubles. She only displayed her surprise at my philosophy and delight at her own good fortune, when we were safely shut in alone together.

'Ain't it lovely, when you have been used to things so different, Miss? Here's me sitting down to dinner every day like a lady born! No call to snatch bits off the plates as they come down now! And instead of washing and doing my hair in the back-scullery, there's a beautiful bedroom of my own to go to. Mrs Sowler wouldn't believe! And I've got you to thank for it all! Just see if I won't try. They shan't say you have recommended a girl as can't work; though Sophy says it isn't genteel to tear at it as I do.'

Becky's gratitude to me was even deeper and more enduring than I had expected to find it, and her love—I must have been very different from myself, to deserve such love as Becky's; though I knew that it did her no harm to indulge it.

Lilian who, from my description of past hardships, took great interest in her, and was extremely kind to her, did not, as I took it for granted she would, share with me in Becky's love. Nay, I verily believe that in her allegiance to me, poor Becky was jealous of a rival power. I could not get her to be enthusiastic about even Lilian's beauty. Becky always insisted that it was the pretty dresses which made her look more attractive than I did; and tried to persuade me to endeavour to outvie her. Her staunch friendship did me not a little good. It was especially cheering to me just then to find that I could keep love as well as win it without using any unlawful means.

DECEPTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Latterly, the newspapers have brought to light a variety of curious instances of credulous people being imposed on by deceptive advertisements. Human weakness appears to be specially preyed upon by medical pretenders. The practice of medicine without proper qualifications being illegal, the pretender takes care to avoid marked publicity, and works at a distance by way of advertisement.

We may give one or two instances. The illegal practitioner announces his power of curing an ailment by being furnished with a letter describing the symptoms. To this the ailing one receives a gushing reply, written upon showy paper, with embossed address, monogram, crest, and everything calculated to deceive the prey around which the empiric is about to wind his toils, not to be unwound until the uttermost farthing shall have been paid. The patient is informed that his symptoms indicate an unusually deranged state of health, which will necessitate the preparation of special medicines, and for a supply of which a fixed sum is to be immediately forwarded; the writer's conviction being expressed that this one supply will produce all the effect that could be desired; though, should it not, the case must be an obstinate one, and the patient is urged not to lose a day in renewing the supply, and again renewing that, if need be. There are not wanting instances in which these nefarious compounds (of which an average supply lasts about six weeks) have been imbibed several times a day for nine or ten months, the credulity of the consumer evaporating at that stage. And here we may mention that our statements have not had their origin in speculation, certain victims being of our own acquaintance. It is not our province to determine whether or not the trifling ailments referred to are the premonitory symptoms of the more serious maladies turned to advantage by the quack. Apart from our own knowledge on the subject, it is to be presumed that the exaggerated statements rest on some foundation; but we have no hesitation in pronouncing the vast majority of these advertisers to be nothing more than medical highwaymen, and wish that it were in our power by these lines to banish them for ever from the scenes of their abominable extortions and infamous exploits. Almost all of them are amenable to the law even in its present state, as is proved by the late successful prosecution of large batches in Lancashire, one of whom engaged to restore to health his detective-patient in a couple of weeks for the modest sum of forty pounds. But in general their security is undisturbed, and their unlawful operations carried on openly.

Not long since, we encountered an advertisement which purported to emanate from a gentleman who had suffered from polypus in the nose for many years; who had been treated by various medical men without any benefit, but who, after prolonged and intense suffering, obtained permanent relief, having discovered means by which every person so afflicted might *cure himself*, and which, actuated by feelings of humanity, he desired to make known. For this information—this means of self-cure—there was required nothing save a stamped directed envelope. Having our own ideas respecting such an advertisement, we applied for the recipe, though not nasally afflicted; and received in reply a printed letter, directing application to be made to another person possessed of an extremely high-sounding name, who, Number One declared, had been the instrument under Providence, &c. On application to Number Two we obtained—a pamphlet, with the usual exhortations to lose not a moment in forwarding a sum considerably in excess of a sovereign! At the present time there are quite a number of such advertisements to be seen; some of them are even published in the falsely assumed names of clergymen, who are prompted by feelings of humanity, &c., and contain disclaimers of any connection with quacks or quackery of any kind.

The advertisements of those private parties who profess to be systematic *money-lenders* are of two kinds—the one from those who do lend; and the other from those who do not. The former are almost universally deceptive; the latter, of course unquestionably fraudulent. The advertisements of those who do lend, addressed to certain specified classes, almost without exception contain assertions which the borrower will find abundant reason to doubt ere the loan is completed. On application the needy unfortunate will be puzzled to reconcile the terms named to him with those in the alluring advertisement, and will find the rate of interest to be truly 'six per cent. and upwards,' fifty per cent. being no uncommon demand, in addition to expenses incident to and deducted from the loan, and which, the applicant is usually informed, are necessitated by the existence of some special risk in his particular case.

To those who pretend to lend, but who do *not*, we shall now proceed to devote a little more attention. They are seldom found associated as a company; but for reasons of their own, most of them prefer to sail under amalgamated colours. Their advertisements are always more alluring than those of the usurers whose occupation they counterfeit. Those who require temporary confidential accommodation are informed that they can obtain the same by application to A. B. C. & Co., without the inconvenience of inquiries or sureties, on security of furniture, &c., or on personal security—at a small extra-risk-premium. Distance no object. Or occasionally it is varied by the falsehood that no preliminary fees or office expenses of any kind are charged. But when this stage of the transaction has been reached, the dupe always learns that these payments are dispensed with only in the cases of certain classes, to none of which, it is scarcely necessary to add, he is fortunate enough to belong.

The profits of those who do not lend are derived solely from booking fees, office expenses, and charges for the sham inquiry, which always, of course, is of so unsatisfactory a nature that the 'loan' cannot be granted.

We were recently informed by a casual acquaintance, that some time ago, when in reduced circumstances, occasioned by various losses, he resolved to obtain a loan of forty pounds, and for that purpose made his way to the office indicated in a very attractive advertisement. He found the advertiser occupying, as offices, two apartments in a dingy building used by various persons in a similar capacity. A single clerk represented the entire staff in the outer office. Within was an old oily-looking individual, whose get-up was quite in keeping with the wretched surroundings. His red face beamed with apparent pleasure as he beckoned his impecunious visitor to a chair. After having stated that he could give the security of his furniture (value for many times the amount he required), replied to a number of queries, and paid over two shillings and sixpence, the applicant was handed a form, to be taken home, filled up, and returned to the office, when the application would be considered. On suggesting that he should fill the form just then, urging his anxiety to obtain the loan as soon as possible, he was informed that, if received the following morning, it would be quite time enough, as the principal himself (just then absent) must first consider it.

The form contained a number of questions, one incorrect answer to which, a note informed the applicant, would invalidate the entire transaction. Another note furnished a scale of inquiry fees, in pursuance of which he inclosed with the form an ill-afforded seventeen shillings and sixpence. The receipt of this was acknowledged, and his suspense began. After about a fortnight of anxiety, during which he had several interviews with the aforesaid clerk (the principal being always absent), and had parted with an additional five shillings in payment of the legal document incident to the loan, the applicant received by post the gratifying intelligence that, as the result of the inquiries had proved unsatisfactory, Mr P. Q. regretted to have to inform him that the negotiations must be considered at an end. No further explanation was given; but the disappointed applicant resolved to obtain more explicit information. He called at the office, and learned from the clerk, who at first feigned ignorance of his person, that Mr X. Y. the man of business had just gone out. 'Was the principal in or at home?' brought the response: 'Neither: he is expected back this evening.' Another visit had a similar result; but while requesting to know the time of their return, he observed the clerk reach for a ruler which, rolling along the desk from him, fell heavily on the floor; and the visitor remembered with suspicion that a similar *accident* had occurred on the occasion of his previous visit. Having informed the scribe of his determination to see the principal or his manager, Mr O. took his departure. Next day he called again. Mr X. Y. was in, but engaged, and likely to be so for a considerable time. The clerk was again sufficiently awkward to let the ruler fall. The visitor, despite the endeavours of the clerk to dissuade him, persisted in remaining. After a while, the clerk, with a remark to the effect that he would mention Mr O.'s presence, knocked at the inner door, opened it, and vanished through. Presently he returned, apologising. The manager was alone. The gentleman who was with him must have passed out while the unobservant clerk was writing or calculating, or both. Just then Mr X. Y. himself appeared, expressing his regret, firstly in relation to the clerk's mistake; secondly, regarding the falling through of the negotiations, consequent on the receipt of a certain letter. In reply to Mr O.'s request to be permitted to see the letter, or even to be informed who was the writer of the unsatisfactory tidings, he was told that such would be a flagrant breach of faith with the correspondent, and so contrary to the practice of the profession, that Mr X. Y. could not possibly take upon himself to do so in the absence of the principal. As the conversation progressed blandness disappeared, the manager's red face assumed a redder aspect; and the visit was terminated by Mr O. being ordered out of the office—a command with which, under the circumstances, he could do nothing but comply.

This is the case as we remember having been told it; and our informant stated that, from further inquiries, he had no doubt the object of this advertiser was other than the lending of the needful. Few men, especially those who appear in comfortable circumstances, care to trumpet their poverty to the world; and this alone, we believe, prevented Mr O. from instituting proceedings against the swindling sham-manager and his accomplice.

Another class of deceptive advertisements are those offering remunerative employment to all persons without hinderance to present business, &c. We write of the *class*, and do not affirm that there are no exceptions. Generally the sum stated to be *very easily earned* is a tempting one to the class of people for whom it is intended. They send half-a-dozen or a dozen stamps, as requested, receive a reply, and then forward six or ten or sometimes twenty shillings in the nature of security, obtaining in return some articles of insignificant value for sale on commission. We have been informed that on one occasion the articles so sent were a few pencil-cases and trifles of like nature, by selling which, our informant stated, a very persevering man *might* realise one-fifth the income mentioned in the advertisement.

It is not often that the person defrauded finds himself amusingly hoaxed in addition; in this position, however, was the person who, reading an advertisement of a certain means of earning thirty shillings a day, which any one sending three stamps would be put in possession of, remitted them, and obtained the advice: 'Sell a ton of sugar a day at five per cent.'

We have seen that quacks, sham-usurers, &c. owing to the nature of their transactions, are generally safe from legal proceedings by any of their victims, who naturally are averse to appear before their friends and the public in such matters.

Some will suggest that the laws should be so amended as to punish severely persons guilty of the varieties of imposition we mention. We have no objection to such a remedy being sought for; but the best of all preservatives against flagrant attempts at imposition, is the exercise of a little shrewd common-sense, and, in time of need, an application to a legitimate quarter.

A JOURNEY IN TURKESTAN.

A good deal has been heard lately about Turkey and Turkestan. Leaving Turkey in the meanwhile to the newspapers, which have sad work in dealing with it, we wish to say a few words about Turkestan, a country that was taken possession of by Russia a few years ago. In the first place, where is Turkestan? It is a tract of country in Asia, lying on the east of the Caspian Sea, and having Persia and Afghanistan on the south. On the north, is that inland sheet of water known as the Sea of Aral, into which runs the river Oxus or Amu Daria. Near the left bank of this river, which drains Turkestan, is situated Khiva, the capital of the country. We should have heard little of this obscure Asiatic region but for the possibility of the Russians some day pushing their conquests onward through Afghanistan to India. On that we offer no opinion. The character of Turkestan has been materially cleared up by the work of Mr Eugene Schuyler, concerning whose travels we propose to say something.

Mr Schuyler started on his long journey in March 1873, travelling for some way in company with Mr M'Gahan, correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who a few months later, by reason of his interesting account of his desert ride to Khiva, awoke to find himself famous. Travelling on the smooth snow-roads with their tarantasses well packed with provisions, and strapped on to sledges, they struck across the Volga, through Orenburg to Uralsk, the capital of the Cossack settlement. Two or three native servants and an interpreter were added to the little party, which at first advanced by means of sledges, these being replaced by the luxurious tarantass—a carriage so built that the occupant can lie at length—when they suddenly passed from bitter winter into an oriental midsummer.

As the travellers steadily pursue their long way, the reader finds himself looking at an endless variety of dissolving views, all changing and shifting with the picturesque rapidity of kaleidoscope patterns. He sees in succession glimpses of the Aral Sea, great barren stretches of desert steppe, at first white with snow, and further on black, and then red, and afterwards more desolate than ever—the only human beings on it being wandering families of Kirghiz, going with their cattle, flocks, and kibitkas (tents), to seek pasturage south of Orenburg. The Kirghiz are a race of Turkish origin, speaking one of the purest Tartar dialects. They solicited Russian protection in the time of Peter the Great. They are Mohammedans, and possess as usual many wives, from whom they exact one very curious mark of respect. The women are not allowed to mention the name of any of their male relatives in conversation; and in illustration of the occasional inconvenience attendant on this custom, our author relates the following amusing anecdote: 'A Kirghiz woman wanted to say that a wolf had stolen a sheep and taken it to the reedy shore of the lake. Unfortunately, the men of the family bore names corresponding to most of these words, and she was obliged to gasp out "that in the rustling beyond the wet a growler gnaws one of our woollies."' This story shews that the Kirghiz are named after natural objects and animals, in the same way as in European nations.

Following the travellers along the river Syr Darya, and past the groves of dark-green trees marking the site of Turkestan, we see them at Tashkent, a flourishing quiet little town, where there is quite a colony of Russian officials and their families. Here is the palace of the governor-general, which stands in an immense garden, beautifully laid out; in summer every one migrates to the gardens outside the town, where they live in Kirghiz kibitkas, which are very spacious and comfortable. The native part of the town is interesting from the variety and unevenness of the buildings.

Tashkent was captured in October 1864 by General Tchernaieff, who seems to have behaved exceedingly well, and to have won golden opinions from the people. Mr Schuyler was several times in this town, and gives a very interesting account of native Mussulman life and customs. He shews us their occupations and amusements, and their civil and religious ceremonies. He takes us through the quaint bazaar, which forms such a characteristic part of every Asiatic town, and introduces us to the tea-houses, and various shops of the jewellers, sword-blade, and saddle and harness makers, dye, cosmetic and soap vendors, porcelain and pottery makers, &c. Whole streets are devoted to separate trades, such as tanning and shoemaking; and long rows of booths are filled with cotton and silk goods, the best of which latter come from Bukhara and Khokand. The entire care of the rearing of silkworms and winding the silk is intrusted to the women—it being an occupation considered derogatory to the dignity of the men—and the methods employed are so rude, that the yield of silk is far less than it would be if managed by Europeans; but faulty as is the system pursued, the silk manufacture is of great importance to the country, and is more developed than other branches of industry.

Leaving Tashkent behind them, the little caravan slowly advances torwards Samarkand, crossing the Golodnayo or 'Famished Steppe,' which is a desolate waste, containing but a few wells of brackish water. Samarkand appears to be a beautiful city, possessing magnificent ruins, many mosques, and of course a bazaar, and is backed by dazzling snow-peaks. Of all central Asiatic towns, Samarkand is the most surrounded by old-world romances and traditions of bygone splendour. It was conquered by Alexander the Great, and afterwards by the Arabs. As the writer places before us in succession the beautiful medressés of Hodja Akhrar and of Shir Dar, with their partially remaining delicate facing of blue and white tile-work, vast ruins, and mighty domes; mosques, with their towers and minarets, and famous tombs (amongst them that of Timur), we seem to be looking at a wonderful city of the far past transplanted from the pages of the *Arabian Nights*. The city was finally captured by General Kaufmann, and taken under Russian protection in 1866.

Again the travellers advance; and we have shifting views of mountain and valley to Urgut, beyond which the peaks of the Zarafshan Range rise to from twelve to eighteen thousand feet high. The next halt across the mountains and steppes is Hodjent, from whence Mr Schuyler decided to take a journey to Khokand with a retired Russian officer, who was also going; and on June 9th they started, stopping first at Makralm, the frontier fortress of Khokand, and then continuing their way through cultivated country and pretty villages till they reached Khokand, which is modern, and has wider and more commodious streets than most Asiatic towns. Its population numbers about seventy-five thousand, and one of its chief characteristics is a large paper manufactory, where nearly all the paper used in Central Asia is made. The rule of the khan throughout Khokand is arbitrary and tyrannous; executions are very frequent, and are constantly accompanied by the most frightful tortures. After overcoming very considerable difficulties, and after much time had been wasted in the exchange of presents, compliments, and tiresome ceremonials, the travellers succeeded in obtaining an interview with the khan, to whom they had letters to deliver from the authorities at Tashkent.

The almond-shaped valley of the Khokand, about one hundred and sixty miles long and sixty-five broad, is an exceedingly fertile district; and owing to the excellence of the soil and the climate, the agriculture is in a highly flourishing condition, and its mountains abound in minerals. But in spite of so many natural advantages, Khokand has been the scene of constant rebellions, owing to the cruel tyranny and shameful exactions of the Khan Khudayar and of the Beks, to whom are intrusted, with absolute power, the various towns and provinces. Of all the Asiatic races the Khokandians seem to be the most fancifully superstitious, the simplest actions, movements, and affections, such as sneezing, coughing, whistling, drinking, &c., having a good or evil significance. A buzzing in one's ears means a death, and a prayer is repeated, connected with which fancy the writer gives the following legend: 'In heaven there is a tree, on each leaf of which is written the name of some soul; and what men call a buzzing in their ears is the rustling of one of these leaves as it falls from the tree. If the noise be a ringing as of bells, then it is a Christian soul whose leaf has fallen, and who is to die; and so for each faith the noise is different.' There is scarcely an occurrence of their daily life which is not similarly bound up with some poetical and fanciful story.

From Khokand our author proceeded to Bukhara, through a country that gave signs of an older and more perfect civilisation; and throughout Bukhara the treatment he met with from the inhabitants was very polite and obliging. The journey lay through a mountainous district; and wherever he staid on the road, he was welcomed with kind hospitality, if with rigid etiquette, by the various Beks. The hardships of the journey from Karshi to Bukhara were great—a bare sandy desert, great heat, very little and very bad water. On the road, the Amir Mozaffir Eddin passed with a guard of about eight thousand men, on his way to Shahrisabs, his usual summer residence. Having a letter to deliver to him from General Abramof, Mr Schuyler succeeded after some difficulty in obtaining an interview with him in person. The Amir, who is detested by his subjects, was polite although very curt, and gave his permission for the party to proceed to Bukhara, with the gracious injunction to pass the time pleasantly and to travel as his guest. The slave-trade, although supposed by the Russians to be utterly a thing of the past, was still carried on here, Mr Schuyler having been present at the sale of several Persian men and boys. He himself bought a boy, meaning to take him to Russia and then send him back to Astrabad, to his friends; but the boy was stolen from him on the day of his purchase by order of the Bukharan authorities. Determined to outwit them in his turn, he secretly purchased another boy; and this second rather dangerous acquisition was successfully taken to St Petersburg. On the return of the army from Khiva, General Kaufmann concluded a treaty with the Amir, which has put an end to the slavery in Bukhara for ever.

From thence the writer returned to Tashkent, then diverged to Aulié-Ata, on the rapid river Talas, which town was taken by storm by General Kaufmann in June 1864, that being the commencement of the campaign of that year, and which resulted in the Russian conquest of nearly the whole of Central Asia.

The subsequent journey through Kuldja was one of painful interest, as in many parts it led through scenes of ruin and devastation, caused by the late insurrection. On every side were dried-up canals, untilled fields, burned forests, and dismantled and ruined cities. From Suidun were visited the ruins of Illi, the former capital of the province, the road traversing a country that had once been highly cultivated, but was now a desolate waste; the town itself was almost entirely destroyed, the ground being everywhere strewn with fallen houses, remains of all sorts, broken pottery, human bones, skulls, and even entire skeletons. During the Chinese rule this province was extremely fertile, and in an altogether flourishing state; but since, it has been utterly crippled by the internal insurrections and wars waged against it by Yakub Khan, chief of the small Uzbek principality, who has given a great deal of trouble both with Kuldja and Kashgar, and who is at present making war on China. The Russian occupation of Kuldja is supposed to be only temporary, as its restoration to China has been promised as soon as a sufficient Chinese army is sent to enforce and maintain order; and indeed Mr Schuyler considers that the only way of successfully increasing the prosperity and productiveness of Kuldja, Kashgar, Khokand, Bukhara, and Russian Turkestan, will be found to be by introducing the patient and economical industry of the Chinese.

According to the statistical computations made by the writer, the expenses entailed on the Russian government by the conquest of Central Asia are enormous, being greatly augmented as they are by the reckless extravagance, and gross mismanagement and maladministration of the various officials in power, who are almost entirely exempt from the supervision of their government. The cost of the army is immense, and enormous sums have been all but wasted in attempting to build a fleet on the shallow Aral Sea, and to navigate the Amu and the Syr Darya to any great distance.

Once Central Asia was thought to be a very rich country, that would bring in large and increasing revenues to the government; but this has been found to be very far indeed from the case; and in the writer's opinion, could the Russian government but have known fifteen years ago as much about the interior of Asia as is known now, they would probably have hesitated long before making any movement in that direction. On the whole, and in spite of the great corruption of the troops, officers, and the authorities, and the local misgovernment, which exert a very bad and serious influence on the natives, Russian rule may be considered to have been beneficially exercised, and to have certainly relieved the different states in a great measure from the cruel despotisms of the Khans and Beks. Great good has also been effected, and facilities for trading much increased, by the improved communications and good roads that have everywhere resulted from the Muscovite occupation. In the matter of education little or nothing has been attempted. Mr Schuyler seems to consider that England has no need to fear Russian designs on India, and that in advancing she wishes only to round off the Asiatic boundaries of her dominions by China on the east, and Persia and Afghanistan on the south-west. The only danger to India from Russia, our author thinks, lies through Persia, as the nature of the country in Afghanistan is such as would render the transit of a large army extremely difficult if not impossible. In his opinion, it would be more dignified as well as wiser if England, instead of protesting and threatening at every new advance of the Russians, and then doing nothing, were to give the Russian government plainly to understand what limits they must not pass in their onward movement.

A chapter at the end of the book is devoted entirely to the Khivan campaign and its consequences; but as this is of a purely political nature, we decline to discuss it. Our impression is that the people of England have little cause to trouble themselves about Turkestan. We need only add that Mr Schuyler's work is one of the most interesting accounts of Central Asia that has ever been written, comprising as it does a history of a country hitherto but little known to the civilised world.

READY-MONEY.

'So you are going to be married, Kate? Well, I hope you have made a wise choice.'

'O yes, uncle,' I replied lightly; 'I know I have. Henry is to make me perfectly happy.'

'What has he got?' was the next pleasant observation that fell from Uncle Jocelyn's lips.

'Got? uncle! I don't know what you mean,' I answered, growing rosy red at the unexpected inquiry.

'What are his means? What does he intend to settle upon you?'

'He has his business,' promptly interrupted my mother.

'And he is so clever, he is sure to get on,' I added, in my eagerness to assure Uncle Jocelyn it was all right as regarded my future.

'That will depend a great deal upon you, Kate,' he replied gravely. 'The wife has more to do in making or marring her husband than is generally suspected. A careless, extravagant, bad wife is the greatest curse a man can have; a good one is the greatest blessing.'

'Yes, uncle; O yes,' I assented, glancing towards my mother, who was smiling somewhat scornfully, I fancied, at his opinions.

'Take care of his pence and his pounds will take care of themselves,' continued uncle; 'and beware of ever getting into debt, Kate; it's the easiest thing to get into and the hardest thing to get out of. Take my advice; live well within your means, and always pay ready-money.'

'Yes, uncle; O yes,' I responded. 'I am sure you are right; and Henry is so prudent, he is certain to have the same ideas.'

'Well, keep them before your own mind. Don't despise an old man's counsel: buy nothing that you can't afford; and always pay ready-money.'

I remember that conversation so well with Uncle Jocelyn, some few weeks before my marriage; at the time it did not strike me so forcibly as afterwards, for my mind was too filled with other and to me more interesting matters.

Uncle Jocelyn was an old man, and the amount of his fortune had always been wrapped in some obscurity; but he lived comfortably, and possessed a small property in Berkshire, upon which he had built a pretty and substantial house, where I had often spent many happy days. He had always shewn a special affection for me, no doubt owing to the fact of my being the daughter of his only brother, who had died when I was quite an infant, leaving me to the sole guardianship of my mother. Unfortunately for me, there had never been any love lost between the latter and Uncle Jocelyn; the coolness had rather increased than diminished as years went by; and when invitations were sent for us to visit Conington, which was the name of my uncle's place, my mother invariably refused for herself, and only with great persuasion permitted me to go.

How I enjoyed these visits! How sweet were the hay-fields and clover-scented meadows! How cool and fresh the marble-slabbed dairy, with its rows of brimming basins of frothy golden cream! How fragrant was the old-fashioned garden, with its long grassy walks and great big dewy roses, and the old cedar-tree so shady, under which Uncle Jocelyn would sit of an afternoon smoking, listening apparently quite satisfied with my childish conversation! The sun always seemed to be shining in those days. I can recall no gloom then, and things all wore a charm, which I did not know lay chiefly in the fact of my own youth and utter ignorance of life and its cares.

However, not to digress, I had not seen so much of Uncle Jocelyn since I had grown up, partly on account of my mother's unabated dislike to him, partly because of the existence of a new interest in life. I had met Henry Arden. He was six-and-twenty, five years my senior. His position in life was a fairly good one, he having a small interest in a first-rate City business which gave him over three hundred a year; his character was irreproachable; and when I say that he was a general favourite wherever he went, it may be surmised that in my opinion he was, if not quite perfect, very closely akin to it. For myself I was passable—perhaps a little more than that; but I was penniless until my mother died; so it was a very astonishing thing to me how so desirable a *parti* had fallen to my lot. He was certain to get on; the senior partners had been known to say so themselves. Consequently our start in life promised to be a fair one. And to be brief, we were married. Our honeymoon was of comparatively short duration, but it was long enough to cost Henry, as I afterwards learned, something like forty pounds, which was a considerable cut out of three hundred a year; for it had not occurred to him to lay by any spare cash for those unavoidable expenses. I had felt rather uneasy at the expenditure; but it was too early days to venture on any remonstrance, had I been so inclined; we were sure to live very quietly when we once settled down, and could easily then make up for any little extravagance of which at the outset we had been guilty. We were to live in London, and we were fully agreed on one point—lodgings were not to be thought of, we must have a house of our own. The prospect of possessing one jointly with Henry was very pleasant to me. I pictured an endless fund of amusement and occupation too, in furnishing and adorning it; but the mansion had still to be selected; so our first business was to find one to suit us, the next to get into it as soon as possible.

We must have spent a small fortune in cab-hire before we finally found just what we wanted; even then, though the situation was good and the domicile desirable, the rent rather frightened us: it was eighty guineas a year unfurnished; but we should be so comfortable in it. The smallness of its size—and it was extremely small—was rather an advantage than otherwise, as it would require so little furniture; and two maids would be amply sufficient for our establishment, which in such a place would be a most creditable *ménage*.

We were delighted with the house, the balcony to the drawing-room being, as we enthusiastically agreed, almost worth the rent itself; and we made no resistance when the house-agent, who must have had some amusement over our innocence and inexperience, fixed us for a seven years' lease, representing to us that our advantages were almost unequalled, having no premium to pay. We consented—in consideration of all he enumerated in favour of our bargain—to make any repairs that were necessary; and in fact were in such delight with the whole affair that the agreement, as might have been expected, was very easily arrived at.

We knew nothing about furnishing; never dreamt of the dangers of green wood or the inevitable result of cheap investments; thinking ourselves very acute to get hold of two furnishing lists to compare prices; beside which we sat down with paper and pencil to calculate exactly how much we must spend; and I, remembering Uncle Jocelyn's advice, ventured to say we should resolve not to go beyond it. We came to the conclusion that actual necessaries might be bought, taking the prices from the books, for one hundred and fifty pounds; so Henry decided on borrowing two hundred, with which we felt sure the house could be really nicely done; and this sum he was to pay interest for until the principal itself was paid off.

Nothing could have surpassed our prudence—before we set out. When we got into the shop we had selected as the one to patronise, we found that the things we had thought of were very inferior to our imaginings; a trifle more here and a trifle there could make no great difference in the sum-total, and be everything to us in the niceness and prettiness of our house; besides which our estimate of necessaries proved a very inadequate one, when innumerable etceteras were declared absolutely indispensable by the attendant shopkeeper. We made apparently endless purchases, which we could hardly remember until they were deposited in Amberley Villas, where, with my newly engaged domestics, I awaited them with immense delight.

But vast as the importation appeared, I had yet to learn of the legion wants undreamt of by us. Scarcely a day passed without some new demand being made, which apparently it was perfectly impossible to do without. But at last I was thoroughly satisfied with our possessions, and the servants seemed to have come to the end of their requirements; so the only thing that we had to think of was the bill, which had not yet been sent in to us. I was frightened to think about it; but Henry was quite prepared for its being considerably over the two hundred pounds. Judge of our dismay when we did receive it to find it more than twice that sum—four hundred and fifty-six pounds odd! There were frightful entries for 'Time,' which in themselves represented a serious item, and upon which we had never calculated; and our small sundries, which we had hardly taken at all into account, came to something quite appalling.

But the first shock over, the offending document was thrust aside—it would be paid all in good time; and for the present we both resolved to dismiss it from our minds. Friends were rapidly gathering round us; we must receive and pay visits; so it was not very difficult to banish disagreeables, and to enter with the greatest enjoyment into the new life which lay before us. I had fancied our house was very complete and perfect until I saw some of the elegant drawing-rooms belonging to my new acquaintances; after that, many deficiencies were plainly visible; and in order to supply them, we went to different shops, making various purchases, which as usual, were put down to our account. Then came our first entertainment with its attendant expenses, which it was absolutely impossible to avoid; for in Henry's position it was, as we thought, most necessary for us to maintain a good appearance; and as his wife, it was also incumbent upon me to dress as well and fashionably as I could.

So things went on; and before we had been married two years I need hardly say we were hopelessly and horribly in debt. To retrench seemed utterly impossible. I hardly knew where the extravagance lay; but the fact remained, we were living far beyond our income; our bills were never ending, and every day we were sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. To add to our difficulties, a nursery had been established, and though one might imagine so small an addition was not a serious one, it cost us no trifling sum. I could not have endured to see my baby badly dressed. How could I have seen it go out except in the sweetest and freshest of garments? So it was duly adorned in the whitest and prettiest things, which insured a most satisfactory amount of patronage for our laundress, and most appalling bills for me. However, we managed to keep afloat in some wonderful manner; but Henry was beginning to have a strangely careworn look, to which I could not blind myself. He was worried and harassed. His business was all right; but there were bills to be met, difficulties to be disposed of which he could not quite see the end of.

To outward appearance, however, we seemed a very prosperous pair. Our house was now as elegant as our neighbours'. I had a thousand costly little trifles lying about in the drawing-room, got from time to time, and as usual not paid for; some of which the shopkeepers themselves had pressed me into purchasing. Sometimes a sharp pang shot through me when I thought over our position, and I wished when we first set up that I had had sufficient sense to persuade Henry to do so more in accordance with our income than we had done; but it was too late now; we must trust to some good fortune turning up. Henry had hopes that his partners meant to promote him; and if they were realised, we should be much better off. This idea was buoying us both up, and we were feeling particularly sanguine when Mr Trevor, the senior partner, a peculiar man, who never almost left his own house in Bedford Square, except for the office, announced his intention of coming to Amberley Villas to dine, if we would have him. In our anxiety to impress him favourably, we launched out into further expenses. He must be handsomely entertained, so much might depend upon his visit. Accordingly, I arranged a most recherché little dinner, and had the table laid out *à la Russe* to my entire satisfaction; when everything was completed, surveying the preparations with the utmost confidence in Mr Trevor's verdict. But alas! for Henry's hopes and for my dinner. Mr Trevor came, partook very sparingly and silently of our hospitality, and departed without having dropped one syllable on the subject which we were so hoping he would discuss.

Some ten days afterwards, the advance in the business was bestowed upon one of Henry's juniors who had never dreamt of getting it. We were terribly disappointed, having counted so surely upon an addition to our means; and when our wrathful feelings were at their height, who should suddenly walk in but Uncle Jocelyn! He had never been in our house since we were married. It was in fact a great event for him to leave Conington, but the freak had seized him. He wanted to see his old favourite and his new grand-niece, so he had come. He only meant to stay for the day; in the evening he intended to return home. In my inmost heart I was as fond of him as ever; but his visit was ill-timed. I could not rally from my disappointment for Henry, and our cares were now assuming too serious an aspect to be easily set aside.

'You have a beautiful little house, Kate,' he said. 'I had no notion Henry was such a rich man.'

'Hadn't you, uncle?' I said, trying to laugh unconstrainedly.

'I am truly pleased to see you so comfortable,' continued Uncle Jocelyn kindly. 'This room must have cost you a pretty penny, Kate; and I daresay you have a nest-egg somewhere as well.'

'Oh, it isn't very much,' I answered, really referring to the room, but as he thought to the nest-egg; and imagining I meant that the latter, though of small proportions, did exist, he responded most cordially:

'Doesn't matter how small, Kate; there's plenty of time to make it larger.'

It was no use undeceiving him, though at that very moment an ominous envelope was delivered to me with the announcement that the person who brought it was waiting for an answer; to which I returned the usual formula, that Mr Arden was out, but would call in a day or two. I tried to look as indifferent as possible; but I felt Uncle Jocelyn's eyes were upon me, and my face coloured painfully, nor did my confusion escape the kind scrutiny. I felt thoroughly convinced he had drawn his own conclusions. Soon afterwards, lunch was announced, and we descended to the dining-room, where Sophy my parlour-maid had, to my horror, arranged some of our best china on the table, with the best intentions I knew, meaning to impress my visitor with our grandeur, but little imagining the real effect such superfluities would have upon my uncle. He noticed it directly, and admired it very much.

'Where did you get that figure?' he asked, indicating a lovely china centre-piece.

'I am not quite certain,' I replied carelessly; 'we have had it for some time.'

'Was it very expensive?' pursued Uncle Jocelyn.

'O no; not very: at least I didn't think so,' I answered, recollecting with a painful throb that it certainly had not cost us much as yet, considering we had not paid for it.

I need not give all the details of Uncle Jocelyn's visit; suffice it to say that it was one long martyrdom that afternoon to me; and it was a positive relief when his kind old face vanished, and I found myself alone once more. He had gone away no doubt thinking our lines were in very pleasant places, feeling assured not only of our prosperity but of our happiness. Poor deceived Uncle Jocelyn! He little knew that I was just longing to throw myself into his arms and make a clean breast of all our extravagance and consequent troubles. How I envied him going back to quiet peaceful Conington! How I wished Henry and I were just one half as happy as he was!

However, our struggle then was just beginning, for we sank deeper and deeper. It was like a quicksand—the more we struggled the deeper we got. We dared not openly retrench—we lacked the moral courage; and our private attempts were the merest drops in the ocean of that mighty sea into which we had drifted, simply and solely because we had at the outset ignored the golden rule, so impressed upon me by Uncle Jocelyn, to live within our means, and to pay ready-money. And what had all our extravagance done for us? We had a large visiting-list, and I periodically paid a host of visits, always hoping to find my friends from home. We had a pretty house, and were able to entertain as elegantly as our neighbours. I had heaps of fashionable dresses and useless finery; and Henry was as perfect as ever in my eyes; but we were both miserable; debt stared us in the face whichever way we turned; and how long we could keep our creditors at bay was beginning to be a source of considerable anxiety to us.

Henry's position in his business depended solely upon the pleasure of the senior partners. There were curious conditions in their agreement with him; and if they heard of his embarrassments, no doubt it would injure him greatly, and might make them consider themselves justified in perhaps something far more serious than a remonstrance. O that we had acted differently! that the past could be lived over again with our present experience!

Once or twice I thought of confiding our woes to my mother; but I dared not; intuitively I knew that although in his prosperity Henry was a great favourite with her, she would regard him very differently if misfortunes came; and I felt I could bear anything rather than hear him blamed, especially as in my inmost heart I knew I was equally, if not actually more to blame than he was; for now I saw clearly how true it was what Uncle Jocelyn said, that a wife can make or mar her husband. If I had quietly set to work at the outset, and advised him aright, all would have been well; but now every day brought some hateful dun or threatening letter. A ring at the bell would cause me to start; and the sound of a man's voice in the hall parleying with Sophy, was enough to make me tremble all over.

'The crash could not be staved off for long; a crisis must shortly come.' So said Henry one lovely June evening, when we were sitting disconsolately discussing all manner of wild impossible schemes. It was an exquisite night; the heat of the day was over; not a breath of wind stirred the delicate blossoms of the plants which adorned our balcony, and the moon was rising in all her liquid loveliness, casting a clear cool light over the scene. Everything looked calm and quiet and peaceful; the pulses of the great city were hushed; there was nothing to break the silence, except poor Henry's hopeless tones repeating, 'A crisis can't be far off, Kate. What we are to do, I know not!'

We fancied the amazement of our friends—the nine days' wonder our misfortunes would cause, little dreaming that our ending had long been confidently predicted by them, and that our hospitality had been roundly censured and condemned by the very partakers of it. Still less did we imagine that Mr Trevor, so far from being favourably impressed with our surroundings, had gone away—fully aware as he was with the exact amount of Henry's income—shocked and sorry to see that Henry Arden had married a wife with so little sense and judgment; and no second glance from his keen eyes was wanting to prove to him how terribly beyond it we were living. His observations had satisfied him that serious embarrassments must ensue; consequently he and his partners had bestowed the desired post and increased emoluments upon one who, if he needed it less than we did, certainly understood its value better.

So no one except my mother and Uncle Jocelyn would be surprised, though we imagined so differently, as we sat on and on in our pretty drawing-room talking over the weary subject and pondering what we could possibly do. We should have to sell off everything, to leave Amberley Villas, and to begin life over again. Henry's prospects of course would be seriously damaged, and we could never hope to thoroughly regain the position our own folly had deprived us of. It was not pleasant to think of; but there could be no shuffling out of the question now; it must be met and answered immediately: What were we to do? Nothing very definite could be arrived at; but one thing was quite clear—the change could not be far off.

I can never describe the anxiety of the days that followed, nor tell the agony it cost me to write and tell my mother that we were hopelessly, desperately involved, and that our difficulties were so great, it was impossible for us ever to surmount them. What would she say? What would everybody say? Worst of all, what would Uncle Jocelyn say? For the worst had come to the worst—our house was our own no longer; a man—strange and to me most terrible—was comfortably making himself at home in our kitchen—in other words, had taken possession! How could Henry shew his face at the office! How could I ever venture out again!

I shall never forget the two days that followed after I wrote and told my mother; on the third, when I was almost stupefied with the magnitude of our misfortunes, and during Henry's (poor Henry certainly had the hardest part to bear, for he could not stay quietly at home) absence had shut myself up in my room, some one knocked at the door, and in answer to my very subdued 'Come in,' it was gently opened, and not Sophy, as I had anticipated, appeared, but the familiar friendly face of Uncle Jocelyn.

'My poor child!' he exclaimed—'my little Kate!'—and he folded me in his arms with all the tenderness of a father. 'I only heard of it all this morning,' he said, 'and I started off immediately. Cheer up, Kate; don't grieve your old uncle by tears. Things can't be past mending; and I wouldn't be here if I hadn't come to help you.'

And how he helped us! Without a word of anger or reproach, he listened to Henry's and my story; we told it truthfully, not sparing or attempting to justify ourselves for our culpable conduct; and when all was confessed, he simply wrote a cheque for the full amount of our liabilities. The total was a serious one; but we were saved not only from the disgrace but from Henry's dismissal from a partnership which afterwards was the means of our possessing a fortune far beyond what we had ever in our rosiest imaginings dreamed of.

By Uncle Jocelyn's advice we sublet Amberley Villas, and retired to a more roomy house in a less expensive and less fashionable locality; we sold all our superfluities, which had become actually hateful to me, and we started once more with a small but certain income.

How much happier we were, and how grateful to Uncle Jocelyn, it would require a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe. He often came to see us, and never had cause to regret the generous help he had so readily extended to us in our great need, for he saw how thoroughly repentant we were. My mother joined in the general rejoicing over our regained happiness; and out of gratitude, her old prejudice against Uncle Jocelyn faded and faded away.

She often goes to Conington now, where we all meet, a merry party, of which the generous old man is the well-beloved centre. He was giving me some gentle hints as to the training of my sons the other day. 'For it's a mother's influence that tells upon the man, Kate; it's the lesson she teaches in childhood that he remembers best.'

'Yes, Uncle Jocelyn,' I answered; 'I know you aright. I hope amongst the many things I desire to teach them, one especially mayn't be forgotten—you know what that is?'

'To fear God,' replied Uncle Jocelyn reverently.

'That first of all,' I answered; 'but I meant something else.'

'What?' queried Uncle Jocelyn.

'Never to buy what they can't afford, and always to pay ready-money.'

[Here ends a true story, which it would be well if young folks about to marry would lay to heart. Commencing married life with the best intentions to be frugal—to 'creep before they gang'—how often do we hear of troublous times for the young pair who ought to know nought but happiness. With a heedless disregard to future consequences, they but too frequently establish an appearance as showy as their richer neighbours, launching (perhaps unwittingly) into extravagance that may cost them years of misery to redeem. Though in the case above narrated a young couple were saved from ruin by the intervention of a relative, such convenient folks are not always at one's elbow; and even if they were, should be left out of consideration. A thousand times better to begin 'house-keeping' with a show modest in proportion to means; to furnish if need be, gradually; and from time to time add what can be reasonably afforded. Then indeed the husband will secure not only the respect of his employer, but his own; and his young and happy partner need not give herself much uneasiness about what it will cost to clothe baby.]

ON SOME ODD FISHES.

A VERY singular little group of fishes is that known to the naturalist by the name Lophobranchii; this term meaning literally 'tuft-gilled.' Included in this division are two curious families, of one of which the Sea-horses or *Hippocampi* are the representatives; whilst to the other family belong their allies, the Pipe-fishes. No more interesting forms than these two groups can well be selected from the great class of which they are little known members. And the interest with which they are regarded by zoologists extends beyond the mere investigation of their outside form or appearance; since they present, in many points of their economy and habits, very marked deviations from what one may call the ordinary run of fish-life.

To visitors to the great aquaria which are now springing up in every part of the country, the Sea-horses will be familiar. Their hardy nature together with their curious appearance have marked them out as aquarium favourites; and they may fairly, in respect of their zoological fame, divide the honours with any of their companion-tenants. Imagine a little body from four to six inches in length, topped by a head which in outline exactly resembles that of a horse, and tapering off below or behind into a lithe, flexible, and pointed tail, and we may form a rough idea of the general appearance of one of the Sea-horses. This little body we shall find to be covered with plates or scales of hard horny or bony material, exhibiting ridges and angles all over its surface. A pair of large brilliant eyes, each of which may be moved independently of the other, add to the curious appearance of the head; whilst to the body itself, may be attached long streamers of sea-weed, serving to conceal the little beings as they nestle amid their marine bowers, each looking like some veritable creation mythological.

The flexible tail which terminates the body has the important office of mooring or attaching the fishes to any fixed object. As we see them in the aquarium, they are generally poised, on the tail, as it were; the latter being coiled around a bit of sea-weed, whilst the erect body and head look warily through the waters of their miniature sea. And when they detach themselves, they swim about in the erect position by means of the two *pectoral* or breast fins, which being placed close to the sides of the neck, project like veritable ears, and assist in rendering the equine appearance of the head of still more realistic nature. These fins move with a quick twittering motion, and propel their possessor swiftly through the water; whilst the back-fin, placed towards the hinder extremity of the body, also assists them in swimming.

Some curious points in the internal structure of the Sea-horses warrant a brief notice. As every one knows, the red gills of an ordinary fish are shaped each like a comb, the teeth of the comb being represented by the delicate processes, each consisting in reality of a network of blood-vessels, in which the blood is exposed to the oxygen of the water, and is thus purified. In the Sea-horses, however, the gills do not present this comb-like appearance, but exist in the form of separated tufts or bunches of delicate filaments, which spring from the gill-supports or arches. From this peculiarity, the name 'tuft-gilled,' already alluded to, is derived, and the Pipe-fishes agree in the structure of the gills with the Sea-horses. Then, also, as most readers are aware, the *gills* of ordinary fishes are covered by a horny *plate*, appropriately named the gill-cover, and it is by sharply compressing the gills with this cover, that the water used in breathing is ejected from the gills, so as to make room for a fresh supply. In the Sea-horses, however, the gill-cover is not open or free at its under and hinder edges, but is firmly *attached all* round to the neighbouring tissues, and so rendered immovable. But at one point in its circumference, a small aperture is left, through which the breathing water escapes from the gills.

The Sea-horses are found abundantly in the English Channel, around the coasts of France and Spain, in the Mediterranean Sea, and in the tropical oceans. A goodly number of different species are known to zoologists, but they all resemble one another in the essential features just noted. They are intelligent lively little creatures, learning in time to know the hand that feeds them. Fixed by their tails, they may be seen actively to dart the head at any passing object adapted for food. Whilst, when they wish to free their bodies from the attached position, they appear to manœuvre with the chin and head in order to effect their purpose. Their food appears to consist of small crustaceans, worms, and others of their marine neighbours, and they are known to be especially fond of such delicate tit-bits as are afforded by the eggs of other fishes.

Perhaps the most curious part of the history of the Sea-horses relates to their care of the young. Fishes generally take little or no care of their offspring, and it is therefore the more surprising to encounter in the little beings before us, a singular example of parental fidelity and attachment. Nor, as might be expected, is it the mother-fish who is charged with the task of attending the young. Contrary to the general rule, the male fish assumes the part of nurse, and well and faithfully does he appear to discharge his duties. At the root of the tail in the male Sea-horses, a curious little pouch is seen. In this pouch the eggs laid by the females—which do not possess a pouch—are deposited, and are therein duly hatched. Nor does the parental duty end here; for after the young are hatched and swim about by themselves, they seek refuge in the pouch during the early or infantile period of their life whenever danger threatens them. This procedure forcibly reminds one of the analogous habits of the kangaroos and their young; but the occurrence is the more remarkable in the lower and presumably less intelligent fish.

Some experiments made on Sea-horses seem to demonstrate the existence of a more than ordinary degree of attachment to their young. Thus when a parent-fish was taken out of the water, the young escaped from the pouch; but on the parent being held over the side of the boat, the young at once swam towards him, and re-entered the pouch without hesitation. Some authorities have not hesitated to express an opinion that the young are nourished within the pocket by some fluid or secretion from the pouch itself. But further observation is certainly necessary before this latter opinion can be relied upon.

The Pipe-fishes are very near neighbours of the Sea-horses, and derive their name from the thin elongated shape of their bodies, together with the fact that the jaws are prolonged to form a long pipe-like snout, at the extremity of which the mouth opens. These fishes are very lively in all their movements, and dart through the water so quickly that in many cases the eye is unable to follow them. Like the Sea-horses, the male Pipe-fishes protect and tend their progeny, and exhibit an equal attachment to their young.

These latter features are also well exemplified by the familiar Sticklebacks of our ponds and streams. The latter fishes actually build nests for the reception and care of their eggs, the nests being made chiefly or solely by the males; whilst on the latter, during the process of hatching and in the upbringing of the young, devolves the chief care of protecting and looking after the welfare of the progeny. These instances of the care and duties which devolve on the males, instead of on the mother-parents, appear to reverse the more natural order, which almost universally obtains in the case of both lower and higher animals.

Of the oddities which fish-life presents, probably none are more remarkable than those of the Archer or Shooting Fishes, which inhabit the seas of Japan and of the Eastern Archipelago. When kept in confinement, these fishes may be seen to shoot drops of water from their elongated jaws at flies and other insects which attract their attention, and to strike their prey with unerring aim at distances of three or four feet. Another notable species of Shooting-fishes is the Chætodon. This latter form possesses a prominent beak or muzzle, consisting of the elongated jaws; and from this beak, as from the barrel of a rifle, the fish shoots its watery missiles at the insects which alight on the vegetation that fringes its native waters.

The old saying which compares great helplessness to the state of 'a fish out of water,' does not always find a corroborative re-echo in natural history science. As every one knows, different fishes exhibit very varying degrees of tenacity of life when removed from their native element. Thus a herring dies almost immediately on being taken out of water; whilst, on the other hand, the slippery eels will bear removal from their habitat for twenty-four hours or longer; and we have known of Blennies—such as the Shanny (*Blennius pholis*)—surviving a long journey of some forty-eight hours' duration, when packed amid some damp sea-weed in a box.

But certain fishes are known, not merely to live when taken out of water, but actually of themselves, and as part of their life and habits, to voluntarily leave the water, and disport themselves on land. Of such abnormal fishes, the most famous is the Climbing Perch or *Anabas scandens* of India, which inhabits the Ganges, and is also found in Asiatic ponds and lakes. These fishes may be seen to leave the water, and to make their way overland, supporting themselves in their jerking gait by means of their strong spiny fins. They appear to migrate from one pool to another in search of 'pastures new,' especially in the dry season, and when the water of their habitats becomes shallow.

The Hindu names applied to these fishes mean 'climbers of trees;' and although statements have been made both by travellers and natives, that the Climbing Perch has been found scaling the stems of trees, these accounts, we fear, must be regarded as of equal value with the native belief that the fishes fall in showers on the land 'from the skies!' Of the power of the fishes to live for five or six days out of water, however, no doubt can be entertained; and their ability to support life under these unwonted conditions, is explained by the fact that certain bones of the head are curiously contorted so as to form a labyrinth, amid the delicate recesses of which a supply of water is retained, for the purpose of keeping the gills moist.

The curious *Lepidosirens* or Mudfishes, which occur in the Gambia of Africa and the Amazon of South America, exhibit a greater peculiarity of structure which still more completely fits them for living out of water. In the great majority of fishes, a curious sac or bag known as the *swimming* or *air bladder* is found. The use of this structure in ordinary fishes is to alter the specific gravity of the animals; and, by the compression or expansion of the air or gases it contains, to enable them to sink or rise in the water at will. In the Mudfishes, however, the air-bladder becomes divided externally into two sacs, whilst internally each division exhibits a cellular structure resembling that seen in the lungs of higher animals. Then also, this elaborate air-bladder communicates with the mouth and throat by a tube, which corresponds to a windpipe. The nostrils of the Mudfishes further open backwards into the mouth; whilst in all other fishes, except in one genus, the nostrils are simple, closed, pocket-like cavities. And it may lastly be noted that the *Lepidosirens* are provided with true gills, like their ordinary and more commonplace neighbours.

These remarks serve to explain the 'reason why' these fishes can exist for months out of water. Thus, on the approach of the hot season, the Mudfishes leave their watery homes, and wriggle into the soft mud of their rivers. Here they burrow out a kind of nest, coiling head and tail together; and as the mud dries and hardens, the fishes remain in this temporary tomb, breathing throughout the warm season like true land-dwellers, by means of the lung-like air-bladder. When the wet season once more returns, the fishes are aroused from their semi-torpid state by the early rains moistening the surrounding clay; and when the pools and rivers once more attain their wonted depth, the *Lepidosirens* emerge from their nests, seek the water, breathe by means of their gills, and otherwise lead a true aquatic existence.

With such a combination of the characters of land and water animals, it is little to be wondered at that the true position of the Mudfishes in the zoological scale should have formed a subject for much discussion. They appear, however, to be true fishes, and not amphibians, and they therefore may legally occupy a prominent position among the oddities of their class.

Other curious beings included among the fishes are the so-called Globe-fishes (*Diodon*, &c.), which derive their name from their power of distending their bodies with air at will; and their bodies being usually provided with spines, they may be judged to present a rather formidable front to any ordinary adversary, in their expanded condition. Then also we have the curious Trigger-fishes (*Balistes*), so named from the prominent pointed spine in front of the first of the back-fins; this spine firmly holding its erect position until the second spine or fin-ray be depressed, when the first spine is released by mechanism resembling that of the trigger of a gun. The obvious use of such an apparatus is clearly of a defensive kind; and it is remarkable to find a familiar mechanical appliance of man so accurately reproduced in the fish—or rather, *vice versâ.*

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THE WOODEN LEG.

A NUMBER of years ago, when temporarily residing at a quiet sea-side resort in the south of England, time hung heavy on our hands. We had no conversable acquaintances, no books to fall back upon, nothing to excite any particular interest. Before quitting home we had promised to write to an aged invalid lady and her two daughters about anything that occurred during our stay at this sea-side retreat, but felt at a loss what to write about. At length something cast up. It was greedily seized upon, and formed the subject of a letter, which long after being forgotten, has been accidentally put into our hands by the elder of the two daughters, to whom it was addressed, with the remark that it had been the means of amusing her poor dear mamma, now passed away. The remark consoled us, for the letter was anything but brilliant. We offer our readers a copy, as a specimen of an attempt at squeezing literary material out of a dreadfully dull watering-place.

'Since coming to this retired spot, I have noticed two ladies with wooden legs. These require to be described separately, for the legs differ in character, and I daresay materially differed in price. They may be spoken of as legs Nos. 1 and 2. Leg number one consists of a rounded black pin of the old genuine wooden-leg type, and which is now very much less common than it used to be within my remembrance. The leg is neatly turned, with no disguise about it—a downright wooden leg as may be seen by all the world. To all appearance it does not form an entire leg. It evidently goes only as high as the knee. This half-leg, as it correctly should be called, belongs to a smart well-dressed young lady, who stumps about with it beautifully, though no doubt with considerable exertion. As the knee seemingly rests on a cushion, the lower part of the unfortunate limb projects behind, yet not in an ungainly way. Thanks to crinoline, the real leg and foot are to a certain extent shrouded from observation. However, one can see a kind of jerking out of the foot, on every movement of the red petticoat and tucked-up dress behind.

'While compassionating one so young and so beautiful on account of what appeared an irreparable misfortune, it is quite pleasing to see how smartly she goes about with her wooden leg. Gaily dressed, turban with a delicate feather, tucked-up dress, she walks on at a good pace, laughing, chatting, and in as high spirits as if nothing was the matter. With two young-lady companions she daily parades on the public Esplanade overlooking the shingly beach. Good manners of course forbid any one noticing the infirmity, and nobody pays any attention to it—a circumstance contributing to the young lady's sprightliness. It is at the oriel window of our apartments, which commands the Esplanade from end to end, that I have observed how cleverly the wooden limb is managed. Before moralising on the subject, let me say something of the other artificial leg.

'Leg number two, as I have called it, is an ambitious leg. It is a sham leg which makes an attempt to seem real, and I regret to say the attempt is not very successful. The owner is a lady somewhat *passée*. She is dull, I would almost say suffers under melancholy reflections. Beyond a doubt, her leg had been amputated above the knee, probably from having been seriously injured by some terrible accident. Looking at her as she walks along with a halt in her gait, I call up visions of the pain she has experienced, of her sufferings, of her blighted hopes, of her perpetual discomfort. I also picture the trouble she has had in seeking about for a good artificial leg maker. How she looked over an assortment of legs. How she at length fixed on a particular pattern, and was measured for one of the same kind. Just think of being measured for a leg! And think, also, of the servant coming into the parlour, and saying: "If you please, ma'am, the man has come with the leg you ordered." Next, think of going up to your room and trying on the leg! How awkward it would at first feel—stump, stump, as you walked across the floor. Weeks would elapse before the leg became at all familiar.

'Although this artificial leg is to a certain extent a failure, it answers its purpose better than if it had been a mere unyielding wooden pin. The opinion I form is that there is a deficiency in the *mécanique*, for while the heel goes down, the forepart of the foot does not fall or take the ground neatly. I am told that all depends on the arrangement and easy working of the springs and other machinery. You may have a five-pound leg or a ten-pound leg, nay, I believe, a twenty or thirty-pound leg, according to the nature of the springs, pulleys, straps, and wheel-work. For anything I can tell, the leg in question was a five-pound leg. At least, it does not appear to be of a high order. A keen regard for economy in a matter of this kind is poor policy. I should say if you want an artificial leg that will look and act as nearly as possible like a real one, do not grudge the money. Get the best article in the market. Some people will remember the case of the Marquis of Anglesea, who lost a leg at Waterloo. His lordship procured an artificial leg which was so real in appearance and was so adroitly managed, through the agency of springs and so on, that he rode on horseback and danced at balls as if the sham leg consisted of real flesh and blood. There was a triumph of artificial leg making that would do credit to our own times.

'Reflecting on the two cases of ladies with artificial legs that have come under my notice, I am struck with the oddity of the whole affair. Until these later times, it was customary to see old soldiers and sailors with wooden legs, and seldom any one else. Except on rare occasions, civilians did not get their legs shattered, ladies almost never. The progress of national improvement has changed all that. Railway accidents—properly speaking blunders through carelessness—have begun to enlarge the number of persons requiring artificial legs of some sort or other. Travellers are now in the category of soldiers going to battle—legs and arms fractured, ribs broken, dislocations of various kinds. Fortunately, mechanical science keeps pace with these disasters. Latterly great improvements have been effected in the construction not only of artificial legs, but of hands and arms. So that with sufficient care and a suitable expenditure, mutilation is robbed of half its horrors. The modern artificial leg-makers, of whom there are several in London—one notably in Oxford Street—may be styled public benefactors. Such assuagements do not the less incline us to sympathise with young ladies, who all at once when on a railway excursion come out of "an accident" with so bad a compound fracture of the leg that amputation and an artificial leg become necessary. Ladies pride themselves on their neat boots and feet, these being usually points for criticism. An artificial leg of any description finishes all that. Sad to contemplate. Hopes of marriage at an end. No more dancing or flirting, or hooking on with chatty parties of young gentlemen going to church. And what personal inconveniences! Unbuckling the leg at night on going to bed, and having to hop about or use a crutch when the leg is off. Putting on the leg in the morning. In sitting down, always some consideration as to how the leg is to be adjusted. Going up and down stairs, the real leg first at every step, and the artificial leg brought up behind it. The unpleasantness of ordering boots and shoes, and the still greater unpleasantness of being generally pitied.

'Such were some of the thoughts that passed through my mind. One thing puzzled me. How did it occur that the young lady with leg number one was so happy-looking? All my preconceived notions were upset. I had ventured to think of the bare possibility of you and your sister stumping down the street to church with an artificial leg—even a good ten-pound leg full of springs—and what a calamity either of you would consider it. But here to my amazement is a sweet gleesome maiden going about with a wooden leg of the simplest structure, and she seems to be in no respect affected with the misfortune. Now, said I to myself, that girl's conduct is a fine example of philosophy and pious resignation. Knowing that she is destined to be lame all her days, she submits with a good grace, puts a pleasant face on the matter. Deprived of certain hopes of happiness befitting her age and position, she has in her dire misfortune learned to say and feel, "Thy will be done." That is the notion I have formed regarding her, and a consideration of the cheerful manner she endures her hapless infirmity does me good. The poor young thing is a practical example of resignation. She seems as if saying to me and others: "*You* pretend to have trials and vexations—look at me! You have been spared the discomfort of a wooden leg." I accordingly feel happier, than I might otherwise do. Thus Providence, while sending misfortunes, beneficently sends consolations, and in all circumstances we are not without reasons to be thankful.'

W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER VII.—VANQUISHED.

We were living very quietly. Mr Farrar was getting no nearer to convalescence, and all gaiety was still in abeyance. The few callers who made their appearance at Fairview were mostly new acquaintances, made since Lilian had returned home and her father had commenced giving large entertainments; and their visits were very 'few and far between.' They were politely interested in Mr Farrar's health; hoped his charming daughter would keep up her spirits; felt *quite* sure he was safe in Sir Clement's hands—Sir Clement was *always* successful; and so forth: then rustled smilingly away in their rich dresses; no doubt with the pleasant consciousness of having done all that could be expected. We on our side could well have spared them that amount of labour. Dear old Mrs Tipper was always depressed and conscious of her shortcomings after such visits; and Lilian would nestle up closer to me, as though making a silent protest of her own against such friendship as they had to offer. In truth, the greater part of those who came were merely rich; and the two or three elderly ladies who were not unlike Mrs Tipper, were too completely under the control of fashionable daughters to forget their grandeur and compare notes with her about past times, as they would have been only too glad to do. Mr Farrar had passed his old friends on the road to wealth, and had not yet quite succeeded in overtaking more distinguished ones. The little his daughter had seen of their great friends had not made her desire to see more.

'Arthur says I shall enjoy being in society when once I get used to it; but—— Do you think I shall, dear Miss Haddon?'

'There must be some advantage in mixing with people, dear; but you know I have been as little accustomed to what is called society as you have.'

'I sometimes think it is that which makes it so nice to be with you. You are so different from the people who come here, and so like those I knew in the dear old vicarage-life. You never say a thing merely because it is polite to say it.'

'I hope I do not say things it is impolite to say, goosy,' I smilingly replied. It was so pleasant to know that I found favour in her sight.

'I wish Arthur's sister were more like you, Mary;' hesitatingly and gravely. 'She makes more loving speeches—she is always saying that she longs for the time to come when we can be more together; and yet we never seem to draw a bit nearer to each other; sometimes I almost fear we never shall.'

No; they never would. I had seen quite enough of Mr Trafford's sister to know that Lilian and she would always be far enough apart in spirit. Mrs Chichester was a great favourite with, and in much request by the world to which she belonged. 'A young and attractive woman—a charming widow, who had been unfortunate in her marriage;' said her friends. 'A manœuvrer, who had married an old man for his money, and found too late that it was all settled upon his grown-up children by a former marriage;' said others. She was called very sensitive and good and sweet. I only know that her sweetness and goodness were of a very different texture from Lilian's.

As I watched them together, Mrs Chichester, with her pretty vapid face, graceful languid air, and soft voice, uttering a string of ultra-affectionate speeches, and Lilian shyly responding in her own fashion with a low murmured word, a warm flush on her cheeks, or a little half-gesture, I think I rated them both at their true value.

Mrs Chichester was the only lady who came to Fairview upon intimate terms; and she only came when she could make her escape, as she termed it, from a host of engagements. I had my suspicions that she did not find her 'dearest Lilian' quite so congenial as she affirmed. There was a grave uncompromising truth about Lilian which I believe Mrs Chichester found rather difficult to get on with for any length of time. In time I noticed something else: Mrs Chichester's visits were generally made on the days we expected Robert Wentworth.

For the first two or three times of our meeting, she took great pains to cultivate me, declaring that she foresaw we were to become great friends. But after a while I appear to have ceased to interest her; although she was none the less sweet and pleasant to me on the occasions we had anything to say to each other. In truth, I believe that neither her brother nor she took very cordially to me; though both seemed to consider it necessary to keep up the appearance of doing so. Had they been more open about their sentiments, they would not have offended me. I had no right to expect more from them than I gave; and I really gave very little.

Arthur Trafford might perhaps have been taken more into my favour than was his sister, but for his engagement to Lilian. As an every-day young man, with artistic tastes, there was nothing in him to positively object to. But such negative goodness was not, I told myself, sufficient for Lilian's husband. Her husband ought to be able to appreciate her in quite a different way from that of Arthur Trafford. I am not sure that he even knew the best part of her.

I think the principal reason for his not taking to me was jealousy. Lilian was a little too much absorbed in her new friend to please him. With his sister it was different; and I was very much amused by her tactics. It requires little intelligence to defeat schemers, who generally plan on the supposition that some complicated machinery will be used to circumvent them, and who are thrown out in their calculations when one does nothing. Mrs Chichester began to adopt the tone of being rather afraid of Miss Haddon; and some of her little speeches about my unapproachableness and so forth, reached the ears they were not intended for.

'If I did not see that you take to her so much, dearest, I should fancy her unsympathetic and cold—one of those natures one never can feel at home with.—O yes;' in reply to an earnest protest from Lilian; 'good of course; extremely, I have no doubt; but I am so enthusiastic in my friendships, and she quite chills me.'

It so happened that there was another hearer of this little speech besides myself. Our dinner-party had been enlarged that evening by the presence of Mr Wentworth as well as Mrs Chichester, and we had all dispersed afterwards, leaving Mr Farrar and his sister in the drawing-room for their after-dinner rest. I had contrived to slip away from the others, and went down to my favourite seat on the low wall a little more readily than usual, turning my back upon Fairview. As Mrs Chichester's speech sounded very close to me, I stood up. She would be able to see me across the gooseberry and currant bushes, and so be warned not to say more than she would like to do in my presence. But she and her companion had passed on, and were, I thought, already out of sight. I was sitting down again, when a voice by my side quietly asked: 'Of whom were they speaking?'

'Mr Wentworth!' I ejaculated in some surprise at his having found out my retreat. I thought no one penetrated beyond the kitchen gardens.

Robert Wentworth and I were becoming fast friends. The few times we had met at Fairview had been sufficient to shew me that I had found a friend, and no ordinary one. Moreover, I had built up a little romance about him. Though I had so soon discovered the mistake I had made in supposing that he was engaged to Lilian, I believed that he loved her, as only such men can love; and while I heartily wished he held Arthur Trafford's place in her heart, I felt all a woman's sympathy for one whose hopes were wrecked, and who yet could bear himself so manfully. This had in the outset inclined me to make friends with him more than with any one else who visited Fairview. The more I knew of him, the more I found to respect.

As I have said, I was not without a suspicion that Mrs Chichester regarded him with favourable eyes; and I will do her the justice to say that I believe she was in this instance false to her creed, and loved him for himself, though he was as yet said to be only a rising man. 'He had not worked and struggled in vain, thought one or two who had watched him with some interest; and there was now some chance of his succeeding at the bar,' said Arthur Trafford.

'Of whom were they speaking?' he repeated. It was his habit always to get an answer.

'Of me. I think you must have guessed as much as that.'

He laughed; sitting down by my side.

'Then why are you so philosophic about it? Do you think it is good to be cold and unsympathetic?'

'It may be good to be cold and unsympathetic—to *some* things.'

'What things?'

But I was not going to be drawn into a discussion in that direction. He was always trying to lead me into abstract talk, and sometimes I enjoyed taking a little flight with him; but I reserved to myself the right of choosing the direction we should take.

'What things?'

I jestingly replied that I would leave him to determine what things.

'You appear to very decidedly turn your back upon some things.'

'I enjoy that view.'

He turned his eyes upon it for a moment. 'It is pretty enough in its way.'

'In its way, indeed!' Then I presently went on: 'It is a way of quiet loveliness, which has a great charm for me in its suggestions of peace and rest. That house amidst the trees, by the hillside, has a special attraction for me. Even you must allow it is a charming retreat.'

'That low house? It is well enough; but'—turning his eyes upon my face, he added sharply: 'What do you want with rest and peace and charming retreats? What right have you to be sighing for them?'

'Right? Surely every one has a right to them that can get them?'

'The right is only *fairly* won by working for it; and what have you done? I mean of course, in comparison with what you have the power to do.'

I suppose I looked my surprise. He went on more gravely: 'Pardon me, but I gave you credit for being one of the last to desire "inglorious ease." I believed that even your life here, with its many demands, is not quite enough for the exercise of your full strength. Rest and peace are for the weak and vanquished.'

'Then I suppose it is feeling weak and vanquished which makes me incline towards them.'

'A little morbidness, more likely; the need of something to fight against. And yet,' he added musingly, 'there ought to be enough to exercise your energies here.'

'There is enough to satisfy the most belligerent,' I replied, laughing outright. 'I assure you there is ample opportunity for the exercise of any power I may possess in that direction.'

'And you acknowledge yourself vanquished?'

'Not by anything here, Mr Wentworth.'

'I beg your pardon;' gravely. Then, with the abruptness of friendship, he presently added: 'Did Trafford give you the *Westminster?* The paper I marked ought to interest you.'

'No; he forgot, I suppose.'

'Oh, I see. I must be my own messenger next time, or—employ Becky. You shewed some discrimination in giving her a step in life.'

'Becky! Do you know her?'

'A little.'

'Please do not be mysterious.'

'I made her acquaintance when—— You do not think I was so inhuman as to let you go that day without keeping you in sight, in order to make sure you came to no harm. And—— Well, I did not feel quite sure about you, so kept about the place until I came upon Becky; and we two struck up a friendship.'

'It was good of you.'

'Was it? I am too much accustomed to analyse motives to be quite sure about that.'

'And you have been in Becky's confidence all this time!' I murmured a little confusedly, with the consciousness of what that might mean.

'More than she imagines, perhaps; since she is no match for me in diplomacy. I need not tell you she is leal.'

'No.'

'How different the ring of those two voices!' he presently added, as the others again approached by the path running parallel with the wall upon which we were sitting, and on the other side of the kitchen garden, separating and screening us from observation, and across which came the voices of Mrs Chichester and Lilian.

'I am glad that is evident to others as well as to me,' I rejoined. 'I like to think they are dissimilar in the least as well as the greatest points. Lilian will never become a woman of fashion.'

'Not while what she typifies is out of date.'

I knew that he meant the enthusiasm and romance—the delicate purity of her mind, which was so harmoniously typified by her style of beauty. Then following out my thought, I absently added: 'And you are his friend.'

'We were together at Eton and Oxford. Our families are distantly related; and he being four or five years my junior, was placed by his father in some degree under my charge, though we were in different sets.'

'I can imagine that.'

'He was a favourite at the university; and'—as though searching about in his mind for some other good thing to say—'His love for her is sincere.'

'Yes; thank God, it is that!'

'Mr Wentworth and Miss Haddon! I had not the least idea of finding you here!' It was Mrs Chichester speaking, with the prettiest air of surprise as she emerged from the side-path, though the keen glance with which she measured the distance between him and me was not unobserved by one of us. 'What a delightful retreat! May I join you?'—sitting down by my side with a graceful little addendum about feeling fatigued, and having found herself somewhat *de trop* with the lovers.

'And gentlemen are so very frank with sisters in such cases—are they not? Are you blest with brothers, Miss Haddon?' And so on, a list of questions which brought out the facts that I was not only lacking in brothers, but many other blessings.

'Quite alone in the great world, and an orphan. How very sad!'

Someway, whenever Mrs Chichester attempted to talk sentiment, it was apt to degenerate into bathos; more perhaps from the contrast between her face and manner and what she said, than from the words themselves.

'And past the age for charity schools, Mrs Chichester,' I smilingly replied.

'Oh, but indeed, indeed, you must not think I meant anything of that kind!' Then, turning towards Mr Wentworth in a pretty distressed way, she entreated him to help her to persuade me that she had really meant no harm. 'I assure you I had not the slightest intention to give offence; do, pray, believe it, Miss Haddon.'

Mrs Chichester was always so terribly afraid of offending Miss Haddon, and so extremely and obviously cautious lest any word of hers should remind me of my position.

'Unfortunately the facts remain, however kind you may be about it, Mrs Chichester,' I gravely replied. 'I *am* an orphan, and alone in the great world.'

'And so completely defenceless—so weak, and easily vanquished,' gravely put in Robert Wentworth.

'Ah, now you are laughing at me!' she ejaculated, an angry light in her eyes. 'I expected more courtesy from *you*, Mr Wentworth.'

'I assure you I was only repeating Miss Haddon's own sentiments, Mrs Chichester.'

This was too bad. I suppose he meant it as a punishment for my little exhibition of weakness. But I decided that the punishment was too great for the offence, so quietly took up the gauntlet and bided my time.

Mrs Chichester diverged to other topics. Dear Lilian, so sweet and good and trusting; so entirely unsuspicious of people, and so forth; to which we could easily assent. But I was not sufficiently enthusiastic upon the subject to please Mrs Chichester, it seemed; and she took great pains to assure me that she did not in the least degree exaggerate dear Lilian's perfections. But though he gravely assured me that she did not, and even went so far as to hope that in time I should become as fully alive to Miss Farrar's good qualities, I was not to be piqued into giving warmer expression to my feelings. I only gave him a smile for reply. Then I did what I believe was more satisfactory than words to Mrs Chichester; rose and walked away, altogether unheeding Robert Wentworth's almost pleading protest.

'The moon is just rising, Miss Haddon; and the view will be at its best presently.'

But I chose to punish him for his bit of treachery; and walked off, reminding them that it still wanted half an hour to tea-time. When the half-hour had expired, they re-entered the drawing-room, where I was sitting in pleasant communion with Mrs Tipper—both looking rather grave, not to say out of humour.

'Do you always avenge yourself in that crushing way, Miss Haddon?' he asked, coming to my side for a moment.

'I always defend myself in the best way I can when it comes to blows, Mr Wentworth,' I gravely replied.

'And this is the young lady who fears being weak and vanquished!'

'Not with such weapons as have been used to-night, Mr Wentworth.'

'Well, do not talk any more about wanting rest and peace after shewing how much you enjoy planting a home-thrust.'

'We were talking of a very different war and a very different peace to this.'

'I suppose we were; and in that case it is for me to cry *peccavi*.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I will think about it. One should never do that on impulse. Meantime, good-night.'

I gave him my hand with a smile. He then bade the others good-night, and took his departure.

Mrs Chichester seemed to have lost her self-control a little. She certainly found it difficult to be quite as sweet and gracious to me as usual that night. I believe, too, that she had tried her influence upon Lilian with respect to me, for the latter was more than usually tender and loving when she came to my room that night for our little *tête-à-tête*. There was just the difference which might be expected in one of her nature after hearing anything against a friend.

'I love you, dear Mary—I love you. You must let me say it to-night.'

'Why to-night, of all nights in the year?' I smilingly rejoined.

'Because it does me real good to say it—because I must.'

'And it does me real good to hear you say it. Dear Lilian, do not you see how precious your love is to *me*?'

I suppose that there was something in the tone which satisfied her. The shadow passed from her face, and she looked her bright happy self as she began to talk 'Arthur' again. She had long since divined that such talk did not fatigue me.

'I really believe you must have a love-story of your own locked away somewhere, or you would never be able to listen so patiently to me as you do,' she laughingly ejaculated, intuitively lighting upon the true reason for my sympathy, one evening when she had been more effusive on the subject than usual. 'Ah, now I am sure of it!' she added, her quick eyes, I suppose, detecting a consciousness in mine. 'And, O Mary, when shall I be thought worthy to hear it?'

'As though you were not that now! Dear Lilian, I should like you to know—of course you shall know; and yet I think I must ask you to allow me to defer the telling it a little longer?'

'Of course I will. But I really think I can guess—a little. If I am only right, how delightful it will be!'

Had I allowed her to go on—had I listened and explained, instead of shrinking nervously away from the subject, would it have altered the future? I was still shy and reserved about unlocking my treasure, even for Lilian's eyes. I have acknowledged my morbid weakness upon the point, and it did not decrease. But I very soon had something besides myself to think about.

CHAPTER VIII.—'THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.'

Mr Farrar grew suddenly and rapidly worse; and the doctors, hastily summoned, saw that it was necessary to be frank and explicit with Mrs Tipper and me as to his true state. His disease was approaching a fatal point, and his time was very short, they affirmed. Before we had time to prepare

Lilian for the shock; the fiat went forth that the end might be expected in a few hours. Poor Mrs Tipper shut herself up with her grief; and to me was deputed the painful task of making the truth known to his child. She was at first completely overwhelmed. That his state was a critical one she had not had the slightest suspicion. She had got accustomed to his invalid ways; and hearing nothing to the contrary, had taken it for granted that he was surely if slowly progressing towards convalescence; telling herself that at the very worst he would go on in the same way for years.

I think that Mrs Tipper—and even he himself—was deceived in the same way.

I quietly tended Lilian through the first agony of her grief; but did not let it subside into despair, making an appeal (which I felt to be most effectual with one of her nature) to her unselfishness.

Her father needed her love more than he had ever yet needed it, and tears and grief must be kept back so long as it was in her power to comfort and sustain him. She responded at once. Choking back her sobs, and bathing her face to efface as much as possible the outward signs of her misery, she presently whispered that I might trust her now. 'Only you must promise not to leave me—promise to keep near me, Mary?'

'I will, Lilian; if there be no objection made to my doing so.'

At first it seemed as if no objection would be made. When Lilian was ushered, awestruck and silent, into the darkened room, where the spirit was already struggling to free itself from the weakened body, I saw the dying man's eyes turn upon us with a faint gleam of satisfaction; and I was about to follow her to his bedside, the nurse's warning looks telling me that my assistance would soon be required, when the latter beckoned me towards her, where she stood just outside the door.

'Something on his mind, Miss; can't die till it is told,' whispered the woman, as she made a gesture for me to close the door and leave the father and child together alone.

I was not a little startled; but stood hesitating on the threshold of the room a moment, not quite liking to leave Lilian alone, inexperienced as she was, with the dying man, yet still more averse to be present at any family revelations, when, in reply, I suppose, to some whispered question from him, Lilian said: 'Only the nurse and Miss Haddon, dear papa.'

'You have taken to her—and she likes you, I think—she may be able to help you;' slowly and brokenly said Mr Farrar. 'Yes; send the other away. Only Miss Haddon and yourself.'

I hesitated no longer. Telling the nurse to remain in the adjoining room, I re-entered, and carefully closing the door, advanced towards Lilian, on her knees by the bed-side, with her face hidden upon the hand she held. I put my arm round her, and said with quiet distinctness, for I saw that there was no time to be lost in words: 'I love Lilian, Mr Farrar; and if she needs a friend, you may trust me.'

His fast glazing eyes rested upon me for a moment, as he murmured 'Haddon of Haddon;' and then his gaze and his thoughts wandered away again.

'Is there anything you wish to have done, Mr Farrar?' I presently asked, fancying that he was trying to concentrate his mind upon something, and found an increasing difficulty in so doing.

'Send for—Markham—bring the draft'——

'Of your will?' I asked, rapidly connecting the name, which I knew to be that of his lawyer, with the word 'draft,' and hoping that I thus followed out his meaning.

'Yes—will—sign—Haddon of Haddon.' Even at that moment, I saw he attributed my power of catching his meaning to be a consequence of my being a Haddon of Haddon.

'I will send at once, Mr Farrar.' I went to the door, told the nurse to bring the butler to me without a moment's delay, and waited there until he came.

'Is my poor master?'——

'Do not speak, except to answer a question please, Saunders; but listen carefully. Do you know the address of Mr Farrar's solicitor, both of his private residence and the office?'

'Yes, Miss.'

'If you cannot ride, send a groom to the railway station without a moment's delay; and telegraph to Mr Markham, both at his residence and the office, these words: "Mr Farrar is dying; come at once, and bring the draft of the will." Please repeat it.'

He repeated the words; and then with an answering nod to my one word, 'Immediately,' went off to do my bidding.

I turned into the room again, closing the door. I had obeyed Mr Farrar promptly and literally, as at such a crisis it seemed best to do; but I could not see the importance of the proceeding. Lilian was his only child, and would not suffer any pecuniary loss even if there were no will. But one thing struck me, even at that moment: it was singular that a business man like Mr Farrar should have delayed making his will until now. And why did he appear so troubled and restless? Why did he look anywhere but into his child's eyes, raised so tenderly and lovingly to his?

'Dear papa, speak to me—look at me!' she pleaded.

'Eighty thousand, and business worth'——

'O papa, darling; one little word to your child. I'm Lilian, papa.'

'Keys—cabinet—Haddon of Haddon.'

I followed the direction of his eyes; went softly and quickly to the dressing-table, brought from it several bunches of keys, ranged them separately on the counterpane before him, and pointed to each, watching his eyes for the answer.

'This! And now which key?' I held each key up, and slowly passed it over the ring until his eyes told me that I had come upon the right one; then again following the direction of his eyes, I crossed over to a cabinet which stood between the windows opposite his bed, and unlocked it. It opened with doors, upon a nest of drawers; and I pointed to each, going slowly down one side and up the other until I had found the right one. It contained a small packet sealed and addressed, and a bundle of letters. I held up the letters first.

'Burn.'

'I will burn them, Mr Farrar.'

'Burn!'

I saw that it must be done at once; put them into the fender, struck a match, and set light to them, stirring them well about until they were only tinder. For a suspicion had crossed my mind that it was quite possible there might be something connected with Mr Farrar's past life, the evidence of which it was desirable to keep from his daughter's knowledge. At anyrate, he had a right to have his letters destroyed if he so wished it, and his mind was manifestly relieved by its being done.

'Parcel!'

I brought the little packet to his bed-side. 'Do you wish anything to be done with this, Mr Farrar?'

He looked at it a moment, and then turned his eyes upon his child. 'Forgive—be good to her.'

'To whom, dear papa?' murmured Lilian.

'Sister.'

'Auntie? Dear papa, do not you know that I love her?' she sobbed out.

'Haddon of Haddon—send it.'

'Send this packet to the person to whom it is addressed, Mr Farrar?' I asked, beginning to find a clue to the mystery, as I solemnly added: 'I will.' So far, I had interpreted his meaning; but I presently saw that was not sufficient. The eyes wandering from Lilian to the packet, and from the packet to me, told that there was still something to be done before his mind would be set at rest. I looked at the two or three lines in his own handwriting on the packet, and after a moment's hesitation, said: 'This is addressed to your daughter, Marian; and I think you wish Lilian to promise to be good to her sister, Mr Farrar?' I saw I had hit upon his meaning once more.

'Yes; good to her.'

'Sister!' ejaculated Lilian. 'Have I a sister, dear papa—living?'

He lay unconscious a few moments, murmuring something about 'mountains and peat-smoke and a cottage home,' dwelling apparently upon some familiar scenes of the past. But the thought presently grew as wandering and disjointed as the words, and the light was gradually fading out of the eyes. I now watched him with grave anxiety, all my fears aroused lest there should be some very serious necessity for making a will after all.

It was a momentary relief when the door opened and the doctor entered the room. But my hopes very quickly faded when I saw him stand inactive, looking gravely down at his patient's face, and then, with a pitiful look at Lilian's bowed head, and expressive glance at me, turn quietly away. I followed him out of the room.

'Will he rally again, do you think, Dr Wheeler, sufficiently to be able to sign a will?'

He stopped in the act of putting on his gloves, turning his eyes upon me in some surprise.

'A will! Surely a man of business habits like Mr Farrar has done that long ago. He has been quite sufficiently warned to be aware of his danger, Miss Haddon. But'—after a pause—'it cannot be of very vital importance. There is but one child, and of course she takes all; though I should have given him credit for tying it securely up to her, in the event of her falling into bad hands.'

'The lawyer has his instructions, I believe, Dr Wheeler, and we have telegraphed for him to come at once. Meantime, can anything be done? Is there no stimulant, no?'——

'My dear lady, Mr Farrar is dead already, so far as the capability of transacting business is concerned. It is the insensibility preceding death; and only a question of an hour or so—it may be only of minutes.'

Sick at heart, I silently bowed, and turned back into the room again, waiting in solemn stillness until Lilian should need me. The nurse moved softly in and out the room, and I knew why she drew up the blinds to let the last rays of sunlight stream in. The glorious sunset faded into twilight, twilight deepened into night, and then, with a long quivering sigh, the spirit stole forth to that other life.

The moment all was over there were innumerable demands upon my energies. Taking my dear Lilian to her aunt's room, I left them together, after giving a private hint to each that it was necessary to stifle her grief as much as possible for the sake of the other. Then I went downstairs again, to give the awestruck and confused servants the necessary orders, which in their first grief neither Lilian nor her aunt was capable of giving. They had deputed me to see that all was rightly done.

The demands upon me increased so rapidly, that I felt quite relieved when a servant came to tell me that the lawyer had arrived. I went at once to the library, too much absorbed in the one thought to remember that I was meeting a stranger.

'Too late, I am sorry to find, madam!' said a short, stout, brisk-looking, little man, making me a low bow as I entered. He evidently found it somewhat difficult to get the right expression into his jovial face, as he went on to explain that he had been dining out when the telegram, sent on by his wife, reached him. 'I lost not a moment; and have managed to get from Russell Square in an hour and a half.' Then, after a keen glance at me, which took in my left hand, he added: 'A relative of my late client's, I presume?'

'No; my name is Haddon. I have been living here as companion to his daughter, Mr Markham, and have always been treated as a friend of the family.' I said the last words in the hope of inducing him to trust me sufficiently to say anything he might have to say, forgetting that I was talking to a lawyer.

'Very fortunate for Miss Farrar; friends are needed at such times as this;' eyeing me sharply as he went on to add a few conventional words respecting his client's death, and the shock its suddenness must have given his friends; and so affording me an opportunity for the indulgence of a little sentiment.

But I neither felt any, nor desired him to think that I did, upon the score of my attachment to Mr Farrar; so quietly replied: 'Death is always solemn, Mr Markham; but I know too little of Mr Farrar to mourn him as a friend. His daughter, I love.'

He nodded pleasantly; satisfied, I think, so far; then, after a moment or two, tried another leading question.

'You were probably present with her at the last?'

'Yes.'

'Conscious?'

'Yes; until the last hour.'

'And you are aware I was summoned, I presume?'

'I sent for you, Mr Markham.' He waited; and seeing he was still cautious, I went on: 'It was

Mr Farrar's wish you should be sent for. He appeared extremely anxious to sign the will; but it was too late.'

'Ah, yes; too late! Very sad, very sad;' watching me furtively, as he carefully measured the length and breadth of one of his gloves. 'And no last instructions, I suppose; no little confidences or revelations, or anything of that kind?'

I quite understood him; and after a few moments' reflection, replied: 'Yes; there was a revelation, Mr Markham; a very startling one; and as you have prepared the will, you doubtlessly know to what I allude?'

I waited a few moments for a reply; but waited in vain. He seemed lost in contemplation of his gloves again. This jovial-looking little man was not quite so effusive as he looked. I tried once more.

'It is unfortunate the will was not signed, since Mr Farrar so much desired it.'

'Certainly; much to be regretted—very much.'

I saw that the approach was to be made from my side; and as it had to be done sooner or later, I said: 'But I do not see that its not being signed can make any difference to Miss Farrar—from a pecuniary point of view.'

'No; none whatever: Miss Farrar will not be a loser.'

'Will her sister?'

'Ah! now we shall understand each other—now you have come to the point, my dear lady,' he replied, with brisk cheerfulness, placing a chair for me, and seating himself before me with a confidential air; a hand upon each of his knees. 'You see it was necessary to bring you to that; though you have fenced very well—very neatly indeed—for a lady. I could not desire a better witness in a case, I assure you—on my own side.'

I was not quite so charmed with the compliment as he intended me to be; not taking very kindly to the idea of being 'brought to it,' as he termed it. So I replied with an air which I flattered myself was as careless as his own: 'I thought it as well to tell you that much, Mr Markham.'

'Quite as well, my dear young lady; saving of time, you know. I may now tell you that the person to whom you allude will be a considerable loser by the will I have brought down with me not being signed.'

'Is there no previous will, Mr Markham?'

'There have been several others. But Mr Farrar was a very careful man, and always destroyed an old will when he made a fresh one. He could never quite satisfy himself as to the exact provision to be made for the—person you have named, and was continually altering his mind, making the sum now greater now smaller.'

'Fortunately, Miss Farrar may be trusted to do all that is right.'

'No doubt a very sweet and good young lady; brought up with relations on the mother's side, I understand. I have had the pleasure of meeting her two or three times, and was much struck by her amiability.'

'It is something stronger and better than amiability, Mr Markham,' I returned. Someway that word always offended me with reference to Lilian.

'I am glad to hear it; though amiability has its attractions—*for me.*' After a few moments' contemplative glance at me, he added: 'It will be some comfort to her, by and by, perhaps to know that the—other is at least three or four years older than herself, and that the mother died whilst her child was young.'

I understood what he meant; 'the other,' as he termed her—he did not once allude to her by name—had been born before Mr Farrar's marriage to Lilian's mother.

'Thank you for telling me that, Mr Markham; it will be a comfort to Lilian.'

He nodded and smiled, as though to say I deserved that little encouragement for acquitting myself so well; than became grave and business-like again, as befitted the occasion. Rising from his seat and taking the little black bag which he had brought with him, from the table, he said: 'You will require no aid from me until after the funeral, when Miss Farrar will have to go through a little legal formality. There will be no complications; everything will be Miss Farrar's, absolutely. A trifle *too* absolutely, I should be inclined to say, if she were an ordinary young lady, or likely to fall into bad hands—a money-hunting husband's, for instance.'

'You know, of course, that Miss Farrar is engaged to be married to Mr Trafford, Mr Markham?'

'One of the Warwickshire Traffords?' he said with a smile, which was instantly suppressed. 'Yes; I have heard something of the kind, certainly.'

He certainly had; since, as I afterwards ascertained, the will had been so made as to very securely protect Lilian's property in the event of such marriage. Then, in reply to a question of mine, he advised me to send to one of the best undertakers (giving me the names and addresses of two or three, but cautiously abstaining from recommending one more than another), and make him responsible for everything being conducted in a fit and proper manner. 'That is, I think, the wisest course to pursue; though you are free to carry out Miss Farrar's wishes in any way.'

'Thank you.'

'Do not name it. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again upon a less solemn occasion, Miss Haddon.' Then, looking at his watch, he found that he would have just time to catch the ten o'clock up-train; and declining my offer of refreshments, he bade me good-night, and hurried out to the fly which he had kept waiting for him.

OUR HINDU FELLOW-SUBJECTS AND OURSELVES.

It is a remarkable fact, that although upwards of a century has elapsed since the foundation of our rule in India was first laid, the people of that country and ourselves are as far apart from each other, in all those feelings and sympathies which are calculated to unite different peoples together, as it is possible for us to be. Our religious views and social habits are so diametrically opposed, that the strongest prejudices are in active operation to keep us in a state of chronic alienation. The difficulty in the matter rests in a great measure with the Hindu. Hinduism will not admit us within the pale of free intercourse with its votaries, and its restrictions prevent them from mingling freely with others of another faith. For a Hindu to live under the same roof or to take a meal at the same table with us, would entail upon him expulsion from caste, and religious and social disabilities of the most serious character. In short, the only connection in which we can have any intimacy is that of business in the way of trade, or of duty as officially connected with the state.

It will easily be seen that under such circumstances, personal friendship of a disinterested nature can hardly exist between the Hindus and ourselves. It would be well indeed if we were drawn towards each other by feelings of partiality; but even this degree of attachment cannot be said to exist, except in very rare instances. In a word, open indifference, if not latent antipathy, is the feeling by which our intercourse with each other is characterised.

This state of matters is much to be regretted, more especially if our connection is to be perpetuated; and the good men and true of both races, of whom there are not a few, would rejoice to see the causes which give rise to these untoward feelings removed, the barriers which separate us broken down, and a kindlier feeling established between us; but the more the subject is thought over, the greater the difficulties seem in the way of this desirable end; and the conclusion forces itself upon us, that we must await the course of events, and see what time will unfold.

Meanwhile, it may be useful and interesting to consider somewhat particularly the manner in which our differences have operated to keep us for so many years in a state of social estrangement from each other.

It may be imagined that the relative positions which we hold to each other of rulers and subjects, is of itself sufficient to account for the prejudice against us of the Hindu people; but this view is not borne out by facts. The Hindus have for centuries been a subjugated people, a trodden-down race. The feeling of patriotism which was exhibited in the early period of their history has long since died out, and it seems of little consequence to them who rules, provided they are left undisturbed in the free exercise of their religious practices and social habits. The Mohammedan conquerors who preceded us, stood in the same relative position to them as we do, and it is well known that they were not disliked by the Hindu people, certainly not in the same degree that we are. Let us inquire into the reasons of the difference as regards the Mohammedans and ourselves, for in so doing we may discover what it is in which we have rendered ourselves distasteful.

First, the Mohammedans as orientalists, had no difficulty in accommodating themselves to a certain extent to the outward customs and habits of the Hindu people. The oriental garb, the custom of taking off the shoes on entering a dwelling, the daily ablution at the village well or stream, were habits in common; of no great moment in themselves certainly; still they had a tendency to soften down prejudices and draw the victors and vanquished towards each other. Moreover, after the first burst of conquest was over, and the conquerors began to settle down among the Hindus, the readiness with which a few Mohammedans, thrown entirely among them in the country towns and villages, would humour their religious prejudices, by carefully avoiding contact with impure out-castes, and by abstaining from the use of such articles of food as were repugnant to them, had a conciliatory tendency, which none but those who are conversant with Hindu feeling can fully appreciate.

Again, the avowedly religious character of the Mohammedans had a favourable effect upon the minds of the Hindus, whose every action is supposed to be regulated by their sacred Shastras. In every village a Mohammedan place of worship, a *durga*, was erected—rude and insignificant in many places, it is true; but in towns and cities, far surpassing in splendour the magnificent temples of the Hindus; and to witness the devout Mohammedans, under the guidance of their priests, or Mùlanàs, worshipping in their durgas, was calculated to affect the minds of any religiously disposed people; how much more that of the superstitious Hindu.

Most if not all the conciliatory traits manifested by the Mohammedans have been wanting in us. Many, as a Christian people, we could not indeed affect. But besides the difference in dress, and apparent discourtesy in uncovering our heads and retaining our shoes on entering a dwelling, and our contempt of external purity, as shewn in not avoiding contact with out-castes, there have been causes much more potent which operated to repel the people, Mohammedans as well as Hindus, from us.

There is no doubt that during the early period of our Indian career our style of living and social habits had a great effect in giving the Hindus the most unfavourable impressions regarding us. The cow is one of their principal objects of worship, and therefore to kill it and partake of its flesh is to the Hindu an offence against all laws human and divine, so grievous as to stamp the offender as an utterly vile and loathsome monster. To partake of intoxicating beverages was unknown among the better classes of Hindus; it was indeed a habit indulged in, but seldom to excess, and by the impure out-caste only; and yet they saw with horror that we felt no compunction in rendering ourselves, according to their ideas of this matter, as degraded as the out-caste himself.

Again, our women eating at the same table with their husbands was looked upon by them as a gross violation of female modesty; but when they saw that they moved unrestrainedly in society, and not only freely conversed with the other sex, but actually danced with them in public; the moral feelings of Hindus and Mohammedans alike were so outraged, that they looked upon us as thoroughly demoralised. We were known in the western presidency by the term *jangla*, wild men, from *jangal*, a forest; and it was suspected, if not believed by the common people, that we had tails. The Jangla was the bogey of the village children; and many a pious Brahman would turn away his face on meeting a European in the streets, rather than pollute his vision by looking at him.

The reader will from all this see at a glance how hateful we must have seemed to the people of India in the days referred to; still these unfriendly feelings might in time have softened down, and our social habits been viewed with some forbearance; for there is no doubt that as we assumed the reins of power in one province after another, it dawned upon the natives, that these, to them degrading customs, were not inconsistent with high intellectual power, deep mental culture, and feelings of active philanthropy. Our administrative abilities, as shewn in our judicial and revenue systems, and the numerous measures adopted for the security of life and property and the general improvement of the country, were not lost sight of by the intelligent portion of the people; and as the different phases of our anomalous character passed under review before them, amazement if not admiration, and awe if not reverence, in turn filled their minds regarding us. Our officials were not unfrequently spoken of as incarnations of the benign Vishnu; and but for an overbearing disposition towards them, which began to develop itself in us at this stage, and which has continued with more or less intensity ever since, the natives might in time have ceased to look upon us, as they were wont, as one of the evil manifestations of the Kali Yuga, or age of vice. This overbearing spirit, arising no doubt from an overweening idea we have entertained of our great superiority as a people compared to them, may be attributed to two causes. First, although India was not conquered by us in a day, still, considering that with scarcely an exception we triumphed in every contest with comparatively insignificant forces, and that our ascendency was established without any great difficulty, we were led from the first to look upon the people as a totally effete cowardly race, utterly destitute of every quality indicative of manly prowess. Again, our subsequent experience has shewn us that a want of truthfulness in the commonest concerns of everyday life is the besetting vice of the Hindu people. It would seem indeed, that so far from honesty being the best policy with them, lying and chicanery are considered the surest means to success in all dealings between man and man. In short, we have found them wanting in the two very traits, which of all others we hold in the highest esteem; and we have made no secret of our feelings on the matter. Moreover, there is no denying the fact that the colour of the natives has had the effect of influencing us to some extent in our unseemly bearing towards them. We are apt to look upon the dark skin, unconsciously perhaps, as a mark of inferiority; and the idea of admitting the owner of it to intercourse on terms of equality is more than our self-complacency will permit.

It must be remarked that the natives submitted tamely for years to our overbearing demeanour; and that it is only since they have made some progress in education, and have been admitted to posts of trust and responsibility under government, that they have manifested any impatience at it; and that particularly in the presidency towns and other places where the European community is large. In the rural districts even at the present time, the natives are slow to resent any rudeness on the part of European travellers who may visit their villages. It will be easily seen from this that the mutual dislike which exists between the natives and ourselves is much more apparent in the higher grades of society, and particularly among government officials, than among the lower uneducated classes. A European of position will but too frequently treat a native of no social standing with indifference if not with unkindness; but the moment a native who assumes to be on a par with him approaches, a feeling of resentment and suspicion as to his motives instinctively creeps over him; and although the native may behave most circumspectly during the interview, no sooner has he taken his departure than some remark is likely to be made relative to the growing arrogance of the 'niggers.' On the other hand, some equally uncalled-for and discourteous expression will be made by the native as to the self-importance displayed by the foreigner. There is, in short, however pleasing outward appearances may often seem, an undercurrent of mutual aversion, which it will take years to soften down, if indeed such a desirable event be possible.

A native gentleman of considerable education told the writer some time ago that there was a great difference in the conduct of Europeans towards his countrymen to the eastward of Suez, as compared with the way they treated them to the west of that place. Here in England, he said, we are treated with kindness and courtesy; but on the other side of Suez, with some exceptions, we are looked upon as fair game for rudeness if not insult. This statement was verified by what appeared in a Bombay paper about two years since, to the effect that a military officer insisted upon a native gentleman, a member of the uncovenanted civil service, being removed from a first-class railway carriage, simply because he wanted it to himself and a party of ladies who were travelling with him. Need it be added that such an incident could scarcely occur in England.

It has already been noticed, that if left to the undisturbed exercise of their religious rites and social customs, the Hindus care little who governs them. With reference to this matter it may here be said, that in so far as overt acts are concerned, they have no more reason to complain of us than they had of their old rulers the Mohammedans; but we have set an agency at work which will prove infinitely more potent in undermining both their religious and social habits than even the most violent persecution. The education imparted in the government schools and colleges, as well as in the seminaries of the missionaries, is certain in time to sweep away every vestige of Hinduism; and this eventuality, already foreseen by the priests and others interested in the maintenance of popular superstition, is an eyesore which influences them in no small degree in prejudicing the people in the rural districts against us. They tell them that by a system of underhand duplicity we managed at first to sow the seeds of discord amongst them and possess ourselves of their country; and that now, under pretence of enlightening them, we are endeavouring to reduce them all to the same dead level of impure out-castes, similar to what we are ourselves.

The influence of the priests, however, has not had the effect of keeping students from the government and missionary schools; but although the education received there weans them from a belief in Hinduism, still it neither induces them, for the present at least, to give up the social caste system, nor makes them more tolerant of ourselves. The rabid abuse heaped upon us at every opportunity by the vernacular press, which is conducted by these men, shews that it is not mere passive dislike but active hostility by which they are actuated towards us. It is not, however, the press alone; the theatrical representations conducted under their patronage are also made use of as vehicles whereby our government, our social habits, and even our religion are occasionally caricatured, and in turns denounced in terms of unmistakable hate.

The fact must not be lost sight of, that the knowledge we are imparting to the natives has not only the effect of enlightening them on religious and social questions, but also leads them into a region of thought which they have not indulged in for centuries. Need it be said that the perusal of those histories we lay open to them, which narrate the successful struggles made by nations of ancient and modern times to throw off the yoke of foreigners, in whatever form it may have existed, has the effect of creating aspirations in the minds of many for a revival of that national life which has so long lain dormant? The far-seeing and reflecting few who indulge in these patriotic breathings know full well that they cannot be realised for generations, if ever; and that it is therefore folly to rave against things as they are, and thus render themselves obnoxious to us; nevertheless, the idea of making common cause with us is foreign to their minds; and the tendency of their influence amongst their less thoughtful countrymen is to direct their minds to an eventuality, which sooner or later will free their country from the presence of the foreigner.

To conclude: it is not by any means gratifying to be forced to acknowledge that all hopes of immediate fraternisation between the natives of India and ourselves are futile; that the antagonism of race and colour, and the dissimilarity in our respective religions and social habits, are such insuperable obstacles to so desirable an event, that we shall for years be found moving in two separate grooves, destitute of any of those mutual feelings and sympathies which tend to unite different peoples, and contribute to the general happiness and well-being of all.

AFTER-DINNER ANECDOTES.

It would be an interesting occupation for an otherwise idle man to trace the origin of some of our best after-dinner anecdotes. How often it happens that we hear a story told which in its main features we recognise as an old acquaintance, but with so much alteration in its details that we can hardly believe it to be the same.

'Ah!' we say, with a knowing look, 'I have heard that story before; but I always thought it referred to Lord So-and-so, or the Duke of ——;' as the case may be.

'O no,' replies the story-teller, rather injured that we should doubt his veracity. 'I assure you I heard it from Mr So-and-so, who knew all about it. Indeed he is first cousin to the nephew of Lord ——; and so I can't be wrong.'

'Indeed,' we reply; and the subject drops. But all the same we hold to our previous opinion, and always tell the story our own way.

And after all, it is not so much a want of truthfulness which is at the bottom of these variations of the same tale, as weakness of memory, or absence of the power of clearly arranging in our minds the different localities and personages which belong to the anecdotes told. There is that story of the parrot, for instance, who at a very dull dinner-party where conversation lagged terribly, was heard to observe in a solemn voice, during one of the 'awful pauses' which occurred so frequently, 'Sorry I spoke!' Only a few days after that anecdote was related to us, we heard that 'there was once a parrot who was present at family prayers, and didn't conduct himself with that reverence which appertains to such times, but would make remarks more or less intelligible, to the world at large. At last the master of the house lost all patience, and signed to one of the tittering domestics to remove Polly from the scene. As he was being carried out of the door the bird was heard to remark in a gruff voice, "Sorry I spoke!" to the utter discomfiture of all present.' Of course we laughed heartily, and apparently enjoyed the joke; but all the same we felt there was something wrong somewhere, and that *one* of these stories must owe something to the invention of the narrator.

In fact, try as hard as we may, it is almost impossible to retail a piece of information exactly as we received it. Our younger readers (and it would not perhaps be *infra dig.* for some elder ones) may test this for themselves by playing at the Russian game of Truth. One of the party composes a short story, which is written for future reference. He then communicates it in a whisper to another, who similarly imparts it confidentially to a third, and so on. The last member of the party then states what was confided to him as 'the truth;' and then the last but one; till it has reached the composer of the tale, who then reads aloud what was actually the original of all these various statements. And no comment on the mischief and untruthfulness of gossip could be more pungent than the utter discrepancy which always exists between the different accounts. Sometimes the story is so altered in transmission from one to the other, and that most unintentionally, that we can scarcely recognise the original in the case of the two or three who last heard and repeated it.

How often has that tale been told of an Irishman, which originally came from America. As we first heard it, it stood thus: 'An American lawyer defending a client who was accused of cracking a kettle which he had borrowed, stated that in his defence there would be three distinct points: First, that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; second, that it was whole when we returned it; and third, that we never had it at all.' Surely Paddy has 'bulls' enough of his own to answer for without having any Yankee importations to add to the list. Who but an Irishman, when he was told of a man who had had the small-pox *twice*, and died of it, would have anxiously inquired: 'Did he die the first time or the second? And yet we have heard that story claimed for an Englishman and an American; and we have no means of correcting our informants.

We would strongly recommend to all 'diners-out' who attempt to enliven the company by anecdotes, to be very cautious as to the place where and the time when they tell their stories. Otherwise they may sometimes find themselves placed in very awkward predicaments. How uncomfortable, for example, the lady would have felt who sat next Buckland the geologist at a dinner-party if she had been enlarging on the appearance of a poor stone-breaker by the road-side to whom she had given a shilling, when he—the poor stone-breaker in his dinner dress—so naïvely produced, with a quiet smile, the very coin she had given him! By the way, the same story is told of Professor Sedgwick.

Then there is the warning example of the lady who had lately married an Oxford undergraduate. Before he took his wife to see his university town, where circumstances obliged him to live a little longer, he told her with great difficulty, and after much hesitation, that he had been—er—er—'what they called "plucked."* The hesitation which he displayed was attributed to modesty; and to his astonishment, his wife, in her ignorance of the meaning of the term, joyfully exclaimed: 'Yes; to be sure you were, you clever dear!' He was so completely taken aback by this unexpected reply, that he couldn't put her right by an explanation, which would have been painful to both parties. He therefore left matters as they were. They went to Oxford, and were asked to breakfast with a large party at the rooms of his college tutor. What was his horror when, in the middle of the repast, he heard his wife (and his tutor, who was sitting opposite, evidently heard her too) say to her next neighbour: 'My husband gained such honours when he was up here, you know. He was what you call "plucked," you know!' We draw a veil of oblivion over the poor young man's feelings, and hope the lesson will not be lost upon our readers of both sexes.

There is an unconscious plagiarism about some people which leads them to appropriate to themselves anecdotes which they have heard of the doings or sayings of other and greater people. This is especially the case with the witty and wise sayings of such men as Sydney Smith and Sheridan. How many have claimed to be the author of Sheridan's answer to the lady who accused him of having gone out when he had told her it rained heavily—'It cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two!' We often wonder whether people who do this kind of thing have invented for themselves a special code of morality, such as that which prevails with regard to other people's umbrellas. Then, again, it must be very unpleasant to hear your own *bon-mots* attributed to others, or to have some inferior saying of the speaker fathered upon you. Shade of the immortal Shakspeare! how often has that honoured name been used to gain a hearing for some vapid but high-sounding moral axiom; while Solomon's Proverbs have been filched and reproduced, more or less 'watered,' by writers of all ages. Who hasn't been told of Sir *Walter* Scott the story which belongs of right to Sir William Scott (brother to Lord Eldon). When a celebrated physician said to him: 'You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician;' Sir William replied: 'Perhaps he may be both, doctor.' It has been well said that, 'in conversation a wise man may be at a loss how to begin; but a fool never knows how to stop.' Perhaps some of our readers are thinking this may apply to an article in a magazine as well. And indeed one story suggests another, till we might fill pages with anecdotes we have heard or read.

But before we stop we may perhaps be allowed to quote a most excellent rule for the guidance of all who tell stories which involve other people. It is this: Before you begin, ask yourself—Is it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind? Perhaps you have the gift (and it is a most valuable one) of being able to tell a good story well; if so, remember what the mother of Philip, Duke of Orleans, said of her son: 'Though good fairies have gifted my son at his birth with numerous qualities, one envious member of the sisterhood has spitefully decreed that he shall never know how to use any of these gifts.' There is an old proverb (not Solomon's) which says, 'Never play with edge-tools.'

WATCHMAKING BY MACHINERY.

GENEVA, as is pretty well known, has long been a busy centre of the Swiss watchmaking trade, the work executed being minute, elegant, and trustworthy. The trade in watchmaking, however, is also a staple in the cantons of Neuchatel and Berne. Tourists in Switzerland have often occasion to pass through secluded valleys, the inhabitants of which, a peaceful and industrious race, are almost all devoted to watchmaking. It is a craft pursued in cottages, as a kind of domestic manufacture; and proficiency in fabricating the delicate mechanism has come down from father to son for several generations. We are reminded of the old-fashioned hand-loom system of weaving, which used to prevail in English and Scotch villages in times passed away. Just as that old system of weaving vanished in the introduction of the power-loom moved by machinery, so is watchmaking by hand about to pass away in Switzerland, and some other quarters. Watchmaking by machinery on a large and comprehensive scale has been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection in various parts of the United States. Immense quantities of American watches of a useful kind will soon, as is anticipated, greatly damage the system of making by hand.

It would be idle to waste time in complaining of change of fashion in any kind of manufacture. Skill, capital, and machinery are sure to carry the day. In the progress of affairs the old must give place to the new. In such cases the best plan is not to maintain a useless struggle, but at once to go over to the enemy—try to rival him on his own ground. Still one does not like to see an old and respectable trade ruined. It is stated that at least forty thousand men and women have hitherto been engaged within a limited district in Switzerland upon the watch-trade, all of whom must now alter their course of operations, quitting their rural resorts, and emigrating, or possibly becoming workers in factories. We are sorry for the crisis, but in economics such is the rule of the game.

A Swiss correspondent in the *Times* (January 5) presents some interesting particulars concerning the watch-trade, as it has till now been carried on. The division of labour has been immense in completing a single watch. He says: 'A repeating watch goes through the hands of no less than a hundred and thirty different workmen before being delivered to commerce. With such a division of labour, long apprenticeship was rendered almost superfluous; so that any man, without being acquainted at all with the watch industry before, might be able to learn a branch of it in the course of a few weeks. This last circumstance, together with the relatively high wages offered, induced during the time of prosperity of the trade a good many agricultural labourers to leave their former occupation and dedicate themselves to the watch industry. A superabundance of hands soon ensued, accompanied by a falling of wages, and besides, the quality of the products manufactured became yearly worse and worse. Only some few tradesmen continued to manufacture watches of higher qualities, while the majority of them supplied the markets with the lowest kind of products.' Here we have an explanation of at least one cause of the decline of the Swiss watch-trade. An over-confidence in monopoly led to deterioration of the article. The result was that Swiss watches fell into discredit in the United States. The imports fell from a hundred and sixty-nine thousand watches in 1864 to seventy-five thousand watches in 1876. There was ultimately a diminution in value to the extent of four hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds in four years. The diminution did not alone arise from fair competition. All European watches introduced to the United States are charged with a duty of 25 per cent. Few manufacturers can stand so heavy a tax. At the same time the poor Swiss had another rival to contend with. The manufacture of watches in the Swiss style had been introduced into Besançon in France, whereby there was a still further limitation of exports from Switzerland.

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* Failed in his examination.

The question naturally arises, 'What is the difference in the number of watches made by a workman by hand-labour and by a man superintending machinery in the same space of time?' One authority specifies forty watches a year for a workman by hand-labour, and one hundred and fifty watches a year by employing machinery. Mr John Fernie, a civil-engineer, writing to the *Times* (January 11), gives from personal knowledge a considerably higher estimate of the comparative power of machinery. His observations are well worth quoting. 'Having,' he says, 'visited the American Watch Manufactory at Waltham, Massachusetts, last June, on my way to the Exhibition at Philadelphia, I may be permitted to say a few words supplementary to the article in your paper of Friday, on the watch-trade of Switzerland. During my visit the works at Waltham were turning out three hundred and sixty-six watches per day, and were employing somewhere about one thousand hands; and instead of their turning out one hundred and fifty watches per hand per annum, they were turning out at the ratio of one hundred and ninety watches per person employed per annum. Even at the ratio quoted by your correspondent, four hundred and twenty-five watches per day by one thousand three hundred and sixty hands would give one hundred and sixty-two watches per man per annum against the Swiss forty watches per man per annum. Of the thousand hands employed at Waltham, I found at least three-fourths of them were women, and it appeared to be a kind of work peculiarly fitted for them. The whole of the working parts of the watches, the wheels, pinions, axles, screws, and jewels were made by women, by means of the most perfect automatic machinery I have ever seen.' Some of the watchmaking machines were exhibited at Philadelphia. 'But fine as those few machines were, they gave one no idea of the spacious works, the airy, comfortable workrooms, and the perfect sets of machinery, executing in the most exquisite way the numberless details involved in the manufacture of a watch, every one of their pieces duplicates of one another, save and except the holes in the jewels. These as yet it had been found impossible to drill out to such a nicety; but by a series of delicate gauges they are paired and numbered, and each watch is registered, so that in case of an accident, that particular size may be rent out. When it is considered that many of the pieces can only be examined by a microscope, and that each piece is a duplicate of the thousands made except the jewels, the superiority over the hand-made watches is as apparent as that of the modern Enfield rifles over the old brown-bess. The basis of the duplicate system at Waltham lies in a complete series of gauges, ranging from a considerable size to the very smallest dimensions. Having been an early worker myself in the manufacture of duplicate machines and engines on the basis of Sir Joseph Whitworth's scale of the inch divided into thousandths, I was desirous to see how they obtained their scale; and Mr Webster, the able engineer of the Company, informed me he found the thousandth of an inch too coarse a dimension, and the ten-thousandth of an inch too fine; and he was led to divide the millimetre into a hundred parts, and found it a proper proportion for his work; and it is from a series of gauges founded on this system that the whole of the watches are built up and the constant accuracy of all their dimensions maintained. The men employed in the manufactory are principally engaged in keeping the machines in such order as to maintain their proper sizes, and in fitting the watches together and testing them for time-keeping, and in the heavy work of making the cases. As yet the Waltham Watch Company have not gone largely into the manufacture of the very highest class of watches, the great demand being for good time-keepers at a reasonable price; but there is no doubt that while they have developed a system which is driving the Swiss manufacturers out of the market, they have established a system which is equally good for the better class of watches; and unless some English Company undertake the work in a similar way, they will ultimately drive us out of the market too. I need hardly say I have no interest in the Waltham Company except the interest of a mechanical man in the most interesting manufactory I ever visited.'

It is, we think, perfectly clear, from the above and other descriptions, that hand-made watches, unless perhaps of a superior class, requiring exquisite polish and finish by hand, must speedily be driven out of the market by watches made on an unerring automatic principle, and on a wholesale plan by machinery. The only thing the Swiss can do is to adopt the same species of machinery into their manufacture. Great capital and enterprise, however, will be needed to compete with the gigantic concerns springing up in America. In California, by the assistance of Chinese, watchmaking is making great strides. Already, hundreds of thousands of watches are produced annually in the United States; and by establishing trade factories in Russia and other countries, the Americans to all appearance will soon have the command of the traffic in watches all over the world. We have not heard of any movement in England likely to counteract this stupendous system of making and dealing in watches. The English apparently rely on the deservedly high character of their finer class of watches, ranging in price from twenty to thirty guineas and upwards. And it may be a long time before the Americans are able to rival them in this department of the trade.

AN OLD SHOWMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Some fifty years ago I was entered, by permission of my father, a merchant tailor, as a pupil in the Duke of Cumberland's School. Among other branches taught, much attention was given to gymnastics, in which I soon surpassed all my schoolmates, and soon became such a proficient, that our training-master in that branch was dispensed with, and I, though but a boy, took his place. After completing our education, I, along with a select few of my old schoolmates, used to meet at the back of Primrose Hill on the Saturday evenings of summer for the purpose of practising posturing and trying to imitate the gymnastic feats we had seen performed at the fairs in London and the neighbourhood. On these occasions we used frequently to be patronised by 'The Champion Sword-swallower and Fire-king,' who was the proprietor of a penny show in Broad Street, Bloomsbury. The house was swept away when Bloomsbury Street was formed. One day he produced a dagger with a blade of six or seven inches in length, and passed the blade down his throat; and after removing it, challenged us to perform the feat. From my earliest boyhood I have always been somewhat of a dare-devil. I took the dagger, and soon found no difficulty in repeating what he had done.

That evening, on returning home, while my father was at supper, I went into the workroom and began experimenting with the yard-stick. I found that, in jugglers' phrase, I could swallow twenty-one inches of it. I thereupon determined to become the monarch of sword-swallowers; but domestic circumstances put an end for a time to my ambition. Instead of displaying my talents on the boards of a booth, I was compelled by necessity to tread the boards of a merchant-ship in the character of a sailor-boy. My early training at school was of great service to me, for my nimbleness and activity soon raised me high in the captain's favour.

My first appearance in public as a showman was at an entertainment in presence of the officers of the garrison at Tobago. I made a decided hit, and received many presents from them. On returning to England, our ship was wrecked off Margate, and with difficulty I managed to reach the shore, on which I stood the possessor only of a pair of canvas trousers with empty pockets, a belt, and a Guernsey shirt. Some kindly hearted persons presented me with an old straw-hat, a pretty decent pair of boots, and a good dinner. On the strength of the dinner I set out for Brighton, where I expected to find employment with a relative. Luckily the weather was dry and warm. My meals consisted of pilfered turnips, and I found comfortable lodging in the fields. I reached Brighton only to find that my relative was dead. His successor in business, who was a stranger to me, presented me with sixpence, and I then set my face towards London.

One evening I reached *The Thorns*, a small roadside inn at Hawley, in a very exhausted state, for I had passed no turnip-fields since morning. I made up my mind to spend my remaining twopence on a pint of beer, and then to push on for a mile or two and look out for a comfortable hedge-side. I entered the public room of *The Thorns*. It was well filled with jovial farmers, as I afterwards ascertained them to be. I ordered my beer; and when it was brought in, one of the farmers insisted on paying, and ordered the servant to set a plate of bread and cheese before me. After my supper was devoured rather than eaten, another pint of beer was ordered for me, and I was asked by my kind entertainers to oblige them if I could with a song. I readily consented. I sang several songs, performed a few simple sleight-of-hand tricks, and finished up by swallowing half the length of the landlord's walking-cane. I then took my leave; but before I reached the door I was called back and asked where I intended putting up for the night, which was by this time far spent. I stammered out what answer I could; which not satisfying my worthy entertainers, they decided that at their expense I should remain where I was; should be supplied with breakfast, dinner, and tea, and that my beer should not be stinted. On the following evening they again returned, bringing with them a numerous company of their friends, and I went a second time through my performances. They wished me a hearty adieu and gave me a handful of silver.

On arriving in London I looked about for a professional engagement, and was not long in procuring one at a notorious penny theatre, known as Hayden's Gaff, in Newton Street, off Holborn, a short street now filled with handsome warehouses, but in those days a haunt of the vile and worthless of both sexes. My salary was paid nightly, and varied with the number of the audience and the sober or inebriated state of the lessee, manager, and money-taker, all which parts were played by Tom Hayden. From this gaff I emigrated to the Rotunda, now no more, in Blackfriars Road. After appearing at several of the music-halls (O how different from the flash and the flare of those of the present day), I got an appearance for a season at Vauxhall Gardens, which still retained some memories of their aristocratic youthhood.

During all this time I was eking out my means of living by doing odd jobs, for I was Jack-of-all trades. At last I recklessly plunged into a showman's life by signing a year's engagement with a Mr Spicer, proprietor and manager of a caravan and a travelling theatre, or in other words a booth; and in his booth I played for the first time before the merry-making lads and lasses at Bartholomew Fair. At this fair I met the sword-swallower of those days, who was then astonishing the audiences at 'Richardson's.' His sword was twenty-eight inches long. The longest sword I have ever performed with is twenty-seven and five-eighth inches. Keene used also to 'swallow' dinner knives and forks, but this was a mere sleight-of-hand trick.

About this time I met with the renowned Ramo Same, the Indian juggler and magician. He was performing at the Coburg (now the Victoria Theatre) in the Borough. He too was a sword-swallower, and very cleverly did he combine deception with reality. He used to come on the stage carrying three naked swords, with which he went through a clever performance. At the termination of this he stuck the swords upright in the stage, to shew the sharpness of their points, then pulling one of them with apparent effort out of the flooring of the stage, he slid it to a considerable depth down his throat. The swallowing part was genuine; but the sword he used for that purpose was provided with a false point, which was left in the wood on withdrawing the blade. I have never seen or heard of any sword-swallowing performed with a keen-edged or sharp-pointed weapon. I may add that Keene had advantage over me, he being the taller by nine inches of the two; and that my capacity of swallow is a marvel to the many leading medical gentlemen before whom, for scientific purposes, I have exhibited.

My engagement with Mr Spicer was rather peculiar. I was a *single* performer divided into three, and sometimes more. I occasionally appeared in the tragedy or melodrama which was 'supported by the entire strength of the company.' The entire strength numbered half-a-dozen including the driver of the caravan. The legitimate drama was every evening followed by a 'pleasing melange,' in which I made three appearances: first as 'Paul Blanchard the champion sword-swallower of the universe;' then after a brief interval, as 'Monsieur Le Bland the celebrated French acrobat, from the Royal Theatres of Paris;' and third and last, dressed in costume which may be described as a cross between the apparel of a Turkish Pacha and a stage Richard III., I made my bow as 'Victor Delareux the Fire-king, who has performed with great applause before the crowned heads of Europe.' In this character I 'swallowed' handfuls of tow and vomited smoke and flames from my mouth. This trick is easy of performance, and though not dangerous is very disagreeable to the performer. Then followed my feat of drinking boiling oil; which in its turn was followed by a draught of molten lead; and my performance was concluded by a dance, which I performed with my bare feet on a red-hot bar of iron, which I also, in an incandescent state, passed along my bare arms and legs, and licked with my tongue. The 'drinking' of the boiling oil, in which I used to dissolve before the audience a rod of metal, and the drinking of the molten lead, were simple and harmless tricks; and have, as far as my memory serves me, both been described and explained in the early editions of the *Boy's Own Book*, a copy of which was my constant companion thirty years ago and more. The iron bar performance necessitates the employment of a mixture of chemicals, with which the parts exposed to the red-hot metal are anointed. If the bar is not up to red-heat, the feat is dangerous, as the chemicals will not act. The dancing on the bar must be gone through rapidly, the heel of the foot never resting for a moment on the iron.

My acrobatic and fire-king feats I have long since discontinued, and for many years my sword-swallowing has been subordinate to the less romantic business by which I gain my living. Still I am an old showman at heart, and look back with a melancholy pleasure to the days when I wandered about in gipsy fashion boothing and tenting.

A RESTORED KEEPSAKE.

Lough Swilly, a harbour in the north of Ireland, is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery; but though, when inside the lough, the anchorage is safe, the entrance to the harbour is a very difficult and dangerous one, the coast being what is called iron-bound, and there being several reefs of rocks near the shore quite or partially covered by the sea.

The entrance to Lough Swilly is now protected by lighthouses, one on Fannet Point, and another on Dunree Head; and the various reefs and shoals are marked by buoys in such a manner as to render the entrance to the harbour safe. Formerly it was not so.

In the year 1811 the *Saldanha* frigate, Captain Packenham, was stationed in Lough Swilly as guardship; her usual anchorage was off the little town or rather village of Buncrana; but from time to time she weighed anchor, and cruised for a few days round the coast of the County Donegal. She had been stationed in Lough Swilly so long that some of the officers' wives had come to reside at Buncrana; one or two of the officers and several of the men had even married in the neighbourhood, and all had made friends with the gentry and other inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Early on the morning of the 11th of November the *Saldanha* left the moorings off Buncrana for a three days' cruise round the coast; but though the morning was fine and bright, about noon the weather became dark and lowering; and before the short November day closed, a fearful tempest raged over sea and land. That storm is still remembered as the 'Saldanha Storm;' and some old folks can recount the sad story of the anxious hearts that beat, and eyes that watched through blinding spray and rain for the lights of the returning ship. They were seen at last, not from Buncrana, but from the opposite shore, nearer the mouth of the lough, rapidly drifting into Ballymastocker Bay, along the strand of which the Fannet people eagerly thronged. In this bay there is a dangerous reef of rocks, and on it the ship was seen to strike. If a mighty cry went up, or if any effort was made to save the doomed vessel, no one can now tell. Of that gallant crew, one man only reached the shore alive. Him, the wild people (half-wreckers) placed across a horse, after giving him a draught of whisky; but whether it was done in ignorance or in order to hasten his end, could not be proved; suffice it to say, that before he could be taken from the strand to one of the country cabins, he died. Many bodies came ashore from time to time, and were reverently buried in the old churchyard of Rathmullan, where the grave and monument can still be seen. It is told that there were three widows that night in one house in Buncrana, two ladies and their servant.

Years passed by; and when the winter storms swept Lough Swilly, part of the sunken wreck of the *Saldanha* would burst up, and the yellow sands of Ballymastocker Bay be strewn with fragments of her planks and various relics of the unhappy crew. The night of the 6—7th January 1839 was marked by another mighty hurricane, as bad, the old men said, as the 'Saldanha Storm;' and in the morning, when the coast-guards made their rounds, the shores of the bay were strewn from end to end with timbers and broken chests, the *last* of the *Saldanha*.

Among other articles, one of the coast-guardsmen found and brought to his officer's wife a little worked case, such as ladies used to call a thread-paper. It was beautifully made and stitched, and still contained some skeins of sewing-silk and a few rusty needles. On the back were embroidered three initials. I remember the lady, Mrs H——, shewing it to me; and child as I was at the time, I grieved for the sad heart of the embroideress whose loving fingers had set the stitches.

More than twenty years passed away; Mrs H——, who had returned to live in Scotland, and had been left a widow, was spending a few days in the country-house of friends in one of the southern shires. Among the guests was a young gentleman to whom she took a particular fancy. One evening the conversation turned on Ireland and Irish scenery, and Lough Swilly was mentioned. Her young friend seemed much interested, asked some questions about it, and presently said that his mother had lost a brother many years before in Lough Swilly by the wreck of the *Saldanha*. Mrs H—— related all she knew of the circumstances, and finally said she had in her workbox at the moment a relic of the ship; and taking out the thread-paper, asked the uncle's name; which, strangely enough, was found to agree with the three initials embroidered on the little case. It further transpired that her young friend's uncle had been a midshipman on board the ill-fated ship, and was his mother's favourite brother.

Mrs H—— then put the little thread-case into his hand, and told him how she had become possessed of it. 'And now,' she added, 'take that home to your mother; shew it to her, and ask her if she ever saw it before. Should she recognise it, she is very welcome to keep it. If it did not belong to her brother, let me have it again.' The gentleman left next morning for his home; and a few days afterwards Mrs H—— had a letter from him, saying that his mother had at once recognised it as her own work, given to her darling brother when he last had left his home. Surely this relic of one so loved and lost, thus restored after more than fifty years, must have been as precious as though it had been some costly jewel.

THE REINTERMENT OF JOHN HUNTER.

[From *Poems and Ballads*, by James R. Fergusson, son of Sir William Fergusson, Bart.]

To Frank Buckland, energetic protector of fish in particular, and of all dumb-animal creation, editor of *Land and Water*, son of an eminent geologist a former Dean of Westminster, belongs the merit of having suggested that the remains of John Hunter should be deposited in Westminster Abbey. An order having been issued that all coffins should be removed from the vaults beneath the Church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, Mr Buckland thought of his great professional brother, long dead, and lying there with no 'storied urn or animated bust' to mark the spot; and in a short time his generous zeal carried to a successful issue all proceedings connected with the 'Reinterment of John Hunter.' The place selected is close below a stone that has the words 'O rare Ben Jonson!' and I may mention that, standing by the open grave, I held in my hand the skull that once contained the witty, learned brain of him who wrote the undying line about Shakspeare:

He was not for an age, but for all time.

Within the walls beneath whose shade
The noblest of our land are laid,
I stood and watched due homage paid
To genius bright—
To one whose fame shall never fade
Nor lose its light.

John Hunter, 'mongst the chief of those
Who study all the earthly woes
That 'gainst our bodies frail are foes,
And wound our breast,
Here in this Abbey finds repose
And honoured rest.

The resting-place that first he found
No fame sufficient did redound,
Though many worthy were around,
Most noble dust.
'Let's place him here;' that sentence sound,
All thought it just.

And here he lies, the man whose fame
Detraction ne'er can put to shame,
Whose glory well his works can claim—
His works that bear
The impress of his mighty name.
And genius rare.

In mysteries of creation's plan,
In study of his brother man,
His mind all former minds outran,
And far excelled,
And by its strength and mighty span
His views upheld.

A Scot was Hunter, bright the hour,
When Heaven first gave his spirit power
To reach fair Science' highest bower,
And there remain.
May present Scots, in ample shower,
His fame sustain!

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DERELICTS.

Has the idea ever occurred to any one that at all times there are ships of one kind or other floating about at sea without a living creature on board? They have been abandoned by their officers and crew in what seemed a hopeless condition. Some are dismantled and mere hulks. Some are swimming keel upwards. Some are water-logged, but being laden with timber will not sink. There they are driving hither and thither on the ocean, as wind and waves direct, a dread to the mariner, who may unawares come against them in the dark. We remember seeing an account of one of these derelicts, as they are called, being fallen in with after having been abandoned for weeks. It was water-logged up to the very deck, and sitting on a scrap of the exposed bulwarks was a poor cat, still alive, in the last degree of attenuation. We have often with commiseration thought of that accidentally deserted cat, its hunger, its misery, its hopelessness night and day in the midst of the dreary and spacious ocean. How the creature must have been delighted when rescued from its floating prison! Occasionally derelicts are taken in tow and brought into port, where they are broken up, or if of any value, are reclaimed by owners, to whom they are delivered on a payment of 'salvage.'

We are going to speak of a kind of derelicts out of ordinary experience.

On the 17th of September 1855, while sailing in the American whaler *George Henry,* in Davis's Strait, and when about forty miles from Cape Mercy, Captain Buddington descried a vessel having something peculiar in her appearance. No signals were hoisted, none answered, and no crew visible when he approached. Going on board, he found no living being in the ship; but in the best cabin were documents declaring the abandonment of the ship, and explaining the circumstances under which it had taken place. The wastrel, the treasure-trove, the lost-found, was the famous *Resolute,* whose story we shall tell presently.

Jurists and legislators have had to determine the ownership of property that seems for the time to belong to no one. *Derelict* is the lawyers' name for such property, so far at anyrate as regards abandoned ships. Where a crew merely quit their ship to obtain assistance, or for any other temporary purpose, it is not derelict: they intend to return; but when the master and crew abandon her without hope of recovery, she becomes ownerless for a time, and then falls to the lot of the finder. Not necessarily to keep, however, but, as has been said, to hold as a claim for salvage from the crown, the owners, or the underwriters. If the solitary ship is found near any coast, there is generally some claim put forth by the owner of the sea-shore, whether the owner be government or a private individual; but when out in the open sea, far distant from land, international maritime law may have to settle the matter. In practice, however, very little of this takes place; a ship really abandoned out in mid-ocean is seldom worth the expense of repair; the finders and salvors regard it chiefly in the light of saleable old materials; and the derelict, if it be taken in tow or otherwise navigated to port by its discoverers, usually finds its way into the hands of the ship-breaker.

A curious inquiry it would be, How many abandoned ships are at this moment locked up in densely packed ice? No great difficulty will be felt in understanding that derelicts have a peculiar history in the Arctic regions. When a ship is left forlorn in any sea or ocean, the probability is that fire or leakage has rendered the abandonment necessary as the only chance of escape for passengers and crew. Or it may be that the ship has been cast upon some coast or outlying rock, and so become tenantless. In the intricate channels of the frozen regions, on the contrary, a ship may be in a sound condition, but so hopelessly hemmed in on all sides with huge floes and fields of ice, that the crew would have exhausted all their food and necessaries of life before liberation comes; they quit the luckless vessel, and wend their way by sledge or by boat to regions of civilisation.

Many of the illustrative instances of this kind of derelict are exceedingly interesting. In 1821 Lieutenants Parry and Lyon, in the *Fury* and *Hecla*, encountered such terrible difficulties that the first-named ship was nipped and then wrecked; the crew fortunately were able to reach the *Hecla*, which after a time returned home with a double company of officers and men. The *Fury* was derelict, but not the stores, as we shall presently see. In 1829 Captains John and James Ross started on the expedition which was destined to last till 1833. What they suffered during four successive winters, their narrative told in moving terms. They lost their ship, and would in all probability have perished from starvation, had it not been that they were able to reach Fury Beach, and there avail themselves of the provisions which the wrecked *Fury* had on board. This ship, as well as that which had been under the Rosses, probably fell to pieces by degrees, in a grave of ice or water or both.

Poor Sir John Franklin's fate will always be bound up in our recollection with that of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is pretty generally known to our readers that those two ships left England in 1845, under Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, with Franklin in supreme command over both; that they wintered near the south-east entrance of Wellington Channel; and that when the summer heat of 1846 had sufficiently melted the ice, they proceeded south through Regent Inlet to the west side of King William Land. They were hopelessly and helplessly iced in for the remainder of that year, all through 1847, and on into 1848. Poor Franklin succumbed to illness, anxiety, cold, and disease, and died on the 11th of June 1847. Seeing no hope of extricating the ships, and worn down by every kind of privation, Crozier and Fitzjames abandoned the *Erebus* and *Terror* on the 26th of April 1848, accompanied by the remainder of both crews—numbering in all somewhat over one hundred souls. How many of them reached King William Land and Montreal Island, in sledges or on foot, we shall probably never know; but certain it is that not one of the hapless men was ever again seen by Europeans; whether any of the Eskimo met them or saw them, is doubtful. There were the two deserted ships, left to fate to decide whether they would ever again be liberated from their icy home, and enabled to render useful service. Rumours were communicated in later years by the Eskimo to some whaling crews that two ships had been iced up for several winters: supposed to have been the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

In 1850 Captain M'Clure commenced the famous voyage which, though it led to the abandonment of the good ship *Investigator*, enabled him to be the first commander who really effected the North-west Passage. (Whether he was the first to *discover* it, is a question on which much controversy has arisen.) Sailing down the Atlantic to Cape Horn, up the Pacific to Behring's Strait, and through the Frozen Sea to Banks Land, he there passed three frightfully severe winters, from the autumn of 1850 to the spring of 1853. There he quitted his trusty but ice-bound ship; and there, so far as human testimony goes, the *Investigator* still is, in Mercy Bay. In imminent peril of starvation, M'Clure and his gallant crew were compelled to this abandonment; they sledged over the ice to Melville Island, where fortunately they met with another expedition, and safety was insured. This other expedition, the most remarkable of all for derelict, comes next for notice.

Sir Edward Belcher, at a time when the public anxiety about the unknown fate of Franklin was most intense, was in 1852 placed in command of an expedition more complete than any that had been previously despatched to those regions. It comprised the *Resolute* under Captain Kellett, the *Intrepid* under Captain M'Clintock, the *Pioneer* under Captain Sherard Osborn, the *Assistance* under Belcher himself, and two or three auxiliary vessels. We have not here to tell how it arose that the ships made few or no discoveries, and disappointed the government in more ways than one. The sledgings, however, were splendid; and it was a joy to all that the expedition brought M'Clure and his crew safely back to their native land. Never were officers more deeply disappointed than when Belcher commanded them, one after another, to abandon their ships in 1854. He had been out two winters; some of the ships had been long ice-bound; and the sense he entertained of his responsibility impelled him to adopt a step which certainly could not have been adopted willingly. He ordered Kellett to abandon the immovable *Resolute*, M'Clintock the *Intrepid*, and Sherard Osborn the *Pioneer*; he himself abandoned the *Assistance*; and the officers and crews of all four ships obtained a passage to England in such other vessels as happened to be available in the autumn of 1854. Not only so, but they also brought with them M'Clure and the crew of the *Investigator* (as denoted in the last paragraph). Out of these five abandoned ships four have never, so far as we are aware, been since seen by Europeans. They may perchance be iced up still, or have fallen to pieces by repeated shocks from masses of ice loosened during the brief summers. One at Mercy Bay in Banks Land, two off the shores of Melville Island, two in Wellington Channel—such were the localities of the derelicts. Perhaps some future explorers will tell us something of four of these brave old weather-beaten craft, of which, for more than twenty years, we have known nothing.

Not so concerning the fifth. And here we are brought to the deeply interesting episode of derelict briefly indicated at the beginning of this paper. Judging from such facts as appear reliable, it is probable that the ice around the *Resolute* loosened somewhat during the autumn of 1854; that she was drifted slowly by the current until another winter nipped her, and held her ice-bound at some point nearer the entrance to Baffin's Bay; that she was again loosened in the summer of 1855, and drifted leisurely down Davis's Strait to the point where Captain Buddington espied the wanderer. Two facts are certainly known: that the distance drifted could not have been less than a thousand miles, from Melville Island through Barrow Strait, Lancaster Sound, and Baffin's Bay to Davis's Strait; and that four hundred and seventy-four days elapsed between the abandonment and the recovery. The tough old ship was still sound; a little water had entered the hold, and a few perishable articles had decayed, but in other respects the *Resolute* appeared not much the worse for her strange voyage.

When the English government heard of this remarkable recovery of the old weather-beaten craft, they at once waived any right or claim they may have had to it, and surrendered it to Captain Buddington and his crew as the salvors. After nearly a year had elapsed since the recovery, an Act of Congress was passed, empowering the United States government to expend forty thousand dollars (about eight thousand pounds) in the purchase of the ship and its trappings from the fortunate finders, and the presentation of it to England as a graceful act on the part of the Great Republic. The plan was excellently carried into effect. In one of the American navy yards the *Resolute* was thoroughly overhauled, the defects repaired, all the equipments and stores replaced—even the officers' books, pictures, and miscellaneous articles returned exactly to the places they had occupied in the cabins. Captain Hartstein, of the United States navy, was commissioned to bring the ship to England. He arrived near Cowes shortly before the close of the year 1856; the Queen, the Prince Consort, and other members of the royal family went on board and inspected the old *Resolute*. The royal visitors having taken their departure, the vessel was towed into Portsmouth harbour amid much gay ceremonial, and was handed over to the authorities of the dockyard. Early in 1857 Captain Hartstein and his companions returned to America. It is mortifying to have to read that, owing to some niggardliness at the Admiralty, or perhaps more correctly that want of sentiment in English officials, we gave a shabby return for a graceful act. The *Resolute* should have been maintained as a memento of a most remarkable episode, even if not actually employed in further service; instead of this, the ship was dismantled and converted into a mere hulk!

Another derelict was the *Advance*. This vessel, provided by the munificence of an American merchant, Mr Grinnell, was placed under the command of Dr Kane, and sent northward in 1853 to search for Franklin. Kane made an historically famous progress up Smith Sound to such a latitude as to bring that route into favour among Arctic explorers. The return journey was, however, a terrible one. After two winterings in the ice he abandoned his poor ship in April 1855, and made a three months' sledge-journey to the Danish settlements in Greenland. Has the *Advance* ever been seen by later explorers; has it been iced up for twenty-two years; or have shocks and nippings shattered it to fragments?

The *Polaris*, connected with an American expedition, was abandoned in October 1872, and the officers and crew returned to the United States by boats. Storms, driftings, and other calamities led to a division of the crew into two parties. One worked their way down Davis's Strait, or were drifted thither, and were picked up in April 1873 by the *Tigress*, off the coast of Labrador; the others, making boats out of some of the timbers of the *Polaris*, managed to reach the eastern side of Baffin's Bay, where they were picked up by the *Ravenscraig* whaler in the autumn of the same year. The poor *Polaris* scarcely deserved the name of a derelict; for only portions of a hull were left stranded on a coast of the icy sea.

One more example, and this also from the Arctic regions. In 1872 the Austrians did excellent work in furtherance of maritime research by fitting out a private expedition in the small ship *Tegetthoff*, under the management of Lieutenants Weyprecht and Payer. Instead of taking the Baffin's Bay and Smith Sound route, the *Tegetthoff* coasted round Norway to Nova Zembla, and wintered off that island. Instead of being free to sail in the following summer, the ship was fast locked in an ice-floe from which she could not be extricated, and drifted when the floe drifted. Luckily the drift was just in the direction which the explorers wished to go, almost due north. They came most unexpectedly to a group of islands until then totally unknown, the largest of which they named Franz Josef Land, in honour of the Emperor of Austria. They wintered in the high latitude of eighty-one degrees north, and made excellent sledge-expeditions in the spring of 1874, an account of which, together with other interesting details, was given last month in this *Journal*. Returning to the *Tegetthoff*, they found her still immovably fixed in the ice. A prospect of exhausted stores and provisions led to a resolution to abandon the ship; this was done in the summer; and a boat-voyage of three months brought the hardy adventurers to the mainland in the autumn of the same year. We cannot help fancying that the abandoned ship will one day fall into friendly hands; and if it does, the salvors will find many interesting things on board; for the crew brought away as little as possible with them, in order not to overload the boats. Meanwhile the *Tegetthoff* is 'waiting till called for.'

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER IX.—ARTHUR TRAFFORD'S CHIVALRY.

WHEN the first hurry and excitement was over, I found that the duties I had to perform were anything but arduous in a house like Mr Farrar's. I had only to see the genteel solemn undertaker, and give him a *carte blanche* to furnish the best—out of respect for what I knew would be Mr Farrar's wishes, I did not add, 'and the plainest'—as it is becoming good taste to do. It was equally easy to arrange with the milliners and dressmakers, &c. They all seemed to know precisely what the size of the house required, and assured me in a few hushed words that everything should be in the best taste, and the servants' mourning all that was proper for such an occasion; every shade of difference in position being duly considered. Moreover, the question of my own mourning, which had somewhat puzzled me, was settled upon at once, in a way which would have not a little amused me had the occasion been a different one. 'Friend staying in the house—chaperon of Miss Farrar's—everything would be found quite correct.'

During the next few days, Lilian did not allude to the revelation made by her dying father. I believe she was at the time too much absorbed in grief to be able to realise anything beyond the one fact that she had lost him. Mr Farrar had been a loving indulgent father; and though for the first fifteen years of her life she had seen very little of him, that little had shewn her all that was best in his nature, and given her faith in him.

On coming to live at the great palace he had built, she found herself treated like a princess in a fairy tale, surrounded with luxury, the richest gifts showered upon her, a host of attendants ready to obey her slightest whim, and above all, the orthodox Prince Charming to lay his heart at her feet. It was natural enough that her grief should be strong for the loss of the father, to whom she owed all this; as well as a love which was itself stronger and deeper than is lavished upon all daughters.

I did not attempt any commonplaces in the way of condolence; just in a quiet, undemonstrative way made her feel that a friend was near, and trusted to the first terrible anguish wearing itself out. With poor Mrs Tipper it was different, though I knew her grief was in its way just as genuine as Lilian's. I saw that it did her real good to moan and cry, and talk over her brother's goodness, generosity, wonderful cleverness, and so forth; and fully indulged her when she and I were alone. I am glad to believe that I was of some service to both in the time of need.

Mr Farrar had no immediate relations to be bidden to the funeral. Mrs Tipper hesitatingly mentioned something about a cousin in the 'greengrocery line;' but presently opined that perhaps 'dear Jacob' might object; and he was dropped out of notice. Major Maitland, Lilian's uncle on her mother's side, who promised to attend 'if possible;' Arthur Trafford; Robert Wentworth; and the doctor and lawyer, were to be the followers at the funeral.

I saw more of Arthur Trafford during that week of seclusion than I had previously done; and I was more than ever dissatisfied with him. For the first few days, Lilian kept her room, almost prostrate from the shock which had come upon her at a time when she was so entirely unprepared. I think too that it would have appeared to her almost like irreverence for the dead to listen to love-speeches just then. Nevertheless, she might have been expected to turn to him for comfort, and I thought it significant that she did not do so. I acted as messenger between them; and if I had had a very high opinion of Arthur Trafford before, I should have lost it now. The one only thing I could see in him to respect was his love for Lilian. It was not his lack of love for her, but his too evident love for something else, which offended me. It might be that I was not marked 'dangerous' in his estimation, now that circumstances were altered, and that therefore he was more unguarded with me. I can only say he appeared to very great disadvantage under the new aspect of affairs. In our first interview after Mr Farrar's death, I saw that he was thinking a great deal more of the large fortune which would revert to Lilian than anything besides.

'So I hear there is no will, Miss Haddon?'

'You have made inquiries already then!' was my mental comment. I knew that the fact was not public property yet, and that he must have taken some pains to find it out.

'I believe not, Mr Trafford,' I coldly returned.

But my coldness was not of the slightest importance. He was too much absorbed in the one thought to notice my manner of speaking.

'And Lilian inherits without restrictions of any kind. Just the kind of man to have made all sorts of unpleasant complications—meant to do it too—and now my darling is unfettered!'

And in his gratification, he so far forgot the *convenances* as to whistle softly to himself, whilst he carefully readjusted one of Nasmyth's little gems, which hung slightly aslant upon the wall.

'She says she knows how much you are sympathising with her just now, Mr Trafford.'

He coloured to his temples as he replied: 'Of course I am, Miss Haddon. It's—it's a great loss, make the best of it, to an only child; and it came upon her so suddenly, poor girl.' Adding, a little consciously (I daresay it was not pleasant to have me silently eyeing him as I was doing), 'Tell her, please, that I am longing to do what I may to comfort her—beg her, for my sake to keep up. It will never do to let her get low and desponding, you know. Hers is a nature of the tendril kind—so entirely dependent upon those she loves.'

'I do not think so, Mr Trafford; and I do not think that those she loves will find it so. At anyrate, she does not give *me* the idea of being weak.'

'I meant only the kind of delicacy which accompanies refinement, and which is so charming in a woman, Miss Haddon;' adding a little more pointedly than was necessary, I thought: 'such fragility as arouses the chivalry of men.'

'As the chivalry is dying out, I must hope that the exciting cause is getting scarcer, Mr Trafford.'

We eyed each other a moment, and then tacitly agreed for an armed truce. I left him, and went to Lilian's room with lagging steps and a heavy heart.

'Arthur feels it terribly,' she said, lifting her eyes to mine as I entered the room; fortunately for me, taking it as a matter of course that he did. 'Dear papa was so good to him.'

'He hopes you will bear up for his sake, dear Lilian.'

'I will, indeed I will. Tell him he shall not find me selfish by-and-by.'

Still no allusion to the one subject which was engrossing all my thoughts. It was not until the evening after the funeral that she approached it, and then she waited until she and I were alone, before doing so. Flushing painfully, and with downcast eyes, she hesitatingly begun: 'Have you been thinking of—of what dear papa told us—that night, Mary?'

'Yes, dear, I have; a great deal.'

'I am so thankful that you and you only were present.' She paused a few moments, and I tried to help her.

'I think that there is no doubt—you have a sister, and that the packet, which I have taken care of, is intended for her, Lilian.' Taking it from my desk, I shewed her the words on it in her father's handwriting: 'Quarter's allowance due 24th for Marian;' with an address, 'Mrs Pratt, Green Street, Islington.'

'Marian! Yes; that was the name,' she murmured.

'I have since found out that she was born three or four years before Mr Farrar was married to your mother, Lilian.'

A bright hope sprang to her eyes. 'Perhaps he was married before, Mary?'

'I do not think that is likely, or it would be known. But I know you will none the less do what is just and right.'

'I shall *all the more* do what is right—I owe her so much more. If wrong has been done, it is for me to make what reparation I can. And—Mary, try to always remember how anxious he was to'—— She broke down; an expression in her face which shewed how deep was the wound which her loving, sensitive nature had received. Her grief was so much the harder to bear, for the knowledge that her dead was less perfect than she had believed him to be. She was already obliged to plead for him.

I knew that fragile as she looked, and tender and yielding as she had hitherto seemed, it arose more from humility at finding herself blessed as ordinary mortals rarely are, than from any lack of strength. We had not seen the best of Lilian Farrar yet. Least of all, did her lover know her. Already I could have given a better reason for loving her than he could have done.

She was musing over the address: 'Mrs Pratt, Green Street, Islington.' 'Is that where—my sister is staying, do you think, Mary? Would it not be better to go there?'

'Would you like me to go for you, Lilian?'

For a moment she looked not a little relieved by the suggestion; but after a little reflection, appeared to put the temptation to avail herself of it, aside.

'Not if I ought to go myself. Do you think that I ought to do so, Mary?'

I replied with a question: 'What do you intend to do when you have found Marian' (sister did not come readily to my lips, and I used the name instead), 'my darling?'

'Ask her to come to live here, and do all I can to make up for the wrong done to her mother'—in a low, but clear and decided tone.

Even at that moment, with her grief so fresh upon her, though it cost her a sharp agony to use the word, she called it a 'wrong.' But although my sympathies were entirely with her, I thought it right to remind her of one thing.

'There is the possibility that she may not be the kind of companion you would desire to have always with you, Lilian.'

'I want to do right, Mary,' she replied, putting my little attempt at sophistry aside.

I nevertheless made one more little feeble protest on the side of expediency. 'There are your aunt and Mr Trafford also to be considered, you know.'

'I want to do what is right,' she repeated. In her faith and inexperience, she had no misgivings as to their concurrence in all that was right; or if she had doubts with regard to one, she would not allow so much to herself.

'Therefore I think you ought not to make up your mind too decidedly as to what it will be right to do, until you have seen her—then perhaps you might trust to your instincts.'

'And, Mary,' she said, a little consciously, 'I think *I* would rather not name it to any one but you, until everything is settled. We can explain to auntie and Arthur afterwards, you know.'

I believed that auntie was included to make it appear less personal. She would not have hesitated a moment about taking the dear little lady into her confidence; but she *did* hesitate about telling her lover, until it would be too late to undo what was done, though she would not acknowledge so much.

'Very well, dear; we will go together as soon as you feel quite equal to it. We might go up to town by the twelve o'clock train some morning, and take a cab from the terminus to Islington.'

'I am equal to it now, Mary; and I shall not rest until we have been.'

I saw that nothing would be gained by delay—her anxiety would only increase, and therefore promptly acceded.

'Shall we say to-morrow, Lilian?'

'Yes, please.'

I quietly made the necessary arrangements; and just before we were setting forth, told Mrs Tipper that Lilian and I were going to town upon business, and that we would tell her all about it on our return. She was very easily satisfied; falling in with my opinion that it could do Lilian no harm, and might do her good, to be obliged to take some interest in the outside world; too single-minded to suspect more than the words told her. Single-minded! The rarest and best quality I have known during my checkered life—the one quality above all others which I have learned to respect, is single-mindedness. It may not always accompany large intellect, though I believe the very largest is never without it, and it is rather looked down upon by the world in general. Single-minded people are proverbially the butts of the Talleyrands of society; though the latter are more frequently baffled by them than they are willing to allow.

I saw what the effort cost Lilian—how painfully she shrank from doing what she nevertheless would not allow herself to depute another to do—as she sat with me white and still in the railway carriage. It did me real good to see her rise to the occasion in this way; and it bore out my previously formed opinion of her capability. I was also glad to feel that I was of some little use to her. Respecting the result of our errand I was not so much at ease. What was this sister? Would she be found worthy the devotion and self-sacrifice of such as Lilian? and if not, would it be given the latter to see that it would be unwise to bring her to Fairview? Until I saw the sister, I would make no attempt to bias Lilian's judgment, trusting more to her instinct than my own wisdom in the matter. Moreover, although I knew that Mrs Tipper would easily enough be brought to see that right was right, I was by no means so sure that Arthur Trafford would be found equally amenable. Even should he approve of Lilian's recognition of a strange sister, he was not at all likely to approve of her being brought to reside at Fairview. I knew that he meant to press for an early marriage; and I knew that he was not the man to take kindly to the idea of a stranger living with them, whatever her claims might be. But I kept my doubts and fears to myself; preserving a calm face for Lilian's eyes. More than once the thought crossed my mind that the daughter he had only designated as 'Marian' might be married, and was in fact the Mrs Pratt to whom the address on the packet referred. In such case, it would be easy enough to do right without bringing about any unpleasant complications. The address seemed, I fancied, to indicate a poor neighbourhood; and if 'Marian' should prove to be the wife of a struggling man, a portion of Mr Farrar's wealth could not be better employed than in giving him some assistance.

MAN ON MAN.

THE sayings of men of thought may be termed the work of their lives, and form an imperishable monument of their wisdom. It would be imagined that nothing then would be easier than to string them together like beads upon a string to produce a book of great value and beauty. Without some wisdom, however, on the part of the collector, or at all events, an intelligent sympathy, this cannot be done, though it has been often tried, with much effect. Indeed, some of the stupidest works that have ever been published have appeared under the title of 'Beauties,' 'Selections,' 'Sayings,' &c., and have injured as far as possible the memories of those great men whom it was their object to embalm. To 'form a collection' from natural history, it is requisite that a man should not only possess the articles in question, but know how to arrange them both in order and by contrast; and knowledge of this kind is almost as necessary to one who would collect the wisest thoughts of the wisest thinkers. In *Human Nature*,* by Mr Mitchell, we have a little volume, which if not perfect, is at least the best book of the kind which has come under our notice. It deals, as the title would imply, with only one subject, but that one of great extent, and of the most paramount importance to us—namely, Ourselves. It makes no pretence of stating any dogmatic truth, but simply gives the utterances of those who have devoted their lives to finding the truth. Often at variance and sometimes in direct opposition to one another, they are nevertheless almost all worthy of regard; and since they concern themselves with our own 'virtues, vices, manners, follies, sufferings, interests, and duties,' can scarcely fail to command our attention.

In the definitions of Mankind, in general, the variety strikes one at least as much as the ingenuity. 'Man is a microcosm;' 'the cooking animal;' 'the animal that makes exchanges;' 'the animal that makes tools, &c.' They all appear, notwithstanding their general acceptance, as more or less affected, strained, and incomprehensive. What, asks Pascal, 'is the utility of even Plato's definition of man: "An animal with two legs without feathers?" Does a man lose his humanity by losing his legs? or does a capon acquire it by being stripped of its feathers?' Thus does one philosopher fall foul of another. But when we pass from the definition to the moral description of the human race, the agreement is remarkable, and that among wholly different types of mind.

> How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
> How complicate! how wonderful! is man,

says Young. And commenting on the same inconsistency, Pope sings:

> Created half to rise and half to fall,
> Great lord of all things; yet a prey to all;
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

A modern poet, Swinburne, follows still on the same side, in prose: 'After all, man is man; he is not wicked, and he is not good; by no means white as snow; but by no means black as a coal; black *and* white, piebald, striped, dubious.' These ideas, so curiously similar in three such different minds, may seem to set at nought the dreams of the perfectibility of our species; but at the same time there is nothing in them to corroborate the gloomy verdict of Buckle, that 'we cannot assume in the present state of our knowledge that there has been any permanent improvement in the moral or intellectual faculties of man.'

The above is one of the most depressing statements a philosopher has ever made; but it seems to us to be directly contradicted by an even still greater name. 'I have long felt,' says Mill, 'that the prevailing tendency to regard all the marked distinctions of human character as innate and in the main indelible, is one of the chief hindrances to the rational treatment of great social questions, and one of the great stumbling-blocks to human improvement.' On the other hand, a thinker of quite another sort, Francis Galton, exclaims: 'I have no patience with the hypothesis, occasionally expressed and often implied, especially in tales written to teach children to be good, that babies are born pretty much alike, and that the sole agencies in creating differences between boy and boy, and man and man, are steady application and moral effort.' Where philosophers thus differ, we do not pretend to say which is true; but there is no doubt as to which opinion would suggest industry and which sloth. Indeed, Mr Galton's views if carried to their full length would approach to fatalism, and might almost be placed beside the famous song of Messrs Moody and Sankey:

> Doing is a deadly thing; doing ends in death.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has described the various intellects of man (but without going into the hereditary question) with as much wit as truth: 'One-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact collectors who have no aim beyond their facts are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalise, using the labours of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealise, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above through the skylight. . . . Poets are often narrow below, incapable of clear statement, and with small power of consecutive reasoning, but full of light, if sometimes rather bare of furniture, in the attics.'

The desire to lay field to field and house to house has been the ruin of some great minds; but it is generally an attribute of the small. A few have almost no other vice save that of acquisitiveness. A whole nation indeed is said to be characterised by it. 'The Dutch,' writes John Foster, 'seem very happy and comfortable, certainly; but it is the happiness of animals. In vain do you look among them for the sweet breath of hope and advancement. . . . There is gravity enough, but it is the gravity of a man who despises gaiety, without being able to rise by contemplation. The love of money always creates a certain coarseness in the moral texture, either of a nation or an individual.' This last remark has certainly an application on the other side of the Atlantic. It is true that Goethe says that 'English pride is invulnerable, because it is based on the majesty of money;' but he does not refer to the mean desire of gain. He has elsewhere indeed expressed himself with some favour on the national character: 'Is it then derivation, or their soil, or their free constitution, or national education—who can tell?—but it is a fact that the English appear to have the advantage of many other nations. There is in them nothing turned and twisted, and no half-measures and after-thoughts. Whatever they are, they are always *complete* men. Sometimes they are complete fools, I grant you; but even their folly is a folly of some substance and weight.'

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* *Human Nature: a Mosaic of Sayings, Maxims, Opinions, and Reflections on Life and Character.* By David Mitchell. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The opinions of man on women are, as might be expected, even more various than those pronounced upon their own sex. But even these are not without a certain congruity. It is rare to find a complete 'irreconcilable,' such as John Knox, who thus delivers himself: 'To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire, above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrary to His revealed will and approved ordinance; and finally, it is the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.' This would be now thought little short of treason; but there is no doubt that Knox had a certain particular queen in his mind when he made those very strong observations. Among the French philosophers, there is a wonderful unanimity concerning the fair sex, and not altogether in accordance with the proverbial gallantry of their nation.

La Bruyère says: 'Women for the most part have no principles, as men understand the word. They are guided by their feelings, and have full faith in their guide. Their notions of propriety and impropriety, right and wrong, they get from the little world embraced by their affections.' Alphonse Karr says: 'Never attempt to prove anything to a woman: she believes only according to her feelings. Endeavour, then, to please and persuade: she may yield to the person who reasons with her, not to his arguments. She will listen to the strongest, the most unanswerable proofs, enough to silence an assembly of learned theologians; and when you have done she will reply, with the utmost unconcern, and in perfect good faith: "Well, and what has all that to do with the matter?"'

It is probable that both these last philosophers were 'very much married.' No one, however, that is capable of anything beyond a superficial judgment has ever imagined that the French have a genuine respect for women. Their sayings about them are very severe. 'Whenever two women form a friendship, it is merely a coalition against a third,' writes Karr; and even Rochefoucauld confesses, 'Most women care little about friendship; they find it insipid as soon as they have known what it is to love.' 'No woman is pleased,' asserts Octave Feuillet, 'at being told by a man that he loves her like a sister.' At the same time, our Parisian philosophers give every credit to female attractions. 'Do not flatter yourself,' says one, 'because you have studied, and possibly understand all that is to be understood of womankind, you are safe against their wiles. A word, a look, from one of them may make you forget in a twinkling of an eye all your boasted knowledge.' It is like escaping into the fresh air from some brilliant but unhealthy scene to read, after these cynical assertions, what an American essayist (who ought to have been an Englishman) has to say upon this same subject: 'A woman who does not carry about with her a halo of good feeling wherever she goes, an atmosphere of grace, mercy, and peace, of at least six feet radius, which wraps every human being upon whom she is pleased to bestow her presence, and gives him the comfortable belief that she is rather glad than otherwise that he is alive, may do well enough to hold discussions with, but is not worth talking to—as a woman.' This is almost as great a general compliment as Steele's well-known eulogy on Lady Elizabeth Hastings was a particular one: 'To behold her is an immediate check on loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education.'

It is curious that no sages in the least agree in their definitions of genius, nor can even express what they mean by it with distinctness, which is perhaps a proof of its transcendent and mysterious power. Of originality, however, it is well remarked by Opie that 'it is most seen in the young. It is a mistake to suppose that artists [and he might have added authors] go on improving to the last, or nearly so; on the contrary, they put their best ideas into their first works, which all their lives they have been qualifying themselves to undertake, and which are the natural fruit of their combined genius, training, circumstances, and opportunities. What they gain afterwards in correctness and refinement, they lose in originality and vigour.'

A very fine addendum or paraphrase of the line, 'The proper study of mankind is man,' has been given by Professor Huxley: 'Whence our race has come; what are the limits of our power over Nature, and of Nature's powers over us; to what goal we are tending—are the problems which present themselves anew, and with undiminished interest, to every man born into the world.' It seems to us a somewhat too lenient conclusion that Hazlitt has come to when he says, 'A single bad action does not condemn a man, nor a single bad habit.' For a single action, not to mention a habit, may be easily so bad—such as torturing a living creature for the pleasure of it—as to condemn him altogether. Our philosophers, however, do not generally err on the side of charity, except, perhaps, when admitting the force of circumstances. 'Tell me your age and your income,' says Balzac, 'and I will tell you your opinions;' and is it not our own Becky Sharp who has observed, 'Anybody could be good with three thousand a year.'

Hobbes (of all people!) makes this significant remark concerning our Saviour: 'The evangelists tell us that Christ knew anger, joy, sorrow, pity, hunger, thirst, fear, and weariness; but neither prophet, historian, apostle, nor evangelist speaks of his laughing.'

We find under the head of 'the Senses' a curious modern fallacy of the Faculty in the mouth of Charles Lamb. 'Take away the candle,' he says, 'from the smoking man; by the glimmering light of the ashes he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference, till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma.' This idea of smoking not being enjoyable in the dark is shared by even men of science; whereas it is certain that blind men (for example, Professor Fawcett) are not only fond of smoking, but delicate in their perceptions as to the quality of the tobacco. Another fallacy of a different kind—namely, that it is well to tell your friends of their faults—is thus extinguished by Sydney Smith: 'Very few friends will bear this; if done at all, it must be done with infinite management and delicacy. If the evil is not very alarming, it is better to let it alone.'

A general favourite in society is usually thought to be an exceptionally clever and cultivated person; but this is not in fact the case. 'A delicacy of taste,' says David Hume, 'is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. . . . One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions.'

Of the superiority of Nature over Art, Byron has a fine saying: 'I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came within a league of my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and one or two women, who went as far beyond it.' Burns has stated that we have not the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us; but Canning tells us that we at least desire it: 'Prevalent as every species of curiosity is, there is none which has so powerful an influence over every man as the desire of knowing what the world thinks of him; and there is none of which the gratification is in general so heartily repented of.' This is severe; but not so harsh as Mirabeau, who said of Lafayette, who loved popular applause, 'He deserves a certain renown; he has done a great deal with the humble means with which Nature furnished him.'

One statement in Mr Mitchell's book will be hailed with universal satisfaction, if, as Thackeray tells us, nine-tenths of our population are 'snobs;' it is a sort of apology for toadyism, and rests upon no less an authority than that of Adam Smith: 'Our obsequiousness to our superiors more frequently arises from our admiration of the advantages of their situation than from any private expectations of benefit from their good-will.' It is certainly some kind of comfort to consider that this general suppleness of the back, however mean may be its motive, does not arise from mere sordid self-interest.

Just as it is understood that all self-made men begin the world with half-a-crown in their pocket, so it is reported that all great men leave the world with some admirable sentiment in their mouths. 'William Pitt said something in his last moments. His physician (a gentleman, we suppose, of Tory proclivities) made it out to be, "Save my country, Heaven." His nurse said that he asked for barley-water.'

Curiously enough, the famous saying of the Swedish chancellor concerning the ease with which the world is governed, is not in the present collection; but there is a comparatively unknown remark by Vauvenargues that merits quotation: 'It is the easiest thing in the world for men in good positions to appropriate to their own use and credit the knowledge and ability of inferiors.' Of the truth of this there are very many modern instances. Whenever a person of rank without abilities is placed in power, and to the surprise of everybody, does not make a complete failure, his friends say: 'Ah, but he has good *administrative capacity;*' and Vauvenargues has told us what it means.

To shew the comprehensiveness of the plan which our author has adopted in this excellent selection, we may mention that between a reflection of Carlyle's and a quotation from the Persian poet Sadi, appears this maxim: 'Some people have money and no brains; others have brains and no money;' which is widely known as the motto of a certain 'unfortunate British nobleman now languishing in Dartmoor prison.'

There is a good deal of the truest wisdom, as well as amusement and instruction, to be gleaned from this little volume; and we will conclude our remarks upon it with one of its best pieces of advice: 'Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God.'

MRS PETRE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'Is that the house?' asked a young woman of a decent-looking old man who was standing, rake in hand, by the entrance-gates leading to a small villa-like residence, with nothing out of the common in itself to attract special attention.

'Yes, that's the very house,' he replied, taking off his hat, and wiping away with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief the dew from his forehead—'that's it.'

I happened to be passing by just when the question was asked and answered, and involuntarily turned to glance at the edifice, which was evidently connected with some story or other; but being a stranger in that part of England, and only on a short visit to some old friends of mine—Mr and Mrs Langley by name—I had no idea what could have made so modest a mansion famous. My sex being some excuse for my curiosity, I asked Mr Langley that evening if by the place in question there hung a tale; and the result of my inquiry was the following strange story.

'It had been vacant for some years,' began Mr Langley, 'when one day a very sallow-complexioned woman of over sixty years of age called at the office of Mr Daly the house-agent in Lynton—the nearest town—and asked him if he had any detached houses of moderate rent and dimensions that could be immediately obtained. The only stipulations she made were, that it was to be taken by the year only, and must be furnished. The rent, if necessary, would be paid in advance, and a banker's reference given. Hilton Lodge, which had hitherto hung somewhat heavily on Mr Daly's hands, was immediately mentioned. The woman, who gave her name as Mrs Danton, accompanied the agent to view it, and being satisfied, at once agreed to take it.

"It is not for myself exactly," she explained, "though I shall live here. It is for an invalid cousin of mine—an old lady—Mrs Petre. I reside with her—manage her affairs in fact—and—take care of her."

"There is no mental derangement?" queried Mr Daly, alarmed by the measured way in which Mrs Danton enunciated her sentence.

"O dear, no," she replied; "but she is depressed —very much depressed—in spirits. She has met with some severe money losses lately, owing to a scoundrel of a nephew of hers who had behaved badly. Happily, however, she has an annuity of a thousand a year, of which he could not deprive her; but it has been a severe shock to her, and at times she almost needs supervision."

'Mr Daly expressed due sympathy and commiseration, hoping, however, that the change to Hilton Lodge might be of great benefit to the poor old lady, whose age, Mrs Danton stated, was considerably over seventy.

'Soon afterwards, the new tenants, whose references had proved unexceptionable, arrived, and in a short time they were fairly settled in their new abode. The establishment consisted of a cook, a very old woman; a housemaid, equally elderly, who was supposed, as it afterwards turned out, to wait at table, and also to attend personally on Mrs Petre; and a rather more juvenile coachman, whose duty it was to drive out Mrs Petre daily in a small brougham with one horse, the lady being invariably accompanied by the other member of her household—last, but certainly not least in her own opinion, Mrs Danton, her cousin, confidante, companion, or custodian—whatever she was, no one seemed quite to know which. Some clever person at last discovered *who* Mrs Petre was. She was the widow of a General Petre of the Indian army; and after this had been found out, a few of her nearer neighbours left cards upon her. But for a long time nothing was seen of her beyond occasional glimpses of a pale aged face in a close black bonnet, seated side by side in the brougham with the yellow cadaverous countenance of Mrs Danton.

'She certainly had a terrible countenance,' observed Mr Langley; 'it was what you could have imagined belonging to the evil-eye. Yet it seemed she was very attentive to the old lady; they were sometimes seen walking about arm in arm, and Mrs Danton gave up her whole time—so it seemed —to the care and amusement of her melancholy charge. Yet the strange part of it was, that although the relationship between them was said to be that of cousins, Mrs Petre, old, invalid, shabbily dressed, and wretched-looking as she was, looked a thorough lady; whilst Mrs Danton bore upon her the unmistakable stamp of vulgarity and want of breeding. She tried hard to be a lady, and no doubt was fully persuaded that she succeeded in her attempts. By degrees, however, she made her way into the good graces of one or two of the families round about; and into their ears— often in Mrs Petre's presence, who would sit silently drinking in the oft repeated story of her wrongs—she would pour out the history of the nephew's delinquencies. Such a villain as Aubrey Stanmore, Mrs Danton alleged, did not exist; nothing was too bad to be said of him; he had endeavoured to ruin his aunt, had deprived her of every shilling that he could lay hold of, and instead of deploring his conduct, rather gloried in it.

'This Aubrey Stanmore, to make my story clear,' said Mr Langley, 'was a nephew of Mrs Petre's, for whom she had always had a great affection; and by the joint advice of his father and his aunt, he had been induced to exchange his military for a mercantile career, for which he had neither the necessary capacity nor capital. This latter disadvantage was in the first instance smoothed over by an arrangement between Mrs Petre and the elder Mr Stanmore to become security for a certain sum, which, thanks to Aubrey's ignorance of business matters, was quickly swallowed up, necessitating either further securitiships or immediate failure—a crisis not to be contemplated when a little prompt aid might insure future wealth to the family through Aubrey's successes. So again, and yet again, did Mrs Petre extend a helping hand, until the crash could no longer be averted, and the failure was announced. Dearly as she loved her money, and violent as her wrath in the first instance was, she was too fond of her favourite Aubrey to withhold a free forgiveness, which would never have been cancelled but for the appearance on the scene of this Mrs Danton, a needy widow, who fanned the flame against Mr Stanmore so successfully that not only was he sternly forbidden his aunt's house, but volumes of abuse, in her once kindly, familiar handwriting, were circulated against him, damaging to both his character and future prospects.

'He was a young man, barely thirty; and surely he might hope to retrieve the past. One would have imagined so; but when he set about trying to interest some of his aunt's old friends on his behalf, they turned very coldly away. Mrs Petre's letters and denunciations bore terrible weight against Aubrey; and when he appealed again and again to her, the rebuffs he met with were studied in their insolence and severity.

'Of course, Mr Stanmore attributed her violent behaviour to its real cause—Mrs Danton, who had succeeded in persuading Mrs Petre to discharge all her old servants, upon the plea that her poverty was so great she could not afford to keep them. One in particular Mrs Danton knew it would be necessary to dismiss, and that was Janet Heath, a very superior sort of maid-housekeeper, who had been in her service for over ten years. Janet was filled with indignation when Mrs Danton first took up her residence with Mrs Petre, as she well knew the inferiority of her position, which had hitherto only been acknowledged by the latter so far as the gift of an occasional sovereign or a bundle of cast-off garments went; and to have her suddenly set at the head of affairs, and to have to listen silently to her scurrilous abuse of Mr Aubrey, was more than Janet could calmly submit to. However, when Mrs Petre herself told her that she did not wish her to remain, she had no choice but to depart; and shortly afterwards she married a man to whom she had been engaged for some years.

'But though she had left her service, Janet was too fond and faithful quite to desert Mrs Petre. She resolved to go to see her as often as she possibly could, and above everything to put in a good word as frequently as occasion permitted for Mr Stanmore, whom Janet knew to be, with all his other faults, a good-hearted and well-meaning young man.

'This plan of visiting Mrs Petre in no way suited Mrs Danton's views. She endeavoured, by covert insinuations against Janet, to poison Mrs Petre's mind; but failing in that, she resolved to remove her from Janet's vicinity, and to take a house of her own choosing, with an establishment also selected by herself. She had been in power for about two years when they came to Hilton Lodge, and in that time Mrs Danton had wormed her way pretty successfully into the confidence of Mrs Petre's old friends, and poisoned their minds most thoroughly against her nephew, who after, to his great joy, having been sent for and fully forgiven by Mrs Petre, had suddenly been told his visits to her house were not desired, and that, although she had forgiven, she had no intention of holding any further intercourse with him!

'This was a sad blow to Mr Stanmore; but from what he had seen of Mrs Danton, he conceived it to be his duty to write out to his cousin in India, Major Arthur Dumaresque, and tell him, as the only other relative of Mrs Petre, that he did not consider she was in safe or proper hands; and urged upon him the necessity for some action in the matter.

'But in this too he had been forestalled, for Major Dumaresque had already been communicated with by Mrs Danton, who, under cover of Mrs Petre's name, wrote out such slanderous accounts of Mr Stanmore that he was quite under the impression that Mrs Danton was only acting as Mrs Petre's guardian angel, and was benevolently protecting her from the spider, namely, Aubrey Stanmore. Mrs Danton represented in glowing, though somewhat illiterate and misspelt, terms her entire devotion to her dear cousin, her desire to act altogether so as to insure the interests of Major Dumaresque, to whom Mrs Petre had resolved to leave whatever fortune she might die possessed of. As for herself, she wanted—nothing—but the heart and confidence of her charge.

'As may be imagined, Aubrey's representations, and those of his wife as well, were utterly thrown away upon Major Dumaresque. Being already prejudiced, he refused to believe in them; joined in the abuse of Mr Stanmore, and was well pleased to countenance and correspond with the person who apparently had his interests so thoroughly at heart.

'Her triumph knew no bounds when she saw how her plans had succeeded, for now the Stanmores stood alone as it were in the world. They had no friends. This was Mrs Danton's perpetual solace and comfort, as well as the knowledge that Aubrey's affairs could never be wound up and settled without his aunt's co-operation, she being the largest creditor he had. All seemed very hopeless to the Stanmores, still more so when they heard that Mrs Danton had elected to carry poor old Mrs Petre off to the country.

'However, Janet Heath was equal to the emergency. She went to Mr Stanmore and told him that she was certain Mrs Petre was not only perfectly sick of her companion, but that she had actually one day, during a visit, asked her if she could possibly return to her service. Just at this juncture Mrs Danton was called away to visit a daughter it seemed she possessed; and Janet came to Mr Stanmore and urged him to lose no time in going to see his aunt, and taking advantage of the companion's absence to beg of her to make up her mind to prevent her return. "For," said Janet, "my poor old mistress is in fear of her, Mr Aubrey; she hasn't a shilling she can call her own; her very cheques are now made out in Mrs Danton's name; and she told me she was sick of her—but that till Major Dumaresque came home, she could make no change."

'Mr Stanmore's blood boiled at Janet's revelations, which were far more numerous than I can relate; but his position was a difficult one. He had no one to turn to; no one to advise him properly. Mrs Petre's injurious statements as regarded him had placed him in the most painful predicament; but he was resolved on one thing—to lose no time in attempting, at all events, to rescue his aunt from her present thraldom.

'But to whom could they turn? Something must be done. Mrs Stanmore would not hear of her husband subjecting himself to fresh insults from Mrs Petre's friends. She would write *once* more to Major Dumaresque, and see if she could not rouse him to a sense of the real character of Mrs Danton. This she resolved in the presence of Janet Heath and Aubrey.

"Very well, Helen; write by all means," said Aubrey solemnly; "but I have a strong conviction that that woman will never let my aunt live until Arthur Dumaresque comes home."

'Long and anxiously did the Stanmores consult with the faithful Janet as to the best means of watching over the old lady, who seemed bent on allowing herself to be ruled by Mrs Danton, who had her now as completely under her thumb as if she had been an infant. At last it was settled, when they heard Hilton Lodge had been really engaged, that Janet should take a little house as near it as possible, partly on the plea of her child—she had one little girl, Emily by name—requiring change, partly because of her anxiety to be near her old mistress. So when the Dantonian establishment was fairly settled, Janet made her appearance, greatly to the rage and disgust of the major-domo there, but to the evident joy and relief of Mrs Petre, who took to writing perpetual little plaintive notes to Janet, desiring her to come up to see her.

'Janet had to encounter more than one covert insult at Mrs Danton's hands, but she simply ignored them, and persevered most courageously in presenting herself at Hilton Lodge whenever she was sent for. During those visits she noticed the penniless condition of Mrs Petre, who bitterly complained that "she had not a shilling in the world;" and at last, thanks probably to Janet's vigorous promptings, the poor old lady at length whispered to her that she would fain get rid of Danton, as she called her, but she could not. "I shall do so when Major Dumaresque comes home," she said, "and get *you* to live with me, Janet."

'Gradually, however, Janet was doing good service to the Stanmores, for Mrs Petre now, whenever occasion came, would talk of Aubrey with much of her old kindliness, and with pride told Janet one day that he and his wife had taken to magazine-writing, and were doing pretty well.

'One day, Janet came up to Hilton Lodge at an earlier hour than usual, without having been asked to do so by Mrs Petre; but the reason was soon told—it was the sixty-eighth birthday of the old lady, and Janet had come to congratulate her upon the day. Mrs Danton shewed some annoyance at Janet's remembrance of the anniversary; but Mrs Petre welcomed her with more animation and kindliness than she had hitherto exhibited before Mrs Danton. "You must have some luncheon with me," she said; "I am going to have it in the drawing-room, and I should like you to stay for it."

‘Janet had never been so honoured; hitherto an occasional glass of wine was the most she had been accorded; but on this particular and momentous day, she and her little girl Emily were both invited to seat themselves at Mrs Petre's dinner-table, where they partook of an excellent lunch.

"You must drink my health, Janet," said Mrs Petre; "this is some of my old sherry, my treasure-wine. Danton sent up to town for it; you remember it, don't you?"

"O yes, ma'am," said Janet; "I do indeed remember it; but you used not to like it yourself."

"I don't care for it now," answered Mrs Petre, as with a very firm hand she poured out a glass of wonderfully dark-coloured sherry.

"Thank you," said Janet, taking the glass; but before raising it to her lips, added: "At your age we must not expect you to have many more birthdays; but I do hope you may have a good number yet, and happier than this, with peace in the family, and all the old times over again."

"Yes, yes," responded Mrs Petre; "when Major Dumaresque comes home. And poor Aubrey! He was a nice boy; wasn't he, Janet?"

"That he was," said Janet heartily; "and is nice still."

"I'm glad I forgave him," observed Mrs Petre, helping the little Emily to some pudding as she spoke. She had seldom taken so much notice of Janet's child before; but on this particular day she fed her from her own plate, and talked several times of Major Dumaresque's little girl; for I have not before mentioned that he was a married man with one child.

"You will like to see Miss Florence, won't you?" observed Janet. "She will be such an amusement to you."

"O yes," responded Mrs Petre; "I am looking forward very much to seeing her."

‘After lunch was over, Mrs Petre and Janet sat talking for a short time, when the door suddenly opened, and a stranger to Janet, a tall dark man, walked into the room. From his immediately asking Mrs Petre how she felt, Janet guessed he was a doctor, and her conclusion was confirmed by his inquiring of her how she thought Mrs Petre was looking.

"Very well indeed," responded Janet; but from a feeling of delicacy, she thought she would withdraw until the conference with the doctor was over. Accordingly she descended to the dining-room, where Mrs Danton was sitting; and in a few minutes was followed by the doctor, who addressed himself to the latter.

"Did Mrs Petre have her draught this morning?"

"No," replied Mrs Danton; "I gave her a glass of wine instead."

"Did she get the laudanum?" asked the doctor in a low tone; and to this question Mrs Danton's reply was made in a whisper, so inaudible that Janet feeling herself *de trop*, again got up and rejoined the old lady up-stairs.

"You have got a new doctor," remarked Janet.

"Yes," replied Mrs Petre; "I have had a cold lately; and Mrs Danton did not like Mr Heywood, who is the leading man here. But this young man seems civil enough."

"Well, I must be going now," said Janet presently.

"You can be driven home," answered Mrs Petre; "the carriage is at the door now, I think, and it can come back for me."

"No," said Janet; "it drove away a minute ago."

"Drove away!" exclaimed Mrs Petre with a flash of her old temper, which as I have before said, was a very violent one; Janet's presence no doubt emboldening her to find fault with Mrs Danton's arrangements. "Go and see where it has been sent to."

"Mrs Danton has sent the coachman to Lynton, to get a fowl for your dinner," said Janet, coming back after her inquiry.

"I didn't want a fowl; I won't have a fowl! What does she mean by sending for a fowl for me?"

‘When Janet departed, she left Mrs Petre irritated against Mrs Danton—a hopeful sign that self-assertion might yet enable her to shake off the trammels into which she has got herself. And Janet thereupon sat down and wrote a joyous little note to Mrs Aubrey Stanmore, which she posted.

POST-LETTER ITEMS.

As lately as 1839, each inhabitant of these islands only wrote on an average three letters per annum. In 1840, the year associated with the introduction of the penny post, the total number of letters rose to one hundred and sixty-nine millions, giving an average of seven letters to each person, or something more than double the average of the preceding year. Since then, the history of the British Post-office, the greatest emporium of letters in the world, has simply been the history of the growth of commerce and civilisation in our midst. Each year the number of letters has surely and steadily increased, until, in 1875, it reached the enormous total of a thousand and eight millions, or an average of thirty-one letters to each person in the United Kingdom. Besides these, there were more than eighty-seven millions of post-cards, and very nearly two hundred and eighty millions of newspapers and book packets; so that a grand total of nearly fourteen hundred millions of all descriptions of postal matter is reached. How few of us can realise at the first blush what a thousand millions represents!

While the average number of letters to each person in the United Kingdom in 1875 was thirty-one, it was as high as thirty-five in England and Wales, and as low as thirteen in Ireland. Scotland occupies the happy medium between the two, shewing an average exactly double that of Ireland, and about twenty-five per cent. below that of England and Wales. It may be doubted, however, whether purely social and domestic correspondence by letter is less frequently indulged in by the Scotch people than by the English; and probably if London, where there is quite an abnormal amount of correspondence, were excluded from the calculation, Scotland would be found to be very nearly on a level with England.

It is a striking and gratifying fact that only a mere fraction of the total number of letters posted fail to reach their destination. People often grumble at the bore of letter-writing, but seldom think of the boon they enjoy in the penny post. To write, address, and post a letter—and this is all the sender is required to do—is a mere trifle, compared with the labour of the Post-office in earning the 'nimble penny,' which is affixed to the letter in the shape of the 'Queen's Head.' Think of what has to be done for a letter posted, say, in the suburbs of London, and addressed to some remote village in the north of England or in Scotland. Perhaps it has been posted over-night, in which case the letter-carrier will be busy collecting and conveying it to the sub-district office some hours before moderately early people are thinking of getting up. From the Sub, it will be conveyed to the Head District Office, there to be stamped, sorted, and despatched to St Martin's-le-Grand. Here, in company with many thousands of others which have arrived in the same way, it will probably be manipulated as many as half-a-dozen times, in the different processes of facing, dividing, sorting, and so on, before it reaches the stage of being tied up in a bundle with a hundred or more of its fellows addressed to the same town or district, and despatched on what may probably be only the initial stage of its journey. If a night letter, Fate may decree that it should pass under the scrutinising glance of that sleepless official, the travelling sorter; in which case the bag, with its seal hardly 'set' as yet, will be ruthlessly torn open, and the bundles dispersed to the four corners of the railway sorting tender. Here is a miniature post-office, with pigeon-holes, bags, and bundles innumerable; whose officials, in a desperate effort to keep ahead of the train, wait not for the shrill whistle of the guard or the first puff of the engine to commence their hard night's work. There are letters, letters everywhere, and not a moment to lose. There may be a bag to sort and drop before the train has accomplished the first dozen miles of its journey. Our letter is amongst the heap lying ready to be operated upon; it will be got ready by-and-by, and towards the gray of the morning it will be dropped at some little roadside station, whither the mail-cart driver has driven half-a-dozen miles or more to receive it. Thence to the post-office, another half-dozen miles; and here again the familiar process of unpacking, re-sorting, and re-stamping. Our letter is not for the town at which the bag is opened, but for one of its outlying villages; and the rural postman must be called in before the transaction, commenced in London some ten or twelve hours previously, can be completed. Away he goes, ere yet it is daylight, bag on shoulder, stick in hand, thinking less, probably, of the precious secrets of which he is the bearer, than of his return with a similar, although probably a lighter load in the evening. His life is not exactly one round of pleasure, but an out-and-home sort of journey, in which there is very little real progress, and the 'lettered ease' of which consists in the occasional Sundays on which he is relieved of his burden. He is the final link in the chain which, in the shape of men, horses, steam-engines, has had to be put in motion in order to deliver our penny letter!

Letters may be posted at no fewer than twenty-three thousand five hundred receptacles throughout the United Kingdom. How various is the character of these so-called receptacles! Here is the stately post-office of many of our great towns, situated in the very centre of life and activity. There the wayside letter-box, far removed from human habitation and, to all appearance, from human necessity. Lonely roads are no bar to the progress of the rural postman; although the Postmaster-general relates how an attempt to provide postal facilities in a certain district in the west of Ireland was frustrated by a superstitious objection to collect the letters from a wall-box, because 'a ghost went out nightly on parade' in the neighbourhood. Between the stately post-office and the wayside letter-box there are several different kinds of receptacles for letters: there is the branch post-office, an offshoot of the parent establishment; the receiving-house, at which a kind of uncovenanted postal service is carried on; and the pillar letter-box, which is dotted about our great towns almost as plentifully as lamp-posts are. In London there are no fewer than eighteen hundred receptacles for letters, and of these more than eleven hundred are pillar and wall letter-boxes. The public have a peculiar affection for the pillar-box, thinking probably that it can tell no tales. The writer remembers perfectly well seeing a pillar-box thrown down by a passing wagon in one of the streets of London, and afterwards turned with the 'slit' or aperture downward, so that it might not be used until re-erected. But despite this, it was rolled over and several letters inserted in it while it lay prostrate in the gutter! Similarly, letters intended to be 'posted' have often been dropped into the letter-boxes of private firms, and even into the 'street orderly bins' which stand at no great distance from the pillar letter-boxes in the city of London.

St Martin's-le-Grand is, of course, the great central depot for the letters of London, although it is doubtful whether more letters are not actually posted at the well-known branch-office in Lombard Street. Around this spot the bankers and merchants of the metropolis 'most do congregate,' and of necessity the quantity of matter 'mailed' nightly is very large. So is it at Charing Cross, another of the great posting centres of the metropolis.

Visitors to London are perhaps most familiar with the scene which is to be witnessed any evening between half-past five and six o'clock at St Martin's. Here the post-office gapes more widely at its customers, the public, than anywhere else we know of; and here it is prepared to swallow any kind of matter, from the tiniest, flimsiest document, written on 'India post,' to the stock-in-trade of a bookseller from 'the Row' adjoining, or the latest edition of an evening newspaper from neighbouring Fleet Street. Look at the numerous apertures as they gape and yawn in front of you. There is one labelled 'Newspapers,' about as big as a street-door, into which a whole edition of an evening paper might be thrown, without disturbing the calm serenity of the official inside whose duty it is to clear the throat of the monster. 'Letters,' inland, foreign, and colonial, town and country, large and small, thick and thin, may be posted with ease at as many different openings; while the 'stout card' and the thin card, the circular, the book packet, and the sample parcel, each has its appointed mode of descent into the cavernous depths below. What a struggle is there as the hour of six approaches! Burly office-porters jostle delicate shop-girls in their efforts to reach the letter-box; tiny office-boys strain and struggle beneath a load which might more appropriately have been conveyed to the post in a cart or wagon; and hapless youths who have started late, and who have been leap-frogging by the way, are fain to shy their bags or baskets of letters at the nearest opening, and take their chance. Bang goes the clock overhead, and in an instant the box closes with a crash, which must, one would think, have guillotined many a hapless letter thrown in on the stroke of the hour. Eagerness gives way to disappointment in the faces of those who are in the act of ascending the steps 'as the clock was striking the hour,' for the man in the red coat, whose heart is steeled against all importunities, has pronounced the words 'Too late,' and already the officials at the 'window' are busy exacting the fee of procrastination.* No sooner has one description of posting finished than another begins. Half an hour prior to the closing of the box at St Martin's-le-Grand, the boxes all over London have closed, and the mail-carts—designed rather for speed than for elegance—are rattling into the yard behind, from the various district and branch post-offices. East, west, north, and south, all contribute their quota to the load which, a couple of hours hence, is to leave the post-office yard for the various railway stations in the shape of the 'Night-mail down.'

The penny post has destroyed all distinctions in the great republic of letters. In the eyes of the post-office all letters are equal, whatever their character, caligraphy, or country; and no rival interests are studied within the walls of St Martin's. The big letters are not permitted to oppress the little ones, each being tied up in their own particular bundle; and books and samples are so disposed that they are transported with a minimum of inconvenience to their less robust neighbours passing through the post. The work of facing—that is, putting all the letters with their addresses one way—stamping, dividing, sorting, and despatching, is performed in regular succession, as the letters are cleared from the box; for it is needless to say that all the operations of the post-office are carried on with clock-like regularity. In the old coaching days, when letters were despatched they were said to be sent 'down the road;' and the term 'road' is still retained in the Circulation Office, as indicating the particular desk or division at which the bags are made up for particular lines of railway or districts of country.

Eight o'clock is the hour at which the great night-mail is despatched from London; and the scene, although perhaps less stirring than that of the old mail-coach days, is sufficiently curious to attract a large crowd at St Martin's-le-Grand. Gorged with the accumulated correspondence of four millions of people, the huge building, now used exclusively for the sorting and despatch of letters, begins to exhibit palpable signs of discomfort as the hour of eight approaches; and ever and anon from the floors above come shooting down on to the platforms by which the building is surrounded on three sides, sackfuls of letters and newspapers, which are quickly transferred to the gaping mail-carts and wagons ranged underneath. Gradually the descent becomes fast and furious, until at five minutes to eight every aperture in the building is seen to belch forth its bag, box, or bundle of letters; and cart-drivers are shouting lustily to make way for 'Her Majesty's mails.' Away go the carts, vans, and omnibuses—a whole string making for Euston with the load of the 'Limited,' which seems to be limited in all else save letters; and others making for the different railway *termini* scattered all over London. A few minutes later, and there emerge from the building hundreds, we had almost said thousands, of busy toilers whose work has just preceded them; and in less than half-an-hour silence reigns supreme in and around St Martin's.

Letters are not always so plainly or so correctly addressed as they might be. This is a truism which most people will be inclined to reject as beneath their notice; and yet it is a truth which is painfully thrust upon the officials of the post-office every hour of the day. Think how the circulation of a badly addressed letter must be impeded at every stage of its progress! Let us suppose that a righteous fate overtakes it at the very outset, and that it 'sticks' in the aperture of the letter-box and loses a collection. Let us suppose, further, that it is addressed to 'George Street, London,' simply. There are *only* twenty-three streets of the name in the metropolis; and it so happens that there is one or more in each of the eight postal districts! Thus, then, a letter so addressed might have to be sent all over London before reaching its destination; and who shall say that the fate was not richly merited? Much the same kind of thing would happen to a letter addressed to 'Queen Street, London;' there being no fewer than twenty streets bearing the title of our most illustrious sovereign, besides squares, crescents, gardens, terraces, rows, and roads innumerable. Quitting London, however, we will suppose a letter addressed to 'Newport' simply. Is it intended for Newport, Monmouth; Newport, Isle of Wight; Newport, Salop; or for any of the remaining four towns in England, two in Ireland, and one in Scotland, which flourish under that name? So too with Ashford, of which there are four places of the name in England; Bradford, of which there are three; Broughton, seven; Burnham, five; Burton, fifteen; Bury, four; and a host of others which we need not stay to enumerate. The post-office regulation on the subject of addresses runs thus: 'Every address should be legible and complete. When a letter is sent to a post-town, the last word in the address should be the name of that town, except when the town is but little known, or when there are two post-towns of the same name, or when the name of the town (such as Boston) is identical with or very like the name of some foreign town or country. In such cases the name of the county should be added.' Very good regulations these, but unfortunately they are not always attended to by the sorting clerks. We are constantly getting letters which have been delayed in their journey by the perverse stupidity of sorters mistaking the address, however plainly written, and in fact not attending to the name of the post-town. There are some other grounds for dissatisfaction. In numberless instances, towns near each other hold no direct postal communication, and letters between them make a long round before reaching their destination. These are blots on an otherwise wonderfully perfect system.

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* By extra payment to the official at 'the window,' a letter though some minutes late will be received and despatched.

ERRORS CONCERNING ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast strides that science has made of late years, it is curious to note the errors and misconceptions in various points of natural history that still linger in many parts of this and other countries. We may run over a few of these popular misconceptions. Not a few even among generally well-informed people still imagine that all *Fungi* are poisonous—including even the mushroom. Many more take it for granted that all serpents sting, and that the forked tongue is the weapon by which the 'sting' is given; the fact that it is forked seeming to afford them convincing proof of its deadly character. While there are many among the educated classes who would probably be puzzled if told, that there were other mammals besides four-footed animals and man.

There are still numbers of persons who believe that a horse-hair immersed for a time in water becomes vivified and is transformed into the curious animal known as the hair-eel; and who further imagine that this, acquiring greater thickness, becomes in process of time the common eel. This belief is universal among the uneducated, at least of the rural population, in many parts of the country. Nor is it confined to them. We have heard it stoutly maintained by a very intelligent man, of good education according to the ideas of education which were generally entertained fifty or sixty years ago; his only argument was one with which, if he had not been profoundly ignorant of natural history, he could not for a moment have deceived himself. He had often seen, in ditches or in stagnant pools, a moving hair-like thing, exactly resembling a black or dark-brown hair from a horse's mane, and no doubt it was a living thing, *and an eel!* And the other day we read among the answers to correspondents in a weekly paper, a very good advice to one who had directed attention to this same marvel—to try the experiment for himself with a horse-hair. But for any one who seeks information in the proper quarter, there is no need of such experiment; and the needful information is easily obtained. A few hours spent in the perusal of a book or two of natural history would make any man of common-sense ashamed that he had ever for a moment credited such an absurdity. The natural history of the eel is well known; and at no stage of its existence is it in form and appearance like the hair-eel. The natural history of the creature called by this name—the *Gordius* of naturalists—is also known. It is not a fish like the eel; it belongs to a class of parasitic worms very far below fishes in the scale of creation. It has no relation either to the eel or to a horse-hair. Yet the ploughman looks upon it with wonder, as he thinks of what he believes to be its origin; and the boys of the village school, when they find it in the gutter by the roadside or millpond, gather around it to gaze, and assure themselves by ocular observation of the truth of what they have heard. Ought they not to hear in the school itself what would disabuse their minds of so gross an error?

The erroneous opinion that all serpents are venomous is one that most probably originated with those who live in districts frequented only by the adder or viper; but it ought not to be entertained even by the most ignorant of the peasantry where the common snake is abundant, as it is in most parts of England. There every one ought to know that the latter is harmless, and that it is easily distinguished from the viper, which is poisonous. Curiously, too, the blind-worm or slow-worm, which, although not now ranked by naturalists among true serpents, but among the lizards, agrees with serpents in general appearance, and is in many places regarded with the utmost dread, being popularly believed to be as venomous as the viper itself. This is the case equally where it is common, as it is in many parts of England, and in Scotland where it is rare and found in comparatively few localities. 'During the summer of 1876,' says the Rev. J. G. Wood in his *Illustrated Natural History*, 'I passed some little time in the New Forest, and having gone round to the farms in the neighbourhood, begged to have all reptiles brought to me that were discovered during hay-making. In consequence, the supply of vipers and snakes was very large; and on one occasion a labourer came to my house bare-headed, his red face beaming with delight, and his manner evincing a consciousness of deserving valour. Between his hands he held his felt hat tightly crimpled together, and within the hat was discovered, after much careful manœuvring, the head of a blind-worm emerging from one of its folds. As I put out my hand to remove the creature, the man fairly screamed with horror; and even when I took it in my hand, and allowed it to play its tongue over the fingers, he could not believe that it was not poisonous. No argument could persuade that worthy man that the reptile was harmless, and nothing could induce him to lay a finger upon it; the prominent idea in his mind being evidently, not that the blind-worm had no poison, but that I was poison-proof.'

Similar to the popular opinion as to the blind-worm is that concerning the little active slender lizard common in moors, and that concerning the eft or newt, both of which are deemed extremely venomous, dangerous animals, whilst in reality both are quite harmless. We do not know how far the error as to the lizard prevails in England, but it is certainly very generally prevalent in Scotland, almost every rustic dreading what he calls an *ask*, that is a lizard, nearly as much as an adder. And a similar belief, equally erroneous, prevails in France as to another species of lizard. As to the newt, the prejudice against it exists everywhere, both in England and in Scotland, but it appears in its most exaggerated form where the state of education is lowest. 'During a residence of some years in a small village in Wiltshire,' says Mr Wood, in the work from which we have already quoted, 'I was told some very odd stories about the newt, and my own power of handling these terrible creatures without injury was evidently thought rather supernatural. Poison was the least of its crimes; for it was a general opinion among the rustics in charge of the farmyard, that my poor newts killed a calf at one end of a farmyard, through the mediumship of its mother, who saw them in a water-trough at the other end; and that one of these creatures bit a man on his thumb as he was cutting grass in the churchyard, and inflicted great damage on that member. The worst charge, however, was one which I heard from the same person. A woman, he told me, had gone to the brook to draw water, when an *effert*, as he called it, jumped out of the water, fastened on her arm, bit out a piece of flesh and spat fire into the wound, so that she afterwards lost her arm!'

Some birds are regarded as of evil omen. One does not wonder that this should be the case as to the raven and the owl. The colour, the habits, and the hoarse croak of the raven may be supposed naturally suggestive of unpleasant thoughts; and it is easy to understand how the imagination may be affected by the loud hooting of the owl when it breaks the stillness of the night amidst the loneliness of the forest. But in other cases where no such explanation offers itself, superstition seems wholly unaccountable. Thus, in the north of England, where the wheatear is not very common, the sight of it is supposed to presage death to the spectator, and the country-people kill the bird and destroy its eggs on every opportunity. In the north of England also, the hoopoe has the reputation of being an *unlucky* bird. In many parts of England it is accounted unlucky to see a solitary magpie, but lucky to see two together. One is supposed to presage sorrow; two, mirth; three, a wedding; and four, death!

In most parts of the United Kingdom, it is deemed unlucky to kill a robin, the red breast of the bird being attributed to its having been sprinkled with the blood of our Lord as He hung upon the cross; even as the cross on the back of the ass is connected in the rustic mind with our Lord's entry into Jerusalem riding upon an ass. According to the paper in the *Book of Days*, a common saying in Suffolk is, 'You must not take robin's eggs; if you do, you will get your legs broken.' The writer of it also relates the following anecdote. '"How badly you write!" I said one day to a boy in our parish school; "your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard, or anything of that sort?" "No," replied the lad; "it always shakes: I once had a robin die in my hand; and they say that if a robin dies in your hand, it will always shake."' In some parts of England it is considered very unlucky to have no money in your pocket when you hear the cuckoo for the first time in the season. So perhaps it is, when it indicates the usual condition of the pocket.

Some insects, as well as birds, are deemed ominous of evil. There are many, even among educated people, who cannot hear the ticking of the little beetle called the death-watch without a feeling of fear; and among the vulgar, the belief is universal that it presages death in the house. And yet it is only the male insect knocking his head against the woodwork as a signal to his mate. In some parts of England the elephant hawk-moth is regarded not only as presaging, but as producing murrain. The death's-head moth is regarded with even greater aversion. This large moth, nowhere very common, has markings on the back and thorax somewhat resembling a skull and cross-bones; hence it inspires a superstitious terror, and its appearance is believed to be the harbinger of pestilence and woe. The ghost-moth inspires similar alarm. The female is of a dull brown colour; the upper surface of the male is of a silvery whiteness. In the evening the male makes his appearance, hovering over the grass in which the female lurks, often in churchyards where the grass is green and luxuriant. If alarmed, the insect disappears in an instant, settling on the ground; but by-and-by appears again hovering over the same spot. The ignorant rustic imagines it to be a ghost; and even if it were caught and shewn to him, he would be hard to be persuaded that it has no occult relation to the dead, or that its appearance is not ominous of evil to the living. Perhaps the most curious of all the popular superstitions concerning insects (and we could narrate many) is one which prevails, in Suffolk at least, as to bees. It is deemed unlucky that a stray swarm of bees should settle on your premises, unclaimed by the owner; it presages a death in the family within a year. A popular belief in Suffolk is that it is unlucky to kill a *harvestman*—a long-legged spider, very common in the fields in autumn—because if you do kill one there will be a bad harvest.

Some other errors in the natural history of animals have been long and widely prevalent, but have no superstitions connected with them. It will be enough merely to mention them. It is a common but a purely erroneous belief that the goatsucker and the hedgehog suck the teats of cows lying in the field—the latter being persecuted on that account. The woodpecker is ruthlessly killed because of the injury which it is supposed to do to trees by pecking holes in the wood and causing them to rot. The woodpecker pecks only where the wood is already decayed, which it does in quest of insects and their larvæ, and by pecking out the decayed wood, prevents the gangrene from extending, thus doing good to the tree and not harm.

The popular errors regarding plants are not so numerous, so wide-spread, or so remarkable as those regarding animals; nor do they seem anywhere to have taken so firm a hold of the minds of any class of the people, if we except perhaps the popular ideas regarding mushrooms and toadstools. Many people imagine that all fungi, except 'the mushroom,' are poisonous. It is not uncommon to hear the question asked even by educated people concerning some *agaric*: 'Is it a mushroom or a fungus?'—a question which shews that neither the meaning of the one term nor of the other is known. Every mushroom is a fungus; and although the term *mushroom* can never be applied to the minute fungi, such as blight, smut, mildew, and mould, it is very commonly applied to many of the larger kinds. Many fungi are not only not poisonous, but are wholesome and pleasant articles of food. Truffles and morels are edible fungi, and though they are found in England, they are not so common anywhere in Britain as in some parts of the continent of Europe. Some other species are also occasionally gathered and used in England; but in Scotland it may almost be said that none is ever gathered for use except the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*). Both in England and Scotland, however, far less use is made of the edible fungi than in France, Italy, Germany, and other continental countries, where they form a not inconsiderable part of the food of the people during summer and autumn; whilst with us, through ignorance and prejudice, they are allowed to rot and go to waste. It is proper to add, that of the larger kinds of fungi, many of the poisonous species are of the very group to which the common mushroom belongs; a group which possesses the same general form and structure with the common mushroom—a stalk surmounted by a cap, with gills on the under-side of the cap. Some excuse is therefore to be made for the general aversion prevalent in Great Britain to all kinds of fungi; and as long as we remain ignorant of the difference between the edible and the poisonous species, this aversion will naturally survive. But a wider diffusion of knowledge concerning the edible fungi is very desirable, and would enable many often to enjoy a cheap and agreeable repast.

The superstitions connected with plants seem also to have possessed less vitality than those connected with animals. In fact, they have mostly quite died out. Perhaps the most tenacious of life was that concerning the rowan-tree or mountain-ash. Our forefathers universally regarded this tree as possessing a wondrous power of affording protection from witches and from evil spirits, and for this reason it was planted close by every dwelling. Nowhere was this belief more firmly entertained than in Scotland. Within our recollection, an aged man who acted as postman in a country town in the south of Scotland, habitually carried a piece of rowan-tree or mountain-ash in his pocket, as a fancied protection against malevolent influences. Traces of this superstition have now, we believe, disappeared. The rowan-tree is now cultivated for the sake of its beautiful clustering berries, from which a pleasantly bitter jelly may be produced, as a condiment to be eaten with roast-mutton, preferable to the jelly from red currants. This is what we call putting the mountain-ash to a better purpose than superstitiously carrying morsels of it in the pocket to avert some imaginary personal injury.

Let us hope that, by the progress of education, the minds even of the humblest classes of the people will erelong be freed from the fear of dangers merely imaginary, and elevated above the pitiful superstitions by which they are still too frequently enslaved and degraded. Yet it is probable that a considerable time must elapse before this desirable result can be fully attained. To many the errors with which their superstitions are connected, and the superstitions themselves, appear supported by a great weight of authority, such as they have been accustomed most to respect—the authority of their seniors, and of those who are looked upon as the oracles of their little circle. And if they have not instances of their own observation to adduce in justification of their beliefs, they have been assured of instances enough that have come under the observation of others.

THE QUICHENOT LAMP-FORGE.

A BRIEF account of this new lamp-forge, included in 'Useful Items From France,' which appeared in our columns (No. 668, October 14, 1876), having occasioned numerous inquiries as to this novel source of heat, a more detailed description of its principle and mode of action may probably prove acceptable. The apparatus, of which M. Quichenot, a French civil engineer, is the inventor, is designed to supply a want that has been long felt, that of a blow-pipe and furnace combined, easy of transport, applicable to the arts, or for experimental purposes, and which does its work cheaply. Requiring no special fittings, it can be used where gas cannot, and yields, it may be added, a heat considerably greater.

The so-called carburator, or actual lamp-forge, is composed of a shell or chamber of cast-iron, with a false bottom or double compartment, into which air is to be forced by the aid of a smith's or circular bellows. On this shell stands an annular vessel of cast-iron, containing petroleum, supplied from a reservoir of equal level, by the help of a pipe. The heat of the lamp-forge keeps the petroleum in ebullition, and its vapour pours into the iron carburator, mixes with the compressed air, and rushes burning through a large copper funnel, capped by a thick tube in refractory fire-clay, and which contains the hottest portion of the flame; which is then suffered to play on the crucible or cupel containing the object to be heated, and which is surrounded by a cover or screen, to prevent the cooling effects of the atmosphere.

The blow-pipe attached to the apparatus is a flexible one, the interior being fitted with a copper spiral reaching to within one-third of an inch of the nozzle, and which renders the flame shorter and more compact than is the case with blow-pipes of the usual construction. The flame can be rendered oxidising or deoxidising at pleasure. For solders of every kind this blow-pipe is believed to be well adapted. The miniature lamp-forge is capable of melting, in ten minutes, fourteen ounces of copper, nickel, or cast-iron, or about twelve ounces of wrought-iron. The heat, therefore, is only equalled by that of the larger-sized table-furnaces fed with coke and urged by a continuous blast of air. But the action of these last-mentioned furnaces is brief, and when their supply of fuel is consumed, time is wasted in cooling and recharging them. The great merit of M. Quichenot's invention is, that the lamp-forge can be kept, without difficulty, at work for a considerable time, care being taken to guard against any heating of the petroleum in the reservoir of supply.

We have not been able to ascertain if these forges are to be seen in England; but we believe that information may be had, and the apparatus seen, by applying to M. le Directeur, Fabrique des Forges de Vulcain, 5 Rue Saint-Denis, Place du Châtelet, Paris.

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TO LIVE TO A HUNDRED.

THAT is what most people would like, if it could be easily managed. All know that they must throw off 'this mortal coil' some time, but there are innumerable and plausible reasons why they wish to avoid throwing it off as long as possible. They have important affairs on hand which require attention. They have children to educate and see out into the world. They are interested in certain public movements with which the newspapers are rife, and would like to see how these stirring events terminate. They are engaged in some important scientific investigations which they are anxious to complete. They have realised a small fortune, and would like to see it grow something larger, so that they might make a decent flourish with their bequests. And so on without end. They have often declared that the weather has become so bad that life is not worth having. But on second thoughts, when things are looking serious, they come to the conclusion that the weather may be endured, and that the world is not such a bad world after all. Dying, who speaks of dying? The idea of such a thing is ridiculous.

There is a clever book of old date full of pictorial illustrations called the *Dance of Death*. Each picture represents a pleasant scene in social life, into which Death, in the form of a skeleton, impertinently intrudes himself, and beckons a particular individual to come away; which individual, considerably surprised and disgusted at the summons, is obliged to go off, very much against his will. The moral suggested is the total unexpectedness of the visit—the uncertainty of human life. Such books amuse people. They laugh at seeing a self-complacent person sitting at a table stuffing and enjoying himself with good things, and who, on chancing to look a little aside, perceives to his consternation a skeleton bowing respectfully, and beckoning with its bony finger to walk off. He is wanted, and must march—not a moment to stay. The very glass just poured out must be left untasted. Very droll, very suggestive such pictures, only nobody is ever benefited by them. 'All men think all men mortal but themselves,' says the poet. Men perhaps do not exactly think so. But what comes pretty much to the same thing, they flatter themselves they will have a 'long day.' No doubt they will live a good while yet, and it is as well to be jolly in the meantime.

It is a curious fact, disclosed by physiologists who think deeply on the subject, that society is very much to blame for the comparative shortness of life. This was not well understood when the *Dance of Death* was written. It is understood now. Inquiries into the laws of health and disease, along with statistics, make it plain that premature decease is owing to a variety of preventable causes. We are gravely informed by Dr Farr, in his letter* to the Registrar-general of England, that the natural lifetime of man is a century! To die earlier than a hundred years of age is all a mistake. It is the fault of something or somebody or other that people die young. With a good constitution to start with, and due care in ordinary circumstances, life may be protracted to eighty, to ninety, or to a hundred. If that be what most people like, why don't they try? It is very certain, as is observable by the newspaper obituaries, that latterly many persons, whether they have tried or not, lived to be upwards of a hundred years of age. We have just seen a death reported at a hundred and six, and a month or two ago one at a hundred and ten. Some of these long-lived individuals were of a humble rank in life. One or two were parish paupers. Occasionally we hear of negroes in the United States dying at a hundred and ten or a hundred and twelve years old, whose early life was spent in slavery. Among the aristocracy, deaths are pretty frequently reported at about eighty or ninety, but rarely at a hundred and above it. From these circumstances it may be inferred that fine living does not particularly contribute to extreme longevity.

The number of children who die young is immense. Bad nursing, neglect, whooping-cough, croup, measles, scarlet fever, small-pox, dosing with soporifics, carry off a large proportion. Bad air in close stuffy dwellings, and insufficient food, likewise destroy great numbers of children, particularly in old ill-contrived towns. Only by a kind of good-luck and natural strength of fibre do they get beyond five years of age. That is the first clearance; after which ensue the casualties of youth, too often brought about by carelessness. Latterly, Death has played great havoc among young and old through new developments of what are called zymotic diseases; or in plain English, diseases which originate in the fermentation of putrefying substances. These diseases are by no means new. They were known in ancient times. But in our own day they have sprung into enormous vigour, through the influence of modern domestic arrangements; and generally speaking, the finer the houses the worse have matters grown.

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* This letter is appended to the Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Annual Report concerning Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England, 1875.

In his operations, Death has wonderfully potent auxiliaries in house-builders; or at least those who get up houses to sell regardless of sanitary arrangements. Pipes to carry off refuse are scamped, everything is scamped. The pipes are ill put together and badly laid; foul air, the result of festering fermentation, escapes into the dwelling. Diphtheria and typhoid fever are the probable consequence. Much that is curious has been written concerning these zymotic diseases. It is now generally believed that the poisonous gases arising from imperfect pipeage in houses consist intrinsically of fungoid germs, which are unconsciously swallowed by the luckless inhabitants of the houses so affected. Whether this Germ theory be correct or not, the result is the same. By inhaling the vitiated air, we drink a kind of poison, which produces the most fatal disorders. In our own small way, we could speak from experience of this bad pipeage system, which has obviously become one of the scandals of the age. It is enough for us to advise every purchaser of a house to look strictly to the condition of pipes and drains. If he cannot do it himself, let him procure the assistance of experts. What a thing to say of some modern improvements, that they have ended in giving us two of the greatest evils in life—foul air in our houses, and foul water to drink! One would almost think that these so-called improvements had been ingeniously devised in the interest of the undertakers.

People as we see are slain right and left by ailments which seize upon them insidiously when least expected. The weakest of course come off worst. This brings us to the fact that considerable numbers possess but a feeble stamina, and are unable to ward off disease, even with all the appliances of art. They come of a weakly parentage perhaps through several generations. Being by inheritance little better than an incarnation of beer and gin, they are absolutely born with a tendency to succumb to disorders which others would escape. Dr Farr makes the remark, that our very philanthropic schemes for rendering succour to the afflicted tend to raise crops of people of inferior organisation. 'The imbecile, the drunkard, the lunatic, the criminal, the idle, and all tainted natures, were once allowed to perish in fields, asylums, or jails, if they were not directly put to death; but these classes and their offspring now figure in large numbers in the population.'

From one cause and another, it is not surprising that so comparatively few reach extreme old age. The average of human life has been extended through the resources of modern science, but not to such an extent as might be expected, for the average still does not range higher than forty-five to fifty. Some reasons for this comparatively low average have been alluded to. To these may be added the frightful deterioration of health from intemperance. Drinking, once a fashionable vice, has become a prevalent evil in the lower departments of society, and the evil is conspicuously increased in proportion to an advancement in the gains of labour. Alcohol! In that single word we have no end of premature deaths accounted for. The most correctly logical definition, as far as we have seen, of the physical and mental ills inflicted through the agency of alcohol, is that given by Dr B. W. Richardson in his work on the *Diseases of Modern Life.* There can be no doubt that the reckless abuse of this stimulant, always growing the more reckless, as has been said, as means are increased for its indulgence, has a terrible effect on the increase of pauperism and death-rates. According to Dr Richardson, alcohol has a tendency to throw life off its balance—'A balance at the best of times finely set is broken in favour of death. A mental shock, a mechanical injury, an exposure to cold, a strain, a deprivation of food beyond the usual time of taking food;—any of these causes, and others similar, are sufficient to cause an organic wreck, which, left to its own fate, would soon break up from progressive internal failure of vital power.' Much that follows on this subject we commend to general attention—without, however, expecting that what the learned writer says will be of any practical avail.

Another cause for the undue shortening of life which has not been yet referred to, is the intense mental strain prevalent among literary men, artists, statesmen, judges, and some other classes. If not a new feature in society, this mental strain is at least more conspicuous than it was formerly, because the struggle to attain high rewards is greater, and more dependent on individual exertion than it seems to have been in past and less exacting times. In short, in derangement of the nervous system, leading to no end of functional derangements in the heart, stomach, and so on, in all which are found reasons why so many of our most eminent notabilities are removed ere they reach fourscore. They fall victims to a heedless, certainly unfortunate, overtasking of the brain. Medical men in high practice, though well aware of the dangers of professional exhaustion, are not always exempt from the charge of being careless of their own health. The wiser among them endeavour to limit their hours of work, and at the proper season retreat to the country, for the sake of invigorating rural sports. But for these precautions, the death-rate among London physicians would be very much greater than it is. The late Sir Henry Holland is known to have greatly lengthened his days by habitually making long autumnal tours over the globe; always returning invigorated for fresh work. The very common practice among people in business of taking a month's holiday at the sea-side, or some inland healthful resort—a practice immensely facilitated by railways and steamboats—has the same beneficial tendency. As regards the salutary results of checking the mental strain in literary labour, we could speak from a degree of personal experience. We have for the last forty years—whether in town or country, whether in winter or summer—never written a line after nine o'clock at night. When that hour strikes, the ink-glass is shut up, the pen and paper laid aside, and the mind is allowed to calm down before retiring to rest. The rule is peremptorily followed with the best consequences.

In the varied pressure of inexorable circumstances it may not be possible to be so extremely guarded. Lives are abruptly lost, the most precious in the community. He, however, who falls in the fair fight of life, though mistaken has been his eagerness, may be said to fall nobly. It is a considerably different thing when men shorten their days through luxurious indulgences, in wanton disregard of the rules essential to the preservation of bodily health. Up till fifty years of age, it perhaps signifies little how some of these rules are neglected, because the constitution originally vigorous resists or overcomes various deteriorating influences. At all events, there may be no immediate mischief. After fifty, and more particularly sixty, a change has taken place. The breathing, the digestive, the circulatory processes are less able to endure tear and wear. A little indiscretion may derange the whole machine, and bring it prematurely to a dead stop.

It is wonderful how much may be done to protract existence by the habitual restorative of sound sleep. Late hours, under mental strain, are of course incompatible with this solacement. On this topic Dr Richardson says it has been painful for him to trace the beginnings of pulmonary consumption to late hours at 'unearthly balls and evening parties,' by which rest is broken, and encroachments made on the constitution. But, he adds, 'If in middle age the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be still maintained, every source of depression, every latent form of disease, is quickened and intensified. The sleepless exhaustion allies itself with all other processes of exhaustion, or it kills imperceptibly, by a rapid introduction of premature old age, which leads directly to premature dissolution.' There, at once, is an explanation why many people die earlier than they ought to do. They violate the primary principle of taking a regular night's rest. If they sleep, it is disturbed. They dream all sorts of nonsense. That is to say, they do not sleep soundly or for any useful purpose; for dreaming is nothing more than wild imaginative notions passing through the brain while half sleeping or dozing. In dreaming, there is no proper or restorative rest.

It is a pity that Dr Richardson, as in the case of other medical writers, has refrained from stating that the practice of late dining, always growing later and later, to suit fashionable fancies, is quite incompatible with that tranquil and wholesome night's rest which contributes materially to a healthy and protracted old age. How can any one who inconsiderately sits eating and drinking till within an hour or two of midnight, so as to render refreshing sleep pretty nearly impossible, expect to reach eighty, ninety, or a hundred years of age? Narcotics are taken to procure the much-coveted sleep. They give no natural repose, besides otherwise doing harm. It is customary to say of sentiments of remorse that they 'murdered sleep.' So at least said Macbeth, and, as is known, he spoke from very unpleasant experience. But as things go, sleeplessness arises less from remorse and other mental affections than from physical causes connected with digestion. The stomach, to use a familiar phrase, is out of sorts. And in a vast number of cases it would be wonderful if it were otherwise. Just think of the habitual overtasking of the digestive functions and corresponding secretions, from the practice of late eating and drinking—late ceremonious dinners, which, from their tiresome sameness, their simpering platitudes, their dull insincerity, their waste of food, waste of time, and waste of health and comfort, can scarcely be said to claim a single redeeming feature. If that be called social intercourse, it is a downright sham—poor outcome indeed of the accumulated intelligence and inventiveness of the nineteenth century. One of the dangers of dining out in winter arises from exposure to cold and damp night-air. The excuse usually made is, that of being well wrapped up. But although that is right in its way, the fact is well known to medical practitioners that grievous mischief may be done in an instant of time. By a single gulp of cold air, or by a chill to the feet, in stepping from the door to a carriage, a deed may be done beyond the power of science to undo. Our belief is, that cold caught at late dinners and other late entertainments is a prolific source of disorders that prove fatal. With what a thrill of sorrow have we lately attended the funerals of aged and estimable persons who gave promise of living other ten or twenty years, but were said to have died after a three days' illness, in consequence of having one evening when they were out 'caught a little cold.'

It is tolerably evident that, setting aside the masses who die young and in middle life, from ailments that are difficult to be warded off, length of days is considerably dependent on individual effort as regards a graceful sacrifice to the rules of health. The explicit statement of Dr Farr, that the natural span of human life is a century, will to many appear startling. But calmly considered, a century is but a small fraction in the vast expanse of time. Years pass away imperceptibly. The man of seventy or eighty can hardly realise that so many years have slipped over his head. In his own condition he feels little to impress him with the fact. The past has vanished like a dream. The evidence of advanced years consists mainly in the recollection of events, recollection of places visited, recollection of the friends and acquaintances we have lost. The past is a vista strewed with memories, some agreeable, others saddening. We have worked our way as it were into a new world, yet with everything going on very much as it did long ago, *plus* a happy diminution in the number of Torturations.

The estimate formed of age ought not properly to depend on years. One man at seventy may be in constitution not older than another at forty-five or fifty. All depends on the original strength of frame, and the way it has been treated. Hence are seen lively old men, who, from their manners and activity, you would say were like men of thirty.

The bloom on their cheeks, their tasteful toilet, their dancing, their singing, are a kind of marvel. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that besides having been careful as regards temperate habits and attention to air and exercise, they have all along cultivated a cheerful view of human affairs. 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but grief drieth the bones.' They have studied that text to some practical purpose. At fifty, at sixty, at seventy, they have been steadily qualifying for a hundred, and it seems not unlikely (if kept free from worry) that they will reach that desirable epoch—at all events, under a moderate discount of ten per cent., they may get as far as ninety, and on the morning after their decease have something handsomely said of them in the newspapers.

Keeping steadily in view Dr Farr's comforting view of the matter, we shall be glad if anything we have cheerfully ventured to suggest, has led people to reflect that with a reasonable degree of care they may have themselves to blame if they do not 'Live to a Hundred.' W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER X.—MARIAN.

As I had expected, the neighbourhood through which we were driven did not appear to be inhabited by the most prosperous class of people. We presently found ourselves in Green Street; and when the cabman drew up before a retail shoemaker's shop, we saw at once that there could be no doubt about its being the place we wanted. The name of Pratt ran up and down, and across the house, in every direction, backwards and forwards, and sideways and lengthways; to say nothing of a large blue boot swinging over the pavement, conveying the information that this was the veritable Pratt's, and there was no other in the three kingdoms who sold boots and shoes so good and cheap, and beautiful to behold, as did Jonathan Pratt. Telling the cabman to wait, I entered a sort of bower of boots and shoes (they hung all round the doorway, and were ticketed 'Great Bargains,' 'Alarming Sacrifices,' 'The Princesses' Favourite,' and so forth), closely followed by Lilian.

'I'll attend to you in half a moment, ladies,' said a stout, brisk, good-tempered-looking man, as he put some small shoes into a parcel, and counted out the change to a customer at the counter, adding to her: 'You've got the best of me again, Mrs Gooch, by a good threepence, that you have! There, take 'em away quick, before I change my mind!'

'Oh, you always say that, Mr Pratt,' laughed the good woman, gathering up her parcel and change, and pleasantly wishing him good-day.

Evidently Mr Pratt was a favourite with his customers. I afterwards heard that he was famous for his jokes and good-nature, as well as a keen eye to business.

'Now, ladies,' he went on, turning smilingly towards us, as the good woman left the shop, and rubbing his hands briskly together; 'here I am ready to go through it all again, though you ladies always get the best of me in a bargain, you know you do. Eh'—— Falling back a little as Lilian put up her veil; and even in that somewhat obscured light seeing that she was very different from the generality of 'ladies' he had to deal with, he added: 'I beg your pardon, Miss, I'm sure. What may I have the pleasure of shewing you?' For Mr Pratt prided himself upon his ability to suit his manners to his customers.

'You are Mr Pratt?' she began hesitatingly.

'Yes, Miss; that's me for certain.'

Lilian looked towards me, and I said: 'Will you allow us to speak with Mrs Pratt? Our business is with her, if she will kindly see us for a few minutes.'

'Mrs Pratt! *To* be sure, ladies; *to* be sure. Please to step this way.' We followed him into a small back-shop; and after putting two chairs for us, and —I suppose from force of habit—placing two little squares of carpet at our feet, he opened a side-door, and called out: 'Mother, you're wanted.'

Lilian, who looked very white and agitated, slipped her hand into mine; I clasped it firmly, waiting not a little anxiously for her sake.

A slight little woman, with a gentle good face, and soft dark eyes, looking very neat in a clean lilac print gown and large white apron, came hesitatingly into the room. One glance at her shewed us that it was not she whom we were seeking. Though her slight figure made her perhaps appear younger than she really was, she could not have been much less than fifty. We were for the moment both too much absorbed in the one thought to speak; and after glancing timidly first towards her husband and then at us, she asked: 'Is it change wanted, Jonathan?'

'These ladies want to speak to you, Susan,' he replied, looking a little surprised at our silence.

Lilian flushed up, glancing pleadingly towards me again. It was certainly rather embarrassing. I was casting about in my mind to find some way of approaching the subject without committing ourselves, in the event of their not being in the secret, when fortunately Mr Pratt's attention was called towards the shop-door, where commenced a brisk patter of words with reference to some of the bargains. With this gentle-looking woman it would be much easier to say what we wanted to say than with her husband, more accustomed to gauge the worth of words. So I plucked up my courage, and began: 'We have come to you, Mrs Pratt, in the hope of obtaining some information'—— I suddenly thought of new tactics, and said: 'Is the name of Farrar known to you?'

'Farrar!' She put her hand to her side, and sank down on to the nearest chair, gazing at me without a word.

Seeing that I was at anyrate so far correct as to be speaking to the right Mrs Pratt, I went on: 'Perhaps you know that Mr Farrar has been ill for some time?'

'Yes, Miss; I know that.'

'Do you also know that his illness terminated in death ten days ago?' I said, speaking slowly, and carefully separating my words, in order to in some measure break the shock; for though she was not the 'Marian' we were seeking, her agitation shewed me that they were in some way connected.

'Dead!' she murmured—'dead!' as she sat gazing at us, or rather at some vision which the words seemed to have called up before her mental eyes.

I thought it best now to go straight to the point, and said: 'Before his death, Mr Farrar expressed a wish that this packet should be delivered to the person to whom it is addressed; and therefore we thought it best to bring it ourselves to you, Mrs Pratt.'

She mechanically took it from my hand, looking down at it as though she were in a dream.

'But,' eagerly began Lilian, 'you see it is written above, "For Marian;" and before he died, dear papa told me'——

'You are Miss Farrar!' ejaculated Mrs Pratt, turning towards Lilian with a strange expression in her eyes: a mixture of curiosity and surprise, it appeared to me.

'Yes; I am his daughter; and very anxious to obey his last request. He told me that I have a sister, and wished me to be good to her. He meant to provide for her, and his will was prepared; but his illness was very sudden at—the last, and the lawyer did not arrive in time.'

I had thought it only just to tell Lilian what Mr Markham said, and she eagerly caught at the idea that her father had intended to provide for the other.

Mrs Pratt murmured something about its being very kind of Mr Farrar; her eyes downcast, and hands fluttering about her apron-strings.

'We thought it best to bring this ourselves, Mrs Pratt, because we wish to be in communication with Marian,' I said. 'And of course you know where she is. You know her, do you not?'

'Yes, Miss,' replied Mrs Pratt. She sat very pale and still a few moments, and then went on slowly and hesitatingly: 'If you really wish to see her'——

Lilian very earnestly assured her that she did.

'Then will you please to come this way, ladies?' she whispered, still, I fancied, a little nervously and doubtfully.

We rose at once, and followed her into the passage, up a narrow staircase, and into a front-room on the first floor. One glance shewed me that this was very different from what might have been expected in Mrs Pratt's best room—different in the way of being very pretentious. It was in fact evidently intended to be considered a drawing-room, and was crowded with tawdry finery, which not even its exquisite cleanliness could make to look respectable. Gaudy furniture, gaudy curtains, gaudy vases, with quantities of artificial flowers; a round table spread with gaudily bound books, &c.—all looking in such strange contrast with Mrs Pratt herself in her homely simplicity.

'Will you tell us where to find my sister?' eagerly began Lilian, after a hasty glance around.

'Sister!' said Mrs Pratt. 'You are not ashamed to call her that; or—is it that you do not know?'

'I have guessed that—that her mother was to be pitied,' said Lilian in a low voice, a crimson flush suffusing her face.

'And you can still call her sister?'

'Yes.'

'God bless you, dear young lady! It's only the best and purest could say that. Let me—pray let me.'

And before Lilian could prevent her, Mrs Pratt sank on her knees and kissed the young girl's hands. It exprèssed all the more to me, because I judged that Mrs Pratt was not naturally so emotional as most people. She recovered herself quickly too. After turning away for a few moments towards the window, where she stood wiping her eyes, she was the same self-contained, quiet-looking, little woman we had first seen.

'Please forgive me, ladies; but, as you have guessed, I do know Marian Reed. Her poor mother was my only sister, and since her death, Marian has always lived with us. Mr Farrar has always paid very handsome for her; and she has been brought up like a—lady.' Mrs Pratt hesitated a little over the word, and added: 'I mean, compared with people like us—a deal better than my own little ones.'

To gain a little time for Lilian, I asked: 'How many children have you, Mrs Pratt?'

'We have seven, Miss; but I've a good husband; a better man than Jonathan doesn't breathe; and business is brisk; so we want for nothing.'

The latter part of her sentence was meant for a hint, I thought, and I was all the more favourably inclined towards her in consequence. At anyrate we were amongst honest people.

'Is—Marian in the house now?' inquired Lilian. 'May I see her?'

Once more I noticed the reluctance in Mrs Pratt's face, as she replied: 'Yes, Miss; I'll go and tell her.'

'No; please do not tell her; let me introduce myself.'

Mrs Pratt consented; and to be quite honest with us, did not leave the room. Standing at the open door, she called out: 'Miss Reed—Marian, dear!'

No reply.

'Marian, dear, will you please come down for a few minutes?'

'What for?' called out a voice from some upper chamber.

'Somebody wants to see you, dear.'

I heard a word which seemed very much like 'Bother!' and a sound as of a book thrown down. Then there was a somewhat heavy and leisurely tread descending the stairs.

'Well, what is it?'

A girl of about twenty or twenty-one years of age entered the room, looking as though she had been disturbed and resented it. At sight of her my heart sank. Lilian's sister! This underbred girl, arrayed in the latest style of elegance as interpreted by Islington. Everything about her was in the extreme of penny-fashion-book style; the largest of chignons, the fluffiest of curls covering her forehead down to her eyebrows, the longest of ribbons streaming down her back, and the latest inventions in the way of imitation jewellery. I am bound to acknowledge that she was in her way good-looking; with plenty of dark hair, large round dark eyes, red (not pink) and white complexion, and good though large figure, and yet—— Could any one in the world be more disappointing, as Lilian's sister?

She crossed the room, seated herself with a *dégagé* air in a lounging-chair, and playing with a bunch of trinkets, it was then the fashion to call charms, upon her watch-chain, she languidly inquired if we had come about the music lessons.

'Because I have almost made up my mind to engage a gentleman. I require something advanced, you know; and the gentleman who is organist at our church gives lessons to a select few, and'——

'Are you Marian?' asked Lilian, white and trembling.

'I am Miss Reed,' very stiffly returned that young lady.

'This young lady is Miss Farrar,' I put in, to help Lilian.

'O indeed!' returned Miss Reed.

I saw that the name told her nothing. I know now that she had never been told her father's name.

With slowly gathering colour, Mrs Pratt now came to my assistance. 'Mr Farrar was the gentleman who—paid for your schooling and all that, Marian, dear—the quarterly allowance came from him.'

'And who was he?'

'Your father!' returned her aunt, in a low broken voice: 'and these ladies have come to tell us that he has been ill, and—and'——

'He is dead!' said Marian; taking note of our black clothes, and becoming as pale as one of her complexion could become.

'Come!' I thought, not a little relieved, 'she can feel.' But I very quickly found that I had been somewhat premature in giving her credit upon that account. It is possible to feel without the feeling being worth very much. I saw in what way she was touched, as she went on, with a little catch in her breath, looking from one to the other of us: 'What has he left me?'

We were silent; and putting the right construction upon our silence, she hurriedly added: 'You don't mean to say he hasn't left me anything, after'——

Without any further anxiety on the score of her feelings, I put in: 'Mr Farrar has left no will, Miss Reed; and all his property comes to this young lady—his daughter.'

'Then I say it is mean, and shameful—downright shameful! and'——

'Hush, Marian, pray; Marian, dear, you forget!' pleaded Mrs Pratt, laying her hand upon the girl's arm.

'Am I not his daughter too? Am I not to say a word if I am left a beggar, after being always led on to expect to be a lady? It *is* shameful; and I do not care who hears me say so!' Flashing a look of angry defiance at us.

Lilian sat gazing at her; in her sorrow and disappointment, utterly incapable of uttering a word. It had not occurred to her that she might find this kind of sister. She had probably never before been in contact with any one like Marian Reed, and indeed we had both of us expected to see a very different person from this. If she had been only poor—anything like the children of poor parents generally, there would have been some reason for hope. But now! I afterwards found that Mr Farrar's very liberal allowance had been expended entirely on Marian Reed herself, Mr Pratt very decidedly objecting to accept more than a fair remuneration for her board and lodging; and the command of so much money had fostered a natural vanity and love of dress, until she had become the fine lady before us.

'If you will only be good enough to allow me to explain, you will, I think, do Mr Farrar more justice, as well as spare his daughter, Miss Reed,' I said, in a tone which made her turn sharply towards me with a look and gesture which seemed to say: 'And who are you?'

Having succeeded so far as to quiet her, I went on: 'Mr Farrar's illness terminated rather suddenly at last, Miss Reed; and the lawyer who was summoned did not arrive in time for the will to be signed'——

'But he might have'——

I stopped her again. 'Mr Farrar did what he could in trusting his daughter to carry out his wishes; and you will find her only too anxious to do all that is right.'

I saw the round black eyes turn sharply and speculatively upon Lilian for a moment; then she replied, in a slightly mollified tone: 'So much depends upon what people consider right, you know.'

I saw that Lilian was battling against herself, and longed to say to my darling: 'Trust to your instinct, which is altogether against asking this girl to come to live with you. Whatever else you may do, do not yield to a false sentiment in this one thing.' Unfortunately (or fortunately; looking at the question from this distance of time, I am not really sure which I ought to write), Lilian did *not* obey her instinct. In her anxiety lest she should not carry out her father's wishes, she was afraid to trust to her own feelings in the matter. When Marian a little impatiently asked:

'I should like to know what *you* call right?' Lilian replied in a low faltering voice:

'He wished me to be good to you; and I came to-day to ask you to live with me, and—be my sister—for—dear papa's sake. He has left a great deal of money, and quite intended you to share it.'

'That is,' I hastened to interpose, seeing the effect of the word 'share' upon the other—'Mr Farrar no doubt meant that the allowance which you have hitherto received should be continued to you, Miss Reed. I have reason to think something of that kind was to be done.'

'That would be very kind and generous. Wouldn't it, Marian, dear?' said Mrs Pratt.

'And' (I went on) 'perhaps you would prefer remaining with the friends who have been so good to you, and going on as before, Miss Reed?'

But Miss Reed very quickly gave us to understand that she did not prefer it; though Mrs Pratt put in a gentle word or two on my side: 'You have always been very comfortable with us, dear!'

Comfortable! That evidently would not be sufficient to satisfy Marian Reed any longer.

'I have been brought up as a young lady, aunt' (at present she had no doubts upon the point); 'and learned music, and French, and dancing, and all that; so papa must have intended me to come to live with him some time, and it seems only fair that my sister should ask me.—What's your name, dear? It seems funny my not knowing your name; doesn't it?'

'My name is Lilian.'

'Lilian! What a pretty name—quite *charmong!*'

I saw that it was to be; and that the only thing I could now do was to gain a little delay, so I said: 'Of course you will want a little time to prepare, Miss Reed.' She was about to protest; but I quietly went on: 'It will be necessary to procure mourning, and so forth.'

'O yes; I had forgotten that,' she replied, eyeing Lilian's black dress, nearly covered with crape. 'Of course I shall;' adding a little apologetically: 'You mustn't expect me to feel exactly the same as you do about it, you know. Of course I am very sorry, and all that; but I do not remember ever having seen papa; so it isn't to be expected that I can feel quite as much as though I had always known him.'

'No,' replied Lilian, with what I fancied to be a sigh of relief. She would have even jealously resented this stranger claiming the privilege to share her grief as well as her money. Had he not loved her—and had she not loved him?

There was silence again for a few moments, which was broken by Marian Reed, the most self-possessed of any of us, for even I, the least interested, felt somewhat nonplussed by the aspect of affairs: 'It will take me a good week or ten days to get *distangy* mourning;' with a glance towards Lilian, as she gave that evidence of having learned French. 'Suppose we say ten days?'

'Very well,' replied Lilian, rising.

'But you haven't given me the address yet, you know. And you must excuse my reminding you that there's been nothing said about last quarter's remittance, which was due last week, and which we have been a great deal inconvenienced by not receiving.'

I hastened to put the packet into her hand. 'This was placed ready for you, Miss Reed; but for the address upon it we might not have found you; and I daresay you will find it correct.'

'O yes; no doubt;' taking it with a negligent air, in amusing contrast with her next words: 'And then there's the mourning, you know; that will have to be paid for; and good mourning is so expensive.'

'O yes; of course; I beg your pardon,' said Lilian, hurriedly taking out her pocket-book. 'This is the address; and—— No; I find I have not enough money with me; but I will send you a cheque when I get home, if that will do. And of course you will like to make some little acknowledgment to the friends who have been always so kind to you.'

'Of course I should, if you send enough,' sharply replied Miss Reed.

The colour rose in Lilian's cheeks. 'I will send what you please.'

'Well, you couldn't say more than that, I'm sure,' graciously responded Miss Reed. 'But I'd rather leave it to you.'

'Will fifty pounds be enough?'

Mrs Pratt looked awe-struck; but her niece, who evidently prided herself upon *sang-froid*, calmly said: 'O yes; quite enough; thank you.'

'If you will let us know the day and train, we will drive to the station to meet you,' said Lilian, her voice sinking lower.

'Yes; I will write and tell you when I am ready, dear.' And after going through the ceremony of shaking hands and bidding us good-morning, Miss Reed sank languidly back into her seat again, leaving her aunt to shew us out.

As we reached the foot of the stairs, we could see into a side-room, the door of which was open, and observing some children sitting round a table, I asked: 'Are these your little ones, Mrs Pratt?'

'Yes, Miss. Would you like to walk in?'

I did wish to walk in, and availed myself of the invitation, notwithstanding poor Lilian's pleading look. She was, I knew, anxious to get away as quickly as possible. But I wanted to judge for myself as to whether the contrast between Mrs Pratt's children and their cousin was as great as between herself and that young lady. Seven children, whose ages seemed to range between about five and fifteen, were seated round a neatly spread table at dinner; and though the fare seemed of the homeliest, they were partaking it with quiet enjoyment under the supervision of an elder sister, a girl of about fifteen, pretty, and fresh, and neat-looking in her print frock. Altogether as refreshing a contrast to the cousin up-stairs as could well be conceived.

After one little shy blushing acknowledgment of our greeting, she attended to her business again.

'Don't stare at the ladies, Billy,' she whispered, guiding the spoonful of rice which, in his astonishment at seeing us, he was sending over his shoulder towards his mouth.

'She's quite a mother to them already,' said Mrs Pratt, brightening up wonderfully in the presence of her children. 'I can't find it in my heart to let her go to service until the others are grown up a bit. We can't spare Susy, can we, dears?'

This seemed to two or three of the younger ones to indicate that there had been some proposition to take her, and that we were the delinquents. But we hastened to reassure them, and tears were soon dried again, though two or three pairs of sharp little eyes kept watch over Susy.

How heartily I wished that this had been the sister we were seeking; this modest, good, unpretending Susy. I think the same thought was in Lilian's mind as she wistfully eyed her. The tinkling of a bell sounded in some back place, and Susy bade one of her little brothers: 'Run, Tommy, and tell Miss Reed dinner will soon be ready.'

Then I noticed a tray ready spread on a side-table; and in reply to my look of inquiry, Mrs Pratt explained: 'Miss Reed' (she was evidently more accustomed to call her Miss Reed than Marian) 'lives up-stairs, ladies, since she went for a year to boarding-school; she prefers it.'

'And so do we,' heartily put in her husband, entering at the moment. 'We bring our little ones up to work, ladies. *They* won't get two hundred a year without earning it, and I won't have fine notions put into their heads. I shall be satisfied, I tell them, if they grow up respectable, and not ashamed to look any one in the face. Miss Reed likes to be a fine lady, and we've got no right to object to that. I don't take any more from her than what pays for her lodging and keep—not a penny; and of course she's a right to do what she likes with the rest; but she never pleased me more than when she made up her mind to keep to her own rooms. Excuse me, ladies; but I've been accustomed to speak my mind, and somehow I always feel bound to say what my mind is, when Miss Reed's being talked about.'

Lilian was silent. I murmured something to the effect that I quite agreed with him as regarded making his children as much as possible independent of circumstances.

'Miss Reed's going away, father,' said Mrs Pratt. 'These ladies came to tell her that—the gentleman is dead.'

'Dead!'

'And this young lady is Miss Farrar, Jonathan. She has come to ask Marian to go and live with her.'

It took Mr Pratt some little time to get over the surprise; but I soon saw that it was not an altogether disagreeable one.

'It is so good of you, dear young lady,' murmured Mrs Pratt, who scarcely took her eyes from

Lilian's face. 'So much more than Miss Reed could expect.'

'You may well say that, mother!' ejaculated Mr Pratt. 'It *is* more than she could expect—a deal. Though, to tell the truth, I shan't be so very down-hearted about her going, for my part. We can let our rooms again, and—— Well, as I said before, I don't want any of our young ones to grow up after Miss Reed's pattern.' At a murmured word from his wife, he put his hand for a moment on her shoulder. 'Mrs Pratt is more soft-hearted, and she naturally feels more for her sister's child than I do; but she's been a good deal put upon, and she'll see it's all for the best that Miss Reed should go, by-and-by. I can only say that she's kept true to her promise to her dying sister, and the girl can't say anything to the contrary. Her aunt's been a regular slave to her, always ready to cocker up one, who—— Well, there, mother; I won't say any more: what's gone's past; and I hope Miss Reed will be satisfied now, that's all. I never denied but what she's a fine lass enough—to look at; and when she's got all she wants in the way of being fine enough, I daresay she'll be all right. Anyhow, she needn't be afraid of our shaming her. Business is good, and like to be; but if it wasn't, it would make no difference; we shall not run after her. If she likes to come and see her aunt sometimes, I think it would do her good, because, as I've said before, Mrs Pratt's soft-hearted about her; but even she wouldn't be soft-hearted enough to run after a girl who didn't want to see her.'

'Of course you will come to see us at Fairview, Mrs Pratt,' said Lilian, in her earnest unmistakably sincere way; 'and of course she will come often to see you.'

'One thing we needn't go far to see, Miss,' said Mr Pratt, who was evidently impressed in Lilian's favour. 'I know the real thing when I see it; and that's why the Brummagem up-stairs doesn't go down with me. There—there; I've done, mother. Good-day, ladies; and thank you kindly, for us.'

And after shaking hands with Mrs Pratt and her children, Lilian pressing her purse into Susy's hand, we took our departure, escorted to the cab by Mr Pratt.

'ONE SHILLING.'

ONE of the eighteenth-century poets exclaims in a burst of enthusiasm how 'happy is the man who, void of cares and strife, in silken purse or leathern pouch retains a Splendid Shilling.' Then, poor fellow, as if overcome with the prospect, he dwells on the various pleasures which the splendid shilling was able to realise. Had he lived exactly a hundred years later, his poem might have been ten times the length, for what a vast variety of things may be enjoyed or purchased for a shilling is now a matter of daily wonder. The penny still keeps its ground in small matters. So does the sixpence. But these inferior coins, as well as those of higher denominations, are nothing in point of popularity to the shilling. Looking to its growing importance, we would recommend every one to have always a shilling ready in the pocket. He will hardly walk a hundred yards in any busy thoroughfare without seeing how the shilling may be laid out to advantage. 'Price One Shilling,' 'Admission One Shilling,' stare us in the face in all directions. 'Price One Shilling' is very observable at the booksellers'. Shilling books crowd the railway book-stalls in profusion; not merely garish volumes of sensational fiction in gaudily printed covers, but standard works in good type on good paper. Gilt-edged leather-bound Bibles and Prayer-books; the plays of Shakspeare; the poems of Scott, Byron, Burns, Cowper; the novels and romances of Fielding, Smollett, Scott, Lytton, Cooper—the completeness of many of these shilling works is remarkable. Monthly magazines have in most part abandoned the old half-crown standard, and have come into the shilling circle. Shilling atlases of maps, useful for schools, are becoming plentiful. Stationery pays a like homage to the silver coin in the neatly arranged packets and boxes of paper and envelopes, the boxes of colours and of drawing instruments, the fitted writing-cases for emigrants and soldiers, the grosses of steel pens (reminding the older among us of the days when steel pens were charged a shilling each), the pen-knife with an ever-pointed pencil at one end, &c. Published music displays a similar tendency towards the shilling in collections, after the copyright sheets have had their day. The gems of an opera, with the words in two languages; the great symphonies of Beethoven; the charming *Lieder ohne Wörter* of Mendelssohn; the books of instruction for the chief musical instruments—all are made up into shilling worths to an extent that has attracted the attention of most of us.

Go on a leisurely ramble through the principal streets, and see how multifarious are the indications in the same direction. The shilling razor is now a really serviceable article, made to shave as well as to sell (the gross of green spectacles, bought by the Vicar of Wakefield's son Moses, were, as we all remember, made to sell only). Shilling telescopes are in the windows, as are shilling thermometers and shilling microscopes; shilling spectacles are to be had by those who need them, and shilling eyeglasses by fast gents who do not. The smallest retailed portions of some beverages are priced a shilling, as are the largest of others. A shilling, paid by a simpleton of either sex, purchases a mystic delineation of character from handwriting. When the verger or some other official has shewn you the architectural and monumental curiosities of a cathedral; or an old dame has escorted you through the ruins of an abbey or castle, telling her tale of marvel as she goes; or a domestic has taken you through the principal rooms of an old country mansion—a shilling is, more frequently than any other coin, the *honorarium* awarded. Shilling hat clubs, clothes clubs, coal clubs, goose clubs, watch clubs, &c. are rather plentiful in the metropolis—speculations in which working-men think they lay out their money to advantage; but do they? The shilling has been long used by the recruiting sergeant wherewith to secure fresh additions to the ranks. A shilling dinner, provided by a 'Restaurant Company, Limited,' had a struggle for existence some time back; but beef at tenpence a pound put an end to it. A shilling is (practically) the smallest cab fare. Oaths, till lately (we hope they are not so now), were a shilling each in some judicial proceedings, and, not unfrequently, dear at the price.

Nor are fine-art and professional investments any less within the influence of the mighty shilling. There are many varieties of the Shilling Art Union, in which persons do a little quiet lottery-gambling under the guise of art. Shilling lessons in various accomplishments are given by persons whose pecuniary means are not up to the level of their professional aspirations. A shilling-worth of postage-stamps, if you believe the advertisers (which you had better not), will initiate you into 'a light and genteel employment.' Shilling photographs constitute quite a world in themselves in our shop windows; and it is amusing to see the impartiality with which princesses, bishops, swimming-men, pets of the ballet, poets, clergymen, criminals, tragic actresses, monastic brothers, acrobatic brothers, and opera stars are admitted. Shilling photographs are to be had so minute that a shilling microscope is necessary to render them visible.

Little less general and varied is the announcement 'Admission One Shilling.' There may be select accommodation at higher terms in some instances, and 'back seats' at lower terms in others; but a shilling marks the most prevalent charge. We have pretty well outlived the shilling panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, and needlework exhibitions; nevertheless, a constantly increasing supply of other kinds tempts the public. The Royal Academy, the summer and winter exhibitions at the British Institution, the French Gallery, the German Gallery, several water-colour exhibitions, are each 'One Shilling;' as are likewise special pictures of note, and the collected works of particular artists. If we long for a little science made easy, a shilling will unlock the gates of the Polytechnic Institution, the Zoological Gardens, Westminster Aquarium, and many another place. Perhaps the best shillingworth is the Crystal Palace; but it is only necessary to glance down the advertising columns of the daily papers to see how varied are the temptations of a similar kind, all alike in this if in no other particular—that a shilling secures admission to any and all. Shilling promenade concerts are quite notable; while classical and choral concerts are likewise brought within the same category. Shilling 'Entertainments,' as they are called—neither theatres nor operas, neither exhibitions nor concerts, but comprising something of two or more of these—are now so numerous amongst us that they cannot easily be counted: black (or blackened) minstrels, Psychos and other automata, conjurers, music-halls, monopologue entertainments, Tom Thumbs, 'Two-headed Nightingales,' &c.

These characteristics of everyday life and its doings are to a considerable extent applicable to most of the great towns of England; but we are treating them in special relation to the widely stretching and ever-growing metropolis. And this leads us to draw attention to a circumstance which renders shilling entertainments and amusements more and more accessible every year. In days which some among us will remember, London attractions were available to few except those who for the time sojourned within its limit. No suburban railway trains, few suburban omnibuses, and still fewer stage-coaches, there was a deficiency in the means for bringing the public to the central regions of the metropolis, and of taking them home again when the day's pleasuring was ended. It is not too much to say that, for all practical purposes of locomotion, Kensington and Westbourne, Kennington and Walworth, Hackney and Stepney, Holloway and Kilburn, were farther out of town then than Richmond and Croydon—nay, Windsor and Gravesend—are now. Saying nothing of omnibuses and cabs, we are within the truth in stating that a hundred railway stations are easily reached from the metropolis by trains starting at eleven or twelve o'clock at night at cheap fares. What is the consequence? The father of a family can arrange for wife and senior children (juniors of course included in the pantomime season) a visit from the near suburbs and the more distant environs, to places of interest in the metropolis; knowing that there will be the means of returning home after the enjoyments of the evening are ended. How this tells upon the shilling will be readily understood by those who know the prevalent prices of admission to public places.

May we not find a clue to the solution, at the Mint? We all know that it is more convenient to make our payments, so far as possible, in one coin than in two or more, let it be of gold, silver, or copper. Now, as a matter of ascertained fact, the Mint produces a larger number of shillings than of any other denomination of silver coin. For instance, in ten recent years, twenty-six million shillings were produced at the Mint, against seventeen million sixpences and nine million florins—the other silver coins being relatively few in number. Why it is that the Mint puts eighty-seven and a quarter grains of sterling silver into each and every shilling, and never deviates from that quantity (rigorously 87·27272 grains), we are not here called upon to inquire; but unquestionably the determination exerts some effect on prices, within the limit, at anyrate, of the matters discussed in the present article—intensified by the predominance of this particular kind of silver coin over others. If we were to abolish the shilling from our coinage, and to substitute the franc (worth about tenpence), there is much reason to believe that we should gradually change from 'Price One Shilling' to 'Price One Franc;' and the same with 'Admission' instead of 'Price.' Very likely we should receive less in quantity, less number or less dimensions, of articles or enjoyments included in each purchase; but this would be borne with more patience than a change in the opposite direction—in other words, it would be found more easy to adjust our dealings to the altered value of the coin, than to give the troublesome amount of one franc in silver *plus* twopence in copper or bronze to make up a shillingworth; for a dislike to 'bother' is prevalent with most of us. But how about 'Admission One Franc?' Should we obtain only five-sixths as much instruction or amusement as we now obtain; and if so, in what manner would the curtailment be carried into effect? Would the shilling gallery, for instance, share in the enjoyment of less splendour and less fun when it became a franc gallery? Would a franc concert-caterer give a smaller number of songs, and the Polytechnic give fewer dissolving views and scientific lectures on each evening?

A subject of much solicitude to the financial and commercial world just at present may, for aught we can tell, be wrapped up in this very problem. The price or value of pure or bullion silver has fallen materially. The purchasing power of (say) an ounce of silver is less than it was a year ago, as compared with gold and with general commodities; and perchance the amount of 'value received' may have to be readjusted to our friend the shilling in some way not at present perceptible.

A question has been asked, What is the real or intrinsic value of a shilling? and a good question it is, like the late Sir Robert Peel's, 'What is a pound?' The matter seems simple, but it intimately involves many important considerations. So far as concerns the Mint, the government, or the state, the value of a shilling is honestly expressed; no profit is made on its manufacture; on the contrary, a certain sum has to be provided annually out of the general taxation of the country, to make up a small deficiency. The chemical and mechanical processes of coining cost so much, the unavoidable (though trifling) waste amounts to so much, the wear of the coin costs so much for recoining after a few years, and so much for putting in new silver to make up the deficiency from 'light weight;' and all these items swell the cost of the shilling to the Mint. If the coin were made much below its intrinsic value in pure silver, it would not pass on the continent; if above, it would be melted down as bullion; and thus the Mint or the state has many points to consider in the matter. A bronze penny pays its full expense of manufacture; a gold sovereign and a silver shilling do not. Whether, at the present time, when the Mint can buy silver bullion and old silver at a cheaper rate than was the case a few years ago, the silver coinage just now pays its own expenses, is a question on which possibly the Master of the Mint may have something to say in his next annual Report.

THE BIG TREES OF MARIPOSA.

M. LE BARON DE HÜBNER in his, interesting work *A Ramble Round the World*, gives an account of an excursion from San Francisco to the Yosemite Valley, in the Sierra Nevada, for the purpose of seeing what are known as the 'Big Trees of Mariposa.' It is a toilsome journey by stage-wagons with relays of horses, through a wild country, and the distance going and returning is four hundred and forty miles. The journey took place in June, when the weather was fine, as it generally is in California near the coast of the Pacific. At the *rancho* or farm establishment of a hospitable planter, the wheeled carriages could go no farther, and the party were provided with little Indian horses, harnessed and saddled in the Mexican fashion, to complete the excursion. There were now, however, only a few miles to be travelled.

The Big Trees of Mariposa, which are reported to be the most gigantic trees in the world, were discovered as lately as 1855. The stories told of their gigantic dimensions seemed almost incredible. It was represented that they exceeded in height the tallest church steeples; were in fact as high as the top of St Paul's in London, and that is three hundred and fifty-six feet, reckoning from the marble floor to the cross. Another circumstance that seemed surprising was that these marvellously tall trees grew in a valley among mountains, at a height of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Such a circumstance in itself conveys an impressive idea of the magnificent climate in California, it being difficult in any part of England to grow trees successfully at a greater elevation than a thousand feet above sea-level, and seldom at that. Reaching the spot where the large trees grew, the Baron and his companions began to observe various trees fallen on account of age or the force of the winds, while at the same time infant trees were springing spontaneously up, and which, after growing for hundreds of years, will perish in their turn. Of the trees generally, the Baron says:

'The Big Trees of Mariposa well deserve their world-spread reputation. A law lately passed, and voted unanimously by the legislature, shelters them both from speculation and from the devastation of the mining companies. Unfortunately, however, it cannot protect them from the incendiary fires of the Indians. But none of these trees can be cut down. There are more than four hundred, which, thanks to their diameter of more than thirty feet, their circumference of upwards of ninety feet, and their height of more than three hundred feet, are honoured with the appellation of the Big Trees. Some of them have lost their crown and been in part destroyed by fire, that scourge of Californian forests. Others, overthrown by tempests, are lying prostrate on the soil, and are already covered with those parasitic creeping plants which are ever ready to crop up round these giant corpses. One of these huge hollow trunks makes a natural tunnel. We rode through it in all its length on horseback without lowering our heads. Another, still standing and green, enables a horseman to enter it, turn round, and go out of it by the same opening. These two trees form the great attraction of the tourists. Like the Russian pilgrims in Palestine who have bathed in the Jordan, the tourists, after having passed on horseback through the tunnelly trunk of one of these trees and the interior of the other, strong in the consciousness of having done their duty, think of nothing but instant departure. The greater part of these trees are marked by the inscriptions of different celebrated persons. One of them bears the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

'The Big Trees, with their smooth, dead-red trunks and short horizontal branches, are of a coniferous race, well known in Europe. One sees specimens in all our botanical gardens and in most of the "pinetums" of private persons. The first discoverer, an Englishman, gave them the name, which has stuck to them in Europe, of *Wellingtonia*. This name, which was offensive to the Americans, was changed by them into *Sequoia gigantea*, after an Indian chief of Pennsylvania, who distinguished himself by his kindness to the whites and by his civilised habits. These *Sequoias* would have a far grander effect to the eye if they were isolated, instead of being crowded with other trees, many of which have attained to almost the same size. Without the help of a guide, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish them from one another. The great indefinable charm of this spot lies in the poetic beauty of the site and the extraordinary fecundity of nature.'

The *Wellingtonia gigantea*, or Mammoth pine, as it is sometimes called, is a tree perfectly hardy and of rapid growth. Its leaves resemble those of the *Arbor vitæ*. Introduced by seeds into Great Britain, it is grown successfully as an ornamental tree, though we have not yet had sufficient experience to say whether it will attain anything like the dimensions and height it does in California. We planted one in 1865, when it was about a foot high, and now it has attained a height of twelve to thirteen feet. It grows about a foot in the year. We watch its progress with considerable interest.

MRS PETRE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'TWELVE hours afterwards Janet Heath was stunned and horrified to hear, from a strange source, that Mrs Petre was dead—had died in the middle of the night from an overdose of laudanum. Fortunately for Janet, the woman who lived next door to her cottage was possessed of great good sense; and when Janet rushed into her house wildly denouncing Mrs Danton, Mrs Dixon said: "Just have a care what you say; if her heart is anything like her face, you 'll have a slippery customer to deal with in Mrs Danton. There 'll be an inquiry, and plenty chance to speak then."

'But Janet, though cautioned, went straight up to Hilton Lodge, did not pause to be announced, but walking into the dining-room, faced Mrs Danton, who, with an air half-defiant, half-cringing, said: "This is a sad business; isn't it?"

"Sad?" cried Janet; "shameful. How did it happen? How could it have happened?"

"An overdose of laudanum," returned Mrs Danton.

"Laudanum!" exclaimed Janet, a new light flashing across her. "What was that the doctor said to you yesterday about the laudanum? I did not hear your answer."

"You were not meant to hear my answer," responded Mrs Danton, who bringing her evil face upon a level with Janet's, and tapping her sharply on the shoulder, added: "You don't come here to censure me." Her look was so terrible, Janet said she felt her knees tremble beneath her; she involuntarily turned away whilst Mrs Danton added: "It is not my wish that Mr Aubrey Stanmore should be made acquainted with this event. I will communicate with Mrs Petre's friends. I warn you of my severest displeasure and vengeance if you inform him."

'The words fell blankly upon Janet's ears; she simply left the room and made her way up to the drawing-room, where lay all that was mortal of her poor old friend.

'Meanwhile the authorities came upon the scene; and now I must endeavour to be very explicit. You know no body can be buried without a certificate from the doctor as to the cause of death; and on this occasion Mrs Danton knew a coroner's inquest would be absolutely necessary. But in the meantime a letter was speeding up to the Aubrey Stanmores, written in wild excitement by Janet, simply stating that Mrs Petre was dead; that they said it was from an overdose of laudanum taken by herself; but added Janet: "I was with her half an hour before she is said to have taken it, and I never saw her calmer or more sensible. Pray, do something!" concluded Janet, "for all is not right."

'Mr Stanmore's first step was to proceed at once to his solicitor, an extremely worthy man, who, on hearing the circumstances, at once consented to start for Lynton, whither he was accompanied by both Aubrey and his wife. They judged it prudent, after seeing Janet, to go direct to the doctor's house, in order to ascertain particulars from him, as, from Aubrey's position with his aunt, it was not quite easy for them to go direct to her house now she was dead, when she had not received them there during her lifetime. How vividly did Aubrey now recall his last interview with her, when Mrs Danton was absent; how he had knelt down by her side and beseeched her to send her off, and in her place to install the faithful Janet. "When Arthur Dumaresque comes home," had been her feeble promise; and now, how true his words to his wife and Janet had turned out: "That woman will never let my aunt live until Arthur Dumaresque comes home."

'This doctor whom they were about to visit was a new importation to Lynton. He had obtained a fair share of practice, but it was more than doubtful how long he would continue to retain it, for neither his manner nor his appearance was in his favour. However, the Stanmores and Mr Westmoreland the lawyer merely knew that he had attended Mrs Petre; and it was simply to hear his account of the melancholy affair that they troubled him with a visit.

'Much to their amazement, nothing could have been more brusque or discourteous than Dr Harper's manner. He received them in the most extraordinary way, and flatly refused to be, as he called it, "interrogated" as to the circumstances of Mrs Petre's death.

"Had you ordered the laudanum?" asked Mr Westmoreland.

"No; I had not," he answered. "I knew nothing about it till I was sent for, and told to bring the stomach-pump."

"And how had she taken it?" pursued Mr Westmoreland. "Who bought it? Where was it got?"

"I tell you I am not going to be questioned; the inquiry will give you all particulars;" and without even the civility of a bow to the Stanmores, he ushered them out of his room.

'The police-office was the next place to be visited. There every question was answered with alacrity and politeness, and the following particulars given by the constable whose duty it was to ascertain the facts where such occurrences took place. The inquiry, he told them, was fixed for the following day. The jury were all summoned; and the coroner, at some inconvenience to himself, had consented, in order to accommodate the relatives of the late Mrs Petre, to allow it to take place at the house.

'It appeared that Mrs Danton had lodged the following statement with the constable: About ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after Janet Heath had left, the drawing-room bell rang violently; the housemaid—the old woman I have described—went to answer it; but before she could get up-stairs it pealed again. Mrs Petre was sitting in her chair when she entered, and said: "Send Danton up to me."

'Danton—who always raged at this abbreviation—accordingly went up-stairs; and on getting into the drawing-room, Mrs Petre exclaimed, holding out a large bottle: "See what I have done! I have emptied this bottle of laudanum. What effect will it have?"

"It will make you drowsy; you must keep awake," replied Danton.

'It was a bottle capable of holding four ounces of laudanum, which, according to Mrs Danton's testimony, Mrs Petre had herself bought a few days before, for the purpose, it was supposed, of applying to her rheumatic limbs.

'Mrs Petre, whose horror of death was well known, at once exhibited the greatest alarm. "Send for the doctor—send for the doctor!" was her entreaty; and Mrs Danton sent the housemaid—the old woman who was supposed to wait on Mrs Petre—off in the carriage, which happened to be at the door then; not direct to Dr Harper's house, but to *another patient's*, "to see if he was there;" at that house the housemaid lingered, and it was not until fully three-quarters of an hour had elapsed that Dr Harper reached Hilton Lodge with the stomach-pump. For that three-quarters of an hour surely a strict account would be required at the inquest.

'Mrs Petre lingered on until the middle of the night, by which time several of Mrs Danton's own relatives had arrived upon the scene—notably one who volunteered the information that previous to the old lady's death she had stood in readiness, handkerchief in hand, ready to tie up the poor old face.

'However, to be as brief as possible. The Stanmores were so completely convinced that there had been foul play, that, by dint of strenuous exertions, they succeeded in persuading the coroner to defer the inquest until the Monday. Janet must be called as a witness; and Mr Stanmore, as the nearest relative, declared that he must identify the body. Accordingly, the constable who had previously arranged with Mrs Danton for the immediate inquest, proceeded to the house; now anxious to elicit further particulars, and also to intimate to her the postponement. He wanted the second bottle—for Mrs Danton had stated the laudanum had been purchased in separate ones. That was not forthcoming. It had been broken or mislaid; so only one—a good-sized one without any label—was handed over to him.

'Upon informing her of the new arrangement, Mrs Danton started violently, but recovering herself, said to a relation of her own, in a half aside, but quite audibly: "I know who is at the bottom of this, but I shall know what to do."

'The constable then left; and Mr Stanmore meanwhile was not idle as regarded efforts to collect all the evidence he could relative to his aunt's death. The case appeared a very clear one to him. Mrs Danton had, if not *all* his aunt's bonds in her own name, at anyrate a sum of money in amount quite impossible to guess at. Mrs Petre had declared her intention to get rid of her, and Major Dumaresque was coming home shortly, when a proper account would no doubt be demanded; and with Mrs Petre's aid, all would have to be disgorged, and Mrs Danton would return to her old life of needy dependence, with only censure and disgrace attached to her. There was no lack of motive; and looking at the case in any light, nothing could seem more conclusive than it was.

'Monday soon came; and at eleven o'clock the coroner with his twelve jurymen assembled in the best parlour of the *Royal George*, amidst great excitement; the witnesses collected in an adjoining room; and after the body had been viewed by the jury and identified by Aubrey Stanmore, proceedings fairly began. It was a long low-roofed room, with a narrow table, at the head of which the coroner sat; close by him were the solicitors, one for the Stanmores, the other for Mrs Danton; on one side of the table were the jurymen; whilst at the end of it were standing a group of officials, a police inspector; and the summoning constable, whose duty it was to call the witnesses separately, and to hand them the Bible to kiss whilst the coroner rapidly read over the required oath.

'The Stanmores were in the waiting-room with Janet Heath, whenin walked Mrs Danton, alone; her cadaverous face looking yellower and more repulsive than ever, her black eyes glancing from side to side, betraying a nervousness she evidently tried hard to conceal.

"Would she go out alone?" wondered Mrs Stanmore. "Would not the hand of the law be upon her, and the death of the poor old lady avenged?" Who could tell!

'But at last all was in readiness. Mrs Stanmore not being required as a witness, was ushered first into the room, and accommodated with a seat by the coroner. Aubrey was then called, merely to identify the body. It was that of Mrs Petre his aunt. The last time he had seen her she was in good health. Her money matters were arranged by Mrs Danton, of whom she intended soon to get rid. And a host of other information quivered on his lips, when the coroner dismissed him.

'Then came the housemaid, Margaret Penn, who stated she was in Mrs Petre's service partly as nurse partly as housemaid. She knew Mrs Petre had bought the laudanum to rub her rheumatic limbs with. She had noticed Mrs Petre had taken a small quantity on the preceding night, and fearing danger, had carried the bottle down to Mrs Danton, who, uncorking and tasting it, had said: "Take it back and place it where you found it, so that Mrs Petre may not miss it;" accordingly she did so. She verified Mrs Danton's first statement to the constable, that soon after Janet's departure Mrs Petre's bell had rung twice; that on answering it, however, Mrs Petre had exhibited nothing unusual beyond a demand for "Danton." Danton had gone up, and soon afterwards called Margaret, telling her Mrs Petre had accidentally taken some laudanum, and desired her to go for the doctor. That was all she knew.

'The doctor's evidence was the next taken. He had merely attended Mrs Petre for a slight cold. He knew she had got some laudanum to rub her limbs with. She was an old lady, suffering from considerable depression of mind, and somewhat feeble in body. He had been called in to see her, having received a message to say she had taken an overdose of laudanum. He took the stomach-pump and applied it; but she was too far gone. No emetics had been administered previous to his arrival. The amount she had taken was not sufficient to act as its own emetic. She was slightly conscious when he saw her, and gave him to understand that she had herself taken the dose. He did all he could for her; he considered she had died from narcotic poisoning.

'Then came—not the person from whom Mrs Petre was supposed to have bought the laudanum—but the partner in the establishment, who, strange to say, read his evidence from a paper he produced;

eliciting thereby a disapproving remark from several of the jurymen, who truly said where only truth was to be told, there was no occasion for written papers. It was merely to state that Mrs Petre, or a lady whom he understood to be Mrs Petre, bought the laudanum in two separate quantities at his establishment.

'Then came a surgeon who had made a post-mortem examination. The deceased had died of narcotic poisoning. He went into various medical details of no interest, as the cause of death was clear; but one remark seemed to startle the jurymen, who listened with the most praiseworthy attention. The hands of the deceased were bruised and discoloured, and the little finger of the right hand blackened. This he accounted for by their having been "flecked" with a towel to try to keep deceased awake.

'Janet Heath was next called. Nothing in the world could have been more convincing or more conclusive than her evidence—the clear and artless manner in which she gave it—her open, honest grieved face, as she described her last interview with her mistress—detailing her own horror at hearing of the death, and depicting Mrs Petre's position with Danton; her penniless state; the neglect and unhappiness she suffered from, but how at length Mrs Petre seemed to have summoned up courage to dismiss her custodian, whose presence was anything but conducive to her comfort. She dwelt upon her last visit; upon Mrs Petre's remarks regarding Major Dumaresque's return; on her kindly mention of Mr and Mrs Aubrey Stanmore; in fact, nothing seemed wanting.

'Janet Heath was dismissed; and then came the witness, Mrs Selina Danton. A suppressed murmur ran round the room as she entered, ghastly pale, her great black eyes seeming almost to be starting out of her head; but she advanced boldly enough to the table—kissing the Holy Book audibly—took the oath, and amidst the profoundest silence, gave her evidence. She was a cousin of the deceased. She managed her affairs. Deceased was subject to fits of great depression. She was not quite unable to manage her money matters, but preferred deputing her to do so. Her will was in favour of Major Dumaresque. She had asked her for some money to buy the laudanum. She had given her three shillings. Margaret had mentioned she had touched the bottle; and she, the witness, had—never dreaming of the consequences—desired her to replace it.

"Did the witness think deceased had taken it accidentally, or did she think she had deliberately meant to destroy herself?"

'The witness answered that she most unhesitatingly, and before the corpse itself—a most unnecessary addition—could swear that deceased had deliberately taken the fatal draught, meaning to commit suicide. She then proceeded to state, that when deceased had first sent for her, she had said: "Danton, look here; I have taken all this;" pointing to the empty bottle. "*This* will tell you why."—"Here is my proof," concluded Mrs Danton, as with a theatrical gesture she waved in her hand a letter, which she began to read, and which was to the effect that the writer, Mrs Petre, was dying; that her life had been a most unhappy one. A few sentences, a signature and date, with superscription—"The Last Words of Mrs Petre."

"Is that Mrs Petre's handwriting?" asked the coroner. "Can you identify it?" holding it towards Mr Stanmore.

"I think it is—I believe it is," he answered, gazing earnestly at it.

"You *know* it is," almost shrieked Mrs Danton, glaring at him with the ferocity of a tigress.

"Silence—silence!" from the coroner.

'Aubrey's identification was enough for the coroner, who instantly, without any hesitation, proceeded to sum up for the jury, entirely in favour of Mrs Danton. The coroner's own mind was quite clear, and his bias equally obvious: the letter left not a shadow of doubt. The deliberation of the jury was brief, their verdict being, "Suicide whilst of unsound mind;" but they wished to be appended to their verdict a strong and severe censure upon Mrs Danton for not having removed the laudanum when she ought to have done it. The coroner, however, refused to append the censure, upon the plea that to do so would be equal to a criminal charge; and the proceedings terminated.

'Of course,' continued Mr Langley, 'none of us was satisfied; and the conviction is clear upon my mind that Mrs Petre was simply murdered. If the coroner had summoned his constable, and asked him what account, in the first instance, Mrs Danton had given of the death, the discrepancy would have instantly suggested itself to an intelligent jury; but it appears to me that an inquest is merely to discover the cause of death, not the motives and circumstances surrounding it, which a police investigation would inevitably elicit.'

'Then what is the use of a coroner's inquest?' I asked, rather bewildered.

'That is a question you must excuse my answering,' he replied. 'Until they are differently conducted, I consider them a mere farce; for in this instance, those few lines, which no one saw Mrs Petre write, might have been written by her or might not; no one knew. They did not allude to self-destruction; her own horror of death, and her anticipations of Major Dumaresque's return, combated the probability of her having voluntarily taken the dose. It is a mystery, and a mystery it is likely to remain; nor will it be the last, unless such occurrences are more closely inquired into.'

'And was the will wholly in Major Dumaresque's favour?' I asked. 'Did Danton benefit in no way pecuniarily by the death?'

'We thought not at first, for the will was wholly in Major Dumaresque's favour; but I had the curiosity to go and pay my shilling to see the document at Somerset House. It was written by Mrs Danton herself, and contained merely a vague bequeathment of all to the major, not stating any particulars. Mrs Danton had appointed herself co-executor with the major; it was witnessed by two servants; and the misspelt composition most tremulously signed by the poor old lady, whose pitiable condition at the time left her in no condition to be properly cognisant of her actions. My impression after reading it was, that there was far more than met the eye under Mrs Petre's death; but I know the Aubrey Stanmores did not gain much for their trouble, beyond the approbation of their conscience; for they found that right is not always might, and that justice is not always done, even when matters are investigated by the aid of a coroner's inquiry.

'And what has become of Mrs Danton?'

'As you may imagine, she soon left the neighbourhood; and Hilton Lodge has not had another tenant since the mystery of Mrs Petre's death, which no one considered solved or satisfactorily accounted for by the Coroner's Inquest.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Why should London have a monopoly of the museums carried on at the public expense? is a question which has been frequently asked; and at a meeting held in Birmingham it was recently repeated with good show of argument by the mayors of some of our chief provincial towns. The importance of galleries and museums for educational purposes is admitted. Much of science and of the arts may be learned through the eyes. There is in the British Museum and other establishments in London, a surplus of articles that could be turned to good uses in museums in country towns; and so application is to be made to the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, for portions of the large balance—seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds remaining in their hands. The whole of the kingdom contributed towards the success of that Exhibition, and may therefore claim to participate in the available profits. There is a good show of reason in this argument, which it is to be hoped will have due consideration. An additional point is, that a museum when once started has a tendency to grow; for there are many people possessed of objects of nature or art who are disposed to give or bequeath them to an institution where they will be taken care of and appreciated.

In looking back on the weather that darkened the closing weeks of last year and the opening weeks of the present year, the rainfall is seen as the conspicuous phenomenon. As is shewn by observations made at Greenwich Observatory and other places, eleven inches of rain fell in about eight weeks. The annual rainfall in eastern England is about 26 inches: thus nearly half the quantity that should have been spread over twelve months was poured down in two. Taking the month of December by itself, the rainfall was the greatest for any month during twenty years. In London the quantity registered was 6·25 inches; at Selborne (White's Selborne) it was 9·77 inches; at Skipton (Yorkshire), 10·53 inches; at Bodmin (Cornwall), 12·69 inches; and at Seathwaite, in the Lake country, a notoriously rainy district, the December rainfall was 18·31 inches. The reader may well exclaim 'Prodigious!'

But it is well to remember that in the first nine months of 1876 there was a large deficiency of rain; the quantity as measured at Greenwich Observatory was not more than 13¾ inches, being 4½ inches less than the average extending over a period of sixty-one years. The time of greatest deficiency was from April to August: hence it may be said that there were large arrears to make up; and the means have been supplied by an unusual, and as yet inexplicable, flow of warm water and warm air towards our coasts from the Atlantic.

The floods, though wide-spread and distressing, were not so deep as the floods of 1875. But in this particular there appears to be a want of accurate measures; and a proposition has been made that a combined system of flood-marks for the whole country should be established. With these once in place, each bearing its proper date, there would be no difficulty in comparing the height of successive inundations. Perhaps this and other questions may be left to the Meteorological Office, which in all probability will be much increased in efficiency during the present session of parliament. The Committee appointed to inquire into the working of that useful office have reported in favour of an extension of its usefulness, including the scientific as well as the economical aspects of the question.

According to Dr Gilbert, the amount of ammonia that comes down with rain and 'minor aqueous deposits' varies from six and a half to ten pounds per acre in Western Europe. If the amount is in proportion to the rainfall the coming season should be fruitful. In connection with all this it is worth remark that, so far as the returns are made up, the health of the nation was good in 1876. In the first quarter the death-rate was, omitting decimals, twenty-three per thousand, twenty in the second quarter, and nineteen in the third.

The Natural History Society of Montreal have published further particulars of the plague of locusts which in 1874 afflicted Manitoba and the North-west Territories. In that year the hungry swarms destroyed five million bushels of grain; in other words, they devoured the green plants that would have produced that quantity. This fact alone justifies the hostility with which the creatures are treated wherever they alight, and the endeavours made for their total extinction. According to Mr Dawson, a scientific observer, they consist of but a single species, *Caloptenus spretus*, having numerous parasitic enemies, besides birds, which devour them greedily. Their breeding-grounds are the vast unpeopled tracts between the one hundred and fourth and one hundred and eleventh meridians, and the forty-ninth to fifty-third parallels. Mr Dawson states that being on the high plains near White Mud River, he saw swarms of locusts on the wing 'at all altitudes, following no determinate direction, but sailing in circles, and crossing each other in flight. The greater number were hovering over the swamps or spots of luxuriant grass, or resting on the prairie. A slight breath of wind would induce them all to take wing, causing a noise like that of the distant sound of surf, or a gentle breeze among pine-trees. They appeared ill at ease, as if anxiously awaiting a favourable wind.' Their migration is not flight, for they have no intrinsic power of directing their course, but like a sailing-vessel, must depend on the wind for propulsion. Their fixed determination to travel in a certain direction, and the wonderful instinct which leads them to wait for a favourable wind, are pointed out by Mr Dawson as worthy of special remark. The favourable wind is of course that which blows towards the settlements and lands under cultivation. There is evidence that the young broods at times migrate from the settlements to the breeding-grounds of their parents: on which Mr Dawson says: 'It would be a fact surpassing in interest the journeys of birds of passage, if it should be found that the locust requires two generations to complete the normal cycle of its migration.' Evidently extirpation to be effectual must be on a great scale. One of the plans proposed is to prevent the burning of the prairies in the autumn, and to set them on fire in the spring, when the young locusts are hatched. Another plan is to suddenly burn a broad belt of country when it is known that swarms are approaching; but this applies only to the unsettled districts. Another is by planting of trees to create a rainfall and infuse damp into the climate: moisture being fatal to locust life. Coniferous trees especially appear to exert a protective effect. One of the districts of Manitoba has never been ravaged by locusts. It is separated by a belt of fir forest, which they have never been known to cross.

From a paper read before the Helvetic Society of Science at Basel we learn that the fever districts of Switzerland are the valley of the Rhone in its middle course between Martigny and Brieg, and some parts of the canton Tessin. Owing to the large extent of marshes in these districts, malaria and intermittent fevers and neuralgia prevail in the summer and autumn. The effect of town-life in promoting consumption is made evident by the fact that in Zurich the deaths from pulmonary phthisis are one hundred and four to the thousand, while in Zug they are not more than seventeen. Tillers of the ground have thus an important advantage over those who work in shops and factories. Consumption disappears with altitude, and dwellers on the mountains or in the upper valleys are free from it; but on the other hand they are very liable to inflammation of the respiratory organs. Deaf and dumb persons, in proportion to the population, are more numerous than in any other country of Europe. And lastly, we gather that 'alcoholism' is on the increase in Switzerland as well as elsewhere.

A communication to the Société de Médecine at Caen makes known that the natives in some parts of Egypt cure hydrophobia by administering a certain insect called *Darnah*. The insect is a species of *Mylabris*. To facilitate the swallowing, it is given to the patient inclosed in a ripe date.

A doctor in Paris has invented an apparatus which he calls a spirophore, to be employed for the relief of persons suffering from asphyxia or suffocation. It may be described as a chamber constructed of zinc: in this chamber the patient is placed, but his head remains outside. Air is then drawn from the chamber by a pump; the patient's lungs expand: air is then pumped into the cylinder, and the lungs contract; and this operation is continued at intervals until the patient recovers.

The account of an experiment with ozone may be interesting to non-professional readers: 'A piece of fresh beef was cut into two equal parts, one of which was placed in a stoppered bottle containing ordinary air, and the other in a similar bottle containing ozonised air. In five days the meat in the first bottle was in full putrefaction, while that in the second bottle containing ozonised air, was as fresh as when put in, nor was any change manifested on the tenth day, when the bottle was opened to see if the meat had any offensive odour. Although the stopper was then quickly replaced, putrefaction had commenced on the following day. Milk was kept in ozonised oxygen for eight days without undergoing any change.'

Professor O. Rood of New York states that in certain conditions of the eye, such as are produced by prolonged excitation, nervous derangement, or by effects of fever, the nerves which convey impressions of colour fail to act, and give rise to 'temporary green colour-blindness.' This is a fact which should be borne in mind by persons whose occupation requires them to distinguish colours.

The question of the effect of sun-spots on climate has been often discussed, but so many considerations are involved therein that many years must pass before it will be settled. In a paper published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Astronomical Society, Professor Langley of Allegheny Observatory, Pennsylvania, after shewing the different points from which the question must be approached, states, as the result of his own investigations, that 'sun-spots do exercise a direct and real influence on terrestrial climates, by decreasing the mean temperature of this planet at their maximum. This decrease is, however, so minute, that it is doubtful whether it has been directly observed or discriminated from other changes. The whole effect is represented by a change in the mean temperature of our globe in eleven years not exceeding three-tenths, and not less than one-twentieth, of one degree of the Centigrade thermometer.'

Captain Watkin, R.A., has invented a range-finder, under different forms, for use in military and naval training and in time of war. If a hostile ship is approaching our coast or working her way into a harbour, it is important to know her exact distance, so that she may be hit by the heavy shot of the defensive battery. The range-finder, which is a combination of a telescope and a spirit-level, requires not more than eight seconds to indicate the distance in yards on a scale, and the guns can then be brought to bear with unerring accuracy. Should the ship be hidden by smoke, observers with an electric position-finder are stationed some way off, and make known her movements by telegraph, whereby the gunners can keep up their fire although they cannot see the enemy. This seems incredible; but the explanation is, that by means of charts ruled in squares, the position of a ship in any square or any part of a square can be identified, and aim taken accordingly. Another form of range-finder, of very simple construction, is intended for use on land. It is a japanned metal box ten inches by four, with a few holes in two sides, and one half of the top free to open by a hinge. Inside is an arrangement of mirrors, and a boxwood scale of yards from six hundred to four thousand. With this instrument and three staves, used in determining a base, one man by himself can ascertain the range of an object—a battery, a wood, a river, or a body of men, in three minutes; with two men it can be accomplished in one minute. Truly we may say that the art of killing becomes more and more scientific.

The Geological Survey Department in New Zealand has published a Report on the climate of that country extending over a series of years, and brought down to 1873. From this we gather that the rainfall of New Zealand presents some analogy with the rainfall of England in the difference of amount between the eastern and western coast. Taranaki, for example, on the west coast of the

North Island, has an annual rainfall of more than sixty inches; while Napier, on the east coast, has about thirty inches. In the South Island, the yearly fall at Hokitika, on the west, is a hundred and twenty inches; while at Dunedin and Christchurch it is not more than one quarter or one-third of that quantity. The climate of Nelson is described as the 'most pleasant and finest in New Zealand, on account of its calm winter, the protection of its chains of mountains, and its clear sky, which is but rarely covered with clouds.' Yet Nelson is a rainy place: more than nine inches of rain have fallen there in a single day.

Owing to the peculiarities of climate, the glaciers on the west side of the New Zealand Alps descend very low, down to about seven hundred feet only above the level of the sea; and this is in the same geographical latitude as Leghorn. But different from the glaciers of Europe, the lower part of the New Zealand glaciers are decorated by pines, beeches, tree-ferns, and fuchsias in luxuriant growth.

From an accompanying Report on the minerals of the colony, we learn that more specimens of coal had been analysed than in any previous year, and that they 'represent an immense quantity of workable coal of excellent quality.' A splendid industrial prospect this for New Zealand.

The system of telegraph weather-signals has been adopted by the government of Canada; and storm warnings and other meteorological particulars are now regularly despatched to and from a number of stations in the Dominion three times a day. The central office is at Toronto, and thence the signals are telegraphed to Washington. A noonday time-gun is fired every day by electricity at Quebec, and for the benefit of shipmasters accurate time-signals are sent to the provincial outports: from all of which we see that Canada is co-operating praiseworthily in the grand meteorological and astronomical telegraph scheme.

The Hudson's Bay Company are taking measures for improving the navigation of the Saskatchewan and other waters in their great territory. The Red River and Lake Winnipeg are embraced in the scheme, which, when carried out, will open water communications to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The natural resources of those hitherto unfrequented regions are so great that any undertaking which promises to render them available should be encouraged. Their value will prove to be far beyond that of mere hunting-grounds, especially when the great thoroughfares cross them from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Out of the proceeds of a munificent bequest, the Academy of Sciences at Turin have founded a biennial prize, to be given alternately to foreigners and to Italians. It is called the Bressa prize, from the name of the testator, a beneficent doctor of medicine; and the programme sets forth that 'the net interest of the first two years will be given to that person, of whatever nation or country he be, who shall have during the previous four years made the most important discovery, or published the most valuable work on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Natural History, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physiology, and Pathology, as well as Geology, History, Geography, and Statistics.' The year 1879 is fixed for the award of the first prize, which will amount to twelve thousand francs, about four hundred and eighty pounds sterling. In 1881, Italians only will be allowed to compete, and so on every two years. With so wide a range of subjects, a crowd of competitors may be expected, and the difficulty of deciding on the best among so many will be exceedingly great.

CATS.

It is not often that we hear any credit rendered to the cat for either intelligence or affection; and it is therefore pleasing to be able to record two instances in which one, if not both of these qualities is shewn in a remarkable manner in this animal. A gentleman writing from India to a friend in England, a few mails ago, says of a pet Persian cat: 'I was lolling on the sofa, drowsily perusing the newspaper a few mornings ago, when Tom came and stood near me mewing in a plaintive way, as if to attract attention. Not wishing to be disturbed, I waved him off. He, however, returned in a minute or so, and this time jumped on to the sofa, and looking me in the face, renewed his noise more vigorously. Losing patience, I roughly drove him away. He then went to the door of an adjoining room, and stood there mewing most piteously. Fully aroused, I got up and went towards him. As I approached, he made for the further corner of the room, and began to shew fight, bristling up and flourishing his tail. It at once struck me that there was an unwelcome visitor in the room, which Tom wished to get rid of; and sure enough, in looking towards the corner, I discovered a cobra coiled up behind a boot-shelf under a dressing-table.' The noise made by our approach aroused the snake, and he attempted to make off; but I despatched him with my gun, which was ready loaded close by. You should have seen Tom's satisfaction. He ran between my legs, rubbing himself against them caressingly, as if to say, "Well done, master!" The snake measured five feet seven inches in length.'

The friend to whom this incident is related, after reading it to me, went on to say, that some years ago, when in India with her father, the family were gathered after tea, one rainy evening, listening to one of their number who was reading an interesting story. While thus engaged, a cat of which her father was very fond jumped on to his knee, and moving about in a restless manner, began to mew in a louder key than usual. The old gentleman, as was his wont, commenced to caress the cat, expecting thereby to quiet it; but to no purpose. It shewed signs of impatience, by jumping down and up again, mewing vigorously the whole time. Not wishing to be interrupted in what was going on, he called for a servant to put the cat out of the room; but Puss would not tamely submit to an indignant turn-out, and commenced clawing at the old man's feet. This he thought was going too far: he rose to chastise the cat; but ere he had time to do so, he discovered that it was nothing less than a timely warning which Puss had given him; for not far from where he sat there was, under the table, a small venomous snake, which probably would have bitten him had he molested or trampled on it. The reptile was immediately killed; and Puss ceased her mewing.

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ROB GRAHAM

A TWEEDSIDE REMINISCENCE, BY W. CHAMBERS, LL.D.

I PROPOSE giving one of my early recollections, which lately turned up in the memory of the past. It refers to an incident which occurred only a few years after the beginning of the present century, when I was a boy at the burgh school of Peebles, a small town on the Tweed. The school in its way had a somewhat superior reputation, and drew to it pupils from a distance of several miles around. Trudging in all weathers, the children of farmers and ploughmen came to be educated along with boys and girls belonging to the town. Whatever they were, all were treated alike, and the intermingling of classes was never found to be in any respect disadvantageous; on the contrary, there sprung up agreeable acquaintanceships between the town and country boys that were mutually useful and agreeable.

Among the crowd of country lads who thronged in daily, there was one I have some cause to remember. His name was Rob Graham. I will try to give a picture of Rob. Imagine a sturdy boy of twelve years of age, well knit together, barelegged and barefooted in summer, with coarse red hair surmounting a brow so large that one would say there were good brains under it. Rob's face was placid like that of an old man, and I think was slightly marked with small-pox, as was then not at all unusual. His dress, of a simple kind, consisted of a pair of dingy corduroy trousers and waistcoat, and a short coat of that coarse fabric known as Galashiels blue, with two broad metal buttons staring out behind; which buttons, from their well-worn appearance, had probably embellished a succession of coats of Rob's father and grandfather; for in those days buttons were buttons, and went through a good deal of service before being dismissed. As the fastenings of the dress could with a rive of the hand be rapidly torn asunder, the wearer could at any moment throw off clothes and shirt and plunge into the river stark naked. As Rob's leather cap, stuck on the top of his shock of red hair, was worth very little, we should deal liberally in estimating his whole equipment at the value of twenty shillings.

What signifies, however, the outside of boys? Who cares a farthing how they are dressed? The bodily physique and interior of the skull are the things really worth caring for. Rob's big square face and prominent brow shewed there was something in him. Poorly dressed as he appeared at school, he took the shine out of boys decked out with frills, shoes, and stockings. There was not a boy who shewed more dexterity at 'duck,' a game of pitching a heavy stone at a mark, or who ran with greater vigour at 'shinty,' on the school green. Rob was also a good fighter, and few boys, as the saying is, 'dared to take him up.' Yet Rob was a good-humoured and merry fellow, who did not want to quarrel with anybody. He even condescended to make himself agreeable to the girls in the school, by hopping on one leg in their game which they called 'the beds,' and in dexterously throwing up small shells to be caught on the back of the hand, and locally known as the 'chucks.' Then, he was so obliging. If he saw a poor woman carrying with difficulty a backful of clothes to be bleached on the banks of the mill-stream, he would offer to help her, and did so without any hope of reward. No wonder that this poor boy made friends, and was respected for his good conduct and gallantry. By birth a peasant. By nature a hero!

There in memory does Rob Graham stand before me. Miserably attired and educated, knowing nothing of the world outside the tranquil valley in which he was born, Rob had the dash and courage of a Crusader. Nor was he indebted to good feeding for his diligence and activity. In the morning before quitting home, his mother doubtless supplied him with a breakfast of oatmeal porridge and milk. That, in a great measure kept him going for the day. To stay his hunger, however, a piece of pease-bannock about the size of your hand, and nearly an inch thick, which his mother had baked on the girdle, was stuffed into his right-hand pocket—the left one being occupied with his 'peerie' and 'bools'*—and so he was provided with dinner; for beyond the lump of bannock and a drink of water, which he scooped with his hand from the Tweed, he tasted nothing till he was comforted with a repetition of porridge and milk for supper. So much for Rob's dress and mode of living.

By some unaccountable feeling, I felt interested in Rob. I saw him daily seated in the left-hand corner of the school as you go in, poring over his lesson, or playing some prank when the master's back was turned. On one occasion, I pointed out to him how to work out a question in arithmetic on his slate; and at another time afforded some little advice as to his style of penmanship in writing 'a piece' for the public Examination by ministers, magistrates, and other great people. As for his reading I did not interfere, for it would have been useless. Like other pupils, he read aloud with a coarse facility, lessons from Barrie's Collection, and repeated psalms by heart, with little regard to points or modulation, and so loudly, that if the windows were open, you might have heard him a hundred yards off—no one finding fault, not even old Barrie, in his duffle spencer and brown wig, who had come a long way in his gig to honour the ceremonial, and dine afterwards according to use and wont with the magnates of the burgh.

The trifling intercourse I had with Rob led me to make inquiries about his origin and place of residence. It was a simple story. He was the son of a small farmer, or at least the occupant of a cottage and a few acres, known as Kailzie Park Foot. The place was a kind of offshoot of the park or pleasure-grounds connected with the mansion of Kailzie, and situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at the distance of about three miles eastward from Peebles. Possibly, Rob's father had a charge of the pleasure-grounds, or he looked after the hedges and ditches on the property, or did some other work for the laird, for which he was allowed the cottage, a cow's grass, and certain money perquisites; by all which a decent appearance was kept up. The family was not large.

Rob had a sister, Jenny, two years younger than himself, who got a little schooling, but only in summer, as she was unable to undergo the severity of winter travel to and fro. She was a pretty and interesting girl Jenny, with flaxen ringlets and bright intelligent eyes. Though meagrely dressed in a gingham frock, and barefooted, she had a certain lady-like appearance. And that is what may be occasionally seen among school-girls of a humble class. However poor be their dress, we see in their graceful figure, their gentle manner, their flowing hair, their sparkling intelligent eyes, that they are ladies by nature, and would, if polished up, do credit to any society in the kingdom. Such was Jenny Graham, who, unconscious of her girlish beauty, was an object of general admiration. With good taste, as a bit of decoration, she often had a rose or a spink, or sprig of honeysuckle, stuck in the breast of her dress. The boys at the school called her 'The Flower of Kailzie.'

As children together, Rob and Jenny grew up with brotherly and sisterly affection. In autumn, Rob visited and climbed the gean-trees at Haystoun Burn, to bring home a capful of geans or wild-cherries for Jenny. Sometimes ascending the hills he would spend hours in seeking for and gathering 'craw-croups,' a kind of wild bilberries, from the lofty ridges which overlook the valley of The Glen—all to be a posie or offering to sister Jenny. Requiting these attentions, she accompanied him to the Torwood when he went to scale the tall pine-trees in quest of young rooks. And the two had often rambles along the river-bank from Cardrona to Kingsmeadows, on which occasions it was no unusual thing to see them seated on the green margin of a little peninsula which diagonally juts into the water. It is a pleasant spot, nearly opposite the ruins of Horsbrugh Castle, which picturesquely crown the height on the northern side of the river. Here, on the edge of the peninsula grew quantities of tall rushes, with which Rob cleverly plaited head ornaments and necklaces for Jenny, who, proud of her rustic decorations, scampered home with them in the glee of innocent childhood.

There was but one drawback in the pleasure derived by Jenny from these river-side rambles. She felt pretty safe as far as the small peninsula. Beyond that, westward along the green haugh towards Scott's Mill, she apprehended danger. On the opposite bank was the farm of Eshiels, laid out in handsomely shaped fields, and environed with some young plantations. In one or other of these spacious fields there was ordinarily a herd of cows grazing, attended by a formidable bull, of which little Jenny Graham could not help being afraid. She had some reason to be so. One day, being sent by her mother on an errand to the family at Scott's Mill, she was tripping merrily along the green haugh, when to her dismay the Eshiely bull, as it was familiarly termed, left the herd and at a smart trot made for the river, as if to cross and attack her. The bull had possibly been roused by seeing a scarlet tippet on the neck of the young maiden. Be that as it may, the animal, bellowing with rage, plunged into the stream at a spot where it could be easily forded, and would inevitably have carried out its malicious intention of tossing and goring, perhaps killing, Jenny, but for her presence of mind. She got out of reach of the ferocious beast by hastily scrambling over a wall that bounded Kailzie Park, and taking refuge in the policy was safe from pursuit. Being for the time circumvented, the bull looked glaringly over the wall, and with a growl which sounded like a threat of taking its revenge some other day, it slowly retreated to its pastures on the other side of the Tweed.

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* Peg-top and marbles.

Jenny never forgot her fright on the occasion. As soon as her brother Rob came home from school in the afternoon, she told him of the affair, and that after this she did not dare to go with him in his rambles along the river-bank, at least not so far as the ground opposite Eshiels. Rob heard his sister's story, and from that moment resolved to punish the Eshiely bull for running after and frightening Jenny. He had indeed for some time been pondering on a plan for quelling this torment of the neighbourhood.

'Keep yoursel' easy, Jenny, lass,' said Rob; 'I'll mak' the Eshiely bull pay for chasing you. He'll no try that again.'

'But, Rob,' replied his sister, 'what can you do to the bull? You're only a laddie, and you may get into trouble. He's an awfu' beast the Eshiely bull. Let him alane. Dinna gang near him, Rob; dinna gang near him!'

'I tell you to keep yoursel' easy about me, Jenny. I ken fine what to do. It will be capital fun, and I'll be as safe as if I were at hame.'

Jenny knew Rob's resolute character, and having also some confidence in his discretion, let the matter drop. Still she felt uneasy about what might prove a serious misadventure. It is not surprising that the affectionate girl was uneasy. Here was a poor lad unprovided with firearms or any lethal weapon by which he could inflict an injury on an animal so jealous of approach, so dangerous when threatened with attack, and yet he was confident that he would successfully, and with little or no hazard to himself, impose a heavy vengeance on the bull. He would not do it skulkingly or unfairly. He would go to work with the spirit of a sportsman. If the bull came to grief, it would have itself to blame. Brave lad! Like Harry Bluff, 'though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man!' In the depths of his consciousness, Rob had made up his mind what he should do, without consulting any one as to his extraordinary project.

It was necessary, however, in order to carry out the campaign, that Rob should have two or three confederates of his own age. These he was not long in securing, for the Eshiely bull was a public nuisance, and the youths all round about would gladly take part in any scheme that promised to give the monster a suitable chastisement for its audacity. The lads whom he enlisted in the adventure were three school companions who lived in the neighbourhood. They were Tam Jackson, son of a ploughman at Laverlaw; Willie Ramage, a son of the farmer at Whitehaugh; and Sandy Clapperton, son of the grieve at Cardrona Mains. All entered cordially into the proposed scheme. It was explained to them that they were to be mere helpers or onlookers. Rob was to take upon himself the heavy end of the business. The prospect opened out to them was perfectly charming. It would be the nicest thing they had ever had all their days.

Like the stage-manager of a theatre in superintending a morning rehearsal, Rob schooled the three boys in their several and collective duties. To speak in the language of the Spanish Bull-ring, they were to act as *chulos*, whose duty consists in waving flags and otherwise distracting the attention of the bull, while the *matador* has the responsibility of despatching the animal. Rob was to be the *matador*, only he had no intention of killing the bull. All he proposed to do was to inflict a punishment that would teach him better behaviour. It was agreed that next Saturday, if the weather kept fair, the play should come off, and all were to be at their post under a tree at Scott's Mill at a specified hour. Meanwhile nothing on any account was to be whispered on the subject.

It was a well-devised drama. All depended on its proper performance. Rob was fortunately well acquainted with the scene of operations. Born and reared within a stone's throw of the Tweed, on its south bank, he knew every rapid and pool within a stretch of three or four miles. From Kailzie Park Foot for a certain distance westward, the water was comparatively shallow, and it was hereabouts that the Eshiely bull had forded the stream in pursuit of little Jenny Graham. Farther up, the water deepens until it becomes an unusually deep and broad pool, just where the river makes a sudden bend at Scott's Mill. Boy as he was, and with a miserable apparatus, Rob had fished every inch of the water with fly as well as worm bait, and had now and then brought home a few small trouts to his mother. One thing he was set upon. It was to try to catch a large lamprey, or 'ramper eel,' as the Peebles boys called it, which, considered to be a dangerous water-snake, was a terror to juveniles wading the river. The lamprey was known to lurk somewhere in the deep pool at Scott's Mill.

Rob considered it would be of no use trying to lure the dreaded creature with an ordinary line and bait. He constructed a round wicker-basket, with a hole in the side, in the manner of a mouse-trap, which would allow the eel to get in, but not to get out. Inclosing a bait of garbage and a stone to sink it, the wicker trap was tethered to the shore by a strong cord to a stake, and pitched into the middle of the river. Rob's foresight and skill were rewarded. Next morning, he had the satisfaction of hauling in the trap with the lamprey in a rampagious humour inside. It was, as I recollect—for I went to see it, stretched on the sward below Scott's Mill—a huge creature, four to five feet long, with seven holes or gills whereby to breathe on each side of its head, while it firmly sucks itself to any object with its mouth. Among all the youngsters of the district from Howford to Peebles, Rob rendered himself famous by having caught the ramper eel, and of having skinned it too. As a trophy, he came one morning to school with the skin of the eel wound round his ankle like a garter. We mention the circumstance as an instance of Rob's pluck, and that he was not unqualified to face the Eshiely bull.

Saturday, on which was to be the proposed diversion with the bull, at length arrived. It was a delightful day. The air serene, the fields and trees around in their best verdant array. Shielgreen Kips on the one hand, and the Lee Pen on the other, stood out as prominent peaks against the bright blue sky. A more charming scene is not found in Peeblesshire. The Eshiels herd of cows, with the bull a little apart, were composedly grazing in the field immediately adjoining the pool at the mill. There had been heavy rain up the country the previous day, which had swollen and deepened the river, which, without being greatly discoloured, flowed majestically between its green banks. Its increased depth was favourable for Rob's purpose. The pool with a swirl here and there on its surface, was in capital order. All circumstances conspired to promise success for the intended exploit.

At the appointed hour, the three lads, Jackson, Ramage, and Clapperton, who were to act as assistants, were at their post. There they were seated on the grass under an old ash-tree, on the bank of the river at Scott's Mill. Rob also kept tryst, for his companions had hardly seated themselves when he appeared on the scene, carrying a short but very effective oak walking-stick. The stick was a kind of heirloom. It had belonged to Rob's grandfather, a stirring fellow in his time, and likely enough the stick had figured as a weapon in brawls at Beltane fair. The stick was a remarkable stick. At the upper end was a round knob fashionably carved, near which there was a hole for a cord, which could be wound round the hand or wrist. The lower end of the stick was shod with what looked like a pike, that would take a good grip of the frozen ground in winter, and be formidable in any defensive struggle. Rob had appropriated the stick for the day, and we shall immediately see the use he made of it.

Well, here were the four boys met. There were but few words spoken. The business of the three auxiliaries was to do all in their power to enrage the bull by shaking handkerchiefs of different colours they had brought with them; and particularly when Rob was engaged with the animal, they were to run hither and thither, and by derisive shouts draw it away in any required direction. This and other measures being understood, the play commenced.

There was a united shout, the handkerchiefs were wildly waved. Next, a provoking cry of 'Bull, bull, bull!' assailed the object of attack. It was like a trumpet summons to battle.

The bull being unacquainted with the programme, was apparently unable to comprehend the meaning of the sudden uproar. Lifting his head inquiringly, he viewed the force which invited his attention. 'Only four boys; I shall soon settle them.' If the Eshiely bull had any mind at all, that is what he probably thought of them. They were only worthy of his contempt. Still there came the provoking cry of 'Bull, bull, bull!' uttered with offensive reiteration. The challenge was to the last degree insulting. There was an impertinence in it that was unendurable. Coming to this conclusion, up went the bull's tail, as if shaking out a banner of defiance, and with a mighty roar he moved at a trot which gradually increased in speed.

He was a grand sight. There he came frenziedly on with his surly white face, his generally dun colour, his black muzzle, and short pointed horns. Well shaped, he would have taken a prize at Islington, even in these days of advanced culture. At a bound he cleared a low dike near the river, to which he went as direct as an arrow, with a view to attack the foe on their own ground. What did he care for the Tweed. He had forded it dozens of times. He had stood in it up to the middle in hot days with all the cows about him, cooling their legs and whisking their tails to keep off the flies. He would at once cross the river.

In his eagerness to get at the enemy, the Eshiely bull with all his accomplishments failed to remember that at this point fording was impossible, and that he must inevitably take to swimming, which was not exactly within his experience. In his sober moments he might have thought of this. Now, his blood was up, and on he drove right into the pool.

Like a general at the head of an army, Rob steadily watched the motions of his antagonist as he came headlong on to the attack. His attitude was worthy of being pictured by an artist. With delight he saw the bull advance right onward, instead of making a circuit to a lower and shallower part of the river—in which case the game would have been up. When the monster, snorting and bellowing, with flashing eyes, and with his tail up, plunged into the pool, Rob's time was come. Now or never he must act.

It was a trying moment, but with teeth clenched, Rob never quailed. Like a good soldier going into action, he had but one feeling, and that was to do his duty. Now, then, for it. To throw off his clothes till he stood stark naked, was the work of an instant. Seizing the old oak stick and firmly attaching it by the cord to his wrist, he dashed down the bank into the water. He was a capital swimmer, could dive and turn with a sort of amphibious instinct, as most river-side boys can. Courageously he struck out, heading a little to get up stream and bear down on the enemy. About and about he swam, ever with the stick dangling from his wrist. The bull saw his approach, and with a fierce glare turned abruptly towards him. Rob eluded the encounter by diving out of sight. This sudden and strange disappearance considerably disconcerted the bull. He could not imagine what had become of Rob, and in his perplexity determined to proceed towards the bank, on which the boys kept shouting and defying him; so onward he went, more enraged than ever, but somewhat confused in mind from the novelty of the proceedings.

During this by-play Rob had, underneath the water, got skilfully to the rear of the bull. This is what he had all along wanted. He now felt that the day was his own. Approaching the bull stealthily, he got hold of his tail, which was floating conveniently in the water, and with a degree of dexterity worthy of an acrobat, he leaped at a bound upon his back. It was a singularly well-managed feat. A terrible fix this for the Eshiely bull. He never expected to have been made the victim of such a trick. The superior brain of a schoolboy had out-manœuvred him. When Rob got fairly astride on the bull, and loosening the cord, flourished the stick in his hand, his boy-companions, in their mirth, set up a roar of laughter. It was a pity there was not a larger body of spectators. The scene would have brought down the house at Astley's.

The bull was of course prodigiously annoyed, besides being enraged to madness at finding a boy seated on his back, as if he had been a riding-horse let out for hire. No bull in the universe had ever been treated with such atrocious indignity. Moved by these heart-rending considerations, he wriggled, in the hope of getting Rob off his back. As jockeys would say, Rob was firm in the saddle. A horse may plunge and rear and throw his rider, but he does so by having good footing. The bull had no footing at all. He had no *point d'appui*. He was swimming for bare life, and had enough to do in keeping his head above water. He had no fins wherewith to propel himself in any required direction. No webbed feet. His cloven hoofs could make little way in the water. In short, do as he liked, he could not throw his rider. Rob had him at his mercy.

As has been said, Rob had no wish to kill the bull, nor did he wish to maim or seriously injure him. As he used to avow, he wanted to give him 'a drilling.' He now began operations. With a swing of the arm, he brought down the knob of the cudgel with a smart blow on the head of the animal, saying at the same time: 'Tak' that for frightening our Jenny.' And so on he went, raining down blows on the head and shoulders, always repeating: 'Tak' that, and that, for frightening our Jenny. I'll learn you no to be sae ready crossing the river and running after people.' The bull perhaps did not understand the full force of Rob's meaning; but he knew he was overpowered in a way to bring down his pride.

'Hit him on the horns, Rob,' cried Sandy Clapperton. 'He'll no like that.'

Rob was not a cruel boy. He had true courage and generosity, and would not take a mean advantage of his enemy. He accordingly did not feel inclined to strike the bull on the horns, for he might have broken or dislodged one of these appendages, and damaged the beast past recovery. So he continued to beat him in a manner to be painful and mortifying without being absolutely injurious. It was amazing how this untutored country lad knew the exact length he might reasonably go. There was in it no small degree of intuitive common-sense. Swimming about in a lumbering way, the Eshiely bull was for the first time made amenable to discipline. By the persuasive agency of the walking-stick, he was constrained to swim in a kind of circle, as if performing in a piece of horsemanship at a circus. It was important never to let him get so near the land on either side as to find a footing. He was kept as nearly as possible in the middle of the pool, round about and round about, beaten with the oak stick all the way, and told by Rob that he was punished as a mean-spirited wretch for running after and frightening little girls.

The whole thing was a pretty piece of rude play. Rob was a moral disciplinarian. Out of his own conceptions of rectitude, he did that which the public at large ought long since to have done in a regular and legal manner. The Eshiely bull ought to have been suppressed as being a nuisance, almost as dangerous to the community as a wild beast. Nobody interfered to any good effect. The proprietor of the animal was one of those miserably selfish individuals who, minding only their own interest, are indifferent to the rights of others. He had been frequently told of the alarm caused in the neighbourhood by the bull, but treated the matter as of small consequence. If the bull annoyed or killed anybody, what did he care? People should keep out of its way. As a self-constituted minister of justice, Rob Graham, after a droll fashion, settled the business. By dint of his grandfather's stick he brought the bull to its senses, forced it to see the error of its ways.

The play lasted about half-an-hour. During that time, in its gyrations in the water, Rob gave the bull what he considered a proper chastisement. Reduced to extremity, it had no heart to prosecute the war. It was fain to get back to its own side of the water. Rob indulged it in this laudable desire, for he thought he had humiliated it sufficiently. He let it make for the north side of the river. Just as its fore-feet touched the ground, he gave it a parting thwack which it was likely to remember. And dropping off at the tail, he bade the bull good-morning. The beast staggered away in an exhausted and dazed condition to whence it came, with its tail between its legs, and cowed in a way that never bull was before. Having done his duty, Rob swam across to the southern bank, with his grandfather's stick in his teeth, and was congratulated on his gallantry by his juvenile companions, as also by the miller in his dusty garments, and two or three other spectators who had collected at the spot.

From that day forward the Eshiely bull never crossed the river, nor did he run impetuously to attack strangers passing on the highway. The nonsense was taken out of him. As the Peebles folk said, in their old-fashioned vernacular, he had got 'a staw'—meaning an effectual surfeit. The proprietor of the bull affected to be angry at the way the animal had been treated; but was only laughed at. The thing was too ludicrous to be taken up seriously.

Were this a romance, we should describe Rob Graham as going abroad, and like another Clive, distinguishing himself in the public service. But all we have to relate is a simple country story, as events are recalled by memory. Rob's extraordinary feat in taming the Eshiely bull, and adroitly suppressing a gross local evil, met with no public acknowledgment. He moved in too obscure a sphere to be complimented. Rob, however, never boasted of his exploit, nor did he care for its being mentioned. The incident is long since forgotten; perhaps not remembered by a single person alive but the present narrator. As far as we have heard, Rob Graham, who might be designated the 'gallant Graham,' dropped into the position of a ploughman, from which he rose by his industry and intelligence, to be a grieve or land-steward in the neighbourhood. Unlearned, yet sagacious; valiant, yet docile; humble, yet manly and independent, Rob might be accepted as a specimen of those 'hardy sons of toil' spoken of feelingly by Burns in melodious verse, and of whom the poet himself is recognised as having been an illustrious example.

'Bonny Jenny Graham,' Rob's sister, is said to have been married to a farmer in the west country, and this is all we can tell of the gem of the old burgh school, the 'Flower of Kailzie.'

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS.

It is doubtful whether any industrial art has made such rapid strides within the last thirty years as that of Photography. Founded upon the simple discovery that a certain chemical salt—the chloride of silver—becomes blackened upon exposure to light, the art has grown step by step into an important national industry. It would be next to impossible to estimate the number of persons who, directly and indirectly, owe their daily bread to King Sol in his character of Artist. A glance at the advertisement columns of one of the journals devoted to this interest will give us some idea of the busy number of camp-followers running in the wake of the huge army of photographic artists of Great Britain alone. Opticians, paper-makers, chemical manufacturers, glass-makers, cabinet-makers, besides a host of others who supply the *et-cæteras* of the business, vie with each other in the adaptability of their goods. Other countries can no doubt shew a similar list—notably France, whose paper is used by photographers throughout the world.

Although the peculiar affinity of silver chloride for light was discovered by Scheele just one hundred years ago, its application to art was not recognised until the year 1839, when Daguerre in France and Talbot in England almost simultaneously hit upon the method of rendering permanent the pictures which had been before obtained, but which had faded away into darkness as quickly as the daylight which had given them birth. This discovery of *fixing* the image, as it is technically called, was really the starting-point of an art, samples of which, good, bad, and indifferent, are now to be found in every homestead in the kingdom.

The mysterious power which could seize almost instantaneously the fleeting appearances of moving life, could not fail to take a strong hold on the public attention. Other art-pursuits had of course previously had numerous aspirants, but they came and went as fashions do, without leaving any permanent good behind them. Not so photography, which is perhaps unique in owing its present state of perfection to the exertions and patient investigations of mere amateurs. The reason of this unusual state of things is probably due to the fact that photography has required a large expenditure of both time and money to bring it to maturity; both which commodities are more plentiful with those who have not to work for daily bread.

The earliest sun-pictures, as produced by Daguerre, and named after him, were formed on silver plates treated with iodine. After exposure in the camera, they were developed by the action of mercury vapour, which attached itself to those portions of the plate which had received the greatest amount of light. Such pictures were necessarily difficult of multiplication, each impression requiring a separate exposure and development. Examples of this early method of photography may still be seen in many houses, where they have been carefully treasured as mementoes of friends who have passed away. These pictures are by no means of a permanent nature, the action of the air contributing with other causes to tarnish the silver plate, and so gradually to destroy the image thereon.

The discovery of the collodion process by Archer in 1851, quite supplanted the previous method, and gave photography an impetus which has carried it rapidly forward to the present date. Numerous substances have been tried at different times to support mechanically the delicate sun-printed image, but nothing has as yet been found to equal collodion upon glass.

Photographic art has now become such a thing of our every-day life, that perhaps there is scarcely an intelligent person who does not know the difference between a negative and a positive. Every one nowadays has his or her portrait taken at least once, and can well remember the nervousness incidental to a first visit to the photographic studio. Usually the photographer is kind enough to allow his anxious client a glimpse of the picture in its earliest stage, when the lights are where the shades ought to be, and *vice versâ*. Such is the negative, from which any number of positives may be printed by the action of sunlight on prepared paper placed underneath it. These silver prints (for although the silver *plate* is banished with the old method, chloride of silver contained in the pores of the paper still holds its own) have unfortunately the character of not being as permanent as they might be. This fault is commonly attributed to carelessness in not thoroughly eliminating the salt used in fixing the pictures; so that, by a strange anomaly, the discovery which claimed to make our photographs permanent is now charged with the sin of causing their ultimate deterioration. Photographers complain that the great competition, which has led to the adoption of low-priced work, will not permit them to give to the washing of the prints the time and attention which permanence demands. There are no doubt other causes at work in our heavily charged town atmospheres which have a destructive effect on our photographs. At anyrate, be the cause what it may, it is the rule and not the exception to find a paper print of, say ten years old, sadly faded and generally disfigured. Such a great disadvantage as this has met with an antidote in the shape of a discovery which has to a certain extent superseded the practice of silver printing. We allude to the carbon process, which is dependent upon the curious fact that bichromatised gelatine, after exposure to light, becomes insoluble. That is to say, a mixture of gelatine with the bichromate of an alkali—such as the bichromate of potash—will remain soluble so long as it is excluded from light. *Carbon in the* form of lampblack, or indeed any pigment, is mixed with this bichromatised gelatine, and paper coated therewith is exposed under a negative in the same way as in the case of a silver print, warm water being afterwards used to wash out those portions of the prepared surface which the sunlight has not rendered immovable.

Such, briefly, is the mode of producing the so-called carbon pictures, which without doubt are, as they claim to be, as lasting as the paper on which they are printed. They are not equal, in point of brilliancy, to the better known silver pictures, but this disadvantage is more than counterbalanced by their good keeping qualities. The word carbon as here used is a misnomer, for as we have already indicated, other pigments, most of which have a metallic origin, may be used in the process.

Photography as now practised may be classed under two general heads—the wet process and the dry process: the first being solely dependent upon the use of collodion and the silver bath; the other dispensing with either or both. Hitherto, the great obstacle to the landscape photographer has been the cumbrous nature of the impedimenta necessary to the production of pictures at a distance from home. It is by no means an easy matter to transport a dark tent containing a chemical laboratory, together with a camera and the necessary supply of water, from one place to another. Moreover, the scenes which naturally tempt the artist lie in unfrequented, and oftentimes in almost inaccessible places. The use of dry plates, by which the necessity of a tent is altogether obviated, has rendered the art far more easy of accomplishment, and has thus placed outdoor photography amongst those pastimes which a non-professional can successfully pursue. In the wet process the sensitive collodion plate must be exposed to the air within a very few minutes of its removal from the silver bath, otherwise it becomes quite useless; the object of the various dry processes being to preserve the film in a sensitive state, so that it can be exposed as occasion may require, and developed in the studio at a future time. It is needless to point out that this method of photography dispenses at once with any travelling gear except the camera and lens, and a convenient light-tight receptacle for the sensitive plates. Many ingenious contrivances are now used in the form of changing boxes—as they are called—by which plates may easily be transferred to the camera without danger of exposing them to any accidental gleam of light. The jealousy with which a tourist naturally guards his treasured dry plates has more than once roused the suspicions of the acute Custom-house officer, who, in his zeal for the welfare of the revenue, has unwittingly spoilt the produce of many days' careful work, by insisting upon opening the strange-looking box!

Although it would be beyond the scope of this paper to enter into detailed explanation of the manner in which dry plates are prepared, the importance of the subject must claim some attention at our hands. In order to render a collodion plate capable of being kept indefinitely in a dried and sensitive condition, it is found that a solution of some organic substance must be washed over it, and dried with it. To enumerate all the various agents that have been employed for this purpose, would be impossible. Tea, coffee, sugar, tannin, gum, gelatine, with many other compounds, have each found favour with different experimenters, and with varying success; but the last-named substance, gelatine, is perhaps likely to supersede all the others, as giving more satisfactory and constant results. Plates thus prepared, although almost wholly disregarded by the professional artist, have, on account of their portable nature, a large sale among the amateur members of the photographic world. They are also almost exclusively used in astronomical photography, a branch of the art to which we will now direct the reader's attention.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of the last eclipse of the sun, expeditions to observe it were sent out from nearly every country of the civilised world; each expedition depending largely upon photography as a means of recording its labours. Although the state of the weather at many of the selected stations rendered the apparatus useless, a great number of pictures were actually obtained, a comparison of which set at rest certain theories relating to appearances which had up to this time been the subject of much discussion and speculation. No human hand could have correctly depicted such an ever-varying object as the sun presented at this time, to say nothing of the well-known fact that the power of correctly estimating appearances varies so much with individuals, that a comparison of mere drawings would be quite useless for the purpose in view. The cause of the periodical changes in the sun's spots yet remains to be discovered; and it is probable that the photographs which are being almost hourly taken (having for their object the solution of this problem) will ultimately lead to a satisfactory result.

The transit of Venus represents another important field of inquiry in which photography has done useful work. The expeditions fitted out two years ago, with their splendid array of modern instruments, would compare strangely with the preparations for the investigation of 1761, when Captain Cook started on his ill-fated voyage to Otaheite. Still more vivid does the progress of scientific research become when we remember that the very first observation of the transit of Venus was made one hundred years earlier, with no better apparatus than a bit of smoked glass. When we consider that the main value of such an observation rests upon the appearances recorded at the moments of ingress and egress of the planet upon the sun's face, the importance of a means for securing *instantaneous* pictures will be appreciated. It is true that certain optical defects exist in these pictures which prevent their use for the purpose of reliable measurement; but these obstacles, we trust, may be overcome by 1882, when the next transit will be due.

The practice of micro-photography—that is, a combination of the camera with the microscope—has lately met with some attention among scientific men, and there are now many workers who are trying to bring it into the prominence which it deserves. Formerly, drawings of microscopic preparations could only be secured by means of a prism (or camera lucida, as it is called), fitted on to the eyepiece of the microscope, by which means an enlarged spectral image of the object became apparent on a sheet of paper placed near the instrument; the lines thus exhibited being rendered serviceable by the careful use of the lead-pencil. It is obvious that such means afforded a very imperfect representation of the image as it really appeared in the field of the microscope, even if the operator possessed some amount of artistic skill; but now, by the aid of the camera, a picture of the most unfailing accuracy can be secured in a fraction of a second. Such rapidity is only required, however, where the object is of a fluid or animated nature, as in the case of moving organisms. We venture to think that there is a great future in store for micro-photography.

One of the most recent applications of photography to scientific uses is exemplified in its adaptation to the spectroscope, by which we are furnished with evidence of the composition of the heavenly bodies. Any account of this marvellous device we must, however, leave for a future paper. In the fine and useful arts, photography now plays an important part. Portraits, life size, executed in oil, are successfully painted from small photographic likenesses, at a comparatively small cost; and with this important advantage, that the likeness in every case is unchallengeable. This may be considered a great triumph in the photographic art.

This power of enlargement to any reasonable dimensions is a great addition to the resources of the photographer; and it is not alone confined to portraiture, as the numerous large-sized landscapes constantly exhibited will testify. In former times, when the lenses then in use were capable of including but a small portion of a view, the only way to secure large pictures was to take them in sections, and afterwards to join the paper prints. The lines of junction were naturally a great disfigurement to the finished result, to say nothing of the extra labour which such mode of proceeding involved. The impossibility of preserving the exact tone of colour in these different sections through all the vicissitudes of printing, toning, and fixing, was also enough to condemn the process. These difficulties have been altogether obviated by the construction of lenses which will include any amount of the view before which they are placed, and which moreover give a picture so perfect in detail as to admit of being greatly magnified without injury to its beauty. The enlargement is now carried out by a copying camera of the form of the well-known magic lantern, and lighted by an oxy-hydrogen or magnesium burner. The negative takes the place of the ordinary painted slide, and the enlarged image is projected upon a sensitive surface.

Perhaps the greatest problem which the photographer has to solve is the production of landscapes with their natural canopy of clouds. This difficulty will be understood when we explain that the sky being such a brilliant object, requires but a very small fraction of the exposure which is demanded by the grass and trees beneath it. The plan generally adopted is to secure a separate negative for each of these component parts of the picture, and to join them mechanically previous to the operation of printing. The beautiful instantaneous marine studies which we all admire—and which represent the clouds in every variety of form—are produced without this double exposure; for it is obvious that the reflective property of water confers equal brightness on all parts of the view.

The production of photographic pictures in printing-ink by means of the press is now receiving a great deal of attention. Most of the processes adopted owe their origin to the effective mixture of gelatine and bichromate of potash. It will be necessary to explain that the gelatine so treated is not only—after exposure to light—rendered insoluble, but it becomes quite non-absorbent of water. This property is taken advantage of in the following manner. A thick plate of glass or metal coated with the mixture is exposed under a negative, and afterwards placed for a time in cold water. It is then found that those parts of the plate which represent the lights of the picture remain flat; whilst the other portions which have been protected from the light swell up into high-relief. The plate can then be rolled with ordinary printing-ink, and impressions taken to any reasonable amount.

Space will not permit us to detail the various modifications of this process which exist under different designations. Metal plates can now, by a very similar treatment, be made ready for the etching acid. Wood-blocks which no artist but the sun has touched, can be given to the engraver ready to his hand. The lithographic printer is also independent of the draughtsman, for absolutely perfect fac-similes of maps, plans, &c.; line-subjects can also be produced in endless quantity.

The applications of this wonderful art are already legion, and are so continually receiving additions, that we may hope that its sphere of usefulness will be extended beyond all present calculation. As a means of livelihood for thousands, its importance in a commercial sense is invaluable, while as the handmaid of the philosopher, it fulfils a higher duty, in helping us by sure and certain steps to the attainment of scientific truth.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XI.—CROSS-PURPOSES.

Our journey back to Fairview was a very silent one. Under the plea of being tired, Lilian lay back in the railway carriage with her eyes closed and veil down. I did not disturb her, and for the best of reasons: I could think of nothing very cheering which could be honestly said. Marian Reed was an unpleasant fact, which could not be argued out of existence, nor even smoothed over by all the words in the dictionary combined. The carriage was waiting for us at the railway station; and only just as we arrived at Fairview did I venture to speak: 'Are you going to tell Mrs Tipper to-night, Lilian?'

'Yes. And you will help me, will you not, Mary? I shall depend upon that;' clinging closer to me, and feeling, I knew, terribly in need of help.

'Of course I will, if you wish it, Lilian. But I must stipulate that you first come to my room and rest for an hour.'

She obeyed me like a child—utterly worn out in spirit, holding my hand fast in hers as she lay on the couch, and murmuring every now and again: 'Help me, Mary; don't leave me.'

'Since I have promised, I suppose I must, my dear,' I replied in a rallying tone. 'But I do not generally care much about helping people who do not help themselves.'

She yielded to a burst of tears.

'That's better, dear—far more sensible,' I remarked, wiping my own eyes: 'one generally gets on more comfortably after availing one's self of that privilege.'

'Privilege?'

'"Right," if you prefer the word; one of our rights. If one could attain the end by more dignified means, it might be as well; but the grandest of heroines occasionally shed tears; so I suppose it is the best known method of making one's self comfortable; and harmless enough when used with discretion—as heroines use it.'

'Ah, Mary, you are not talking like yourself. When you talk like that, I sometimes think it is to conceal'——

'Well, dear; why do not you go on? To conceal what—that I am *not* a heroine?' I asked in a jesting tone, only too glad to be able to draw her sufficiently away from painful reflection for a little nonsense-talk.

'I sometimes think that having larger needs than other people'——

'Well, dear?'

'Which needs have not been satisfied'——

'There is something still required to make a complete sentence, you know.'

'Are large needs ever quite satisfied, Mary?'

'Dear Lilian—dear sister—perhaps not.'

'Mary, you said *sister!*' A soft flush in her face, and eager love in her eyes.

'Because I meant it, I suppose, dearie; I can give no other reason,' I said, trying still to keep the jesting tone. 'If you do not object to an elderly sister?'

'Not if elder sisters do not put themselves out of reach of the sympathy of the younger.'

'Put themselves,' I repeated musingly. 'May not circumstances do that for them?'

'When will you tell me—dear Mary, when will you let me feel that you really are like a sister to me?'

At which I morbidly shrank back into my shell again. 'When my love-story is finished you shall hear it.'

'Finished! As though a love-story ever *could* be finished—as though you or I would care to have one, if it could! But you have not told me even the beginning.'

'You have found out that for yourself, darling.'

'And am I right in thinking—I hope I am not; but—— Dear Mary, am I to say exactly what I think?'

'Exactly.'

'Then sometimes I think that one you loved —— Mary, is he dead?'

Dead! Philip dead! I laughed in spirit. If he were dead, should I be alive—in this way? I did not reflect that my silence and the few tears which stole down my cheeks might seem to bear out her theory as to my having something to regret. But I presently shook myself free of sentiment, smilingly observing that we could not afford the luxury of analysing our feelings just then. Sentiment would be only a stumbling-block in our way, when we needed all the nerve, courage, and steady self-control we could muster.

'To begin with: would you like me to make matters smooth and pleasant with Mrs Tipper before dinner, Lilian? You would then perhaps find less difficulty in broaching the subject to Mr Trafford, if, as I fancy, you prefer doing so in our presence?'

'Yes; I do prefer that, ever so much; and I shall be glad if you will tell auntie, Mary.'

As I had anticipated, we found no difficulty in bringing the dear little lady to our way of thinking. As soon as she had in some degree recovered her astonishment at the revelation, she expressed her entire approval of what had been done. She was not a little shocked and distressed to find her brother had been less perfect than she had imagined him to be; but it appeared to her a natural and right thing that Marian Reed should be asked to come to reside at Fairview. Even my little 'aside,' which I thought necessary, lest her expectations should be unduly raised, to the effect that we did not as yet feel quite sure Marian would be a desirable person to live with, had no weight with Mrs Tipper. She could only look at the question from one point of view—whether it was right to do as Lilian had done. Whether the other would be more or less pleasant to get on with, was, in her estimation, beside the matter. There were no more complications in Mrs Tipper's estimate of right and wrong, than there were in her niece's.

Our real difficulty was to come; and although she said no word about it, I knew Lilian felt that it was. Arthur Trafford was dining with us; he very rarely missed coming since Mr Farrar's death. But it was not until after dinner, when we had returned to the morning-room (we all preferred its cosiness to the drawing-room splendour, now), that the subject was approached.

In reply to her lover's question, which had been asked more than once during dinner, and was now repeated, as to how she had got through the day, Lilian drew nearer to me and murmured: 'Mary and I went to town, Arthur.'

'To town! What for? Why in the world did you not tell me you were going? It was not like you, Lilian, to say no word to me about your intention last night;' with, I fancied, a rather suspicious glance towards me as he went on: 'I do not like the idea of your running about like a mere'——

She looked very pale, seeking, I think, in her mind for the best way of commencing.

'I was obliged to go; and you must try not to blame me for having said nothing about it to you first, Arthur,' she said, in a low tremulous tone, which I saw flattered his vanity, as proof of his power, and the timid yielding spirit, which he was pleased to think so characteristic of her. Not that he wished her to be timid and yielding to any one but himself; or was ready to make sufficient allowance for her acting according to her nature, upon all occasions.

'Blame you, darling! I am only anxious that you should be *properly* protected'—with an emphasis and glance in my direction, which would have given me some reason to quake, had Mr Trafford's friendship been of great moment to me. But I was quite aware that little as I had been in favour before, I had been steadily and surely declining in his estimation since Mr Farrar's death; and being, therefore, quite prepared for what was to come, I took no offence at the 'properly.'

Lilian slipped her hand into mine. 'We were quite safe, Arthur; it is not that'—— She hesitated a moment; then added, crimsoning to her temples: 'There is something to tell you. Poor papa made a—communication to Mary and me, the night—at the last, Arthur.'

'A communication!' I saw he was now really disturbed; too much so to make objection to the 'Mary and me.' 'What do you mean, Lilian? The —will'——

'The property was to have been shared' (she again carelessly used the word 'shared,' in her indifference to the monetary part of the question) 'between me and—another, if papa had lived to sign his will, Arthur.'

'But he did *not* live to sign it!' he ejaculated, heaving a great sigh of relief, and, somewhat to my amusement, glancing triumphantly towards me.

I saw now that he had jumped to the conclusion that I was the 'other' alluded to.

'No; but his last wishes would be binding to me, Arthur; even if I had not given a promise,' said Lilian.

To spare her—I could see that he was on the verge of giving expression to what was in his thoughts, which would have unnecessarily pained as well as astonished her—I came to her assistance.

'Mr Farrar made a revelation to Lilian and me during his last moments, Mr Trafford. There is another daughter living; and he begged Lilian to do the justice which he himself was not spared to do; though the will was prepared in which Marian was provided for.'

'Another daughter! Share!'

In his first astonishment and dismay, he was only able to compass those two facts. But he presently added: 'He must have been raving. It would be the height of folly to take such a statement as that seriously; of course he did not know what he was saying.'

'It has been proved to be true, Mr Trafford. There *is* another daughter; and Lilian and I have seen her.'

He had had a few moments for reflection, and something of the truth, I think, began to dawn upon him. Looking towards me, he said: 'I never heard that Mr Farrar was married more than once, and I know Lilian was her mother's only child.'

'Lilian's sister is three or four years older than she is, Mr Trafford,' I explained.

He understood now, and said: 'In that case, Mr Farrar could never seriously have contemplated allowing her to share his property with his lawful child, Miss Haddon.—And it is all the more to be regretted that you did not take me into your confidence at once, Lilian;' turning reproachfully towards her. 'Such matters are generally, and very properly, left to the management of gentlemen; and the lawyer and I could have spared you being brought into contact with'——

'Papa left it to me to do, Arthur,' said Lilian, in a low voice.

'Because he was not at the time capable of judging what was best to be done, and he had no male friend at hand. I can never sufficiently regret happening to be out of the way that night. But you will learn in time to understand the matter rightly. It would be wrong to his wife and child—altogether false sentiment—to talk about doing more than is customary in such cases. Proper provision should, of course, be made; but I entirely set my face against raising a person of that kind above the station to which she doubtlessly belongs.'

'Papa begged me to be good to her, and I must obey his last wishes.—A moment, Arthur? It is indeed too late to draw back now. I have already seen my—sister, and have asked her to come to live at Fairview.'

'To live! Here—with you? Lilian, have you taken leave of your senses?'

'I have told you—I promised papa to be good to her,' repeated Lilian with a gentle persistence, for which I think he was entirely unprepared.

'Nonsense, Lilian!' he replied, with an angry glance in my direction. 'You have been badly advised, I fear. You may be good to the girl without going to such unnecessary lengths as you seem to contemplate doing. Besides, something is surely due to me in the matter. Considering our relation towards each other, I have just grounds for thinking myself very unfairly treated in not being informed of all this before, and allowed some voice in the matter.'

Had he been anyway different from himself, I might have agreed with him; but then Lilian would have acted very differently. Though she knew it not, she had acted as she had done because he was what he was, and not from any other reason. She had intuitively shrunk from telling him until it was too late for interference; and he himself had been to blame for that. And though she was now rather uncomfortably conscious that, in her anxiety to carry out her father's wishes, she had overstepped the limits of prudence, it was not because

Arthur Trafford pointed it out to her that she was conscious of it.

'I was so desirous to do what is right,' she murmured.

'And that was the best thing you could desire, my dear,' cheerily put in Mrs Tipper. 'Never fear but good will come of it; and I really can't see why we shouldn't all be comfortable together.'

'A sort of happy family, cats, bats, and owls!' angrily ejaculated Arthur Trafford. 'I am afraid I should not be found sufficiently tame for such a dove-cot, Mrs Tipper!'

Lilian laid her hand upon his arm, looking with a pained expression into his face: 'Are you really angry with me, Arthur? Do you give me credit *for wishing* to vex you?'

'I am hurt at your want of confidence in me, Lilian. I do not see how you could expect me to be otherwise.'

These were better tactics. He saw that they were, and kept up the injured tone. Presently he asked her to go out into the grounds. I believe he fancied that he had now found the way to influence her, and that it only needed to get her away from our vicinity, to bring her entirely round to his own way of thinking. He did not know Lilian Farrar.

An hour later, she came in looking more wearied and sad, but not worsted. Moreover, by her absolute silence respecting what had taken place between them, I knew that she had had me as well as herself to defend. But, as I had expected, he had not succeeded in inducing her to alter her plans; and the first shadow of the truth had fallen upon both. They knew that they were each something different from what the other had supposed.

During the intervening ten days, the subject of Marian Reed's expected arrival was touched upon as little as possible between us; though I believe we could none of us think of anything else, we avoided anything like discussion upon it. The only words which passed between Lilian and me on the subject were with reference to the room which was to be prepared for her, and one hesitating remark to the effect that Marian might perhaps prefer the relationship not being made known, since she could only be called Miss Reed.

Arthur Trafford had had time for reflection; and had, I think, come to the conclusion that his wisest course was to make no more objections for the present, but to quietly await the issue. Dear old Mrs Tipper looked anxious and nervous, though she made one or two attempts to smooth matters, amiably opining that the new-comer might prove an agreeable acquisition to our circle, and so forth. But it was evident that she dreaded the arrival of Marian Reed as much as the rest of us. As to the financial part of the question, she judged that in her own unconventional fashion, Lilian would be none the less happy for some diminution being made in her large fortune. Her brother had never been quite so happy in affluence as when he was working his way to it; and as to herself, she had more than once confided to me that existence at *Fairview* was not to be compared to the old times, when she had been busy from morning to night keeping her little cottage-home in order. In truth, such society as she had seen at Fairview had no attraction for her; and her sympathies were entirely on the side of a modest competence.

Lilian grew at length so restless and anxious, that for her sake I was quite relieved when the day fixed for Marian Reed to make her appearance amongst us arrived. Anything was better than the suspense we were all in, or rather I thought so then. Lilian had received a note from Miss Reed, saying that we might expect her the following day by the mid-day train, and reminding the former of her promise about sending the carriage. It was written in the orthodox boarding-school, pointed, illegible style; signed 'Your Affectionate Sister,' and evidently meant to be an elegant specimen of Miss Reed's epistolary powers. It must, I think, have cost her no little trouble to join together so many fine words to convey the intelligence that we might expect her.

Lilian tried hard to overcome the dread, not to say antipathy, she felt; honestly tried; but it was no use; first impressions had been terribly against Marian Reed. The poorest cottager's child seemed a more desirable inmate for Fairview than the elegant Miss Reed. The nervous way with which Lilian reminded me: 'You have promised not to forsake me, Mary,' when the time at length arrived, would have told me how much she dreaded what was to come, had I not already known. I made no profession—none was needed between us. She understood, and was satisfied with my quiet way now.

We nevertheless found it necessary to clasp hands, and look for a moment into each other's eyes, as a tacit reassurance that whatever might come to pass we two were to hold together, when the carriage drew up before the railway station.

We had no difficulty in recognising Miss Reed. The young lady in deep mourning, her dress trailing half a yard behind her on the ground, haughtily giving directions to the porter to see to her luggage, was unmistakable.

'And, look after the carriage; I expect a carriage is'—— She turned, and caught sight of us advancing towards her. 'Oh, here is my sister! I thought you would be waiting, dear' (kissing Lilian very demonstratively; I was uncharitable enough to suspect, more for the edification of the people standing about the platform, than from exuberance of feeling). 'Did you come in the carriage?'

'Yes; we drove over.'

This I fancy suggested the idea of a small chaise to Miss Reed; and she expressed her fear that her boxes 'and all that' would be more than we could take. Lilian explained that a luggage-cart was in waiting for that purpose.

'Oh, of course!' And with a negligent air Miss Reed went through the booking-office with us.

But the first sight of 'the carriage' was almost too much for her philosophy. She uttered an involuntary ejaculation of astonishment when she saw the barouche with a couple of spirited horses, and men-servants. She, however, very quickly recovered her self-possession, sinking back into her seat with a graceful languor, which seemed to indicate that if she had not gone through the process before, she had watched others doing it. She was quite at ease; and as she proceeded to make talk about the weather, the country we were passing through, and so forth, I saw that Lilian was much less self-possessed than was Marian Reed, gladly leaving me to answer for her.

Much as she desired to do right, it would take Lilian some time yet to feel that this was a sister.

Her very anxiety lest she should not be kind and considerate enough, made her appear nervous and ill at ease. At the outset Marian Reed had placed us awkwardly, by shewing that she meant to force the sistership upon every one's notice. I know now that she herself experienced no sort of shame or delicacy respecting the relationship; whilst Lilian by her very nature felt so much, and could not in the least perceive the true cause of the other's attitude. Indeed the very self-assertion seemed to Lilian but assumed as a sort of self-defence against people's want of charity in such cases.

CURIOSITIES OF THE RAILWAY-TICKET MANUFACTURE.

In an article on 'Railway Tickets' in this *Journal* for September 23, 1876, it was stated that all the railway tickets for the whole world, except North America, are made in one establishment in the north of England. This statement we have since found requires correction, and in the correcting we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity for noticing a celebrated factory in London, which by the courtesy of the proprietors, Messrs Waterlow and Sons (now a Company, 'Limited'), we are enabled to do.

Like many other great establishments, Messrs Waterlow's has grown from a small affair to gigantic proportions. Beginning with law-stationery, then advancing to account-book manufacture, then to various kinds of commercial printing, it has gone on step by step, until at present it gives employment to between three and four thousand persons. Where the several factories and commercial offices are situated would be hardly intelligible save to Londoners; suffice it to say that most of them are near Finsbury Square.

One of the factories, consisting of lofty buildings surrounding an open quadrangle, is devoted to ticket making and printing, chiefly railway tickets; and to the process as carried on there, we will now direct our readers' attention.

The cardboard for tickets is made of a slightly spongy texture, well fitted to take paste. It is known technically as 'middles,' and is the foundation for two external surfaces of paper, white or coloured as the case may be. The primitive paste-brush has long been discarded. A cleverly constructed machine pours out a stream of paste on two rollers, under or over which pass two sheets of paper, each of which becomes thoroughly pasted on one side. These are then quickly applied to the surfaces of the 'middle.' The paste-caldrons, in a compartment by themselves, have a vigorous appetite for flour, alum, and water, and pour forth volumes of steam. To shew what a 'bit of paste' may become when multiplied by millions, it will suffice to say that thirteen sacks of flour *per week* are used in this one factory! After the pasting, each sheet of cardboard, large enough for one hundred and twenty-five railway tickets, is, with others of the same kind, subjected to flat-pressure, rolling-pressure, and heat, until the surface-papers are firmly and smoothly attached to the 'middle;' exposure to a high temperature in heated chambers thoroughly dries them. Cutting-machines sever the sheets into single tickets, the well-known railway-ticket size, all precisely alike in dimensions.

Next comes the printing. Messrs Waterlow adopt four different commercial systems in the supply of these tickets. In the first system they manufacture the tickets throughout for the railway Companies, who issue them ready for use to the booking-clerks at the several stations. In the second, they partially print the tickets, leaving the Companies to finish them according to the varying exigences of the traffic. In the third, they sell the blank tickets, properly prepared and cut, to the Companies; the printing in this case being wholly carried on by the Companies. And in the fourth, they sell the machines to the Companies, with a license to use them. To specify the railway Companies that adopt one or other of these systems would be tedious detail. The principal machine is a beautiful contrivance invented and patented many years ago by Mr Lewthwaite, of Halifax, Yorkshire; and various improvements and new adaptations have been made in it from time to time by Messrs Waterlow.

A pile of about five hundred blank tickets is placed in an upright tube or hopper, with just room to sink down readily. The bottom of the tube is open, allowing the lowermost blank to rest upon a flat metal plate. A slider, with a rapid reciprocating horizontal motion, strikes the lowermost blank dexterously aside to a spot where it can be printed on the back with those cautions, instructions, and references to by-laws which most of the Companies deem proper to communicate to the public. Another sharp stroke drives the blank farther on, where the printing and numbering of the front or principal surface are effected. When the blank is printed on both surfaces it is struck onward again, and comes underneath an exit or delivery-tube, just the same height and dimensions as the hopper or feeding-tube. Up this it is driven by a series of jerks, until a pile of (say) five hundred is finished. In travelling horizontally from tube to tube, and vertically up the delivery-tube, each ticket acts as a kind of cardboard policeman, saying to its predecessor: 'Move on, if you please.' And they *do* move on, all undergoing some process or other at each stage of the movement. As the pile in one tube lessens, so does that in the other increase in height, like the two columns of liquid in a syphon. The whole pile can be removed from the delivery-tube at once by a dexterous hand; but woe betide the luckless wight who 'makes pie' (as the printers call the dropping and disordering of types in 'composing' or 'distributing'); for if a single ticket be disarranged, extra trouble is given in the after checking and correction.

As to the various *colours* displayed on railway tickets, some depend on the use of coloured sheets of paper in the first instance; some on the production of stripes of colour in a way bearing a resemblance to the making of coloured stripes on earthenware or stoneware in the pottery district; and some by a process more nearly resembling ordinary printing. One of the Companies adopts a particular diagonal red line on all tickets, distinguishing them from other tickets which have to pass through the railway clearing-house.

The automatic action of the machine or machines is very beautiful. For *numbering* each ticket, a peculiarly constructed wheel is used, which changes its particular digit every time a new blank is presented to it; and thus the consecutive numbers are produced on a series of tickets with unerring accuracy. A tell-tale index and a tell-tale bell, both automatically worked, give information as to the number of tickets printed, and the readiness of the machine to take in more food; but it is a matter of practical detail whether and when these tell-tales shall be deemed necessary. To give the reader an idea of how nicely this mechanism is adjusted, it refuses to work unless all the tickets are exactly of equal size, nicely squared, and in perfect order. It strikes one as being almost like a thing of life to see the machine detect a ticket from which a piece has purposely been torn off one end; its language is virtually, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,' for it prints as far as the defective ticket, and there stops.

As neither human fingers nor automatic machines are absolutely infallible, errors in numbering may occur in spite of all precautions. These are detected in a singular way. All the tickets in one series are made to pass through a machine with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow. When stopped, the numbers are tested by two little index plates or wheels; if the same number is denoted on both indexes, all is well; but if any error has crept in, the index notifications differ, and afford means for determining at what part of the series the mishap has occurred.

A sheet of cardboard is certainly not a ponderous substance; but it is surprising how weighty the packages become when large quantities have to be dealt with. The tickets are tied up into small compact rows (string and tying being peculiar), and then packed into cubical masses in tin-lined boxes or cases—so firmly and closely pressed as to be as dense as a mass of wood. About fifty thousand tickets weigh one and a quarter hundredweight. The factory turns out two and a half millions of printed tickets (railway, steamboat, refreshment, &c.) per week, and ten millions of smoothly prepared but unprinted tickets; these numbers, multiplied by the fifty-two weeks in a year, give a total annual production of something like *six hundred and fifty millions*, weighing upwards of sixteen thousand hundredweight! If these tickets be taken at two inches in length, and if they were laid flat end to end, they would reach—— But we will leave our junior readers to exercise their arithmetical skill in solving this problem: merely hinting that it would require many voyages from England to America, and back again, to cover a distance equal to the length of this cardboard ribbon. From such small beginnings do great results ensue.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

There are extraordinary ways of fishing practised by people of uncivilised countries, which are not the result of ignorance, but of that ingenuity which is always rendered fruitful by dire necessity and the instincts of self-support. The Chinese, amongst their many original ideas, have some curious ones on the subject, and doubtless fish now as they did a thousand years ago; and though on the coasts they may have adopted the generally accepted system of working nets, on the waters in the interior of the country they adhere to the methods peculiar to their own nation—methods quaint and curious. The lakes and rivers of China, and especially of the north, are so abundantly stocked with fish, that in some places the men called fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing them out with their hands. The man goes into the water, and proceeds half walking half swimming, raising his arms above his head, and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hands. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. Presently he stoops with a rapid dive and brings up a fish in his hand. The striking of the surface was intended to frighten the fish, which when alarmed, sink to the bottom; then the naked feet feel them among the mud, and once felt, the practised hand secures them in a moment. Catching fish in this manner is of course a trade in itself, and the plentiful supply it implies is somewhat explained by the fact that even the little ponds of Northern China swarm with scaly life.

On the great Ning-po river the same principle is used on a more extended scale with boats and nets. The boats are ready for the flow of the tide to take them in crowds up the river, and when they halt, the nets are thrown out, and the oars and sculls beat the water with a loud plashing noise. After resting in the same place for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, they move on again to another station, and there repeat the beating and splashing. The noise on the surface is meant for an alarm, as in the case of the fish-catcher; and it is said that this mode of fishing soon loads the nets.

Another curious method employed by the Chinese is generally practised at night, and depends upon a peculiar power which a white screen, stretched under the water, seems to possess over the fishes, decoying them to it and making them leap. A man, sitting at the stern of a long narrow boat, steers her with a paddle to the middle of a river, and there stops. Along the right-hand side of his boat a narrow sheet of white canvas is stretched; when he leans to that side it dips under the surface, and if it be a moonlit night, gleams through the water. Along the other side of the boat a net is fastened so as to form a barrier two or three feet high. The boatman keeps perfectly still. If another boat passes by, he will not speak; he is only impatient at the slight breaking of the silence. While he keeps thus without a sound or stir, the fish, attracted by the white canvas, approach and leap, and would go over the narrow boat and be free in their native waters on the other side, but for the screen of netting, which stops them, and throws them down before the man's feet.

Every one must have heard of the fishing cormorant, which is actually trained in China to catch fish. A man takes out ten or twelve of these web-footed birds in a boat, and as soon as the boat stops, at his word they plunge into the water and begin at once searching for and diving after fish. They are most diligent workers, for if one of them is seen swimming about idly, the Chinaman in the boat strikes the water near the bird with the end of a long bamboo; and, not touched, but recalled to a sense of duty, the cormorant at once turns to business again. As soon as a fish is caught, a word from the man brings the bird swimming towards him. He draws it into the boat, and it drops its prey from its bill. There is always a straw or string tied round the neck, to prevent the fish from being swallowed, and this string requires the nicest adjustment, lest it may choke the bird—a result which would certainly follow if it slipped lower down on the neck. The sagacity and workman-like method of the birds are shewn when they get into difficulties. If the fish caught is too large for one beak to secure, another cormorant comes up to the struggle, and the two with united efforts bring their prize to the boat. On the rivers and canals near Ning-po, Shanghae, and Foo-chow-foo, the employment of these birds is by no means an uncommon sight; but they are never to be seen fishing in the summer months, their work being in the winter, beginning always about October and ending in May. The birds have of course to be subjected to a system of training, which is carried on in the cormorant breeding and fishing establishments, one of which is at a distance of thirty or forty miles from Shanghae.

Some tribes of Indians catch fish by drugging them. They make the soft branches of the Indian milk-bush or the euphorbia into pulp, and throw it into the water of the ponds. When the fish taste it, they lose the power of swimming, and are easily taken floating helplessly in the water. They also mix with dough a powder made from the *Cocculus Indicus*, the effect of which is that when thrown into the water it intoxicates the fish, and they swim in circles on the surface, where they can be caught in a hand-net. Lime is sometimes used in the same way; but the disadvantage of that system is that it causes such wholesale slaughter that there is danger of small ponds being rapidly cleared.

A still more singular practice is to be found amongst the Chonos Indians, who train dogs to help them on their fishing expeditions in much the same way as the shepherd's dog helps the shepherd. The net is held by two men standing in the water, and the dogs, swimming out far and diving after the fish, drive them back towards it. They enjoy their work just as a good horse, though hard pressed, seems to enjoy the hunt; and every time they raise their heads from the water they tell their pleasure by clamorous barking. The Fuegians, one of the most miserable and degraded races on the earth, train their dogs in a similar manner to assist them in catching birds. They have a wonderful contrivance for killing the sharks which abound off their coasts. A log of wood shaped so as to appear something like a canoe is set afloat, with a rope and large noose hanging from one end of it. Before long a shark attacks the supposed canoe, swimming after it, and is caught in the noose hanging from the stern. It closes on him so that he cannot extricate himself, and the weight of the log keeps him swimming slowly without being able to sink. Then the Fuegians in their canoes, generally steered by women, approach at their leisure and finish the shark with their spears.

All these contrivances of savage nations or of the strangely civilised Chinese, are meant to kill or seize the fish by natural means. It is much nearer home that we have to look to find the element of superstition prevailing, and useless customs invested with the importance of charms. An instance may be found in the case of the Sicilian fishermen, who, when in search of sword-fish, chant a jargon of words the meaning of which even they themselves do not know. The song is supposed to be some old Greek verses, which, by time and use among those ignorant of their meaning, have become so altered as to be almost unrecognisable. The fishermen regard the medley as a sure means of attracting the sword-fish, which they harpoon from the boat, when the charm, as they suppose, has brought them within reach.

Far away in northern regions there is a novel method of fishing under ice, which shews more ingenuity than the simple lowering and fastening of a net. A small square hole is cut in the ice, and in this is placed an upright stick, supported by a cross pin run through it and resting at each side on the ice; the end of the stick below this cross pin is short, and to it the line is fastened with the bait and hook attached, while at the top of the stick is a piece of coloured rag. Now, though we have called the stick upright, it is meant to fall from that position and lie along the ice, until a fish seizing the bait pulls its lower end, when with a jerk it rises. This contrivance is called a 'tip-up,' from the movement which is certain to follow the seizure of the bait. The fluttering of the coloured rag, as the stick rises, tells of the capture; and a great number of these self-acting fishers and indicators may be placed near together, each having its own hole in the ice; and each, by the fluttering rag, telling its own tale the moment a fish is caught.

The tip-up not only saves the fisher the trouble of holding his line in position and watching with particular care, but also makes the fish itself 'strike' and announce that it is ready to be pulled out! In fact its ingenuity is only surpassed in the old tale of the Irish monastery, where at the neighbouring salmon-leap a large pot was hung so as to be just clear of the falling water, but in the way of any salmon that leaped recklessly; and a bell was placed so that the fish could not fail to ring its own knell as it fell; thus announcing to the good brothers at the monastery that he was there, not only secured, but actually in the pot, ready to be boiled for dinner.

For the following curious fishing items we are indebted to a writer in *The Field*. Regarding fishing in the Japanese seas, he says:

'Through an inlet on this coast our small boat is sculled by two sturdy Japanese fishermen, who drive the light craft across the shadows of the hills with speed remarkable. Standing on their feet, they swing with wonderful power a long heavy oar poised on a pin on the quarter; and while we go, these men are watching the tangle sheltering their prey—the octopus, the cuttle-fish, and the sea-cucumber.

With bodies blackened by the sun to the colour of the sea-weed, these almost naked men were incommoded by neither the rain nor the winds. Like the fishermen of all lands, their restless eyes were wandering from the sea to the heavens. With no guides but the stars by night and the blue edge of the land by day, there was need for keen eyesight and watchfulness. In all the Eastern seas there is no more adventurous race than these men.

'We could see the floats of burnt wood which buoyed the ends of our fishermen's lines, and to the nearest of these we were sculled. A kind of wood, light and buoyant, and with some resemblance to cork, is used for such floats. It grows in the forests thereabouts, and after being shaped and charred to prevent decay, lasts, without further trouble, for a longer time than bladders or skins. With some impatience the black buoy and the line attached are brought on board. Like an inverted bell-shaped flower-pot comes the first earthenware jar, hardly the size of a child's head, attached to the line. Mouth downward, the jar is pulled up from the bottom, and when all the water has been poured out, the fishermen give a look inside. No occupant being found, the jar is once more lowered into the sea by the attached string, which is overrun till the next jar is pulled up, brought on board, and similarly examined. When six or seven are examined, and no occupant is found in any of these, the fishermen shew no impatience. But presently from a jar an octopus is jerked upon the floor of the boat, and with some satisfaction the Japanese watch its tentacles wriggle all about the planks and cling round their legs. Changing its hues, the disgusting cephalopod loses its redder blotches for paler patches, and eventually crawls into a darker corner to coil itself away. Pouring the water more carefully from the inverted pots, the fishermen secure a few more of these animals, which crawl and twine about with snake-like contortions. The long string of pots took time to overhaul, but the spoils were reckoned reward for the trouble. When the fishing was completed, and the black floats were again left to mark the spot, our boat was sculled somewhat farther down the land.

'We had then time to learn something more of this fishing for tako, as the octopus is named by the Japanese fishermen. Through our friends, we learn that the tako needs no bait to entice it to enter the earthen jars used by the fishermen to entrap it; but crawling about on the bottom, or shooting itself through the sea by the expulsion of water, it finds in the dark earthen jar "a comfortable house," and so occupies it until the fisherman finds it and captures it. The tako is largely eaten in Japan, where all the products of the sea are accounted equally wholesome with those of the land; and beneath an ugly skin the flesh of this speckled monster is thought very good, cooked in several ways, and eaten with or without soy or vinegar. Nevertheless, as if to vindicate the dread its constantly changing hues excite, the eating of the octopus is not unattended with danger. Through some poisonous taint either occasionally or always present, but modified by the process of cooking, people sometimes die from eating this animal. And yet the knowledge of this interferes but to a trifling extent with the use of food having such a questionable reputation—indeed at certain seasons it is largely used by the Japanese, when the cuttle-fish are far more plentiful and also more wholesome. Caught by trolling a small wooden fish barbed with hooks, they make good sport, chiefly to the older fishermen, who are not active enough to go off to sea.'

A RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.

Owing to various causes, the relics of antiquity in our Great Metropolis are year by year becoming fewer and fewer in number. The utilitarianism of the age has, doubtless, much to answer for; but much harm is done by pure carelessness and neglect. Only a few days back the house in which John Milton lived was pulled down; for that act some excuse on the ground of public improvement may doubtless be urged; but none surely can be successfully pleaded for allowing so interesting a relic as the ancient Pyx Chamber in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey to go to ruin. Judging, however, from what the Warden of the Standards states in his recently published Report, this seems likely to be the case, unless he can induce the Office of Works to do something for its preservation. We hope that success may attend his efforts. This ancient historical chamber is so interesting from its associations, and so curious as a rare specimen of early Norman architecture, that we shall perhaps be pardoned for abridging some brief particulars respecting it from the Report alluded to.

This ancient crypt, which forms part of the Saxon or very early Norman substructure of the outbuildings of the Abbey, is certainly as old as the time of Edward the Confessor, and is believed to have been constructed in his reign. It has also been known as Edward the Confessor's Chapel. The vaulted and groined ceiling is supported by massive stone pillars, and the building is one of the very earliest Norman works in the country. The floor is paved with ancient coloured tiles. After the Conquest, this chamber was used as one of the king's treasuries, as a sacred place of deposit. The remains of an altar at the east end, and of a *piscina*, seem to indicate its original sanctity. There is, however, a tradition that what has the appearance of a stone altar is the tomb of Hugolin, the Confessor's chamberlain. In 1303, the thirty-first year of King Edward I., the whole of the king's treasures were deposited in this ancient chamber, the entrance to which, on the west or cloister side, was at that time, as now, secured by two massive doors with seven locks. During the king's absence in Scotland, when engaged in war, the northern wall of the chamber was broken through by some of the monks of Westminster Abbey, and the whole of the treasure carried off. It included four crowns, with the king's rings, sceptres, jewels, gold and silver coin, and plate, &c. The greater part of the booty was, however, afterwards recovered, and the monks tried and found guilty. The depositions at their trial still exist amongst our ancient records, but the actual punishment inflicted on the thieves is not recorded; some significant evidence, however, still remains of what was probably their fate, inasmuch as an old door on the north side of the chamber, opening into the passage to the chapter-house, has portions of a human skin still fastened to it! It would appear that, in consequence of this robbery, the approach to the chamber on the north side was walled off, and the room was reduced in size by one-third. After the Restoration, the regalia and other similar treasures of the sovereign were removed to the Tower, and the chamber was then known as the 'Treasury of Leagues,' the original parchment documents of commercial leagues with foreign states being deposited there. Several large oak presses are still in existence in which these leagues were kept; some of them are furnished with drawers, and bear inscriptions on parchment or merely in chalk, indicating the nature of their former contents. There are also several large ancient coffers or chests still remaining in the chamber, in one of which the Standard trial-plates of gold and silver for trials of the pyx were formerly kept, whence the chamber became known as the 'Pyx Chapel.' At the present time, no official documents or articles of any value are kept in the Pyx Chamber, and its interior has been allowed to get into a very dirty and decayed state; indeed, Mr Chisholm goes so far as to aver that nothing has been done to it during his period of public service, now more than fifty-one years!

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS.

A WISH has been expressed, in reference to our article 'The Commercial Traveller,'* for a brief notice of the admirable schools belonging to that praiseworthy body of men at Pinner, near Harrow.

The Institution was founded about thirty years ago; but the present building dates from 1855, when the ceremonial opening was conducted by the late Prince Consort. Wings were added afterwards; and in its present form the establishment accommodates about three hundred boys and girls—say two hundred of the former and one hundred of the latter. The Institution clothes, maintains, and educates the destitute orphans of deceased commercial travellers, and fatherless children of the necessitous members of the craft. No favouritism would suffice for the admission of children other than those belonging to this category. As the Institution is wholly supported by donations and subscriptions, the donors have rightfully a voting power for the admission of children. Governors, managers, trustees, &c. are appointed in the manner usual in analogous institutions. Children are admitted by ballot-voting twice a year; they begin at various ages, but all quit the Institution at the age of fifteen, when they are assisted with an outfit and aid in obtaining suitable situations. The education given is really excellent, comprising (for boys) reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, geography, map-drawing, grammar, English composition, Latin, French, English history, class-singing, and instrumental music; and for girls, most of the above branches, with needlework and domestic duties. A juvenile band is maintained by the boys, under a professional bandmaster. Diet and clothing are good and plentiful. A project has recently been started for an enlargement of the building by adding a new wing, with fifty-two additional beds, a laundry, swimming-bath, and infirmary, at an estimated cost of eighteen thousand pounds.

In our former article we spoke of the onerous duties that press upon many commercial travellers, and of the necessity for probity, energy, and intelligence on their part. It is well to know what is thought on these points by those who have the best means of knowing. At the last anniversary of the Institution, a partner in one of the great City firms said: 'I spent some of the happiest days of my life among commercial travellers. They are a worthy, industrious, painstaking body of men. They are subject to temptations to which hardly any other class is subject; often leaving home very young, very inexperienced, with frequently a large command of money, thrown upon their own resources, without that best safeguard against temptation—home influence. They must work in all weathers, their energies strained to the utmost against a great force of competition. Their sea of life is never smooth, their work never done, a fresh struggle and battle with the world every half-hour. Sometimes with sickness at home, and the head of the family away, dreading misfortune which he might have prevented or alleviated. A traveller, to be successful, should be sickness-proof, accident-proof, bad-debt proof; and he should be a most wise and temperate man, moderate in all his ways.' If the 'commercial' approaches anything near this picture, he must indeed be an excellent fellow.

The Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, to aid aged and necessitous members of the body, is another praiseworthy offshoot.

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* *Chambers's Journal*, Dec. 16, 1876.

TO THE COMING FLOWERS.

AWAKE, dear sleepers, from your wintry tombs;
The sun has turned the point of Capricorn,
And 'gins to pluck from Winter's wings the plumes
Of darkness, and to wind his silver horn
For your return. Come to your homes, forlorn
In absence of your odours and your faces;
Like Rachel weeps for you the reaved morn,
As often as she views your empty places,
Erewhile the daily scene of her and your embraces.

Come, pensile snowdrop, like the earliest star
That twinkles on the brow of dusky Night;
Come, like the child that peeps from door ajar,
With pallid cheek, upon a wasteful sight:
And shouldst thou rise when all around is white,
The more thou 'lt demonstrate the power of God
To shield the weak against the arms of might,
To strengthen feeble shoulders for their load,
And sinking hearts 'mid ills they could not full forebode.

Come, crocus cup, the cup where early bees
Sip the first nectar of the liberal year,
Come and illume our green, as similes
Light up the poet's song. And O ye dear
March violets, come near, come breathing near!
You too, fair primroses, in darksome woods
Shine forth, like heaven's constellations clear;
And come, ye daisies, throng in multitudes,
And whiten hills and meadows with your saintly hoods.

Come with thy lilies, May; thy roses, June;
Come with your richer hues, Autumnal hours;
O tell your mellowing sun, your regal moon,
Your dewy drops, your soft refreshing showers,
To lift their blessing hands in Flora's bowers,
Nor e'en to scorn the bindweed's flossy gold,
Nor foxglove's banner hung with purple flowers,
Nor solitary heath that cheers the wold,
Nor the last daisy shivering in November's cold!

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ABOUT RABBITS.

We all know that the rabbit is an interesting animal, easily kept in hutches on a little clover or dandelion. Boys like to keep rabbits, because they are amusing. In our day, we have kept rabbits, or *kinnins*, as they were called in the local vernacular, such being a corruption of the old well-known legal term, coneys. Our coneys though few in number were an immense source of amusement. We built a house for them with an exterior courtyard, gathered and brought dandelions for them, which it was delightful to see them munching. Finally, we made something of them commercially, which was acceptable in the absence of pocket-money. They did not bring much—eightpence a pair or so; but eightpence was a great thing in the days of yore, and was very serviceable as a means of buying books.

Between the keeping of a few tame rabbits and the liberty enjoyed by rabbits in a wild state, there is a mighty difference. The tame rabbits can be kept within bounds; the wild rabbits increase inordinately, and are apt to do mischief beyond all calculation. Originally a friend to rabbits, we have lived to know that they are the torment of the farmer. It is not so much what they consume, but what they contaminate. Whole fields of hay are ruined by their odious presence. Instances could be given of farmers claiming damage to the amount of a hundred a year from their landlords on account of rabbits; and the best thing the landlords can do is to allow their tenant-farmers to kill all the rabbits they can lay their hands on. Not until then will there be any peace on the score of this intolerable nuisance.

The rapid increase of rabbits once they have got a footing is one of the wonders of nature. We could almost fancy that rabbits were designed to appropriate the whole earth; for, let alone, there will spring from a single pair through successive generations in one year as many as sixty thousand! Of course, at this rate there would soon be no vegetation left for sheep or cattle, and dead rabbits hanging up by the heels would be the only butcher-meat. Fortunately nature adopts means to keep the multiplication of these creatures in check. It sends birds of prey, such as hawks and other kinds of *raptores*, also stoats and weasels, whose function is to make constant war on rabbits and keep their numbers within reasonable bounds. In this way, the balance of nature is kept up. It would almost seem as if nature, while creating in profusion, had facilitated the destruction of rabbits; for so slight is their hold of life, that no quadrupeds, as far as we are aware, are so easily and painlessly killed. Latterly, the beneficent balance of nature has been upset, by the reckless shooting of hawks and other birds of prey, with a view to save the feathered game, and professional warreners have to be introduced to remedy the error. Yet, notwithstanding all that warreners and sportsmen can do, rabbits are apt to become a nuisance.

Considering the enormous trouble which rabbits cause to agriculturists, it seems incomprehensible how any one should have introduced the animal into Australia. The act was one of those unwise things which we see done by heedless though well-meaning people. Some half-mad Scotchman, thinking of the national emblem, introduced the thistle, which with its winged seeds has proved bad enough; but nothing so bad, or so wicked, as has been the introduction of one or two pairs of rabbits. A cry comes from several parts of Australia that such is the propagation of these primary rabbit settlers, that unless terrible measures are adopted, the country will be in a fair way of being eaten up.

A London newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*, under date January 26, gives a pitiable account of the rabbit nuisance in Australia. 'At this moment there are hundreds of square miles to the north of the famous Burra-Burra Copper Mine in South Australia, where the coneys swarm to such a degree that they are universally pronounced to be a nuisance, and "Rabbit Destruction Bills" are the order of the day in the two legislative Houses at Adelaide. Similar measures will shortly have to be passed by the legislature of New South

Wales, although the ingenuity of the colonists does not appear to have hit upon any effectual device for suppressing or controlling the ubiquitous little pests, which mock the puny efforts hitherto made to thin their numbers. The "Murray scrub" is alive with them, and even Lord Salisbury's park at Hatfield—where more rabbits are perhaps to be seen than anywhere in England, unless it be within the walls of a warren—is left far in the lurch by the long tongue of land to the west of Adelaide, called Yorke Peninsula. As their numbers increase, the area over which they extend their devastating ravages is quickly widened, until the time has arrived when the growers of cereals must either fight their enemy or withdraw from the cultivation of plains which might supply corn for the entire family of man. South Australia has already as many acres of land under cultivation as her two sister colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, can shew in combination, and the wheat exported from Adelaide and other neighbouring ports is of the finest quality, and eagerly bought by the cities upon the western coast of South America. Viewed as an agricultural field, South Australia is indeed the most promising of all the colonies belonging to the Australasian group. She has at present but a population of from two to three hundred thousand souls scattered over her enormous surface, which stretches across the length of the entire continent, and offers verge and room enough for millions of human beings, provided only that they can learn how to cope with the rabbits and make rivers of water run in the dry ground.'

Reading this deplorable statement, Lord Elcho comes out with a suggestion for a cure of the evil: 'I have read in this morning's *Daily Telegraph* an article shewing how man is in danger of being ousted from the Australian world by the fruitful rabbit, unless this "nimble skipping little animal" is kept within bounds. This certainly is an alarming prospect for our colonial fellow-subjects; but in this country, at anyrate, we can as yet secure ourselves in possession against the invader by the use of guns, traps, snares, and above all, wire-netting; and my object in now writing is to point out how this last remedy can be most cheaply and effectively applied. Wire-netting, as generally used for rabbit-fencing, requires to be made to rest upon a tolerably deep foundation of broken stones or concrete; otherwise this "feeble" but cunning "folk" burrow under it. This adds greatly to the cost, and does not, after all, insure the desired protection, as the rabbit will even then burrow under the stone foundation. But if about six or eight inches of the wire-netting at the bottom of the fence are bent back at a right angle to it, laid down, and pegged along the ground, the needful result is attained, as the grass, fallen leaves, &c. soon conceal from view the wire that is thus laid down, and the rabbit vainly scratches upon it when attempting to burrow under the obstruction of the upright fencing which stops his way. His intelligence, great though it be, fails to teach him that his labour is lost, and that he must commence his tunnel further back. It was at Mr Hibbert's, near Uxbridge, that I saw wire-netting thus used, with, as I was assured, the most complete success; and the knowledge of this cannot, I think, fail to be of use to many of your readers.'

The advice here tendered is well meant, and may be of use in Great Britain, where arable fields are of a manageable size—twenty acres or so at the utmost. But the vast stretches of land under crop in South Australia put all such appliances out of the question. Just about as well think of surrounding whole counties in England with wire-fencing. No one could entertain the idea. As the saying is, 'The game would not be worth the candle.' The Australian agriculturists will have to try something else. Besides adopting an extensive system of trapping and stamping, shooting with the adjuncts of dog and ferret, must, if possible, be resorted to. Rabbits are so nimble in running into their holes on the approach of danger, that they need to be routed out by a ferret, a variety of weasel, which seems to be their uncompromising enemy. English warreners, though smart in the use of the gun, could do little without the assistance of the ferret, a small and lithe creature, which they keep for the purpose, letting it loose only when required. As the ferret, on getting into a hole after a rabbit, would probably fasten on and make a prey of the animal, it is usual, we believe, to attach it with a string, one end of which the warrener holds in his hand, or to cover its mouth with a muzzle of some sort before turning it loose. This, as a temporary measure, the ferret does not seem to mind. He goes with great zest after the rabbits, which being frightened out of their dens, are bagged in nets, or fall under the pellets of the sportsman. We should say, let our Australian friends import ferrets—if they can. Whether they could endure the voyage from England will have to be a matter of experiment, under the care of experienced warreners. W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XII.—UNDER-CURRENTS.

The first sight of Fairview was a fresh trial to Marian Reed's philosophy: I saw her colour rise, and heard her murmured 'Good gracious!' as we drove in at the gates and round the sweep to the house. The men-servants were another test of her power of self-command. But on the whole it was wonderful how well she contrived to avoid giving expression to her astonishment. Beyond the first hurried ejaculation and a momentary catching in of the breath now and again, she exhibited no sign of the effect which the Farrar magnificence had upon her.

We turned into the first room we came to, and Lilian bade her sister welcome in her father's name; tenderly and kindly, if a little gravely, hoping that she would feel it was her home.

'O yes; I am sure we shall get on together,' good-naturedly returned Marian. 'What is there to prevent it, you know? I think any one must be hard to please indeed, not to be satisfied here;' looking round the room until her eyes met the reflection of themselves in the chimney-glass, where they complacently rested.

I could not but acknowledge that they were good eyes, and that she was altogether what is called a fine girl, with a handsome face, which to an uneducated taste might perhaps be preferable to Lilian's—but, I insisted to myself, only to an unrefined taste. In truth I was woman enough to admit that much only grudgingly. Though the features were good, they were rather large, and the colouring too vivid; eyes and hair so very black, and complexion so very red and white, made it quite refreshing to me to turn to Lilian's more delicately moulded and tinted loveliness. Marian Reed was tall as well as large, two or three inches taller than Lilian; but the latter was tall enough for grace.

She was attired in the most expensive style of mourning, which was a great deal more be-frilled and be-puffed than Lilian's plain deep black.

There was a few moments' pause on Lilian's side, and then she nervously began: 'Mary, perhaps Miss Reed would like'——

'Oh, you must not call me "Miss Reed" now, you know,' she interrupted: 'sisters ought not to be stiff with each other.'

I saw that the 'sister' was not to be lost sight of for a moment.

'I was going to say that perhaps you would like to see my aunt at once—before going to your room—Marian.'

'Aunt! Have you got an aunt, dear?'

'Yes; my father's sister—my dear aunt lives with me.'

'Oh, indeed!' ejaculated Miss Reed, with a somewhat heightened colour. She had not calculated upon finding any one besides Lilian. 'But,' she presently added, as though it had suddenly occurred to her, 'if she is your aunt, of course she is mine too.'

'Will you come, Marian?'

'Yes; of course I will, dear;' and with a parting glance at the glass, she followed us to the morning-room.

Mrs Tipper rose to receive us with her company manner; and I saw she was very much struck with Marian Reed's appearance. It was a face and figure more attractive to Mrs Tipper than Lilian's. Much as she thought of the quiet loveliness of Lilian, I saw she was quite dazzled by Marian Reed; and being dazzled, did not judge with her usual good sense.

'Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Charming morning, is it not? I hope you have had a pleasant drive;' and so forth; running through all the polite little speeches which belonged to the genteel phase of her life, and then leaving the other to carry on the talk.

Marian prided herself not a little upon her boarding-school manners; and felt, I think, quite in her element as she gave a few fine speeches in return. Seeing that she could keep it up much longer than could the dear little old lady, and that the latter was growing more and more silent and uncomfortable, I put in a word or two, which brought us all to a level again. I am afraid the means which I took to bring Miss Reed down were a little trying to that young lady. I should not have employed them had any but ourselves been present, or had I been able to think of a better way; but I really could not allow her to begin by making my dear old friend afraid of her, as I saw she very quickly would. So I inquired after Mr and Mrs Pratt and the children, hoped business was still flourishing, and so forth; going on to inform Mrs Tipper that Miss Reed's uncle kept a boot-shop at Islington.

Lilian looked not a little surprised at my making such an allusion, and Marian flashed an angry glance from her black eyes towards me. But I saw that this was a young lady who would very soon reign at Fairview, if some one did not keep her a little in order; and as there seemed to be no one else to do it, I undertook the task myself. A more refined way of proceeding would not, I felt sure, have had the desired effect with Miss Reed. My little speech made Mrs Tipper comfortable, to begin with.

'Then you won't mind me, my dear,' she said, with a sigh of relief; 'I've been accustomed to trade all my life, before brother, in his goodness, brought me to live here; and of course my heart's in it.' And straightway she threw off her company manners and became her dear homely self again; fussing about the new-comer with all sorts of hospitable suggestions. 'If you won't take luncheon, say a glass of wine and a biscuit, dear. It is nearly three hours till dinner-time, and you mustn't feel shy with us, you know.'

Miss Reed disclaimed feeling in the least degree shy; afraid, I fancy, of not appearing quite equal to the occasion.

'Shy! O no; not at all;' stiffly.

To help Lilian, who looked timid and shy enough, I suggested that perhaps Miss Reed might like to go to her room, where one of the maids could help her to arrange her wardrobe. She elected so to do; and Lilian and I went with her to the luxurious bed-chamber which had been prepared for her. Her eyes turned at once towards the cheval glass, and I noticed that she was mentally contrasting herself with Lilian, and that the conclusion she arrived at was entirely in her own favour. Then she preferred to be left to see to the unpacking, assuring us that she began to feel quite at home already. Lilian, who had not yet quite recovered her strength, yielded to my persuasions, and went to her own room to rest until dinner-time.

After dilating upon Marian Reed's evident predilection for examining herself in any glass she happened to be near, it is but right to acknowledge my own weakness that afternoon. On entering my room I walked straight to the dressing-glass, and stood gazing at myself; ay, and with some little favour too! I had been so accustomed to contrast myself with Lilian, that I had come to estimate my own looks at something below their value. In contrast with Marian Reed, my brown eyes and pale face and all the rest of it came quite into favour again, and I told myself Philip might have done worse after all. Smiling graciously at myself, I now saw quite another face to that which usually greeted me in the dressing-glass, and the more conscious I became of the fact, the pleasanter I found it.

When Becky, who at my request was appointed to attend to my small requirements, presently entered the room, I think she also noticed a change as I made some smiling remark to her over my shoulder.

'How well you do look this afternoon, Miss! There! I do wish they could see you now—they couldn't call you nothing to look at now!' she ejaculated, gazing approvingly at me. 'Why don't you let your eyes shine like that, as if you was laughing inside, down-stairs?'

'Because I don't often laugh inside, as you term it, down-stairs, I suppose, Becky,' I replied amusedly.

'Then you ought to try to; for it makes you look ever so much prettier,' she gravely returned.

'Well, perhaps I ought.'

'Of course you ought, Miss. I only wish I could make myself prettier, only a-smiling. Tom' (Tom was one of the under-gardeners, of late often quoted by Becky) 'says it's worse when I smiles; though I want bigger eyes, and a straighter nose, and a new skin, and ever so many more things, besides a smaller mouth, before I set up for being good-looking. And they all says I do grin so. I can't help it, because I'm so happy; but of course it must be nicer to look well when you laugh, instead of looking as though your head was only held on by a little bit behind, as they say I do. And I tell them it's all your own hair, though they won't believe even that. Mr Saunders says it can't be; though you manage to hide where it joins better than some of the ladies. But haven't I watched you doing it up many and many a time.'

I had it in my hands, brushing it out as she spoke; and murmured softly to myself, looking graciously down at it: 'It *is* long and thick, and a nice colour too, I think.'

This was something quite new to Becky, who was in the habit of taking me to task for not making the most of myself. I fancy she thought that I was at last becoming alive to the importance of looking well.

'To be sure it is! I call it lovely—the colour of the mahogany chairs. O Miss Haddon dear, do let me run and fetch some flowers to stick in, like Miss Farrar does, and then they'll see!'

But to Becky's astonishment, I did not want them to see. My mood had changed; I hastily put up my hair, and turned away from the glass. 'No; I think I will depend upon the smiling inside, Becky.'

'But you are not smiling. O Miss, I haven't said anything to vex you, have I?'

'You, Becky!' I turned, and kissed the face Tom despised, astounding her still more by the unusual demonstration. 'Foolish Becky!' I added, as with a heightened colour she bent down and kissed the shawl she was folding up, 'to waste a kiss in that improvident fashion!'

'I've often seen you kiss that little locket that hangs to your watch-chain when you thought I wasn't looking,' sharply returned Becky.

An idea suddenly suggested itself to me, and I acted upon it without trying to analyse my reason for so doing.

'Would you like to see what is inside that locket, Becky?'

'Yes; that I should, Miss! I have wondered about it so.' And she added gravely, understanding that it was to be a confidence: 'You may trust me never to tell nobody.'

'Of course I know that I can trust you, Becky,' I said, pressing the spring and disclosing Philip's portrait.

'My! what a nice-looking young gentleman! Who is he?' she asked herself. 'I haven't never seen him, have I? Not a young brother?'

'No.'

Then, hesitatingly: 'The young man you once walked out with, Miss?'

I nodded.

'And—he's dead, isn't he, dear Miss Haddon?'

Involuntarily I uttered a little cry of pain. Why did every one suppose him to be dead? 'No, not dead, Becky.'

'Took to walking out with somebody else, and give you up?'

'No; I have not been given up;' my foolish heart sinking. 'Cannot you think of something else, Becky?'—a little pleadingly.

'Did he do something wrong, Miss, and that made you give *him* up? Though he don't look like that neither;' musingly.

I closed the locket, and found that it was time to go down to dinner.

CHAPTER XIII.—ARTHUR TRAFFORD'S TACTICS.

I found Marian Reed in the morning-room with Mrs Tipper, and she had already assumed the *haut-en-bas* tone in talking with the little lady. The latter had innocently thought that the lowliness of their antecedents would be a bond of union between them; but Miss Marian Reed considered that her boarding-school education placed her far above the level of poor people, though she had for a time lived with them. She had not of late associated with her aunt and cousins; and she had no sympathy with one like Mrs Tipper, who was not ashamed to talk about the times when she had lived in a cottage, and done her own washing and scrubbing. She was loftily explaining that she had never soiled her hands with 'menial' work, as I entered the room.

Miss Reed had evidently taken a great deal of pains with her toilet; and I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that she looked very striking, and better in a room than in walking-gear. Moreover, she got through the rather trying ordeal of dining for the first time at a luxurious table, much better than might have been expected. She did not suffer from any doubts about herself; and was consequently free from self-consciousness, as well as being quick to note and imitate the ways of others. In conversation she was quite at ease. The consciousness of an acquaintance with Mrs Markham, French, music, and so forth; and the entire freedom from doubt as to her ability to cope with any question which might arise, imparted an ease and confidence to her tone not usually seen in girls of more perception. Moreover, I could not but acknowledge that she was clever in the way of being quick to seize such ideas as were presented to her. And yet hers was just the kind of cleverness which makes some people shrink from the designation as a reproach—the flippant shallow sharpness which so grates upon the nerves of the mind. She was the kind of girl who would talk a philosopher mute, and not have the slightest misgivings about the cause of his silence.

Her bearing towards me had undergone a change, which for a while somewhat puzzled me. I was not a little amused when I discovered the cause. Mrs Tipper had innocently divulged the fact that I was paid for my services at Fairview; and as I had made her a little afraid of me, the relief of finding that I could be displaced at will was great in proportion. She was now loftily condescending towards me, sufficiently marking her sense of the distance between us; though I think somewhat at a loss to account for my cheerfulness under it. In truth I was audacious enough to rather enjoy the fun of the situation, and for the moment did not attempt to hide my amusement.

But when, after dinner, Arthur Trafford made his appearance, the new-comer's attention was very quickly diverted from me. He was waiting for us in the morning-room, and naturally enough curious to see the new-comer. And however great his objection to her coming there, he was gentleman enough to greet her in the right way. Indeed, now that the matter had got beyond his control, he was, I think, desirous to make the *amende* to Lilian for his previous too dictatorial objections. Probably, too, he perceived that he was not likely to carry his point by such means, though he was not hopeless of doing so by another way.

He took great pains to make himself agreeable to Marian Reed; and it was very evident that his little courteous speeches had their full effect. He was doubtless the first gentleman she had conversed with; and I could see that she was a great deal impressed, I think enduing his deferential politeness and earnest tone with a deeper meaning than he intended them to have.

Lilian looked pleasantly on, accepting his courtesy to Marian as a kindness to herself, after what had taken place. She was very triumphant about it to me afterwards, as a proof of his goodness of heart, and so forth. For the present she was content to sit apart, thanking him with an occasional glance.

But after a while, he appeared to consider that he had done quite sufficient to earn some reward, and drew Lilian out to the garden. Miss Reed was thumping away at the piano, playing a showy school-piece for his delectation; and when she presently looked round, she discovered that her cavalier had disappeared.

'Why, where's'——

'Mr Trafford is with Lilian in the garden,' I explained.

'Oh, is he? Then I will go too'—rising as she spoke. 'I haven't seen the garden yet.'

'I think you must put up with my attendance, Miss Reed. Lovers are privileged to be unsociable.'

'Lovers!' she ejaculated. 'You don't mean to say—— *He* can't be her lover!'

'He is, I assure you, Miss Reed. They have been engaged some time; and will be married as soon as circumstances permit.'

'I should never have thought—he wasn't a bit like a lover—to her,' she said in an angry tone, her colour more raised than I had yet seen it. In fact, as I suspected, Miss Reed's fancy had been caught—to herself no doubt she termed it falling in love, and she was a young lady of very strong impulses, which were entirely untrained. In their ultra refinement, Arthur Trafford's good looks were precisely the kind to attract one like Marian Reed—his fashionable languid air being specially attractive to one who indulged in the kind of literature which is not remarkable for backbone. She curtly declined going into the garden with me, and drew a chair towards one of the windows, where she sat watching the two figures as they passed and repassed in the strip of moonlight outside, her brows lowering and face darkening.

Mrs Tipper amiably endeavoured to do her part towards entertaining her; but Marian Reed was not in the mood to be entertained by Mrs Tipper; and made it so very evident that she was not, that the little lady became silent and constrained, though, strange to say, I do not think her admiration for the girl decreased in consequence. Presently Marian went to the piano again, and amused herself trying bits of Lilian's songs; apparently considering neither Mrs Tipper nor me worth cultivating. But I forced myself upon her notice so far as to tell her that Lilian might consider it to be too soon after her father's death for song-singing. Miss Reed opined that that was all nonsense. There was no necessity for being gloomy, and a little singing and music would rouse her up a little. The music had certainly a rousing effect, though not in the precise way she imagined; and her singing! Accustomed as I was to Lilian's sweet voice and pure style, it was almost excruciating to listen to her songs as rendered by the other's loud untrained voice. I sat down by my dear old friend's side at a distant window, and did my best to make up for Marian Reed's rudeness. But she had not taken offence. As she generally did in such cases, she simply attributed it all to her own want of breeding, and that being irremediable, accepted the consequences without repining. Moreover, she was full of admiration of Marian Reed's good looks.

'Is she not handsome, my dear?' was her little aside to me. 'And seems so accomplished too.' (One 'tune,' as she termed it, was quite as good as another, from an artistic point of view, to Mrs Tipper.) 'Such a good thing for Lilian that Miss Reed has been educated like a lady; is it not? To tell the truth, I was rather afraid she might turn out to be a common person like me, you know. At her age, I should never have done for Fairview; not even so well as I do now. Knowing the piano and French, does make such a difference; doesn't it?'

I could but raise the hand I held to my lips, dissenting so entirely as I did from the notion of Marian Reed's superiority. And I believed that Mrs Tipper herself was only dazzled for a time; her perception was too true to be blinded for very long. When the lovers re-entered, I saw that they were regarded by Marian with a new and uneasy curiosity.

In our *tête-à-tête* that night, Lilian could talk of nothing but her lover's goodness and readiness to fall in with her scheme for Marian's welfare. 'Dear Arthur, he made no objections now. He had only objected at first, because he felt a little hurt, as it was quite natural he should, at not being consulted. But everything would be well now.' I listened in some little surprise to this sudden change in his tactics, until Lilian unconsciously gave me the key.

'Arthur is quite willing now. She is to be always free to live at Fairview, as long as she is inclined, and have five hundred a year, as I wish her to have. But he says there is no necessity for legal arrangements, as though we could not trust each other, you know.'

Had I considered Marian Reed's claims to be as great as Lilian considered them to be, I might have tried my influence against Arthur Trafford's in the matter. As it was, I urged no objection to his arrangement, though I quite understood its import. It would of course be quite possible for Lilian's husband so to contrive matters that Marian Reed would not be long inclined to live at Fairview; and as to the five hundred a year! Well, I believed it would do no real harm to her if she were by-and-by reduced to two hundred and her former sphere again. Hers was not the nature to improve in consequence of having more power in her hands, and a sister or companion for Lilian she never would be. It was too late in the day for any radical change in her tastes and habits. They were travelling different roads, and the longer they lived the farther they would be apart.

Lilian's sentiments, as days passed by, were not difficult to fathom. Her very anxiety to make the most of anything in favour of the girl her whole soul shrank from, spoke volumes to me. Indeed she had no little difficulty in combating the repulsion which it shocked her to feel towards her father's child.

Marian did not miss anything or suffer, as the other would have done in her place. She never perceived the underlying cause of Lilian's anxiety to please and conciliate her. It was not in her nature to see that Lilian was, so to speak, always pleading for forgiveness for the wrong done to Marian's mother, and trying to expiate her father's fault. Then, conscious as she was of shrinking from the coarser mind, which was being day by day unfolded to us, poor Lilian was terribly afraid lest it should be apparent to the other; not herself perceiving the mere fact of its very coarseness rendering it the more impervious. In truth, self-assertion and *hauteur* would have won a great deal more respect from Marian, than did the too evident desire to please. She was beginning almost to look down upon the girl she could not understand; conscious how different she herself would have been were she in Lilian's place and Lilian in hers; and without any misgivings as to her own superiority. She was also beginning to assume a great deal, and I was the only one to do battle with her, though I had some difficulty in keeping her within due bounds now. As it may be supposed, I did not gain favour with her. There was the difference that she liked Lilian and looked down upon her; whilst she disliked me and was a little afraid of me.

Mrs Chichester made great and palpable efforts to act against her judgment in noticing Miss Reed; 'for dear Lilian's sake,' as she confided to Robert Wentworth and me. 'It was the only thing to be done now. Of course she could not but regret that dear Lilian should not have asked the advice of some judicious friend in the matter. No one could doubt its being a mistake to bring Miss Reed to Fairview; now did not Mr Wentworth think so?'

'Yes; Mr Wentworth did think so.'

'And what did dear Miss Haddon think?'

Miss Haddon had advised Lilian to follow her instincts in the matter.

'But pray excuse me; do not you think that is rather dangerous advice to give—to some persons?'

'Yes; I do, Mrs Chichester.'

At which Mrs Chichester was in a flutter of consternation, lest I should for one moment imagine that she had meant to be unkind in leading me on to make such an admission of fallibility, and prettily begged Mr Wentworth to give his assistance to enable her to obtain my forgiveness.

It took their united powers of persuasion, and gave Mrs Chichester opportunities for all sorts of pretty amiabilities, before Miss Haddon could be brought to reason; and then the former had to be satisfied with what she termed 'a very slight unbending of the stern brow,' as an acknowledgment of my defeat.

Then how pleasant and amiable it was to take all the trouble she did to put me in a good humour with myself again, by pointing out that the very wisest of us may sometimes err in our judgment, and so forth. Matters were progressing thus agreeably, when Lilian wanted Mrs Chichester's advice about the arrangement of some ferns in the conservatory, and I was left for a few moments alone with Robert Wentworth.

'Lilian did *not* obey her instincts in inviting this Miss Reed to come to reside with her, Miss Haddon.'

I smiled.

'And believing that, you allowed the stigma of being an injudicious friend to be attached to me.'

'Because I saw you so willed it; and I do not waste my powers of oratory when they are not required.'

Then, abruptly changing the subject—there was none of the suavity and consideration, which Mrs Chichester considered to be so essential to friendship, between him and me—he went on: 'Tell me what you think of this Miss Reed. Is she what she appears to be?'

'What does she appear to you?'

'Well, I suppose we could not expect her to be quite a gentlewoman, but really—— Your little Becky is a great deal nearer the mark, according to my standard.'

'Yes; I think she is.'

'And time will do nothing for her—not the slightest hope of it! She would never be a companion for Lilian, if they lived together a hundred years—of course you see that.'

For Lilian! How plainly he was always shewing that she was the centre to which all his thoughts converged.

'Yes; I see that they will never be companions; but Miss Reed will miss nothing; she will do no harm to Lilian.'

'Not in one way, perhaps.'

'Not in any way, Mr Wentworth, other than paining her sometimes.'

'But if that might have been avoided?'

'Neither sorrow nor pain, nor any other thing, will injure Lilian in the long-run. You ought to know that.'

'I am not an advocate for enduring unnecessary pain, Miss Haddon.'

'I believe Lilian will have to suffer—it may be a great deal—and some preliminary training will enable her to bear what is to come all the easier.'

'I am afraid Mrs Chichester is right after all, in considering you to be a little hard, Miss Haddon.'

'Afraid Mrs Chichester is right! I have a great mind to tell her!' I ejaculated, rising.

'Have a greater mind, and don't,' he smilingly returned.

'But it might be good for you to go into training a little as well as the rest of us; and Mrs Chichester might not object to undertake'——

'Could not you try what you could do towards bringing me into a better frame of mind?' he said. 'It would be like an acknowledgment of weakness to hand me over to Mrs Chichester, you know. You might at anyrate try what could be done for me before acknowledging yourself unequal to the task, in that faint-hearted way.'

'In other words, you want me to stay and talk Lilian to you,' was my mental comment, as I shook my head and moved away.

As I have said, I liked Robert Wentworth better than any other gentleman who came to Fairview. Arthur Trafford occasionally brought a friend with him down to dinner; but his friends were not of the pattern which pleased me—men who looked, and spoke, and moved as though they were only playing the part of supernumeraries on the stage of life. With Robert Wentworth there was all the pleasure of feeling that I was thoroughly understood. I was indeed able to unfold my thoughts to him, as I could not even to Lilian, love her as I did. She was a girl, and I a woman, and she deferred to me as to an elder sister; constantly, though unconsciously, reminding me of the eleven years' difference between our ages.

Robert Wentworth and I met on equal terms. With him I neither gave nor obtained quarter; and our encounters were as refreshing as a tonic to my mental health. Whatever the subject broached, we freely shewed each other our thoughts about it; and I learned to give and take a blow with perfect good-humour. I was sometimes not a little startled to find how completely he was beginning to track out certain tendencies, which I had hitherto flattered myself were so safely packed away out of sight as to be unknown to those with whom I associated. More than once the common-sense which he bantered me about setting too high a value upon, was blinded, and I was led on by wily steps into the enchanted regions of romance, and penetrated by their subtle influence, gave words to my thoughts before I recollected and was on guard again. But no word or look of Robert Wentworth's wounded my *amour propre* at such times; my little flights of fancy met with the gravest respect. In truth, he was a great deal more tolerant to what he termed my romance, than to any little slip in my reasoning; because he had the candour to tell me my ideality was getting starved for want of nourishment, and needed a little encouragement, whilst my reasoning powers required an occasional snubbing. 'And as to pretending you have no romance—you are the most romantic young lady I know. Don't protest; it would not be the least use; though I will not expose you to the world—not even to Lilian.'

I only knew that he was gradually teaching me to be less ashamed of such things than I had latterly been, and so rendering me less morbid, and more fit to be Philip's wife. Philip should thank him for that as well as other things, by-and-by. The hope that Philip and he would be friends, and that there would be pleasant communion between us three in the future, was very cheering to me. How complete would have been the picture could I have imagined Lilian in it as the wife of Robert Wentworth—what a delightful quartet!

Meantime, everything was flowing smoothly on with the lovers again. I think that I was the only one at Fairview to note the change which was taking place in Marian Reed. She had never been accustomed to exercise self-control, and was yielding more and more to an infatuation which was making her life miserable.

She loved Arthur Trafford, as such natures do love, with a wild, ungovernable, selfish passion; and with unreasoning anger, altogether refused to accept the existing state of things. She would not accept happiness in any way but one; and moodily dwelt upon what she encouraged herself to believe were her wrongs. Why should she be without a name, dependent upon others' bounty, and denied the love she craved, whilst Lilian possessed everything? It was easy enough to be amiable when you had all you wanted! But she did not covet all—only love, and that was denied her. All this she shewed me in more ways than one, which roused my suspicion that she was doing what she could to attract Arthur Trafford, and would have felt no compunction in winning his love from Lilian, had that been possible. There were occasions when it was almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that she was trying to outvie Lilian, in the only way she knew how to outvie a rival. I knew that she must be spending a great deal more than was right or necessary upon dress, so constant were the changes she made, availing herself of everything which is invented in the way of ornament by fashionable milliners for fashionable woe; whilst her large handsome white shoulders were thrust upon our notice a great deal more than was in good taste. And as to her conversation; partly loud and self-asserting; partly sentimental, accompanied with languishing glances at her hero from the great black eyes—— But I must not go on. I am afraid I was not inclined to allow her a single good quality just at this time; and therefore my judgment must, I suppose, be taken with a grain of salt. Nevertheless, allowing for hidden good qualities, which I had not given her credit for possessing, she really was not pleasant as a companion just now.

Much as dear old Mrs Tipper admired her personally, even she was obliged to acknowledge that Miss Reed was not quite so amiable and easy to get on with as could be desired. Indeed, more than once had I found it necessary to protect the kind little lady from the ill-humour of Marian, and the sharp way with which I was immediately retorted upon did not greatly discomfit me. It was enough that I had the power to keep her within due bounds towards others.

I think it was specially obnoxious to her to find that I was observant of her demeanour towards Arthur Trafford, and made a point of putting in an appearance when she happened to be *tête-à-tête* with him. I was gravely displeased, as time went on, to find that he not only suspected the state of Marian Reed's feelings towards him, but amused himself by making it more apparent, feeding her vanity with all sorts of exaggerated compliments, accompanied by languishing glances.

Was this conduct worthy of Lilian's affianced husband? I knew that he did not in reality even admire Marian's style of good looks, and was only amused by her too evident predilection for him. But what was he, to find amusement thus? I asked myself, indignant for Lilian's sake.

'You are very uncomplimentary to Miss Reed, I think, Mr Trafford,' I said one day, when I had been the witness of a scene bordering upon flirtation between them, and could no longer keep silence. Lilian was in the garden with her aunt when he arrived, and Marian Reed had found it out of her power to get rid of me; though she had not scrupled to let me see that my company was not desired. Arthur Trafford's flattery had been rather more marked than usual, and I lost all patience.

'Uncomplimentary!' she ejaculated, looking very much astonished. Had he not been telling her that she had displayed more than usual taste in her toilet, and was looking dreadfully killing to-night?

'I meant uncomplimentary to your sense, Miss Reed.'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'I think Mr Trafford does.'

He flushed up, giving me an angry glance. She answered for him.

'I am sure Mr Trafford did not mean to be uncomplimentary in *any* way;' with a little defiant toss of the head and glance towards him.

Of course he could only protest that he did not; and she was perfectly satisfied. He evidently knew better than I did the kind of compliments which would be most acceptable to her. Indeed I suppose she would not have considered them to be flattery at all, but simply the truth, which there was no harm in his telling her.

'She likes that sort of thing,' he said, with a little awkward laugh, when presently he and I were for a few moments alone together. 'And I don't see that there can be much harm in saying a few complimentary words to a girl, if it gratifies her, Miss Haddon.'

'Well, I am glad that you do not *gratify* her in Lilian's presence, Mr Trafford; she would perceive what Miss Reed apparently does not.'

He reddened again. 'Lilian is so essentially and entirely different in every way. You can hardly expect the same kind of refinement in the other.'

'I suppose not; but I cannot see that that is a reason for treating them both with disrespect. It is quite as ill a compliment to Lilian as to Miss Reed, to flatter the latter's vanity as you do.'

'I don't see any ill compliment in telling a good-looking girl that she is so, if she likes to be told it,' he repeated. 'No one can deny that she is a fine girl, in her way.'

'I suppose she is; but I admire Lilian too much to be enthusiastic about Miss Reed's style of beauty, Mr Trafford.'

He was getting more decidedly out of temper, muttering something about some women being so hard upon their own sex, as he turned away.

I had done no good by my interference, only caused them to be a little more guarded in my presence, and perhaps dislike me more. But Marian Reed no longer made any effort to conceal the restless discontent which devoured her. Not for a moment suspecting the cause, Lilian was greatly puzzled to account for the other's increasing discontent, and redoubled her efforts to please, though she was only snubbed for her pains.

'Do you think that I leave anything undone, Mary?' she would anxiously ask me, when she and I were alone. 'Or do you think that Marian's feelings are really deeper than we at first imagined them to be, about—the wrong done to her mother, and that all this luxury jars upon her?' After waiting a moment for an answer, which came not (how could I express my belief as to the real cause of Marian's discomfort?), she went on: 'But you know how much I try to spare her, Mary—you know that I would not for the world do anything to remind her of the shame. Do I not share it?'

Yes; I did know. But I could only kiss the sweet brow and murmur some platitude about hoping that things would right themselves in time. I would not attempt to inculcate any of the worldly wisdom which it had cost me my youth to obtain. Rather was I inclined to encourage her pure faith and trust in others—her ignorance of evil—as long as possible. The pain which comes with one kind of knowledge, I would spare her as long as possible. For the present, it did her no harm to believe a little too much in others; at least so I told myself.

Darling! whatever others might think, *I* knew that your gentleness and forbearance did not proceed from weakness. When the time of trial came, they would see! It was nearer than I imagined it to be, and came in a different and far more serious form than my gravest fears had foreshadowed. It was nearly six months after Mr Farrar's death, and there was beginning to be some talk of preparing for the wedding, which was to take place in two months, Lilian having yielded to her lover's importunities the more readily from the knowledge that she was obeying her father's wishes, when like a sudden thunder-clap, the shock came.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

The peculiar defect of vision known as colour-blindness to which many people are subject, is due to various causes; but very little is known of its real nature. In different persons it has a different effect, being in some a complete inability to distinguish between the commonest colours; while in others it is merely a temporary confusion of the impressions conveyed by different hues, or a tendency to give the wrong names to colours, which can be perfectly distinguished from each other, though the mind cannot verify, so to speak, the distinction.

To take the first case first. A man who is perfectly 'colour-blind' cannot detect the slightest difference between the stripes on the 'red, white, and blue' flag; to him the red and green lamps of the railways are the same; and the leaves and flowers of the most variously stocked garden are more uniform in tone, in the clearest sunlight, than they would be to an ordinary eye by moonlight. (The effect of moonlight, it is well known, is to give a monochromous appearance to the most varied colours.) In the other case, a man who has, say the three cardinal colours, red, blue, and yellow, placed before him, can tell that there *is* a difference between them, but is unable to identify them; and while perhaps one day he is able to sort a number of pieces of glass of these three colours, he will be unable to perform the operation the next day.

Persons who are thus afflicted—for it is an affliction, though often they do not actually know of the defect to which they are subject—may possess in every other way the keenest eyesight; and it by no means follows that a man who is colour-blind has in any other way less perfect eyesight than an artist or any other person whose calling requires nicety of distinction in the matter of colours and hues. The question occurs, To what is colour-blindness due? In certain cases, to a want of education of the eye in this particular service; but more generally to local causes and diseases, and to hereditary defect. Instances occurring under the first-named class are not real cases of colour-blindness. It is really no more true to say that a man is colour-blind because he calls red 'green,' or blue 'yellow' persistently, and with a perfect appreciation of the difference, simply because he has never been taught, than it is to call a man blind who calls an oval 'round,' because he has learned no better. But in the other instances the colour-blindness is a true defect. In Egypt, China, and other countries where ophthalmia is prevalent, colour-blindness is common; and the peculiar light which exists in certain localities where there is a large expanse of flat sandy soil, and which is known to be very trying to the eyesight, is very often found to produce this defect where it does not otherwise impair the vision. Hereditary cases of colour-blindness are common. The painter Turner has been said by some of his critics to have been colour-blind; and we believe that one of his sisters had a defect of vision which caused her to confuse one colour with another in such a way as to prevent her from describing accurately a picture placed before her.

In reference to the theory that the recent disastrous railway accident at Arlesey was owing to a mistake of the engine-driver as to the colour of the signal displayed against him, a correspondent of the *Times* points out that colour-blindness may be acquired. 'A few years ago,' he says, 'I was investigating colour appreciation, and the first instance of the acquired defect that came to my knowledge was in the person of an engine-driver. This man confessed, after an accident through his not distinguishing the red signal, that he had gradually lost his colour-power, which had been perfect; and so sensible was he of his loss and its disadvantages, that before the accident he had determined to give up the situation. The manager of the Company, who told me the circumstance, assured me that this driver had been carefully examined but a few years back and passed as possessing perfect sight.'

If a person with perfect sight will look steadily for a few moments at any object, of one of the three primary colours, whether a lamp or anything else, and then close his eyes, and watch so to speak, with his closed eyes, he will find the object reproduced in a kind of cloudy representation, or rather retained on the eye; but its colour will be changed from the *primary* to its corresponding (complementary) *secondary* colour. Thus the impression of a red object will present itself as green; yellow as purple; and blue as orange. *Vice versâ*, if the object is one of those secondary* colours, the reproduction on the retina will be of the corresponding primary colour. In this way, it is quite possible for a man, who has been looking for any length of time at a red light on a railway at night, to remove his eyes for a moment or two; and, on looking again at the lamp, to find that—in the course of the natural relief afforded by the impression on the eye resolving itself into the secondary colour—his sight is for a moment impeded by the floating image (now green instead of red) before his eyes, and the actual lamp (still red) covered, as it were, by the retained figure, so that it appears to be green. This curious effect is no fault of vision, and might easily mislead an engine-driver who, having first actually seen the red light, has, after withdrawing his eyes, immediately afterwards imagined it changed to green or white, in indication of the removal of the obstacle to the progress of his train. In this way, by continual straining of the eye in search of a particular signal, especially at night, with no light beyond that of the glaring furnace of the engine—in itself detrimental to the eyes—it is quite possible that colour-blindness may be acquired, and that a man who was once perfectly able to distinguish the most delicate tints may become insensible to the effects of widely different colours.

Whatever its cause, it is a fact that colour-blindness does exist to a very considerable extent. In Egypt this is so well recognised a fact, that engine-drivers and others employed on railways are obliged to undergo a special examination before they are allowed to proceed to their duties. Many curious stories are told concerning the attempts made by men suffering under this infirmity to escape the penalty of detection; they will often rather run the risk of bringing themselves and others to sudden death in a collision, than lose the coveted post by admitting their defective sight. Sometimes a man will successfully guess at the red, white, and green lamps or flags held before him; but, if the examiner is as astute as the examinee, he will balk his calculations by holding out a cap, or some other article not usually classed among the list of railway signals, and an unguarded 'Red' or 'Green' from the lips of the candidate will send him ruefully off about his business.

Researches lately made in Sweden shew that this peculiar defect of sight is prevalent in that country. Out of two hundred and sixty-six men examined recently by Professor Holmgren, eighteen were found to be colour-blind; and in our own land statistics prove that Englishmen are not free from the infirmity. The late Professor George Wilson, who made a special investigation into the subject in Edinburgh some years ago, stated that out of one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons of various professions examined in 1852, no less than sixty-five were colour-blind; and of these, twenty-one specially confounded red with green. A gentleman employing a number of men, writing to the *Times*, states that recently he directed an upholsterer to cover some article of furniture in green leather, and that the man used a skin of bright red leather, not knowing the difference. He could only distinguish colours in their intensity, all appearing to him as different shades of gray.

But instances could easily be multiplied. The practical part of the question is its bearing on the employment of men upon whose sight and power of distinguishing colours many lives are dependent. Engine-drivers and signal-men, railway guards and sailors, often have nothing but a red or green speck of light between the safety and the death of themselves and perhaps hundreds of their fellow-creatures. How many of the 'missing ships' that have set forth in hope, with scores or hundreds of souls on board, and never been heard of again, have gone to their fate through the colour-blindness of the 'look-out,' who can tell? How many disastrous railway collisions have been owing to the same defect on the part of the engine-driver or stoker? The necessity of a rigid examination of all men employed on our railways, in order to ascertain their power of distinguishing the colours of the signals upon which so many lives depend, is being recognised by the directors and other officials. The same precaution ought to be adopted in the case of sailors, and not only once, but frequently. Periodical tests of their eyesight should be made at regular intervals; for in a physical infirmity of this kind, so apt to be overlooked and remain unrecognised even by those who are subject to it, lurk more dangers than in the lack of many other strictly enforced requirements.

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* Secondary colours are those which are formed by the combination of any two of the three 'primary' colours; the combinations of secondary colours are called 'tertiary' colours.

GOLD-MINE EXPERIENCES.

I WAS living some years ago in one of our North American provinces, where, for several seasons, I was employed in constructing a railway, which at the time I write is in liquidation, and which I shall call the Swindleville Junction, a name, I trust, sufficiently expressive. The climate did not suit me, neither did the natives; they were much too 'smart' for my fancy, and I was pretty generally always cheated in my dealings among them. In one instance, however, I managed to save myself from being tricked, but I am bound to say that it was from the clutches of a Yankee that I made my escape, for I fully believe that a native operator would never have given me a chance.

Gold had been discovered about thirty miles from the town of Radnor, which was my headquarters, and the miners were making much money by crushing the quartz. Of course the country was soon inundated by prospectors, and numerous holes were opened with varying luck. Curiously enough, the American element did not prevail much in the district, the fact being that the provincials are more than a match for an American even with his own weapons.

I happened, however, to fall in with one very impressive American, a very pleasant plausible fellow. Captain Marcus Cyrus Duckett was his name. He was a bit of a nautical dandy in his way. Blue surtout and yellow waistcoat, large gold watch-guard and a Panama hat, shortish black trousers and Wellington boots, was his usual dress; and he was more like an English coasting skipper than an American, being bluff and stout, with a cheery red face and jolly manner. But I soon found out that he was as great a desperado as was ever produced, in spite of his off-hand appearance and rattling style. He had, he said, been a blockade-runner, and had got safely in and out of Charleston eighteen times during the civil war; and I heard hints that his success in that trade was due principally to the fact of his having gained much experience by eluding British cruisers on the coast of Africa, where he had been long employed in command of a Spanish slaver trading to Cuba.

I used to meet this character occasionally at a village called Bleakhausen, where I had frequently to go on business, which occupied me a few hours; and rogue although he undoubtedly was, it was pleasant to have a chat with him and hear him relate some of his adventures. It was a great relief also to hear something else talked than the everlasting drawl and snivel about pitiful election squabbles and rates of freight, or prices of salt fish and molasses, which were the only topics ever discussed among the semi-civilised natives in these regions. By degrees we got pretty intimate; and one day the captain informed me that he had discovered that a gold-bearing quartz vein ran across the country in an easterly direction, and was now profitably worked; that it passed right through a property near the village, which he had been lucky in getting hold of very cheap, as all the timber worth cutting on it had been sawn up, and the place was a barren rocky clearing, full of half-burned stumps, and almost fit for nothing. There were, however, the remains of a water-wheel and saw-mill on the place, and a good fall of water. On these advantages Duckett laid great stress, as useful to drive the quartz-crushing machines which he intended to put up. He had sunk a shaft, he said, and run a heading for some distance into the rock, and that it was looking very well, although it had cost him 'a power of brass.'

I took little interest in all this, as I had often before had prospecting schemes submitted to me, and had decidedly refused to mix myself up with them, as my own business demanded all my attention. And so speculators had at last ceased to trouble me. One day, however, having longer to wait than usual at Bleakhausen, my horse being much knocked up by a long journey, the skipper asked me to go and see his mine, to pass the time. I agreed. So we took a walk of about a couple of miles down to it. I was rather astonished when, after a disagreeable tramp, we came to the place. It was no myth, for there it was in full swing. The men seemed strangers, sailors they appeared, of various nationalities; but comfortable shanties had been put up, and everything seemed all right. A few pieces of the stuff were put in a bag by the captain's wish, and sent to my wagon as specimens. After this, I drove home, thinking nothing more of the matter.

One evening, a few weeks afterwards, I was reading a newspaper account of the gold mines in the province, when it struck me that, as I was going to the principal town next day, I would take one of the Bleakhausen specimens, and have it analysed, just for the fun of the thing, and see if there actually was any gold in it. I did not say where it came from, that being unnecessary; but in a few days I got a flattering analysis by letter, which also contained a small piece of gold extracted by the assayer.

The next time Duckett met me he began to speak of his affairs, and hinted that he was getting a little crippled for cash, and that the millwright he had employed would not proceed with the repairs of the mill or erect crushers without a heavy advance of money; so that, as he had run himself nearly aground, he was reluctantly thinking of abandoning the mine altogether.

I had been thinking over this quietly for a few weeks, when one evening I had a visit in Radnor from the captain, who was much downcast, and told me his creditors were so pressing that he could carry on no longer, but must sell the estate for what it would fetch, to pay them off; and with what balance he might have, would go to sea, and leave the natives and their mines altogether. I was sorry for the fellow. We talked long over the matter; and it ended by my becoming owner of the property for ten thousand dollars, paid in railway bonds, which Duckett said he could easily negotiate in the States; and I was to retain him as overseer till the concern was in full working order, at a salary and percentage on the output, which he solemnly assured me was worth four ounces a ton; equal to nearly ten pounds a ton after paying expenses. His estimate was slightly in excess of my experimental assay, but not much; so I was well enough pleased with my bargain.

Things were going on pretty well under this arrangement, when one night my groom appeared with a dreadful tale of being beaten by Duckett for having declared the mine to be a humbug, and wishing I had not been such an ass as pay him for it, and allow myself to be swindled by a Yankee pirate. Whereupon the enraged mariner speedily made an example of him. I began to suspect that it was just possible that Duckett *had* imposed on me, in which case I should cut a poor figure every way.

The first thing to do was to satisfy myself that the specimen was the actual produce of the mine; if not, the next thing was to get my bonds back; by fair means, if possible; if not, by *any* means; but in any event to get quit of the Yankee at once. About two o'clock next morning I saddled a horse myself without disturbing any person, and rode to the mine, which I reached about five o'clock, and awoke the men in the shanties. They were very unwilling to let me descend, as Duckett was not there; but after some altercation, and seeing me very determined, they gave me a lamp, and lowered me away. I was not down five minutes when I discovered I had been done outright; the original specimen was dark-brown coloured, and the stuff in the mine was dark-blue, and not a trace of gold in it. The rascal had obtained the specimens from a mine called Mount Benger, some miles away; and had played an old and common trick—namely, placed the gold specimens among the rubbish, and then picked them up before my eyes. As soon as I had fully satisfied myself, I got back to the foot of the shaft; and to my great gratification, was, on giving the signal, hauled to the top at once, just in time to see Captain Duckett coming up the hill.

He was in a desperate passion at not having had notice of my visit; but it was no part of my business to quarrel with him just yet. So I soon managed to smooth him down with a story about my being restless, and unable to sleep in the night, and thinking a sharp ride would do me good, &c.; and I made him even believe that I was pleased, and more than ever satisfied with my bargain. The captain took it all most comfortably.

I asked him to breakfast at the inn; but he declined; agreeing, however, to come afterwards to smoke and talk over matters, which he did. After some cheerful talk, I hit on a scheme to recover my papers. I agreed to lay a tramway to the mill from the mine, and requested him to find some one to furnish us with timber for it; and he was to come to Radnor on Tuesday and tell me what he had done, and also to meet an engineer with whom I was in treaty to do the work at the water-wheel. I called for my horse; but just as I was going to mount, I suddenly turned round and said: 'Oh, by the bye, captain, Davis the lawyer was saying yesterday that those bonds are of no use to you until they are transferred by being indorsed and signed by me. I forgot to speak about it just now; the tramway put it out of my head; but if you like, I'll take them in with me and get Davis to do the needful; and you can get them on Tuesday, when you are in.'

It was a bold stroke for the recovery of my bonds, but the bait took. 'All right,' said he; 'if you'll only wait half a minute, I'll fetch them;' and away he went, and soon came back with the parcel.

I saw at once I was certain of my game; so, as the packet was a little bulky, and did not go easily into my pocket, I said to him never to mind it then, but to bring it to Radnor on Tuesday, and hand it to Davis himself, which would be the safest plan; and that I would call on Monday, and tell the lawyer to be ready for him—to which proposal he smilingly assented; and with that I mounted, and trotted merrily home, sometimes in the woods almost hallooing with delight. I called for Davis, and told him that Duckett was coming to see him on Tuesday, and the purpose of his visit, and that he was to take his instructions, and I would see him in the course of the day, after Duckett had been with him.

Davis was not noted for honesty; but he was the only limb of the law in the place, and our firm had very frequently occasion for his services, although we knew well enough that we could trust him no farther than we could see him, and that he would hang his best friend, if he could make ten cents by the job. So I did not incline to let him know the exact state of matters till I had the bonds fairly in my own hand, when I intended to ask his professional opinion on what I was going to do—namely, to retain possession of them myself.

On Tuesday morning I set a young English boy, called 'the Nipper,' who was in my employment, but was personally unknown to the captain, to look out for him when he arrived, and to watch him all day, and keep me posted up in his movements, and above all to let me know the moment he traced him to Davis's den. In due time he announced to me in my office, that Captain Duckett had arrived at Davis's door, and had actually employed my spy to hold his horse, while he went in with a brown-paper parcel, and shortly came out again, attended to the door by old Davis; and the latest news was that he had put up at the hotel, and was then very busy assisting to demolish a leg of lamb and pumpkin pie. Now was my time; so I went up to Davis, and asked him to shew me the papers. I compared them with a note of the numbers I had in my book, found them all correct, and tied them carefully up and put them in my pocket; and then proceeded to unfold the transaction to the lawyer, and ask his advice as to whether I was legally authorised, under the circumstances, to keep possession now that I had them. Moreover I told him he should not lose his expected fees, as I would cheerfully pay them myself.

His opinion was that the law would bear me out; but that it was a dangerous affair, as the pirate, as he called him, was a dreadful character, and there was no saying what he might do. I quieted his fears a bit and gave him twenty dollars, but he was still uneasy; and as soon as I left him, he had his horse put to his wagon and went away to the country, leaving word that he had been suddenly called from home and would not be back for some days.

I went to the bank and had my bundle deposited in the safe; and after that there was nothing more to do than to have the row with the captain over; so my mind was easy, and I went home to luncheon. When I got back to the office, I loaded a pair of heavy double-barrelled horse-pistols which we used when travelling with money on pay-days, and laid them in an open drawer in my writing-table, just to be handy in case of accidents. I had scarcely written half a page of a letter, when Captain Marcus Cyrus made his appearance in no very pleasant temper, and with a face as red as the rising sun. He began by abusing Davis. 'He had been to his house, and he was gone.' Where were his bonds? Did I know anything of them? He would do this, that, and everything; and raged like a demon.

I let him carry on for a while, and then I opened upon him and told him what a wretch he was, and that I had fortunately discovered him in time; that his mine was a swindle; that I would have him apprehended as a thief and a rogue; and that I had the bonds safely locked up, and he would never see them again; whereupon out came his revolver, which in truth, I wondered he had not produced before, and with many a high-sounding phrase he ordered me to give them up at once (thinking I had them in the office-safe), or he would riddle me with his Colt.

I did not care much for all this, as a Colt is a very inferior weapon to a brace of double pistols carrying ounce-bullets; so I snatched my pistols, and jumped up and closed with him in a second, with one in each hand, fully determined if he attempted to fire, to put an end to his rascality for ever. He seemed rather astonished at the sudden turn matters had taken, and did not appear to relish the look of the four ugly tubes in such close proximity to his person; so he toned down more easily than I expected, although he continued to growl like a bear with a sore head. Ordering him out, I escorted him to the door, and saw him go down-stairs, putting his pistol into his pocket and slamming the doors behind him; and I cannot say I was sorry that matters had passed off so quietly. However, it soon appeared that I was not to be done with my gentleman just yet; in a short time my scout came to say that he was away. He had gone to the stables for his horse; then he lighted a cigar, all the while raging at everybody he came alongside of; he then went to a hardware store, where the boy learned that he bought a couple of cold-set chipping chisels, a hammer, a crow-bar, and some small steel quarry-wedges, with which he drove off, as if homeward-bound.

When I heard all this, I at once suspected that he intended to come back at night to break into the office and force the safe; and the event proved that I was correct in my surmise. I mounted the Nipper on a pony, and sent him away to find out where the rascal had put up, as I felt certain that he would not go all the way to Bleakhausen if he intended to come back at night; and about dusk my messenger returned with the news that he had marked his game down in a ruinous shanty on the edge of the forest where an old convict lived, who sold bad rum and worse tobacco to Indians, negro squatters, and all the scamps in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of Radnor are of many and various creeds and denominations, and they are none of those who tarry long at their wretched potations, but all get soon elevated and go soon to bed; by eleven o'clock everything is usually all quiet for the night. Thus I calculated that if I was to see my nautical friend again, it would be somewhere about twelve o'clock or one in the morning; and I took my measures accordingly. I told two of my best gangers to come to my house at eleven o'clock, but to say nothing to any person about it, as what I wanted done must be kept quiet. When they came, I explained my suspicions about Captain Duckett. One of them was a Yorkshire navvy of the good old stamp, so rare nowadays. Dick was his name. He might have been in a much better position had he been steady; but poor Dick must have a spree every pay-day, and by the following Tuesday was always reduced to poverty; however, he was a decent civil fellow and a capital hand, for all that. The other was an Irishman, Mike Grady; a smart fellow too, but always in trouble for fighting with his men; but for the business I had in hand that was no great disqualification. I provided each with a stout, long ash hammer-shank and a piece of soft Manilla white line, after which we went quietly down and ensconced ourselves among some bushes opposite the office-door, on the other side of the street. The programme was, that when the captain appeared, Mike was to steal across as soon as he commenced operations and fell him by a blow with his ash-stick; when we were to tie him hand and foot and deliver him to the sheriff in the morning—this being our only chance of getting him; for to apply to a magistrate would only have caused a talk, and would likely have scared the ruffian from making the attempt; and besides that, I wanted to catch him in the very act of burglary, which would insure a severe punishment.

We had not been very long at our post, when the sound of wheels was heard at a distance as if coming slowly and cautiously; by-and-by the noise ceased, leading us to imagine that he had tied up his horse about two hundred yards from where we were. I peeped carefully out; and as the night was not very dark, I could see a figure stealing noiselessly along; and sure enough it was Duckett himself. He had managed to change his Panama hat for a dog-skin sailor's cap, and his blue surtout for an old reefing-jacket; he had moccasins on over his boots, to deaden the sound of his footsteps, and I could see his belt, with his revolver and a knife sticking in it. He was evidently prepared for mischief, being armed with a hammer in one hand and the crow-bar in the other. Stopping at the door he laid down his hammer, and struck a match and lighted a small lamp he took from his pocket; and he had just inserted the claw-end of the crow below one of the half-leaves of the door, to prise it from the hinges, when the too impetuous Irishman, Mike, gave a howl and ran across to him. The Yankee bolted like a rocket, flung his bar from him as if it were red-hot, and made off at a pace that defied capture. We got round the corner just in time to see him jump into his wagon and commence flogging his mare with the buckle-end of the reins like a madman, standing up and yelling to her at the same time; he went off at a rattling gallop, and all the satisfaction I had was to send a bullet after him to freshen his way. He got home that morning; and he and all his gang were away from Bleakhausen before daylight, having evidently had all ready for a sudden start, although compelled to effect it minus the captain's expected plunder. I got out a warrant for his apprehension; but it was useless, as we soon heard that Captain M. C. Duckett and his crew had been wrecked in an American schooner, and forwarded to Port Royal Harbour, in South Carolina. I never heard of him again, unless he was the same person whose name appeared in a New York paper in connection with a gambling riot and murder on board a Mississippi steamboat of which Captain Marcus Cyrus Duckett was commander, and it is extremely improbable that there could be two desperadoes of that name.

The last time I saw my valuable estate it looked dismal enough; the shanties were burned, and the mill had fallen to pieces; and I had almost forgotten the whole affair, till I received an intimation a short time ago from a collector of taxes, that unless many years' arrears of taxes and mining license were immediately paid, he would have the place sold to pay them and his expenses; all of which he is very welcome to try to do, though I pity the purchaser. I could say much on the subject. But all I need observe is, that my adventure, which I have related exactly as it took place, offers a fair specimen of the trickeries that are of constant occurrence connected with speculative mining operations in various parts of America.

CRUISING ON THE 'BROADS.'

One of the greatest charms in Nature is her infinite variety, as may be seen even without travelling beyond the limits of our island; almost every county has its own peculiar expression, differing like the differing expressions of the human face, and presenting, between the lofty grandeur of the Scotch mountains and the undulating luxuriance of Southern England, many gradations of form and colour.

In the eastern extremity of Norfolk there is a part almost entirely composed of lake, river, and marsh, known as the 'Broad District;' *Broad* being the local term for lake. The largest of those, Breydon Water, lies within the narrow neck of land on which Yarmouth is built; and towards this lake three rivers radiate from different directions—the Bure, the Waveney, and the Yare flowing from the ancient city of Norwich. The author of *The Swan and her Crew** tells us that 'the banks of the rivers are fringed with tall reeds, and they flow through miles of level marsh, where, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing to be seen but the white sails of the yachts and the dark sails of the wherries, and occasional windmills, which are used for pumping the water out of the drains into the river.' Every here and there the rivers widen into broads, which are sometimes very large, and swarm with pike, perch, and numerous other fish. Those lakes are all very shallow, and can only be navigated by boats drawing little water; 'they are surrounded by a dense aquatic vegetation, reeds, rushes, flags, and bulrushes; and these are the haunts of many rare birds, and swarm with wild-fowl.'

With a view to navigating these shallow broads in an original way to facilitate the study of natural history, to hunt for the eggs of rare birds, to fish and shoot and otherwise investigate the wonders of the watery region, a boy of sixteen, named Frank Merivale, stands on the edge of Hickling Broad, deeply engaged in thought. At last a grand idea strikes him: he rushes up to the house, gets his father's permission to cut down a tree; and then laden with axes and ropes, he goes to get the help of his friend Jimmy Brett, who lives in an old-fashioned cottage near. The two boys proceed to the tree; and after long exertion, have the satisfaction of seeing the tall young larch fall over with a crash. Which business over, Jimmy insists on having his curiosity gratified by hearing what is to be done with the young larch; whereupon Frank unfolds his great project of building a yacht, a real yacht of their own, with which they might sail all over the broads and on the rivers, and naturalise and bird-nest, and enjoy no end of fun. The less sanguine Jimmy shakes his wise head; but Frank goes on with enthusiasm: 'What I propose is that we build a double yacht. We will make two long pontoons, and connect them by cross-pieces, on which we can lay a deck. Such a boat would not draw more than a foot of water; and to make her sail to windward, we should have a drop-keel or centre-board, which we could let down or draw up according to the depth of the water. Then I think a lug-sail and mizzen would suit her best; and we shall build her in old Bell's yard, and he will lend us such tools as we have not got.'

After a long discussion as to the plan and estimates of cost, the two would-be boat-builders, with a view to enlisting his aid, go on to see old Bell, who was a bit of a curiosity, uniting the two dissimilar trades of tailor and boat-builder. He was a close observer of the habits of animals, and could often give odd and useful information; and was a great favourite with the boys, as indeed they were with him. To this worthy they make known their grand scheme; and while not particularly sanguine of success, the old man promised to help as much as possible; and Frank in his impetuous way, at once begins clearing a space for the keel.

All the spare time is now spent in building the yacht; the two being joined by Dick Carlton, who being rather delicate, was encouraged by his father Sir Richard to join in the pastimes of his two young friends. First of all the pontoons are made, these being merely two long wooden boxes tapering off to a fine point at each end. Laid on the ground side by side, with a space of fully three feet between their centres, they are joined together by strong pieces of wood; while the seams are caulked with tow and a mixture of red and white lead, and protected by slips of wood nailed along them. The deck is next laid, and 'neatly finished off round the edges, with a bulwark of rope stretched on iron uprights.' A tiny cabin is erected, in which even the smallest of the crew will be unable to stand erect; but yachtsmen have to put up with many discomforts, and indeed a great deal of the pleasure consists in what is termed 'roughing it,' so *three feet six inches* is considered sufficiently lofty for the grand saloon. Two low broad seats are fitted up inside, which are also intended to serve as beds, should occasion require. A rudder and helm are attached to each pontoon, and connected by a cross-piece of wood, so that both might be worked at once; while two drop-keels occupy the space between the pontoons, and can be raised or lowered with the greatest ease. The mast also could be lowered whenever it might be necessary, in order to allow the boat to pass under low bridges.

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* By Christopher Davies. London: Warne & Co.

To those who are interested in the details of such a craft as the *Swan*, the book furnishes ample information (full dimensions and all particulars being given). Suffice it to say, that after much perseverance and many grave difficulties, our amateur boat-builders, thanks to Frank's energy and skill, at length complete their work. The yacht is painted white; a tender in the shape of a punt is also built; and on a bright May morning all is ready for the launch, which important ceremony is fixed to take place at six o'clock on a Saturday morning. The three friends meet in Bell's yard, eager to send their handiwork upon the smooth glancing waters of the broad. But a name is yet wanting. 'Call her the *Swan*,' says Dick, remembering Wordsworth's lines; 'because, like the swan "on still Saint Mary's Lake," she will "float double."'

The name is hailed with approval. The ceremony is most successful; and soon the craft floats out on the waves, and the three boys enjoy the rare pleasure of sailing in a boat of their very own making. A light wind springs up, which shortly increases to a pretty stiff breeze, and the *Swan* behaves to perfection, answering her helm so admirably that the three young sailors are as pleased and proud as possible at the result of their labours.

And now when fairly afloat, we find that the crew have a double object in view; first, a topographical investigation of the Broad-region; and second, the noting of whatever objects of interest in natural history the broads might hold. During a tack the yacht passed over a bed of rushes, displacing a nest of the crested grebe, from which a number of the eggs rolled off into the water. It looked just like a lump of rotting sea-weed; and to avoid detection, we are told that the bird covers its eggs with reeds, so that they are scarcely noticeable: thus strangely does instinct guide to safety. On nearing home, a heron is disturbed, which rises slowly, flapping his wings in the apparently lazy manner peculiar to that bird; but on counting, our young friends found that he flapped his wings no fewer than one hundred and twenty times in a minute!

The success of the first sail only causes a desire for more adventure and a longer cruise, perhaps for three weeks, so that the boys might fully test the capacities of the *Swan*, and explore all the rivers and broads of Norfolk. The consent of the respective fathers is easily obtained; but the mothers, with their usual fear of danger, are more difficult to persuade. Frank, however, arranged that *they* should all have a day's sailing, to see how safe it was; and choosing a fine bright day with a light breeze, the *Swan* floated so gaily, that neither Mrs Merivale nor Mrs Brett could find it in their hearts to oppose the scheme.

Accordingly by the end of May, a hammock is slung between the two low seats, to serve as a third bed; a gun, butterfly net, fishing materials, and plenty of provisions, are on board; and arranging to meet the seniors at Wroxham Bridge, the crew of the *Swan* set sail. In the middle of Heigham Sounds, there is a great bed of reeds, locally called a 'Rond,' into which the boat is run. All hands being on the watch, a whole flock of birds rises from the reeds—water-hens, coots, &c.; and then a little duck with a bright, chestnut-coloured head and breast. A teal; and the young naturalists, bent on finding its nest, spend a long time fruitlessly, but at length discover it in the very centre of the rond. Large and beautifully lined with feathers, it is found to hold twelve cream-coloured eggs, three of which our friends appropriate, and then proceed to shove off the ship. But alas! the *Swan* is firmly imbedded in the mud, and refuses to be moved. There was no help for it but to strip, and raising the craft, by using the oars as levers, endeavour to push her off into deep water; but it is hard work, and the three shew as black (with ooze) as negroes ere it is accomplished. At last she is afloat. Without waiting to dress, up go the sails, and being a quiet spot where they are not likely to meet in with vessels, they mean to bathe and dress at leisure. Suddenly, however, a sail appears—a yacht with a number of people on board! And here we are told that its occupants enjoyed a good laugh at the strange appearance of the *Swan* and her naked though mud-covered crew! Jimmy and Dick take refuge in the cabin; but poor Frank who (still garmentless) is steering, dares not leave his post; so without further ado, he springs into the water at the stern of the yacht, and holding on by the rudder, contrives to keep her on her course till Jimmy reappears with something thrown over him and takes hold of the tiller. Need it be said that the three lost no further time in restoring themselves to the white man's usual appearance!

Heigham Bridge is reached; and while the other two are engaged in lowering the mast, Dick pursues some orange-tip butterflies which are among the prettiest of the Lepidoptera, and look like a bunch of red and white rose petals flying through the air. Resuming their progress up the Bure, till St Benedict's Abbey is reached, where it was resolved to camp for the night, the *Swan* is run into a creek and made fast.

Night comes on, the wind howling drearily; and nothing to be seen but stretches of lonely marshes, fading away into the distance behind the deserted ruins of the abbey, which occupy the foreground. A sense of loneliness is felt, but not one of our fresh-water tars cares to own it, and each tries to assume a cheerfulness he is far from feeling. Suddenly an unearthly cry sounds from the ruins, and a white form is dimly seen to glide among its broken arches; visions of ghosts, even in this materialistic age, rise unbidden; but the phantom after all is but a harmless white owl. So fright gives place to laughter; the lamp is lit, and supper is made as cheerful as possible. Sleep, however, is coy. To our three young friends, nursed in luxurious homes, there is something rather disturbing in the noise of the waters, the howling of the wind, and the wild cry of the birds. A loud noise disturbs them, and rushing on deck, a belated wherry is seen beating up the river, her canvas making a great noise as they turned on a new tack. The men sing out 'Good-night' as they pass, which is a comforting, homelike greeting, and sleep is attempted once more. Anon a patter-patter is heard on deck; Frank turns out, and sees a stray coot, wandering about in search of the good things of life. Looking round he spies a strange wandering light flitting among the marshes; like a Will-o'-the-wisp it seems here and there, and then appears to vanish for a time. He rouses Jimmy and Dick, but neither can suggest a solution; so hastily throwing on some clothes, they take the punt and endeavour to reach the light. But it always eludes them; and after a fruitless search, they return to bed and court sleep more successfully than before.

Morning finds them determined to investigate the cause of the light, and while rowing about the creek for that purpose, a strange bird arrests their attention. It is standing on a hillock, and is indeed a most peculiar-looking creature, 'with a body like a thrush, but with long legs, a long bill, and staring eyes; a brown tuft of feathers on each side of the head, and a large flesh-coloured ruff of feathers round its neck.' While they are watching the bird, a man seizes and is about to kill the ruff (for such it is), when the boys run forward and entreat him to sell it. The man being a fowler and only wanting money, is glad enough to make a bargain; and then shews them the nest, made of coarse grass, and containing four olive-green eggs spotted with brown.

Hastening to the rendezvous at Wroxham Bridge our crew are greeted with: 'Well, boys, we thought you were lost.' 'No fear, father,' answers Frank; 'the *Swan* sails grandly, and we are having no end of fun;' and then to the anxious mothers' question as to how they have passed the night, the boys unanimously affirm that they have been most comfortable. Not one of them would shew even the faintest tip of the *white-feather*. Sailing about on Wroxham Broad, our young voyagers and their friends greatly enjoyed its beauty. On one side rich woods come down to the water's edge; and on the other, marshes stretch for miles and miles, with waving reeds, white cotton grasses, and many-coloured marsh grasses, which vary in tint and colour as the wind waves them or the cloud-shadows pass over them. Taking the punt, they explore a perfect labyrinth of dykes and pools, pushing their way among water-lilies and arrow-heads, and gathering many flowers of every hue; and after such a pleasant day, even the ladies are satisfied with the safety of the lads.

The following day our young friends see an unknown broad lying to leeward, and steer the *Swan* up the narrow channel leading to it. On goes the boat, regardless of a notice conspicuously placed at the entrance, stating that this broad belongs to Mr ——, and with the usual finale, that 'All trespassers will be prosecuted.' All that is known of this Mr —— is that he has a big blue yacht. It were difficult if not impossible to turn; and as they *were* in, they might as well take a look before leaving. Stolen waters are sweet, so this broad seems fairer than the others, and our young naturalists have a good time of it in exploring its many treasures. Hours pass; Mr —— and his prohibition are entirely forgotten, until first the sails of a yacht are seen gliding up the entrance, and then the hull; when behold, it is the *big blue yacht!*

A chase ensues, which ends in the capture of the *Swan*; the curious build of which seems to have very much puzzled the formidable Mr ——, who on hearing that the craft is of the boys' own building, is mollified at once, compliments them on their skill, and hearing of their love of natural history, he presents them with some eggs of the pin-tail duck, which rare bird had made its nest in one of the ronds.

Returning to open waters, and skimming along the margin of the land, a magnificent butterfly is seen sailing along. 'It was very large, four inches across the wings, which are of a pale creamy colour, barred and margined with blue and black, velvety in appearance, and with a well-defined tail to each of its under-wings, above which is a red spot. This peculiarity of tail gives it the name of the swallow-tail butterfly; and it is one of the most beautiful as well as rarest species.' The yacht is run ashore; but Dick on making too bold a dash with his net, misses the insect. Frank seizes the net, and gives chase to another which had come sailing along. He follows it for a considerable distance, and then disappears, crying loudly for help. Poor fellow! he had fallen into a bog-hole, and was being rapidly sucked down into the mud; but preserving calmness, he tells Dick to bring a rope, while Jimmy flings him his coat; alas! it does not reach him; and Frank is sinking to the shoulders, when Jimmy, in desperation, doffs his unmentionables, and Frank holds on by the one leg, while he manages to keep a grasp of the other, and so supports his friend till, to their great relief, Dick appears with the rope. But so tightly is Frank stuck in the mud, that it takes a mighty effort on the part of the others to haul him out. This must have been a sad damper, for we find our adventurous trio making their way back to the *Swan* silently and thoughtfully—to young bright spirits it being dreadful to be thus brought so near to danger and death. Frank, however, had managed to secure the butterfly for his collection, and kept it safe in spite of his perilous position; and it was preserved specially as a memento of his narrow escape.

As a relief from the monotony of sailing, our young friends propose a game of 'Follow my Leader.' On leaping a hedge, Frank's foot caught the top, and over he fell, right down on a quail's nest, smashing some of the eggs, and wounding the mother, a poor trembling bird, 'about eight inches long, rather plump, of a gray colour, and shaped much like a guinea-fowl.' A fight between a hawk and a weasel next attracts attention; after a prolonged struggle, the hawk falls a victim; and the boys, on gaining the spot, carry off both animals, as an interesting addition to their museum.

The wind having risen, the *Swan* sails in grand style to Yarmouth, where she is made fast outside a row of wherries moored to the quay, while her crew go on shore to inspect the quaint Dutch-looking town, which has been so often compared to a gridiron. Our young voyagers had determined on the morrow to sail up Breydon Water; and off they set, notwithstanding that the gale had increased in severity and the lake was covered with crested foam. Not a sail is to be seen on the stormy water; yet the *Swan* bravely accomplished the dangerous passage, and with the exception of 'shipping' seas and other unavoidable mishaps, they reached the smoother waters of the Waveney in safety. Skimming along for some miles, they anchor near Beccles, where a finely wooded bank holds out enticement for naturalising. There a hawk's nest is found, and two of the young ones are captured, our young friends intending to take them home and train them for the old English sport of falconry.

The days and weeks fly quickly, and bring new enjoyments and treasures; but we have not space even to mention a tithe of the spoils.

It will be interesting, however, to add that when winter bound the broads with ice, our young friends hit upon the plan of fastening skates to the *Swan*, and so propelling her from place to place. Raised on runners like large iron skates, and with ordinary skates on each rudder for steering power, away sped the *Swan* over the ice after the manner of ice-ships in Canada; until the return of milder weather restored her to the waves—bringing to her owners new stores of information with each cruise.

Although it is not given to every boy to be one of such a merry crew as that of the *Swan*, or to have opportunity for adventures such as those so graphically pictured in this volume, still there are many who, possessing certain opportunities, pass through the world with their eyes metaphorically shut. Irrespective, therefore, of the practical hints for the employment of leisure time, here presented to those who are qualified to profit by them, the moral lesson taught is, that even in spots looked upon by the great generality of people as 'uninteresting,' Nature is lavish of her charms for those who will take the trouble to woo them.

THE ROCKY BOULDERS OF CORNWALL.

PILED on the lofty peaks of rugged Tors,
Strewn down the smooth hill-slope and river-side,
Scattered upon the lone and dreary moors,
These ponderous mammoth forms for aye abide.

Their cold gray hue at dawn's first livid beam
Is bathed in golden light as hours roll on,
And all bedecked they glow with purple gleam
When sunset warns us that the day is done.

As twilight fades, their outlines seem to change,
And some appear to float on misty sea;
Fantastic monsters take new forms, more strange,
And scare belated wanderers on the lea.

Just after nightfall, black and dim they rise,
From shadowy depths of gloom and mystery,[1]
Looming like spectral gnomes of giant size,[2]
Shapeless and vague against the boding sky.

On yonder height a nodding mass appears,[3]
Crowning the rocky battlement so vast;
Many a rude monolith itself uprears,[4]
Bidding defiance to the angry blast.

Wild legends hang about these time-worn stones;
Some of them move—at dead of night—they say;[5]
Others do sigh and utter troubled moans,
As evil spirits near them wend their way.

Some possess virtue—so 'tis even thought—
To grant release from sickness, woe, and pain;[6]
Whilst other stones such mystic spells have wrought,
That envious crags have reft themselves in twain!

Many were poised by Incantation's charm,[7]
Some by the Giants fiercely have been flung![8]
Others were wielded by some saintly arm,[9]
In days when power was great, and faith was young.

When midnight shrouds the mountains from our view,
The phantom Huntsman's hounds are heard to bay;
Unearthly goblins shriek their last adieu,
While myriad corpse-lights glimmer on their way.

There stands a group of death-struck impious folk[10]
Just as they circled, so they must remain,
Bound by a stony spell—until awoke
To judgment in their flesh and blood again.

Where dwellers on the ancient wilds have sought
'Neath sheltering clefts a refuge and a home,
Coverts half-built, half-burrowed, they have wrought,
Closed in above with blocks to form a dome.[11]

When vivid lightning rends the towering rock,[12]
And earthquakes do the human heart appal,
When lurid flash vies with convulsive shock,
The mighty landslip thunders to its fall!

And while around the rocks of hill and dale
Cling weird traditions of the dead and lost,
So also is there many a doleful tale
Haunting grim boulders on the frowning coast.[13]

Hard by the scenes where pagan hosts have striven,
And where their valiant chieftains fell, 'tis said,
Great mounds are raised o'er slabs all roughly riven,
Which serve to guard the ashes of the dead.[14]

On Long Stones, set erect, brief words are traced,[15]
Names of the mighty, and their noble sires—
The memory of their deeds long since effaced!—
In dark oblivion their renown expires.

Some rude memorials bear the sacred sign
Which shews a Christian has been laid beneath;[16]
Nor need his relics any gilded shrine
While the fair wild-flowers gem his native heath.

Dotting the pilgrim-tracks across the moor
At the Three-turnings, churchyard, market-place,
Boulder-hewn symbols, carved in days of yore,
Did guide the erring, and proclaim God's grace.

W. I.

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[1] The Luxulyan Boulders, &c.—[2] Helmen Tor, &c.—[3] The Logan Rock, &c.—[4] The Chimney Rock, &c.—[5] The Menabilly Stone, &c.—[6] The 'Maen-an-tol,' &c.—[7] The Cheese-wring, &c.—[8] Giant's Coit, Devil's Whetstone, &c.—[9] St Keverne and St Just Stones, &c.—[10] The Nine Maidens, the Hurlers, &c.—[11] Fogous, Bee-hive Huts, Gumb's House, &c. (Fogous, plural of fogou. A fogou is a subterranean retreat built like a dolmen.)—[12] King Arthur's Castle on Tintagel precipices and Island, &c.—[13] The floating stones; wrecks, omens, &c.—[14] Barrows inclosing Cromlechs, &c.—[15] The 'Maen Scryffa,' &c.—[16] 'Long Cross,' &c.

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THE BRITISH NAVY,

AS IT WAS.

The return of the Arctic Expedition to this country after many months' sojourn amid the ice-floes of the mysterious Polar Sea, has once more directed public attention to that gallant service which has been the glory and safeguard of these islands.

Though unsuccessful in its main object, the voyage to the North has again brought out in high relief those admirable qualities which are the characteristic of British sailors; for if devotion to duty, courage, skill, and endurance could have enabled Captain Nares and his brave companions to plant the glorious old meteor flag of Britain upon that Ultima Thule of geographers, the summit of the earth, it would have been braving there the fierce arctic gales at this moment. As it is, however, they have written a brilliant page for our island story that will not soon be forgotten, by carrying forward, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, to the most northerly point yet touched by the foot of man, the Union-jack of Old England.

Whether the royal navy—for we are mainly speaking of the service under the crown—will maintain its ancient reputation in new circumstances, is a matter of serious concern. The glory of the service was achieved when ships were of wood, and propelled only by the winds. And it is perfectly marvellous what was done under these conditions by all the great commanders. Things are now greatly changed. Steam-power is relied upon, along with huge batteries moved only by machinery. Ships have become a kind of floating factories, depending on the skill of engineers, and involving such an immense attention to minutiæ as to be almost beyond human nature. The pluck of the English sailor remains, as is observable from the Arctic Expedition; but it is a serious question how far pluck and the most brilliant seamanship in a commander will be able to perform deeds like those recorded in our naval annals. Before, however, entering on speculations regarding the future (which we shall do in a subsequent paper), we propose at present to recall to the memory of our readers a few of the naval deeds performed in past times.

The British navy may be said to date the commencement of its fame from the days of Elizabeth, when, under the command and guidance of such eminent sailors and navigators as Lord Howard of Effingham, Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, it accomplished the destruction of Spain's mighty but over-ambitious fleet. Up to this period, however, very little information can be gleaned as to the kind of men who manned our ships, but the principal nurseries of the navy were the towns and villages that lined the coasts. This was but natural, seeing that these places were constantly exposed to the fierce attacks of pirates and marauders of every description. Many of the common sailors were natives of Devon and Cornwall, two counties that have always possessed a race of men as renowned for their strength and courage as they are remarkable for their nautical skill.

In former days deeds of daring were of frequent occurrence amongst the English seamen, and may be found duly noted in the chronicles of the period, though no reward or incentive to courage, except (in rare instances) a small sum of money, was ever bestowed upon the humble heroes. It is recorded, for instance, in an old tome which gives the details of the various encounters that took place between the English fleet and the Spanish Armada, how a common sailor named Hampton leaped from the English admiral's ship on to the deck of a Spanish galleon which had run alongside, and although he was immediately surrounded by her fierce-looking crew, gallantly maintained his ground until the grappling-irons were thrown and the Spaniard was held fast in the death-grip of the Briton. In the struggle he had succeeded in killing three men and wounding two officers, and the moment assistance reached him he dashed forward to the mast and hauled down the Spanish ensign. For this heroic act the brave fellow received the sum of 'three pounds!'

In the year 1642 we find the officers and men of the English navy declaring that they were ready with their lives and fortunes to defend and maintain 'the glory of God; the purity of that religion which is most agreeable to the Word of God; the honour, freedom, and preservation of his Majesty; the privileges of parliament, and the liberty of the subject.' This oath did not, however, prevent them from espousing the Parliamentary cause in that great struggle which ended in the death of the sovereign they had sworn to preserve, and the establishment of the Commonwealth. At this period many sons of noble families served as common soldiers and sailors, and even the great Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle, an admiral and general too) once served as a private soldier in the fleet.

Many signal instances of the courage and devotion of the English sailor occurred during the later wars with the Dutch; but as we have no space to record them here, we must pass on to that more glorious period of our naval history when the greatest sailor the world has ever seen, first breathed the air of heaven within our sea-girt isle. During the century which intervened between Monk and Nelson the navy was subjected to varying fortunes, but was ever engaged in doing good service for England in all parts of the world.

Compared with the monstrous armaments of these days, the fleet which existed in the year when Nelson was born (1758) was astonishingly small and weak, for it numbered no more than two hundred and nine vessels, manned by about forty thousand seamen—the annual cost of the whole not exceeding five millions. To recruit these ships, however, all kinds of tyrannical measures were resorted to, the worst of which was the abominable system of the press-gang, by which the unwary citizen was liable to be entrapped and sent to sea against his will. This nefarious business was carried on to a very great extent, each ship, when below its complement, having the power to send out its own press-gang; and numerous were the deeds of cruelty and oppression to which such a wretched system gave rise. The spread of enlightenment during the present century has naturally put an end to this state of things; and at this moment England possesses a fleet manned by between eighty and ninety thousand sailors, who have *voluntarily* chosen a seafaring life as their profession.

In those days of press-gangs it was not to be wondered at that a cruel tyranny should have been practised by most of the officers upon those who were subordinate to them, and the consequences were the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore. The British sailor began to feel that it was time his splendid services to his country were rewarded with something better than the 'cat-o'-nine-tails,' and the blows and kicks of those whose lives were daily, nay hourly at his mercy, and he resented the ill-treatment in his own manner when it grew too bad to be borne any longer. But even in this sad hour of his history Jack's heart was in the right place, and in the midst of revenge, he exhibited a chivalrous love of justice and fair-play which redounded highly to his credit.

At Spithead the crew of the *London* mutinied, and Admiral Colpoys gave the order to the marines to fire down the hatchways. The death of some of their comrades so enraged the mutineers that they rushed upon deck, and would have made short work of the officers (indeed the rope was already round the neck of one), when the admiral, stepping forward, told the men that it was he who gave the orders to fire, and that those orders came from the Lords of the Admiralty. The rope was taken off the officer's neck instantly, and the admiral was requested to produce his orders. After a little delay he did so, and handed them to the leading mutineers, who instantly retired to deliberate on the question. They decided that the admiral *only obeyed his orders* in doing what he had done, and permitted him and the other officers to leave the ship unharmed. The mutineers, however, although they permitted their officers to escape with their lives, forfeited their own, as they were afterwards condemned to be hanged at the mast-head.

A sketch of the British navy, however brief we may make it, would be incomplete without some mention of the life and services of that incomparable commander and matchless sailor, Horatio Viscount Nelson, together with a few instances of deeds of daring performed by the brave seamen that served under him.

Brought up in a rough manner upon that element which was the cradle of his fame, and in the midst of wars and rumours of wars, Nelson's boyhood was passed in sheer hard work, which nought but an enthusiastic love of his profession could have enabled his weak and emaciated frame to bear. Yet to him is due England's proud place as mistress of the seas. His life stands out clear and bright upon her annals as a noble example of self-sacrifice and unremitting devotion to duty—an example which cannot be too often placed before the youth of Britain. A stranger to fear and a strict disciplinarian, he was yet generous to a fault, and as sensitive as a woman.

> His form was of the manliest beauty;
> His words were kind and soft;
> Faithful below he did his duty.

It is related of him that he never allowed corporal punishment to be inflicted upon a seaman, except when it was made clear to him that it could not possibly be avoided, and immediately on signing the sentence he would bury his face in his hands and weep like a child.

Perfect sailor and brave man, he was ever the high-minded hero, and was beloved by his officers and idolised by his men, inasmuch that they were ever willing and ready at any moment to die for his sake. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned that when the *Theseus*, a vessel which had been in the mutiny at the Nore, joined his fleet abroad, Nelson, who had just been appointed admiral, shifted his flag to her, in order that nothing should be done to tamper with the dangerous temper of the men. One morning, very shortly after he had done so, a piece of paper, signed on behalf of all the ship's company, was dropped on the quarter-deck, bearing the following words: 'Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless

Captain Miller! We will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them, and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as her captain's!'

One of the crew of this ship, a sailor named John Sykes, was appointed coxswain to the admiral's boat; and when Nelson, with a boat's crew of only ten men, made a night attack on some Spanish gun-boats in Cadiz harbour, this man actually saved the life of his great commander twice by warding off with his cutlass blows aimed at the admiral, and at last interposed his own head to receive a deadly blow directed at Nelson's life. Had Sykes lived, Nelson had determined to make him a lieutenant, for he declared that the man's manner and conduct was such that nature must have intended him to be an officer and a gentleman.

The honour of the British flag is so dear to an English sailor, that he has in many instances risked life itself to prevent the grand old piece of bunting from becoming the 'property' of the enemy. In one notable instance an attack was made on some shore batteries, and a force of marines and sailors had been landed for the purpose. Having found, however, that it was useless to sacrifice a number of valuable lives in an attempt which had no apparent chance of success, orders were given for a retreat to the boats. At the last moment it was observed that a boat's flag, which had been planted on a garden-wall, as a signal to the ships, had been left behind. A volunteer was instantly called for to fetch the flag (which was waving defiantly on the breeze right in front of the enemy's works), and a hero presented himself in the person of a boatswain named M'Donald. This intrepid fellow went coolly back in the midst of a heavy fire, seized the flag, waved it above his head, and then carried it safely down to the boats, where he was received with three hearty rounds of cheering by his comrades; and on the boats reaching the ships the rigging of each vessel was manned in his honour.

In these glorious days it was more a question of men than ships; yet had England possessed one-half of her present fleet, she might have been the sole arbiter of the world's destinies. Nelson was the type of a true British sailor; and no finer tableau can be imagined, or one more gratifying to the pride of an ancient maritime race, than that scene on board of the Spanish ship *San Josef*, when the great Englishman, having captured the vessel after exclaiming, 'Westminster Abbey or victory,' received on the quarter-deck of the Spanish admiral's ship the swords of its officers. Behind him stood an old sailor of the *Agamemnon*, whom Nelson knew, and this man received the Spaniards' swords from the admiral and coolly bundled them up under his arm like so many sticks of wood, and within gunshot of twenty-two sail of the enemy's line.

Nelson's generosity and indomitable courage were contagious, and made a hero of every man and boy in his fleet. At Aboukir he received what was thought to be a mortal wound over the only eye which he had left; and when he was removed to the cockpit, the surgeon immediately left the poor sailor he was attending, to wait on his distinguished commander; but Nelson, though *himself* still in the hour of supreme pain, waved the doctor away: 'No,' said he calmly; 'I will take my turn with my brave fellows.' Nor would he suffer the wound to be touched until all who had been previously wounded were attended to.

On the blowing up of the French ship *Orient* at the same battle, the British sailors dragged all the drowning Frenchmen within reach into the portholes of the English ships. In this act of humanity in the midst of the carnage caused by war, they had been preceded, however, by their great captain, who, notwithstanding his wound, on hearing that the French admiral's vessel was on fire, rushed from the cockpit to the deck, astonishing everybody by his sudden appearance, and ordered the boats to the 'assistance of the enemy.'

A sailor standing near Nelson suddenly recognised in the sea, just beneath the bulwarks of the ship, the face of a Frenchman who had treated him kindly while a prisoner of war in France, and without the slightest hesitation, he leaped into the water and seized hold of the drowning man. The lives of both would have been sacrificed, had not Nelson, who had witnessed the brave act (without knowing the motive which prompted it), directed one of the boats to the spot.

Acts of bravery and devotion to duty were of course not wanting on the side of the enemy. Captain Casabianca had been wounded by a splinter, and when the fire broke out, his son, a boy of ten years, refused to enter the boats into which the men were crowding, but stayed beside his wounded father, and with the help of one of the officers, when the fire advanced, the father and the boy got on to a floating mast. They were seen there just before the *Orient* blew up, but must have sunk immediately afterwards.

At Copenhagen, Nelson, wishing to communicate with one of the ships which had grounded in the shallow water, asked for a volunteer who was willing to undertake the task. A dozen sailors stepped forward to do his bidding. One was chosen; and this man, named Troubridge, swam the distance between the two vessels notwithstanding the storm of shot and shell which fell into the sea on all sides of him. He was rewarded for his brave act by the personal thanks of his great commander, who shook hands with him, and made him a handsome present.

When Sidon was captured by Sir Charles Napier, an incident took place which was specially mentioned in his despatches. A party of sailors were landed to act against the town in conjunction with an Austrian force, and the English flag was intrusted for a few moments to the care of a sailor named Hunt. It could not have been given into better hands, for the man was a hero, and directly the order to advance was made, Hunt, jealous of his country's honour, and seeing the Austrian flag-bearer hastening forward, ran a race with the latter, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, and in the midst of a terrible storm of shot, in planting the Union-jack *first* upon the ramparts of the city. He afterwards received a commission for his brave and patriotic act.

When that splendid victory at Trafalgar was gained, and paid for at such a terrible price, Britain may be said to have been in the zenith of her glory. Neither before nor since has England held such a high place in the councils of the world. Trafalgar was indeed all her own; there were no allies, no assistance of any kind, but simply her own beloved 'wooden walls' and her *invincible* sailors. The celebrated signal which Nelson ran up to his mast-head at the commencement of the action has become a household phrase wherever the English language is spoken; and wherever, in any part of the globe, danger is to be met or honour won for Britain, the greatest incentive to courage and duty in the breast of an Englishman is the knowledge that 'England expects every man to do his duty.'

At this battle a sailor named Berryman, anxious to be the first on board the enemy's ship *Santissima Trinidad*, instead of boarding her in the usual manner, leaped through the quarter-gallery window, and found himself face to face with the Spanish officers in council. They fired point-blank at him, but he was not hit, and he dashed right through their midst, and rushing to the deck instantly began hauling down the Spaniards' flag. He succeeded in his brave though rash deed, but it cost him his life.

Owing to the fact that the French and Spanish fleets were completely crushed at Trafalgar, no foreign country has ever since been enabled to defy the power of England upon the sea, and the principal duty of the British navy has now, for more than half a century past, been the protection of English commerce on the great ocean highway, and the suppression of the slave-trade.

This peaceable duty was, however, broken during the Crimean War, when England's sailors once more exhibited the old spirit, but failed to gain the opportunities for distinguishing themselves which fell to the lot of their predecessors. The Russian fleet was always prudent enough to keep beneath the cover of stone walls, and when these failed at length to protect it, sooner than risk the loss of a battle, its commanders sunk it beneath the waters of the Black Sea. What the sailors could not do at sea, however, they did on land; for instance, one gallant fellow, Ferguson, gained that noblest of all distinctions, the Victoria Cross, for seizing a live-shell in his hands and flinging it over the parapet of the battery occupied by the Naval Brigade; thus saving many lives at the risk of his own.

In the face of all obstacles, the navy rendered excellent service on several occasions, notably at the bombardment of Sevastopol, which it soon made too warm to hold the Russian army. The old *Agamemnon* went right in beneath the Muscovite batteries, without, however, effecting the desired result. She was led into position by an English merchantman, whose captain volunteered to take the soundings of the harbour as the two vessels advanced; and this he succeeded in accomplishing under a heavy fire, which struck down all his crew but one—he being wounded himself—and crippled the gallant little ship.

The officers and crew of the *Agamemnon* exhibited the same noble spirit and stern devotedness to duty which impelled Nelson at Copenhagen, when told that the admiral was signalling a retreat, to place his glass to his blind eye, and give orders to nail his colours to the mast. 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' exclaimed England's darling hero, as he lay bleeding to death for her sake in the hour of his greatest triumph; and we may thank God too that England may ever rest assured, when the hour of danger comes and the war-clouds break over her shores, that her sons will be found at their posts, true and steadfast as of yore, guarding from dishonour, as Nelson and his brave seamen did, the flag that has 'braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,' and shewing to an astonished and admiring world that 'the path of duty is the way to glory.'

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XIV.—A REVELATION.

I WAS saying a few words to the housekeeper, when one of the maids came running in to tell me that Miss Farrar wanted me in the green room immediately. 'I am afraid Miss Farrar is taken suddenly ill, or something serious has happened, Miss; for she could hardly speak, and told me to beg you not to delay a moment.'

Lilian ill! I hastened up-stairs as fast as my feet would carry me. It was the room in which her father had died, and it had been shut up ever since. I had advised her to have it opened and the furniture changed, in order to destroy painful associations; and she had at length yielded to my persuasions. But we decided that she and I were first to give a last look through the cabinet before it was removed, she having resolved to keep that one memento of her father in her own room. She had gone on, and I was only waiting to give some instructions to the housekeeper before following her.

I found her standing near the cabinet, which was open, with her eyes fixed upon a paper she held in her hand, and looking as though she had been suddenly turned to stone. Quietly and quickly closing the door, and turning the key in the lock, I went towards her.

'What is it, Lilian?'

Without a word, she put the paper into my hands, then knelt down before her father's chair, burying her face in her hands. I knelt down beside her, and passing my arm round her waist, turned my eyes upon the paper.

I was in a measure prepared for some kind of calamity. But this! I read the lines slowly through a second time:

> I, JACOB FARRAR, take LUCY REED as my lawful wife, on this twelfth day of January 1839, at this place, Dunkeld, Perthshire, in the presence of the undersigned witnesses.
>
> DONALD GREY, *Shepherd.*
> PETER FORBES, *Hostler.*

The date I knew to be three years previous to Mr Farrar's marriage with Lilian's mother; and with that knowledge, something else broke upon me. I myself had left that paper in the recess of the cabinet from which I had taken the letters and little packet. I could even recollect having had a moment's hesitation as to whether I should take it or not, when I lifted the papers which lay upon it; but it looked so insignificant, merely like a piece of blank paper folded together, that I let it remain. From the moment my eyes fell upon its contents I recognised that it was of vital importance to Lilian. Not a moment's doubt as to its genuineness entered my head. Mr Farrar's anxiety to have those papers destroyed was too vividly impressed upon my mind.

But my fear of what that paper might import, and my love for Lilian notwithstanding, I strongly resented his having endeavoured to make me an instrument to destroy it.

'Help me, Mary!'

Imagining that she was speaking in grief, instead of joy, I offered up a mental prayer for strength to help her in the right way, then drew her head on to my shoulder. 'I will, Lilian.'

'You think it is true?' she whispered, clinging to me.

As it happened, we had been lately reading about a much-talked-of will case, in which a great deal depended upon the claimant being able to prove a Scotch marriage; and both Lilian and I had taken sufficient interest in the question to read up the evidence. We were therefore the more startled by the discovery of the paper, and more ready to believe in its genuineness than we might otherwise have been.

'I think there may be some possibility that it is genuine, Lilian,' I hesitatingly replied; grieved as I was to say it, giving her my real opinion.

'Ah, Mary, be glad with me!' she ejaculated, to my intense surprise; for I still did not perceive what was in her mind. 'How could his child have doubted him!' She rose exultant, adding with glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes: 'Can I ever be thankful enough for his sake! No more shame for me! Be glad with me, Mary.'

'I will, dear,' I returned, still a little bewildered at her joy, 'when—when I am quite sure there are good grounds for being glad.'

'Grounds? Do not you think it is genuine?' she asked eagerly. 'Look at the dates—and names too.'

'Yes; I think—perhaps it may prove so. The signatures are in different handwritings: it certainly looks like a genuine document,' I said stupidly; 'but'——

'There must be no "buts!" Don't you see, dear slow *darling* that you are, this proves Papa to have been an honourable gentleman, and takes the shame of his wrong-doing from his child? Was not my shame greater than hers, if he had wronged her mother?'

I saw now. But I saw too that another thing of terrible import to herself had not occurred to her. After a few moments' reflection, I said: 'Will you wait here five minutes for me, Lilian? I must send off a letter I have written, to save the next post; but I will be back in five minutes.' I really had a letter to send—an order to a London tradesman, which the housekeeper wished to be attended to; but I should not have thought of it at that moment, had I not been seeking about in my mind for an excuse for leaving her a short time.

She looked not a little surprised; but replied: 'Of course I will wait, if you wish it, Mary.'

'Promise me, Lilian—promise me that you will not leave this room until I return?'

She gravely promised; and I hastened from the room and down-stairs, my pulse beating tumultuously. Hurriedly throwing the letter on to the hall table, I turned into the morning-room, where Marian Reed was practising a new song. I was so far fortunate as to find her too much occupied to notice my agitation, which must, I think, have been very evident in my face. I found it difficult enough to command my thoughts, much more the expression of my face. She did not notice my entrance into the room, and that gave me a few moments to gather courage and decide how I could best lead up to the subject I wanted to introduce. I could think of no better way than putting a direct question. Catching up a piece of Lilian's dainty embroidery, which lay in her work-basket, and putting in a few random stitches, in the hope that it might appear as if the idea had suddenly occurred to me whilst I sat working, I asked: 'I suppose you have no recollection of your mother, Miss Reed? Had she dark hair and eyes like your own—have you heard?'

'Ma? O yes; I recollect Ma perfectly well, Miss Haddon. Her eyes were just a shade lighter than'——

'Some people have such wonderful memories. I have heard of people recollecting things which occurred when they were quite babies,' I put in; trying to speak lightly, as I dragged the needle through and through, to the utter destruction of Lilian's delicate work.

'But I wasn't a baby when Ma died, you know.'

'About two years old, I suppose?'

'No; I was over five when Ma died, Miss Haddon.'

'You must be mistaken, I think. I recollect your aunt saying that you were quite young—almost a baby,' I returned, bringing the words out slowly and heavily.

'Well, five is almost a baby, isn't it?'—turning on the music-stool to look at me.

'But I think you must be mistaken in fancying you were as old as five. You could not have been much over two years and a half, or three—perhaps three,' I pleaded. If what I feared was true, was I not pleading for the good name of Lilian's mother?

'Well, I do think I ought to be allowed to know best about that, Miss Haddon. I am over twenty, and Ma has been dead fifteen years.' Then she added, with what was meant for satire: 'But if I can't be believed about it, there's the register of my birth and Ma's death to be found, I suppose; and it may not be *all* stories on her tombstone, which I must say Pa spared no expense about. It's in the churchyard at Highgate, where Ma was staying for change of air when she died, if you would like to go and see it.'

I folded the spoiled work carefully together, methodically replacing it in the basket, first square, then corner-wise, as I tried to gather up my scattered wits and prepare my face for Lilian's eyes again. Fortunately, Marian Reed flattered herself that she had for once succeeded in putting Mary Haddon down, and was in spirits accordingly, singing away at the top of her voice again.

I quitted the room, and slowly made my way to the green chamber, where Lilian was waiting for me.

'Well, Mary!' she ejaculated, turning a smiling happy face towards me as I entered; 'have you come to set your prisoner free, madam?'

'Yes,' I replied, stupidly gazing at her.

'What makes you look at me like that, Mary?'

'How do I look?' I replied, with an attempt at a smile.

But her fears were aroused. 'Is it anything about this?' she anxiously asked, looking down at the paper in her hand, and then into my face.

'I—I have been thinking the matter over, Lilian, and—I should like to ask some one's advice.'

'Some one's advice?—About this, dear?' turning it over in her hand, and then giving a wondering look at me.

'I mean as to its genuineness, Lilian.'

'I do not understand. These names are plain enough, and you thought just now'——

'Oh, any one might have written these names without the document being a binding one,' I said, catching at any hope. 'To be legal, it must have been signed *in* Scotland, you know; and there is no proof that it was.'

'But you hope—Mary, do not you *hope* that it is genuine?'

'I do not quite know what to hope, dearie,' I replied, with a would-be careless air.

In her utter unconsciousness of the cause of my uneasiness, she could not account for my want of sympathy, looking at me in some surprise. Then, after a few moments' silence, she said in a low grave voice: 'I know what to hope, Mary. I heartily hope that Marian's mother may have been righted.'

Not once did it occur to her that it might be at the expense of her own mother. How she would act when the whole truth broke upon her, remained to be seen. I could not tell her whilst there seemed a thread of hope to cling to; and I tried to persuade myself that my fears as to the genuineness of that paper might yet prove to have been groundless.

'I think the best plan will be for me to write to Mr Wentworth, and ask him to advise and assist us, Lilian. He will be able to ascertain whether this is a *bonâ fide* document, and represents a real marriage or not. And until that is done, I strongly advise you to say nothing about having found the paper.'

'Dear Mary, do you think there is so much necessity for secrecy about it?'

'I do indeed, Lilian.' Then, seeing that she still demurred (it seemed to her only natural and right at once to make known the discovery of the paper, be the consequences what they might), I added, diplomatically: 'I think it would be wiser not to raise Marian's hopes until you are quite sure they will not be disappointed. It is a case in which disappointment might be very terrible for her.'

'Yes; of course it would: I did not think of that. You are quite right, dear cautious old darling that you are; and I will obey you, though I do not myself fear disappointment.'

'Then it is understood that for the present it is to go no further; and I will at once write to Mr Wentworth, inclosing him a copy of this;' taking the paper from her reluctant fingers.

'You will be very careful of it, Mary? Recollect how much depends'——

'O yes; it will be safe enough,' I hurriedly replied, only anxious to make my escape before she could change her mind.

Once in my room, with that paper in my own possession, I very quickly had my nerves under command, and was ready for business, sitting down to write my letter with a clear head and firm hand:

'MY DEAR MR WENTWORTH—In looking through a cabinet of her father's, Lilian just now found the original of the paper which I have copied, and inclose. *She* sees in it only the vindication of Marian's mother, and rejoices accordingly. Unknown to Lilian, I have questioned Marian as to her age when her mother died. She insists that she was over five years old, and that her mother has been dead only fifteen years. If this be so, and this document is genuine, it is not *Marian's* mother who has been wronged; and the former will be righted at the expense of our Lilian. You and I know that right will be done, be the cost what it may to her. I need not say on which side my sympathies are. I have not much hope; but hasten to send the paper for your consideration, and beg you to act for her. Please go first to Marian's aunt, Mrs Pratt, Green Street, Islington; and make sure about the dates of Marian's birth and her mother's death before you take measures to prove the validity of the marriage. I do not apologise for asking this of you. To do our best for Lilian is a real privilege to you and me, and I know that it is not necessary to beg you to lose no time.'

A telegram was handed to me that night at tea-time—'ROBERT WENTWORTH *to* MISS HADDON—*Letter received, and I am at work.*' I shewed it to Lilian, who returned it to me with a nod and smile.

Dear old Mrs Tipper looked somewhat surprised and Marian curious; but surprised and curious they had to remain. Meantime the suspense was terrible to me; I was so restless and unlike my ordinary self, that I could do nothing, even in the way of occupying only my fingers. In my discomfort I was impolitic enough to offend Marian Reed as I had not yet done. The very sight of her irritated me, and her imperfections seemed more glaring than ever. I think I should have grudged allowing her credit for having a single good quality. A very slight event brought my indignation to a climax.

'That is Lilian's box,' I sharply exclaimed, as she turned the key in a little Indian box on one of the tables, and was turning over the contents.

'I want some more of that purse-silk she gave me yesterday to finish this chain with,' she carelessly replied, as she continued her search roughly, or it seemed roughly to me in the frame of mind I was just then, turning over Lilian's dainty little belongings. I was rude enough to take the box from beneath her hands and lock it and take the key out. I am ashamed to say that I was even conscious of feeling some little gratification at arousing her anger.

'Well, I never! that's a polite thing to do!' she angrily ejaculated.

It was a very foolish thing to do; and on reflection, I knew that it was; but for a moment it was very pleasant, and I persuaded myself that it was almost necessary as a safety-valve to my spleen—to prevent a more decided exhibition of my feelings.

When presently Lilian entered the room, Marian inquired in an injured tone why she was not permitted to take a little more of the silk which had been so freely given yesterday.

Lilian looked surprised. 'There is not the slightest reason why you should not,' she replied, unconsciously taking the box up from where I had placed it, and begging Marian to help herself.

'Thank you, dear. I knew *you* would not be ill-natured,' said Marian, with a toss of the head and triumphant glance towards me, as she placed the box upon her lap and recommenced rummaging.

I was rightly punished for my little display of temper; although I was aware that Marian would not consider my punishment sufficient. It was an offence to be looked over for the time, but not forgotten as a thing forgiven. However, as Robert Wentworth affirms, it may be just as well that I should be occasionally taken down a little; and my lesson did me some service in the way of making me more careful for the future.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

Who has not heard of the Good Templars, and the wonderful success of an Order which bids fair to rival Freemasonry, and is already established as an Institution in the country? The history of an organisation which, within a few years, has enrolled within its ranks some two hundred thousand persons in England alone, can scarcely be without interest, even to those who may sympathise but slightly with its object or its method of operation.

The almost universal desire to see some more efficient means adopted to check our national curse, intemperance, and to promote true sobriety among the people, must be our excuse for believing that every reader of this *Journal* will care to know something about the rise and progress of this remarkable movement. We propose, therefore, to give our readers a brief sketch of the history and principles of the Independent Order of Good Templars, the members of which are all pledged to personal abstinence from all intoxicating drink, and who are also associated together with the avowed object of promoting the ultimate and universal suppression of the liquor traffic, on the ground that its continuance is incompatible with the social and moral well-being of the community.

Good Templary took its rise in the state of New York as long ago as the year 1851; and its ramifications spread far and wide throughout the Canadian Dominion, where our troops founded a branch called the 'Templar Sons of Mars.' But it was comparatively unheard of in this country until 1868. A year or two earlier, a young man named Joseph Malins had left Birmingham to settle in Philadelphia, where he became connected with the Order. For domestic reasons, Mr Malins was compelled to return to England; and having, soon after his return, conceived the idea that Good Templary was capable of being made exceedingly useful in his native country, he resolved to do his best to establish a 'lodge' in Birmingham; which was accomplished with considerable difficulty on the 8th September 1868. It was uphill work, for so slow were the teetotalers of England to welcome the American importation, that twelve months of hard work saw only four 'lodges' formed, the total membership not exceeding a hundred persons.

The second year of the new society was also one of slow progress; but Mr Malins, who had now become the Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England, and to which post of honour he is annually re-elected, never despaired of ultimate success, and with the usual characteristic perseverance of an Englishman, 'kept pegging away' until his end was attained.

At the last annual meeting of the supreme governing body in England, it was reported that on the 1st May 1875 there were three thousand five hundred and seventy 'lodges,' containing one hundred and six thousand eight hundred and twenty-five male; and sixty-one thousand six hundred female members; or a total of one hundred and sixty-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-five; which has now increased to more than two hundred thousand members. These statistics, however, do not include Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

Having thus stated the numerical strength of the Order, we will furnish a brief outline of the principles which form the basis of its government.

Every candidate for membership must give a solemn pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drink, together with a promise to do all in his power to promote the cause of temperance; another clause in the obligation being, that he will not only take no part in knowingly injuring a fellow-member, but will, if he is in distress, grant him such assistance as will enable him to tide over his difficulties. In this respect the Order is identical with the principles of freemasonry, which seek to bind man to his fellow-man with ties of love and gratitude.

The title of 'Good Templars' was chosen by the founders of the Order as analogous to that of the 'Knights Templar' of the Crusades; thereby indicating the stern and unrelenting nature of the moral war which was to be carried on against the supporters of the liquor traffic.

Among the few preliminary tests to which candidates have to submit is an inquiry as to whether they believe in the existence and power of Almighty God as the Supreme Ruler and Governor of all. A committee of inquiry having reported on the eligibility of a candidate, and the ballot on his admission being favourable—four black balls being sufficient to reject him—he is initiated with an impressive ceremonial of some twenty minutes' duration, and thus becomes invested with the rights and privileges of membership.

Singing and prayer form a principal part of the initiatory ceremonial, the additional exercises being extempore, at the discretion of the chaplain of the lodge, or else according to certain prescribed forms contained in a book of ceremonies known as the 'ritual' of the order. A password is framed quarterly, which enables a member to pass the door-keepers, whose business it is to prevent the admission of non-members at the weekly session of the lodge; and while the lodge is sitting, each member wears the insignia of the order, the use of which in public demonstrations is compulsory upon no one. A probationary term of three months qualifies the new member for the second degree of the Order, and a further term of three months to the third; certain privileges, such as eligibility to sit in district or grand lodges, being contingent upon the attainment of the higher degrees.

A subordinate lodge may be formed of any number of members not less than ten, and each office is equally available to the male and female members. Within certain prescribed limits, each lodge can, by its by-laws, fix its own rate of subscription, minimum age of candidates, &c.; while it has absolute control over its funds, using them for the promotion of temperance principles in whatever way seems best to the majority. Each lodge reports its numerical strength and other details once a quarter to the district lodge with which it is connected, and at the same time pays a tax of about twopence per member to the district lodge, to the sessions of which it has the right of choosing representatives in proportion to the number of members for whom the tax is paid. Those who have worthily filled certain offices in a subordinate lodge, are also deemed qualified to sit in the district lodge, but not with the power to vote as representatives.

There are about seventy district lodges in England, most of which have for their boundaries the limits of a county electoral division, such as East, North, and South Devon, &c. There are also many Good Templars on board our men-of-war, or in seaports much frequented by seamen of the royal navy; and these naval lodges are formed into a district, of which Captain Phipps, R.N. is deputy.

Each district lodge has a presiding officer bearing the title of District Deputy; and the control of the business of the Order in the district is vested in an executive chosen by the lodge, subject, of course, to the votes of the representatives at the quarterly meeting. From the several district lodges, representatives are chosen to sit in the chief governing assembly for England, and which is known as the Grand Lodge. The last meeting of this body was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne during Easter-week 1876, and was presided over by Mr Malins, the Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England, who is the only paid officer of the order. His salary, or rather an annual grant in recognition of his great services (for it has to be voted every year), is five hundred pounds. On the occasion in question the representatives or committee men at Grand Lodge numbered between five and six hundred, and as the sitting was public so far as the members of the Order were concerned, the capacity of the town-hall at Newcastle was tried to its utmost. The session occupied four days, during which a vast amount of business was done in connection with the Order, and many suggested improvements discussed.

In 1875, Hengler's Circus, London, was used for the meeting of Grand Lodge, and was filled to overflowing; while in 1874, St George's Hall, Bradford; Colston Hall, Bristol, in 1873; and the Corn Exchange at Preston in 1872 were crowded in like manner. But the assembly of each succeeding year surpasses that which has preceded it both in numerical strength and interest.

The internal affairs of the Order are carried on during the year by an executive council of eight members, aided by a weekly consultation committee. The offices of the Grand Lodge occupy a prominent position in the centre of Birmingham; and a considerable staff of clerks is required to conduct the enormous correspondence continually going on with every part of the country, and to despatch temperance literature and other matters requisite to carry out the business of district and subordinate lodges. To meet the cost of this establishment and other outlay, each district lodge remits a small quarterly tax, based upon the number of the members under its direction. Scotland and Ireland have each Grand Lodges with subordinate machinery similar to that of England. Wales has *two* such organisations, one for the English-speaking, and the other for the Welsh-speaking portion of the community.

Each state in North America has also its Grand Lodge, as also has Canada, Quebec, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c.; representatives from which meet yearly under the designation of the 'Right Worthy Grand Lodge.' The last sitting of this supreme body was held in Louisville, Kentucky, during the month of May last year. There are about sixty Grand Lodges in all.

Since the order was introduced into this country, Mr Malins has had the satisfaction of seeing the organisation for which he has done so much extended to Holland, Germany, France, Portugal, the Mediterranean, China, Japan, Ceylon, Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, British Guiana, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Bermuda, the Argentine Republic, and many other places too numerous to mention.

The statistical returns from the several districts in England are being compiled, and it is understood that they shew satisfactory progress so far as they have yet been examined. Some idea of the work which is being carried on by the Independent Order of Good Templars may be gathered from the following particulars, gleaned from one of the annual Reports: 'Each lodge meets weekly, and over twenty thousand *public* meetings were held during the year; an average of nearly seventy a day.'

Of the English members of the Order, about one half are estimated to have become teetotalers on joining the order, the rest having been abstainers previously; while careful inquiries shew from twelve to fifteen thousand as the probable number of the Queen's subjects who have been reclaimed from a life of intemperance. There is also a juvenile branch, in which over fifty thousand children are enrolled as members.

Foremost among the questions which now agitate this remarkable society is that of the proposed admission of the negro to the rights and privileges of a 'Good Templar.' Grand Lodge is believed to be in favour of his admission to the Order; though it is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, that many Templars should find themselves at variance with their leaders on this subject. We think, however, that Good Templary would be ennobled by acknowledging the rights of man all over the world, be his colour what it may, to participate in any movement which has for its object the moral and social improvement of mankind.

All honour and success to such a glorious movement for the benefit of the human race! Of the incalculable good which has already been bestowed upon thousands of families by the beneficent exertions of these Good Templars it is impossible to speak; but its influence has been felt throughout the land as if it were a message from Heaven itself; while the ramifications of such a society in all parts of the world, even though it fail to stamp out the demon of intemperance, will surely at least mitigate the evil, and institute a beneficent medium of charitable intercourse between man and man. Again we say, all honour and success to such a glorious movement for the benefit of the human race.

PORCELAIN-PAINTING.

Painting on porcelain has for some years past made such progress amongst the amusements of fashionable life, that the homely joys and destiny obscure of those who toil for a livelihood in this department of the useful arts acquire a new interest. In the group of Staffordshire 'pottery towns,' as they are called, which lie within a mile or two of each other, and are connected by the somewhat exclusive system of the North Staffordshire Railway, not far from the beautifully wooded conical hill of Cocknage, and at an easy walking distance from Trentham Hall, the magnificent seat of the 'Leveson-Gowers,' in one of the most charming silvan districts of England, is Longton, formerly called *Lane-end*, with its picturesque and quiet suburb of Dresden. In 'Burslem,' Hanley, Stoke, and Longton itself, the atmosphere may not be quite so pure as one could wish; but to find a bright and translucent atmosphere requires but a slight exertion. From Stoke to Newcastle-under-Lyme, and thence to Woolstanton, or to Chesterton and Silverdale, or to Trentham—by Longton pool, shining like a mirror in front of the handsome Hall, or by cool sequestered Blurton, with its quaint churchyard and umbrageous trees—the wayfarer passes along lanes of unrivalled beauty: in summer by rose-clustered cottages, and meadows where the youthful *Archie Lovel* may have gathered kingcups and daisies; and in the clear cold days of winter, by hedges jewelled with red berries.

Although in back slums of these towns, and amongst the dissipated, the pallid father, wan mother, and emaciated child may, as elsewhere, be occasionally seen creeping home; amongst the thrifty and orderly, no such lugubrious picture is presented; but as a rule one sees healthy-looking men and women, and rosy-cheeked urchins of the true English type. Indeed the beauty of delicate features and intelligence of expression, combined with physical vigour, are marked characteristics of the whole district, and such as a stranger would not be led to expect. While my metaphorical tent was pitched near a pretty little rivulet at Dresden, my visits to the neighbouring towns and places of beauty or interest were frequent, both in winter and summer; and I had consequently the best opportunities of inspecting these busy hives of industry, which have so marvellously sprung up from the original germ-thought of one man, Josiah Wedgwood, whose brain-labour has set all these hands in motion.

It would be out of place to enter into a fully detailed account of the manufacture of the various wares known by the generic name of *china*; but a few particulars may not be unnecessary, as an introduction to the special process of embellishment. Most of us are familiar with the earlier difficulties in the plastic processes—from the potter's wheel to the mould—with which Wedgwood had to contend. We know the components of the superior wares, and have at length discovered the Chinese secret—that it is the ingredient of *bone*-dust which imparts the semi-transparent quality; while the properties of the shining surface are well understood; therefore it is with the *bisque*, or unglazed ware that we shall commence, after it has been withdrawn from the *bottle*-shaped oven to the *dripping*-house.

In this latter department, the fresh-baked ware is immersed in a silicious solution, and thence conveyed, in bandbox-shaped *seggars*, to the 'glost' (glaze) oven to be fired. But should it be desired to ornament it with *printed* paper patterns laid upon the surface, this is effected before it is dipped. The ware is now *fired* until the glaze becomes transparent; after which it is removed to the 'glost' warehouse, where the various articles are assorted by classification, and then transferred to female artists skilled in the 'stencilled ground-laying,' as the process is locally termed, of the metallic colours, each of which is brought to a perfectly uniform tint with a 'boss' or pad.

Passing from their hands to the kiln, the ware is again fired, after which it is transferred to the fair 'paintresses' (a local word), whose superior intelligence, or taste, qualifies them to embellish it with what they call 'enamel' paintings of birds, flowers, and other familiar objects. It is then fired for eight hours; and finally transferred to the gilders and burnishers, who, with their agate implements, bring the process of ornamentation to its last stage.

But before this has been arrived at, many busy heads have been at work in the selection of materials and in their manipulation; for in the work of ordinary painters and 'paintresses,' rapidity of execution, as well as artistic dexterity, is required in order to earn a livelihood. On an average, one penny is the price allowed for the central floral pattern of an ordinary plate—such as a pink-rose with buds and leaves, a convolvulus, or any other simple flower. Each colour must be laid on with firmness and precision; and where the light is to fall, as on the convex petal of a rose, the effect must be produced by a rapid touch of the finger removing the colour. With a convolvulus, however, it may be remarked, the colour is dashed on rapidly, and with each dash the hair-pencil is swept to a point, more or less fine, according to the style of flower; and with *blue* flowers especially, the rule well known to water-colourists in painting an azure sky is never departed from.

The bisque or unglazed ware is now but seldom embellished with painting, for colours are found to have little brilliancy on its porous surface; consequently, this kind of ware is chiefly used where *form* alone is the paramount consideration.

In the manipulation of metallic colours, the superior porcelain-painter has to calculate the ultimate effect with the same care as the fresco or destemper painter; and yet it is surprising how limited is the fame of those who decorate our drawing-room and dessert ware with their artistic work, in which a few masterly touches in birds and flowers, figures and landscapes, give life to the cold clay; for with certain exceptions these artists are not allowed even to add their initials to their work.

Considerable nicety, only to be acquired by practice, is requisite in mixing the metallic colours; and for this purpose spirit of turpentine, combined with a thick oil obtained from exposure to the air for a certain length of time, of ordinary turpentine (called *fat*), is used; but should more *body* be required, tar is added. The mixed colour is then applied to the porcelain in the same manner as in ordinary oil-painting, but with one marked and important difference, namely, that in porcelain painting the colour must never be *worked*, but must be applied with a *full* brush, carried with a clean and precise sweep to lighter gradations of tint. Thus, the greatest depth of colour indicates the first impact of the full charged brush. Inattention to this dominating rule would be productive of clogginess and opacity.

Lastly, the brush or hair-pencil does not seem to be regarded as of such importance as one would imagine by the ordinary artists of our 'pot-banks;'* and it is not a little surprising, even to one long accustomed to the use of the pencil, to observe with what dexterity the most apparently intractable tuft of hair on the end of a quill can be brought into subjection by those who can get no better, and whose living depends upon their ingenuity.

Various kinds of brushes are used. Fine lines are expressed with a very long-haired thin camel-hair; while ordinary subjects are readily mastered with a medium size. But for more careful and minute work, such as heraldic-painting—as less liable to clog—the mounted sable (No. 1, 2, or 3) is the best.

Having satisfied myself that to a certain extent the art of painting on porcelain may be readily acquired by any one of ordinary intelligence; its *niceties*, like those of wood-engraving or any similar accomplishment, are nevertheless to be learned only by long practice. The mere application of colour within prepared outlines is often supposed to constitute 'the art of painting,' and there can be no doubt that, according to dictionary definition, it is *painting*; but as there is no *art* in it, so is there no credit due to the purely mechanical action of the painter's hand. As an amusement, where practised on artistic principles, porcelain-painting might, amongst amateurs, lead to pleasing results; but to 'take it up' merely as a fashion of the day is scarcely worth the trouble, and would be of comparatively little benefit to those who contribute materials.

THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'Do you mean to go to the Woman's Rights affair, Earle?' asked one young man of another from out a cloud of smoke. The two were sitting one evening in December in the smoking-room of Wilfred Earle, a rising young artist of the modern school of figure-painters.

'Yes, I do,' replied the one addressed, a fine-looking man of some five-and-thirty years, with thoughtful dark-blue eyes, a good forehead, from which the curly brown locks were departing fast, and a fine tawny beard and moustache. 'I shall go out of mere curiosity though, for of all offensive articles, to my taste a strong-minded woman is the worst. Just imagine the horrible bore of being tied for life to a woman who travelled about the country spouting on woman's rights! As if all women were not tyrants by nature, without developing the art into a system. Ugh!' and Earle shuddered.

'I should like to see your ideal woman, Earle,' said his companion. 'You are such a fastidious fellow.'

'Well, I suppose every man *has* some sort of ideal; mine is a very vague one. I should not like a heroine of romance, but a comfortable every-day wife.'

'To darn your stockings, let you smoke all over the house, give you good dinners; eh?'

'That's rather a low standard, my good fellow. If that were everything, why not take a good-tempered domestic servant? No, I should like my wife to be intelligent at least; if not intensely intellectual, well read, graceful, feminine. I don't mind so much about beauty. I can get paid models when I want them. One thing she must have—some sense of humour. That's what I complain of in these spouting females—they are so grimly in earnest! In short I want a jolly, unaffected, sensible girl, who will believe in me, make my friends welcome, my house comfortable, and be a pleasant companion to me after hard work. That's what my ideal comes to, Jack—not a very lofty one after all.'

'I don't know but that the clever women make the best housewives after all,' remarked Roberts, puffing thoughtfully away. 'My brother now—he married a girl just because she was a sweet, soft, amiable little thing; thinking that after knocking about the world a good deal, he should like a quiet comfortable home. He was not violently in love with Amy, but had a notion of settling down to domestic life. Well, she turned out the most incapable idiot; is given over to nerves, hysterics, all sorts of fancies; cries when he's out after ten, faints if he finds fault with her. It isn't her fault—there's no vice in her; she hasn't the *stuff* in her, that's all. My sister Maude, again—you remember her, Earle?'

'Yes. A fine girl; lots of go in her.'

'Rather too much, we thought. She was a bit of a flirt—but as clever as she could be. Well, she married a quiet, steady-going fellow we all said she would henpeck. I tell you, Will, they are a model couple! Maude makes a splendid wife, and it's the pleasantest house to stay in that I know. The husband always says the "clever women" are the cleverest all round.'

'Well, it's time we were off. Let's postpone the discussion *sine die*.'

Shortly after the foregoing dialogue, Wilfred Earle and his friend found themselves in the midst of a pretty considerable number of people entering the doors of a certain Literary Institute in one of the Surrey suburbs of London. The audience was mostly composed of well-dressed people; but there was also a tolerable gathering of trades-people and artisans in the back of the room. Earle and Roberts took their seat in a corner of one of the windows, intending to be unobserved; but they soon perceived a little lady, of a lively appearance, with bobbing gray curls and very small hands, which she kept in perpetual motion. One of these hands—incased in an exquisite glove—was waving and beckoning to them in an agitated manner. Simply bowing in return was no avail, the waving got more energetic, and Earle perceived he would have to obey the summons. The little lady was not going to lose the chance of catching even an incipient lion; and Earle was a rising man, and was beginning to be talked about.

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* China and earthenware manufactories in Staffordshire are invariably called *Banks*.

'Bother it!' he murmured; 'there's that bore, Mrs De Lacy! I shall have to go to her. She is the most persistent woman I know, and the most crotchety. I believe woman's rights and wrongs are her latest craze. Come along, Roberts, and protect me.'

So the two men made their way to the front row, where sat Mrs De Lacy and her satellites. As for Mr De Lacy, no one ever thought about him. He was Mrs De Lacy's husband, and did very well at the foot of the table at dinner-parties, offering good wine to his guests. This, by the way, was the sole point where he dared act independently.

Mrs De Lacy was a rigid teetotaler, as well as a spiritualist, mesmerist, anti-vaccinationist, phrenologist, all the rest of it—a woman of theories; worked upon by every novelty, and the easy prey of any plausible adventurer. She had her virtues, shallow, conceited, egotistical as she was. She was kind-hearted and benevolent, only, unfortunately, her benefactions were generally wrongly directed.

'Here you are at last, naughty man!' she cried, giving Earle both her hands at once, to his no small embarrassment, as he did not know what to do with them, and would gladly have passed one on to Roberts, who was trying to hide a smile. 'What have you to say for yourself? I am very, very angry with you!'

'Indeed! I am deeply grieved! What have I done now, Mrs De Lacy?'

'Need you ask? Pray, how long is it since you were in Pembroke Terrace, sir?'

'You must really forgive me. I have been very much pushed with finishing a commission picture.'

'Well I will on two conditions, grant you pardon.'

'Pray name them.'

'One is that you dine with us to-morrow; to meet—but I won't tell you whom.'

'Is that a punishment? It is a very merciful one.'

'Ah, you have not heard the second condition. Mr De Lacy is foolish enough to want to have a portrait of my poor faded face, and I only agreed on condition that *you* painted it.'

It was as much as Earle could do to keep up an expression of complacency. He could not refuse; but it was no light penance to him—who disliked mere portrait-painting at the best—to be condemned to make a picture of Mrs De Lacy's little foolish face. However, he consented, as he could not well get out of it.

'Now that is settled,' continued the lady, 'sit down here and be charmed. Stay; I do believe you are one of the unconverted—of the old school in that respect, though your pictures are of the new. Well then, prepare to be converted. I shall give you up for ever if you are not enchanted with my Silvia.'

'Your Silvia! May I ask who she is?'

'Look at your prospectus, sir: "Miss Stirling will address the meeting."'

'And is Miss Stirling your Silvia?'

'Yes; to be sure. She is staying with me, and—— Oh, I have let out the secret of whom you are to meet! She is the dearest, most delightful—— Hush! It is time to begin. The chairman is rising. Now allow your stubborn soul to yield.'

Earle felt at once amused and annoyed. He savagely determined to detest Mrs De Lacy's 'Silvia.'

The chairman made a few introductory remarks; then another gentleman, who persisted in talking of 'females;' then a certain Mrs Leighton, who spoke well and pleasantly, as even Earle could not but acknowledge. She did not say anything strikingly new; but her manner was easy and ladylike, and she was sensible and straightforward.

When she had sat down, the chairman rose and announced that: 'Miss Stirling will now make some remarks on another aspect of the question—on the effects that the extension of the franchise to women might be expected to produce on the community.'

Earle had identified Miss Stirling with a tall slight figure sitting in the background. 'Now for a display of extraordinary self-possession,' he thought.

The lady came forward simply, but not with that air of coolness which he looked for. Miss Stirling might be six or seven and twenty. She was handsomely and becomingly dressed in rather a picturesque style, though not in the least *outré*, in black velvet trimmed with gray fur, made very plainly, and falling in heavy graceful folds round her slender figure. A black velvet hat and long gray plume suited her face to perfection; and that face, Earle could not but acknowledge, was a striking one. It was perhaps not actually beautiful, though the deep soft brown eyes and the sweet curved mouth were undeniably so; but full of character, and womanly withal. What struck Earle most, as being least expected, was the perfect simple unconsciousness of her manner. She was nervous; that was plain enough; her hands trembled, her colour was high, and she spoke rather falteringly at first; but there was a noble directness in her honest open glance that said volumes for the simplicity of her motive. She evidently spoke not to display her powers nor to impress herself upon her audience, but because she had a love for and belief in the cause she was advocating. After speaking a minute or two, Miss Stirling threw off her nervousness. Her voice—a singularly pleasant one, with the intonation of a well-bred lady—strengthened and grew animated; her words were well chosen and to the purpose. Each one told, and yet there was not the slightest oratorical display or straining after effect.

'Very well done. Yes; very well,' thought Earle. 'But I should like to see her at *home*, if such an exploded word forms part of a strong-minded woman's vocabulary.'

There was a slight good-humoured sarcasm and irony underlying the seriousness of Miss Stirling's speech, if speech it could be called, which prevented it from becoming wearisome, and no one was anxious for her to bring what she had to say to a close. She ended amidst quite a storm of applause.

Mrs De Lacy turned to Earle in a high state of delight: '*Now*, Mr Earle, what do you say to her? Surely, surely you are converted now.'

'To what, Mrs De Lacy?'

'Oh! to—to—woman's right to the suffrage.'

'I did not doubt before that she had a right to the suffrage.'

'Did not you? Well, now, I thought you were an enemy to woman's progress.'

'I assure you, you thought quite wrong.'

'Really! Well, then, what is it you object to?'

'I have an objection—a very decided objection—I own, to women speaking in public,' said Earle emphatically.

'Hush, hush!' breathed Mrs De Lacy; and turning round, he saw Miss Stirling close behind him. She must have heard him; and indeed a slight arch smile told him she had.

'Mrs De Lacy,' she said quietly, 'are you ready? If you are, would you be so kind as to let me go now? I have such a headache.'

'To be sure, dear one!—Good-night, you bad prejudiced man!' she whispered to Wilfred. 'Remember to-morrow.'

Earle watched the velvet dress out of the doorway, admiring the graceful walk of its wearer, and then he and his friend returned through the cold foggy streets to their respective homes.

The next evening, when Wilfred entered the De Lacy's drawing-room, he found a party of about twenty persons assembled. The room was furnished, as might be expected from the character of its mistress, in a heterogeneous and peculiar manner—a little of every style, marking different periods of taste. Mrs De Lacy herself was bobbing about in the excited way that always reminded Earle of a canary-bird hopping from perch to perch—a resemblance heightened by the cap with yellow ribbons and feathers she wore, perched jauntily on one side. After having paid his addresses to the host and hostess, his eye involuntarily sought for Miss Stirling; she sat rather behind the rest, and was well dressed as on the previous evening. Her costume was of silk, of a cloudy aquamarine colour, with square-cut bodice. Her hair, coiled up in a large knot, was adorned with natural flowers; the bracelet and necklet she wore were of plain dead gold.

'She looks uncommonly well in evening dress,' thought Earle; 'not much of the coat-and-waistcoat style there! What finely formed arms and shoulders. I should like to paint her.'

Ponderous, stiff-looking Mr De Lacy bore down upon him and whispered mysteriously: 'You are to take Miss Stirling in to dinner. Come and be introduced.'

'But isn't she rather formidable?' remonstrated the artist.

'Formidable! Dear no; one of the pleasantest girls I know.'

In another minute Earle found himself part of the procession filing down to dinner, with a shapely hand upon his arm. After his remark of last night he felt unaccountably ill at ease, and was racking his brain for something to say; for 'I daren't talk weather to a strong-minded woman,' he thought; but when they were seated at table she relieved him by saying in her straightforward way: 'Are you Mr Earle the artist? Mrs De Lacy runs on so fast one does not carry away clear ideas from her.'

'Yes, I am. You did not hear then that I am pledged to paint her portrait?'

As he spoke he made so rueful a face that Miss Stirling laughed outright, but checked herself, saying with compunction: 'It is not nice of me to laugh at my hostess! And she really has been very kind to me.'

'O yes, she is good-natured enough! Still—in this instance allow me to say—the obligation is more on her side than yours.'

'Why? I don't see that.'

'Have you not found out then, yet, that our friend has a weakness for collecting celebrities at her house?'

'But then I am not one; so that does not apply. I suppose,' she added, looking up at him with an arch expression, he was quite ashamed of finding most winning, 'that accounts for *you* being here!'

'Do you really mean you do not consider yourself a celebrity?' he asked rather sarcastically.

'I don't say what I don't mean,' she answered coldly. 'You think, I suppose, whenever a woman "speaks in public" it is to shew herself off?'

'So you bear me a grudge for the unlucky speech you heard last night?'

Miss Stirling coloured. 'It is small of me to be vexed, I know,' she said, after a moment's pause, in her frank direct way; 'but we get a good many snubs, you must know, and we—or I, rather—are stupid enough to feel somewhat sensitive.'

'Well, please to forgive me. I spoke principally out of contradiction to Mrs De Lacy.'

'But you *did* disapprove. I saw it in your face. I believe most of your countrymen share your prejudice.'

'*My* countrymen? What! are you not my countrywoman?'

'I was born and bred in America. My mother is an Englishwoman; and we came over seven years ago, when my father died. So you did not detect the Yankee twang, then?'

Earle was taken aback. This young lady seemed determined to unsettle his old prejudices. If there were one thing he disliked more even than a strong-minded woman, it was an American. She was both, and yet he found it hard to dislike Silvia Stirling.

'An American!' he said.

'Yes;' and she smiled at his expression. 'Isn't that dreadful? Almost worse than public speaking! I see I am lost in your good opinion.'

'Miss Stirling,' Earle said honestly, 'I won't conceal from you, even if I could, that I have a prejudice against women taking part in public affairs; but I am quite willing to have it dispelled. I must tell you too, that though I came last night to scoff, I ended by admiring.'

'You are not flattering me?'

'Indeed I am not. You are the last woman I should dare to flatter!'

The beautiful clear eyes fell under his earnest gaze, and the colour rose into her face, which Earle thought at that moment almost a perfect one.

After a pause she said: 'Now, *I* think that both men and women would get on better if they helped each other more on common ground. The sense of superiority on your side produces aggressiveness and self-assertion on ours. Why not leave off quarrelling about who is the best, and agree to be different and yet friends?'

'People say friendship is incompatible between men and women.'

'People talk a great deal of nonsense,' she said a little positively: '*I* have several men-friends.'

Somehow Earle felt nettled at this assertion, and would gladly have done battle with all these disagreeable men-friends at once. He only said, however: 'I hope one day to be happy enough to make one of them; but meanwhile, how am I to see you again?'

'Are you not coming to paint Mrs De Lacy?' said Silvia, with her eyes on her plate, but the faint trace of a smile on her lip. 'I am staying here, you know!'

'To be sure!' he cried eagerly; 'I forgot that. I'll come to-morrow and begin. But after you leave here?'

'We live at Eaglemore Gardens,' she said simply. 'I will be glad to see you, if you like to call.'

This calm invitation slightly astonished Earle; he forgot that in America young ladies receive visitors in their father's house.

'Thank you,' he got out in some confusion.

Silvia seemed to read his thought. '*My mother* too, I daresay, will be glad to see you; but I suppose you have very little time for calls,' she said haughtily.

He recovered himself. 'You are very, very good,' he replied. 'It would be the greatest pleasure to me.'

For a few minutes there was a trace of stiffness in her manner, but it soon passed away; and the rest of the time they spent at the table was taken up with animated talk on all sorts of subjects.

In the drawing-room up-stairs there was music; and very soon Mrs De Lacy pounced upon Silvia, who was comfortably ensconced in a corner with Wilfred.

'Dear child,' she cried, 'it is your turn now. Don't waste more time on converting that prejudiced mortal.'

Silvia looked a little bit annoyed, and getting up quickly, moved to the piano, while Mrs De Lacy murmured: 'Sweet girl! Always so obliging!'

Wilfred stood behind her.

'What shall I sing?' she said, half to herself, looking round.

'You have *Love and Death* there, I see,' Earle said, stooping down. 'Please, *not* that.'

'Why not? It is a great favourite of mine.'

'So it is of mine. That is the reason I didn't want you to sing it to all these people. Some day I shall ask you for it.'

Without replying, she put the *Sands o' Dee* before her and sang.

Earle waited almost breathlessly for the first note. He was passionately fond of music, and he felt somehow as if an untrue or unsweet note from Silvia Stirling would have jarred him more than he could bear. But the voice and the manner of singing satisfied his fastidious ear absolutely. The sympathy which made her face so interesting thrilled in the pathetic tone of her voice, and Earle had never been affected by music before as he was now by her rendering of this simple song.

As she rose from the piano, she raised her eyes a moment to his: that strange meeting glance that strikes down into the soul, and in which thought seems to answer thought, passed between them like a revelation. It was only an instant, but it was a momentous one to each.

Wilfred Earle walked home through Dreamland. He was fascinated past control, and yet was angry with the fascination, and half wished for the spell to be broken. What strange fate had attracted his life suddenly towards this other, against whom all his prejudices revolted? Why did those clear eyes haunt him so? Had he, after all his sham fancies, struck on the true vein of love? *Was* this love, or only a half-willing fascination, that had changed the face of the world to-night?

'This is too absurd!' he exclaimed angrily. 'Here I have met just with what I most disapprove of—a public speaker and an American, and I can't get rid of the idea of her! I must go to-morrow and be disillusionised.'

ON WASTE OF LIFE.

What is our life given us for? If this inquiry were addressed to each one of our acquaintance, what curious diversities of opinion would be evinced by the replies, differing as they all would according to the various characteristics of each individual. Some would say their lives were given them for enjoyment, and by their actions lead one to believe that they value them exactly in proportion to the amount of pleasure they can obtain. Others, again, seem to think life is a necessary evil, which must be endured with philosophy and resignation; and to these it never appears to occur that there is a higher purpose in life than merely to exist.

A few there are—but these are unhappily very few—who regard life as a precious gift, every moment of which it is their bounden duty to turn to good account. To these last, the waste of life they see around them is perfectly inexplicable, and many are the quiet unobtrusive efforts they make, amongst their own acquaintance, to lead them to take higher and nobler views of the duties of existence. This, however, is a most thankless and generally most useless task. If the wish for superiority is not implanted by nature, it is almost impossible to supply the deficiency by art or argument. Those who are content to spend their lives in idleness and frivolity, can seldom be persuaded to alter their mode of life by the most powerful logic that can be used.

The present age no doubt can boast of greater progress in science and learning than can be claimed by the past generation, and yet it cannot be denied that the wish for mental superiority, and the industry necessary to attain it, is only possessed by the comparatively few, and that far too many persons are content with a kind of dead-level of existence—without ambition or desire to excel in any way. It is nevertheless true, and a fact for which we ought to be thankful, that the means for intellectual cultivation are now more than ever within the reach of all, and are eagerly taken advantage of by vast numbers; that schools of art, music, science, &c. are established in many places, and every encouragement given to study. And yet there are hundreds who voluntarily and systematically neglect every opportunity, and are content to spend their lives in ignorance and uselessness.

It is curious to note the line of demarcation that always seems to exist between those who habitually waste their lives and those who endeavour to redeem the time, and are ambitious of cultivating and improving their talents to the utmost of their opportunities. The former often allude to the latter with a kind of pitying scorn, and declare that 'life would not be worth having, in their opinion, if they had to spend it in that way.'

There is also a numerous class of persons who appear to consider that intellectual pursuits, and a desire to excel in them, ought to be left to those who prefer to spend their time in such (to them) laborious and uninteresting occupations, and that there is no law, human or divine, which requires them to fulfil the duties of existence in any other way than that which is recommended to them by their own frivolous inclinations. Their argument is probably one which they consider unanswerable—namely, that their parents 'got on very well without all those ideas, and why should not they.'

Certainly, if living day after day in one humdrum round of existence, without one spark of ambition, or one idea elevated above the most ordinary intelligence, can be called 'getting on,' such persons succeed admirably. Surely, however, the promptings of Nature are sufficient to prove that life is given us for some better purpose than to be spent in contented ignorance and mental inactivity, or in a hollow round of gaiety and amusement?

Many times we have been surprised by an observation or a wish from one who, to all outward appearance, was entirely devoted to a life of uselessness and gaiety, without a thought beyond. By that one remark or wish, a gleam of light is thrown upon the inner workings of the mind, and we cannot help regretting that in so many cases these promptings to do something different from their ordinary life—these first symptoms of intellectual life and activity, first sparks of ambition, which would, if carefully fanned, develop into a passion for excellence and utility, should so often be quenched by the fear of the ridicule and discouragement that they will inevitably meet with in the world. Nothing causes so great an isolation from human companionship as a consciousness of mental superiority. The sources of enjoyment and interest to some are weariness and disgust to others whose aims are higher, and whose thoughts are deeper, and who regard life as a gift to be spent in noble labour, and in improving the talents God has given them.

How often do we witness the sad spectacle of a mind deteriorated by indulgence and weakened by excess and frivolity; the saddest kind of waste of all! How often does one see in one's own circle of acquaintance the vigour of the intellect gradually declining under the adverse influences brought to bear upon it? But here the grave question ought to arise in our minds: Have we had anything to do with this deterioration? Has our want of sympathy and encouragement accelerated the fall of the lofty edifice? Could we not by timely advice, encouragement, and perchance by the much-needed assistance, have saved the tottering pillars of the mind from crumbling into dust at our feet? Let us remember that we have two important duties in life that we ought to fulfil: one is, to cultivate the intellect to the utmost extent in our power; and the other, to guide, assist, and encourage any who, less fortunate than ourselves, may be struggling under want of sympathy, want of advantages, and consequent depression. Mental cultivation increases our appreciation of every enjoyment of life. The more educated the mind, the greater our appreciation of higher forms of enjoyment. With what a different eye, for instance, does the botanist look upon the beauties of nature, to the country farmer, who has no idea beyond the probable price of wheat at the coming harvest! How interesting to an entomologist the various forms of insect life, which are regarded with apathy by those who are ignorant of their ways and habits. A cultivated mind renders its owner independent of many of the outward circumstances of life; and if his time is spent in useful and elevating pursuits, its tranquillity will be less disturbed than in the case of those who are dependent upon exterior amusements. *An aim in life makes ennui a thing unknown.*

It seems scarcely necessary to remark that this part of our argument applies only to those whose circumstances have placed them above the necessity of manual labour. We each have our duties in life to fill according to our different stations; and it would be as wrong and absurd in the tradesman, clerk, or mechanic to insist on spending the whole of his time in intellectual pursuits and scientific studies, as it is for those who perhaps have the greater part of the day at their own disposal, to waste its precious hours in uselessness and idleness. At the same time, it redounds greatly to the credit of those whose avocations allow them but little time for self-culture, that the few leisure moments they have are in numerous cases devoted to useful study.

LION KINGS, QUEENS, AND TRAINERS.

The craving for excitement which shews itself in so many grades of society, and under such manifold forms—some innocent and some vicious—is strikingly displayed in connection with exhibitions of wild beasts. There is eagerness to see them because the animals are savage and dangerous in their native forests and jungles; eagerness to know how far they can be tamed when caged; still more eagerness to watch the perilous exploits of those performers who assume the majestic designations of lion kings and queens.

The training of wild beasts for exhibition purposes is an art requiring much patience and discretion to insure success. The trainer commences by feeding the animal from the outside of the den or cage; then ventures to enter, keeping his face steadily towards the animal, and avoiding any violence. Rough usage is abstained from as much as possible, as it rouses the 'dormant demon' in the creature. Lions like tickling and stroking, and may be tickled into submission when they could not be compelled. An old trainer once said: 'To get a lion to lie down and allow the trainer to stand on him, is difficult. It is done by tickling the beast over the back with a small whip, and at the same time pressing him down with one hand. By raising his head, and taking hold of the nostril with the right hand, and the under lip and lower jaw with the left, the lion by this pressure loses greatly the power of his jaws; so that the man can pull them open, and put his head inside the beast's mouth. The danger is, lest the animal should raise one of his forepaws and stick his claws in the venturesome trainer. If he does, the man must stand fast for his life till he has shifted the paw.'

About sixty years ago, when Ballard's Menagerie was halting on the road one night near Salisbury, a lioness escaped from one of the caravans, and before she could be recaptured, attacked and tore one of the horses of the Exeter mail; but she *was* recaptured nevertheless, by the coolness and daring of the keepers. Soon after this, Ducrow, the accomplished equestrian, engaged Atkins's lion, tigress, and hybrid cubs as an additional attraction to his circus. This achievement of rearing the progeny of a lion and tigress was much talked of at the time. The novel family were exhibited before royalty at Windsor Castle, and then at Bartholomew Fair; where a keeper lay down in the den, with the lion on one side, the tigress on the other, and the cubs disporting near him, ending by lying down on the lion, with the tigress lying on the man. The next excitement of the kind, which from its cruelty could not be endured now-a-days, was connected with the once-renowned *Nero* and *Wallace*. Wombwell advertised, when his menagerie was at Warwick, a combat between his lion Nero and six bull-dogs. It was a poor tame affair, for none of the animals shewed any desire for the encounter. A second attempt, with Wallace, gave rise to more of that morbid excitement for which such exhibitions are got up; the lion killed or disabled all the dogs, the last of which he carried about in his mouth as a rat is by a terrier or a cat. The affair brought money for a time, and then gave place to other sensational exhibitions. A trainer and performer known as 'Manchester Jack' was wont, at Bartholomew Fair, to take visitors with him into Nero's cage; many persons invested sixpence each in this risky adventure; but the poor beast had had his native spirit so quelled that the danger was perhaps not much after all. This Manchester Jack was rather a notable fellow in the profession; he trained Wombwell's lions to suffer him to sit upon them, keep their mouths wide open, &c. The newspapers more than once announced his death as a victim of some savage animal; but he belied them all, and died quietly in his bed as a taverner—notwithstanding that he had been credited by one paragraphist with having had his head bitten off by a lion.

The historically famous 'Lions in the Tower' gradually ceased to be a source of wonderment when Zoological Gardens became familiar; and the collection was dispersed about forty years ago. It had been a custom in the old times to name the Tower lions after the reigning sovereigns of Europe; and indeed the lion has generally been regarded as a royal beast. Lord Mahon, in his *History of England*, quotes a passage from the Earl of Chesterfield, tending to shew that there was a bit of superstition mixed up with this matter. Under date 1758 the Earl wrote: 'It was generally thought His Majesty would have died, and for a very good reason; the oldest lion in the Tower, near about the king's age, died about a fortnight ago.' But the king outwitted the lion, by living two years longer. A printer of ballads, not many years back, tried to make a little money by a smart bit of April Fooling. Knowing that many country people are still ignorant of the fact that the lions have long been removed from the Tower, he printed penny tickets purporting to admit the holder to witness the annual ceremony of washing the lions in the Tower on the First of April; how many ninnies were taken in by the trick, the record does not say.

Van Amburgh, the most renowned, perhaps, of all the lion-kings, came to England a year or two before the beginning of the reign of her present Majesty. He was a native of Holland, well-formed and handsome; and his collection of trained lions, tigers, &c. drew immense numbers of spectators. Van Amburgh's cool daring was remarkable; and when Edwin (afterwards Sir Edwin) Landseer exhibited at the Royal Academy his picture of the lion-king in the midst of his trained quadrupedal pupils, the excitement spread to a class of society above that which is usually supposed to be weak on such points. Van Amburgh's career in England continued on and off for some years. One of his exhibitions included a black tiger, a colour rarely met with in that animal; and a sort of drama was got up in which the lion-king personated Moroff, a brute-tamer. Among the bits of gossip which cannot well be traced to an authentic source, is one to the effect that the Duke of Wellington (who is known to have had a liking for the performances of Van Amburgh) once asked him whether he was ever afraid; to which the brute-tamer replied: 'The first time I am afraid, your Grace, or I fancy that my pupils are no longer afraid of me, I will give up.' Van Amburgh was killed more than once by the newspapers, as 'Manchester Jack' had been; but Mr Frost (whose curious volume, *The Old Showman*, is a veritable storehouse of gossip on these subjects) states that the hero retired with a competency, and lived till a recent date.

About the time of Van Amburgh the visitors at a country fair were invited to witness a man-and-tiger fight; but by all accounts it was a poor tame affair—it being somewhat doubtful whether the quadruped really was a tiger. Almost in the same year too, a bit of sensationalism was got up in the form of a spectacle, in which a Greek captive was thrown into an arena to be devoured by wild beasts, with (of course) the due accompaniment of terror and agony. Carter the lion-king, who was little if anything behind Van Amburgh in coolness, daring, and presence of mind, played in a drama as a lion-tamer, drove a pair of lions in harness, and maintained a 'desperate combat' with a tiger.

Directly it was found that the public were willing to pay for admission to displays of this kind, menagerie-keepers and circus-proprietors sought about for lion-kings wherever they could find them; and as a demand usually creates a supply, so was it in this instance: heroes sprang up in various obscure corners, each tempted by the high salary offered. A solatium of ten or fifteen pounds a week is no trifle to a man in a humble station. Crockett, who had been a bandsman at Sanger's Circus, won fame at Astley's Amphitheatre, not only by his performance before the public, but by an exercise of great courage at a perilous moment. One night the lions got loose. Crockett, to whose lodgings a messenger was quickly despatched, came and hastened into the arena. The lions were roaming about the auditorium, and had just killed one of the grooms. Crockett went amongst them, and with only a switch in his hand, drove or enticed them into their cage without receiving a scratch. The rumour of this bold and successful achievement brought him offers at an augmentation of salary. Just about a quarter of a century ago the proprietor of Manders's Menagerie wanted a lion-king to increase the attractiveness of his exhibition. A gingerbread stall-keeper offered; but proved to be not worth his salt, and the manager was disappointed in his hope of eclipsing a rival exhibition. One day a black sailor came to him and asked for employment as a brute-tamer; he was accepted; and soon afterwards the visitors at Greenwich Fair were invited to witness the heroic deeds of Macomo the African lion-king. Macomo (whatever may have been his real name) appears to have been a daring fellow, well adapted for the work he undertook. On one occasion an unusually savage tiger, newly purchased, was put into a cage already tenanted by another tiger. The animals began to fight furiously. Macomo, armed only with a small riding-whip, entered the cage; both tigers turned fiercely upon him and lacerated him severely; but (covered with blood as he was) he continued to whip them into submission. Not for one instant did he keep his eyes off them, and they knew it. Macomo had other narrow escapes; but like most of the lion-kings, he died quietly in his bed at last. Not so Macartney, an Irishman, whose habits were not sufficiently temperate for this perilous kind of work. He often turned his back on the animals, and was lacerated by them more than once. At length, when exhibiting at Bolton about fifteen years ago, he attempted to imitate Macomo's lion-hunt. He chased several lions around a large cage; one sprang at him, seized him by the right hip, and dragged him to the ground; then the others joined in the attack. The unfortunate man endeavoured to beat them off with a sword, but lost his life in the attempt.

These exhibitions have varied in some of their characteristics from time to time. In one instance hyenas and tigers were trained as performing animals—a feat not often ventured upon, as these animals are less to be trusted than the lion. After the death of Wombwell, his extensive menagerie was divided into three sections—each of which claimed, of course, to be the real successor to the original. One section gloried in a lion-king known as Lorenzo. A drama was got up, with Lorenzo and a lion as the performers, representing the classical story of Androcles. We all know the story. A Greek slave, flying from the cruel tyranny of his Roman master, plunged into a forest; he encountered a lion who was pained by a thorn in his foot. Androcles extracted the thorn, and won the animal's gratitude. Being recaptured, Androcles was condemned to be torn to pieces by a lion. The veritable lion which he had befriended happened to be the one caught and brought to the amphitheatre for this dread purpose. The lion knew Androcles instantly, came up to him, licked his hand, and shewed unmistakable signs of satisfaction. This bit of classicality was in a humble way imitated by Lorenzo and the menagerie lion. A lion-keeper, not a lion-king, was killed at Astley's some fifteen or sixteen years ago. A lion that had been honoured with the name of *Havelock* one night wrenched off the bars of his cage, and with three others escaped into the arena. Havelock sprang at the unfortunate keeper, and killed him instantly.

It is one feature in exciting exhibitions that if men are attractive when placing themselves in much peril, the so-called pleasure is enhanced when women are the possible victims. As it is in *trapèze* and acrobatic performances, so is it in those connected with the exhibition of wild or semi-wild animals. It is among the gossip of the theatres that one visitor attended night after night, in order that he might not be absent when Van Amburgh's head was bitten off (as many expected it would be) by a lion; and so the idea that something fatal might happen to one of the gentler sex lends an additionally unhealthy interest to the scenes we are now considering. As soon as lion-king exhibitions were found to be profitable, the proprietor of Hilton's Menagerie bethought him of bringing forward his niece as a lion-queen; he paid her well, the public paid him well, and thus an impetus was given to a new kind of speculation. A rival soon appeared at another circus or place of exhibition, and two lion-queens were starring before the public at one time. A third aspirant tried the enterprise once too often. Miss Blight, daughter of a member of Wombwell's band, was one evening in 1850 managing a performance of trained animals at a fair. One of the tigers was sullen and wayward; she incautiously struck him with a whip; the animal sprang at her, seized her by the throat, and put an end to her hapless existence before effective aid could arrive. The authorities prohibited such exhibitions after this melancholy catastrophe. Yet such is the contagion of ambition and love of a good salary, that other women were willing to offer their services as successor to the poor girl. A very tame lion was at another menagerie taken out of his cage and taught to crouch at the feet of a lady who personated Britannia.

Some of the animals thus exhibited are rather valuable. When a menagerie was sold by auction at Edinburgh in 1872, the lions brought individually eighty pounds, ninety pounds, one hundred pounds, one hundred and forty pounds, two hundred pounds, and one as much as two hundred and seventy pounds. One of these had performed with Lorenzo in the spectacle of Androcles. The highest-priced lion was purchased for the Bristol Zoological Gardens; he was regarded as the largest and finest at that time in England. A magnificent tigress was an object of eager competition; and an unusually fine elephant—very much renowned as a 'performing' elephant—brought six hundred pounds. Another menagerie was sold by auction in London more recently; the chief interest centred around two lion-cubs born in the menagerie eighteen months previously; they brought one hundred and fifty pounds.

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NAMES.

There might be much amusement in tracing the origin of family names. Long ago—say about six or seven hundred years since—there were no family names at all. People had Christian names and nothing more, and of course there was often considerable difficulty in distinguishing individuals. Such at present is the case in Turkey, where the old eastern practice of using but a single name continues to be followed. Surnames were not introduced into England until after the Conquest. The fashion of using two names came to us from France, but for a time was confined to families of distinction, and extended slowly over the country. One thing is said to have promoted its use. Young ladies of aspiring tastes declined to marry gentlemen who had only a Christian name, such as John or Thomas, for they would necessarily have still to be called by their own name, Mary, Elizabeth, or whatever it was. Spinsters accordingly thought it to be a grand thing to form an alliance with a person possessing the distinction of a family name, by which they should ever after be called.

Curiously enough, so difficult is it to alter old usages, that until very lately surnames were scarcely used among the humbler classes of people in some parts of Great Britain remote from centres of civilisation. In these places, a creditor would enter the name of his debtor in his books as John the son of Thomas, just as you see genealogies in the Old Testament. Only now, from improved communication with the outer world, have practices of this kind gone out of use. We can easily understand how the names ending in *son*, as Johnson, Thomson, Manson (abbreviation of Magnusson), originated; and it is equally easy to conjecture how names from professions, such as Smith, Miller, or Cooper came into existence. It is equally obvious that many family names are derived from the nature of the complexion of individuals, as Black, Brown, and White.

At first sight, there is a mystery as regards the different ways in which certain names are spelled. Smith is sometimes written Smyth; and in some instances Brown has an *e* at the end of it. We see the name Reid spelled as Reade, Reed, and Rede. We see Long, Lang, and Laing, all variations of one name. The same thing can be said of Strong, Strang, and Strange; of Little and Liddle; of Home and Hume; of Chambers and Chalmers; and so on with a host of surnames in daily use. The mystery which hangs over various spellings is cleared up on a consideration of the indifferent scholarship which prevailed until even the middle of the eighteenth century. Names in old legal documents and in the inscriptions on the blank leaves of family Bibles, are written in all sorts of ways. A man seldom wrote his name twice in succession the same way. Each member of a family followed the spelling suggested by his own fancy, and added to or altered letters in his name with perfect indifference. Eccentricities of this kind are still far from uncommon in the signatures of imperfectly educated persons. There is, in fact, a constant growth of new names, springing from ignorance and carelessness, though also in some cases from a sense of refinement.

Perhaps there is a still more vigorous growth of names from foundlings. Driven to their wits' end to invent names for the anonymous infants thrown on their bounty, parish authorities are apt to cut the matter short by conferring names that are suggested by the localities where the poor children were picked up. A child found at a door will be called Door, and so on with Street, Place, Steps, Basket, Turnstyle, or anything else. Hundreds of droll names are said to have begun in this way. Possibly it was from such origin as this that a respectable citizen of Dublin, mentioned by Cosmo Innes in his small book on Surnames, derived the name of Halfpenny. Mr Halfpenny, it is stated, 'throve in trade, and his children prevailed on him in his latter years to change the name which they thought undignified; and this he did chiefly by dropping the last letter. He died and was buried as Mr Halpen. The fortune of the family did not recede, and the son of our citizen thought proper to renounce retail dealing, and at the same time looked about for a euphonious change of name. He made no scruple of dropping the unnecessary *h;* and that being done, it was easy to go into the Celtic rage, which Sir Walter Scott and the *Lady of the Lake* had just raised to a great height; and he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out at the levées of the day as Kenneth MacAlpin, the descendant of a hundred kings.'

The assumed name of MacAlpin brings us to the whole order of Macs, now spread out in all directions. Mac is the Gaelic equivalent for son, and accordingly Mr MacAlpin would in an English dress be Mr Alpinson. There happen to be two distinct classes of Macs, those with a Highland origin, such as Mackay, Macpherson, Macgregor, Macneil, Macfarlane, Macleod, and Macdonald—all great clans in the olden time; and the Macs of Galloway, where Gaelic is now extinct, and the races are somewhat different from the Highland septs—perhaps with a little Manx and Irish blood in them. Among the Galloway Macs are found the names Maclumpha, Macletchie, and MacCandlish, which evidently do not sound with the true Highland ring. The Irish have likewise their form of expression for son. They use the single letter O, as O'Connell and O'Donell. The O, however, signifies grandson, as it continues to do in the old Lowland vernacular in Scotland, where an aged woman in humble life may be heard saying of her grandchild, 'That is my O.' Prefixes or terminations for son are common among names in every civilised country in Europe.

As is well known, the Norman Conquest gave a new character to English names. From that time many of the most notable of our surnames are to be dated, not only in England, where the Conquest made itself cruelly felt, but in Scotland, where families of Norman origin gradually effected a settlement by invitation and otherwise. Names traceable to the Norman families are very commonly derived from heritable possessions, and till this day bear a certain aristocratic air, though altered in various ways. Doubtless in the lists of those 'who came over with the Conqueror,' there are innumerable shams; but there are also descendants of veritable invaders. We might, for example, instance the late Sir Francis Burdett (father of the Baroness Burdett Coutts), who traced his origin by a clear genealogical line to Hugh de Burdett, one of the Norman soldiers who fought at Hastings in 1066. That gives a pretty considerable antiquity to an existing family without change of name. On the Scottish side of the Border, we could point to a family, Horsbrugh of that Ilk, as being not less than eight hundred years old, and always occupying the same lands and possessions. Wallace, Bruce, Dundas, Fraser, Stewart, or to use its French form Stuart, are also Scottish surnames of great antiquity. To these we might add two names now ennobled, the Scotts, Dukes of Buccleuch, and the Kers, Dukes of Roxburghe. We find these various names meandering through history for six or seven hundred years.

On the original names borne by noted Norman families in England and Scotland, time has effected conspicuous changes. The prefix *de*, which was once held in high esteem, has been generally dropped. There has likewise, in various cases, been what might be called a vulgarising of the names. De Vesci is transformed into Veitch, De l'Isle into Lyle, and De Vere into Weir. Through various changes De Montalt has become Mowat, De Montfitchet sinks into Mushet, De Moravie into Murray, and Grossetête into Grosart. We cannot speak with too much contempt of the mythic fables invented to explain the origin of the names Forbes, Guthrie, Dalyell, Douglas, Naesmyth, and Napier—grand old names, which existed ages before the imaginary incidents that have been clumsily assigned as their commencement.

Any one disposed to investigate the historical origin of British surnames, would find not a little to amuse and instruct by making a leisurely survey along the east coast from Shetland to the English Channel. Every here and there he would alight upon patches of population, whose descent from Norwegians, Danes, Jutes, Angles, and other continental settlers in early times would be unmistakingly revealed in their surnames, the colour of their eyes, their complexion, and in their spoken dialect—the very pronunciation of certain letters; for the lapse of centuries and innumerable vicissitudes have failed to obliterate the normal peculiarities of their origin. Strange, indeed, is the persistency of race. We have heard it stated as a curious and little known fact, that on the west coast of Scotland there are families descended from the wrecked crews of the Spanish Armada, who scrambled ashore now nearly three hundred years ago. Herein, as we imagine, lies a mine of ethnographic lore, which in the cause of science and history would be not unworthy of exploration. A stretch within the Scottish Border would likewise not be unproductive. On the eastern and middle marches will still be found the descendants of the Eliots and Armstrongs who are renowned in the *Border Minstrelsy* of Scott; the Grahams in the Debatable Land; and on the west the Johnstons (with their cognisance of the winged spur), the Jardines, and the Maxwells. Are not these living memorials demonstrative of the truth of history and tradition?

The surnames common to Great Britain and Ireland received an immense accession by those religious persecutions in Flanders in the sixteenth, and in France in the seventeenth century, by which hosts of intelligent and industrious foreigners were forced to flee for their lives. The prodigious immigration from this cause, and to which has to be attributed much of our manufacturing prosperity, has seldom been seriously thought of. A painstaking account of this interesting invasion of Flemish and French artisans has lately been written by Mr Smiles,* which may be advantageously consulted on the subject. We do not go into the religious part of the question, further than to say that the expulsion of so many skilled labourers in the useful arts was a terrible blunder, which we can imagine has been long since repented of. Our concern being principally with the names of the refugees, we shall run over a few items, taking Mr Smiles as our authority. Speaking of the lace-manufacturing towns in the west of England, which had been enriched by the ingenuity of Flemish settlers, he says: 'Such names as Raymond, Spiller, Brock, Stocker, Groot, Rochett, and Kettel are still common; and the same trades have been continued in some of their families for generations.' Some Walloon refugees, cloth-makers, named Goupés, settled in Wiltshire three hundred years ago, and there their descendants are still, but with the name changed to Guppys. From the De Grotes, or Groots, a Netherlandish family, sprung the late George Grote, the eminent historian of Greece. The Houblons, who gave the Bank of England its first governor, the Van Sittarts, Jansens, Courtens, Van Milderts, Deckers, Hostes, and Tyssens, were all descendants of Flemish refugees. 'Among artists, architects, and engineers of Flemish descent, we find,' says our author, 'Grinling Gibbons, the wood-sculptor; Mark Gerard, the portrait-painter; Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect and play-writer; Richard Cosway, the miniature-painter; and Vermuyden and Westerdyke, the engineers employed to reclaim the drained land of the Fens. The Tradescants, the celebrated antiquarians, were of the same origin.'

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* *The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland.* By Samuel Smiles. New and Revised Edition. Murray, London, 1876.

Driven from the Netherlands by the intolerant policy of the Spanish authorities, who had possession of the country in 1555, the Flemish refugees with their descendants had been residing in England for several generations, when there occurred a fresh accession of immigrants on the score of religion. These were the families who, under prodigious difficulties, felt themselves obliged to flee from France in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. in 1685. These unhappy people escaping across the Channel in open boats, or anyhow, arrived on the coast of England and Ireland to the number of fifty thousand. They brought no money with them; but animated by an immense spirit of industry and independence, their presence was more valuable than untold gold. Settling in London and other quarters, there are till this day innumerable traces of their names in the general population. We might instance the names Baringer, Fourdrinier, Poupart, Fonblanque, Delaine, Payne, Paget, Lefanu, La Touche, Layard, Maturin, Roget, D'Olier, Martineau, Romilly, Saurin, Barbauld, Labouchere, and Garrick, whose real name was Garrigue—all of Huguenot origin. The names of French refugees who introduced silk-weaving into England are now to be seen in Spitalfields, where also a few of their mulberry trees still survive. The town of Portarlington, in Ireland, was entirely peopled by French exiles, and continues to bear traces of the original names. We are informed that a taste for cultivating flowers was spread through a number of the English towns by the French refugees. Silks, ribbons, lace, gloves, hats, glass, clocks, watches, telescopes (by Dollond), and paper were among the manufactures which they introduced. By the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, France appears to have lost all its hatters. Previously, England imported hats from France, but now the French had to import all their hats, at least those of a finer kind, from England.

The original French names were not always preserved by the refugees and their descendants. Becoming Anglicised, their names in several instances assumed an English form, which was not always an improvement. Mr Smiles gives us some examples: 'L'Oiseau became Bird; Le Jeune, Young; Du Bois, Wood; Le Blanc, White; Le Noir, Black; Le Maur, Brown; Le Roy, King; Lacroix, Cross; Tonnelier, Cooper; Le Maitre, Masters; Dulau, Waters; Sauvage, Savage and Wild. Some of the Lefevres changed their name to the English equivalent of Smith, as was the case with the ancestor of Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., a French refugee whose original name was Lefevre. Many names were strangely altered in their conversion from French into English. Jolifemme was freely translated into Pretyman; Momerie became Mummery, a common name at Dover; and Planche became Plank, of which there are still instances at Canterbury and Southampton. At Oxford, the name of Williamise was traced back to Villebois; Taillebois became Talboys; Le Coq, Laycock; Bouchier, Butcher or Boxer; Boyer, Bower; Bois, Boys; Mesurier, Measure; Mahieu, Mayhew; Drouet, Drewitt; D'Aeth, Death; D'Orleans, Dorling; De Preux, Diprose; De Moulins, Mullins; Pelletier, Pelter; Huyghens, Huggens or Higgins; and Beaufoy, Boffy.' Some other conversions are mentioned, such as Letellier into Taylor; De Laine into Dillon; Dieudoun into Dudney; Renalls into Reynolds; Saveroy into Savery; and Levereau into Lever. While such havoc has been played in England with French names, a similar change, though on a less extensive scale, has been made on English and Scotch names in France—witness only Colbert, a minister of Louis XIV., descended from a Scotsman named Cuthbert; and Le Brun, an eminent artist, sprung from plain Mr Brown.

When William Prince of Orange arrived in England in 1688, he brought with him a number of trusty Dutchmen, who in civil and military life so distinguished themselves as to rise to eminence. Among these were William Bentinck, created Earl of Portland, whose son was raised to a dukedom; General Ginkell, who fought manfully at the Boyne, was created Earl of Athlone; and Arnold-Joost Van Keppel, was created Earl of Albemarle, whose descendant now enjoys the title. With George I. there began a number of German names which are now lost in the general population. Far greater additions, however, have been made by the progress of industrial settlement within the last fifty years.

A good feature in the more intelligent classes in England is, that entertaining no grudge at the immigration of foreigners who desire to pursue an honest calling, they receive them hospitably, and willingly hail them as naturalised subjects; for them and their descendants are indeed opened up according to merit the higher offices in the state. As a token of this liberality of dealing, we have only to glance over street directories and see the vast number of names of persons of German, Dutch, French, Swiss, Greek, and Italian origin. We could specify many estimable persons of these nationalities. But the topic would branch out sufficiently to fill a volume; and the more it is investigated the clearer is the view to be obtained of the manifold changes that have taken place in the tastes and conditions of society. Thanking Mr Smiles in the meantime for the ingenious contribution to the history of surnames, to which we have called attention, the subject is little more than touched on, and we should like to see it treated if possible in a thoroughly comprehensive spirit. W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XV.—ROBERT WENTWORTH'S NEWS.

'Do you really think that I ought not to tell Arthur yet, Mary?' whispered Lilian to me later in the day, when she was about to accompany her lover into the garden.

'I should certainly advise you not to do so until we know whether or not the discovery is of any importance,' I replied in the same tone.

'I would so much prefer telling him,' she murmured anxiously.

'I can understand that, dear Lilian.'

'And still you think it best not to tell him?'

'I am only afraid that he might not hold the same views as you do yourself upon the point; and it would only lead to painful discussion, which it is as well to avoid; at anyrate, until you know for certain whether the document is genuine or not.'

Her respect for my opinion proved to be stronger than her respect for his; perhaps because I tried to appeal to her reason as well as to her feelings, and she did *not* tell him.

The next day passed, and the next, slowly enough to me, in the miserable state of uncertainty I was in, no sign being made by Robert Wentworth. But when another day went by, and then another, the truth began to dawn upon me. He had gone to Scotland to make inquiries on the spot, which proved that what he had learned from Mrs Pratt rendered it necessary so to do; and that everything now depended upon the validity of Mr Farrar's marriage with Marian's mother. Then I saw that it was not right to allow Lilian to go on without some sort of preparation for the blow, which might fall at any moment. It was now my duty to prepare her in some degree for what she had not the slightest suspicion of. If Robert Wentworth's inquiries had brought out the fact that Marian's mother died before Lilian's was married to Mr Farrar, there would not have been the slightest necessity for the journey to Scotland; and his setting forth without delay shewed me that he had grave grounds for believing the document to be a legal one. It was evident that everything now depended upon the legality of that marriage.

'Well, Mary, what is it? news—good news?' asked Lilian, as she entered my room. I had sent a message begging her to come to me after dinner, knowing we should be secure from intrusion there.

'Dear Lilian, what would you consider to be good news?'

'The legality of the marriage being proved, of course,' she answered promptly.

'I have no news, dear Lilian; but—I want to talk the matter over with you a little. I am beginning to get very anxious about not hearing from Mr Wentworth. He must have seen the necessity for going to Scotland; and if the marriage is proved to be a *bonâ fide* one, I fear'——

'What do you fear, Mary?'

'Dear Lilian, I foresee something which it is extremely painful to think of—something which has not, I think, occurred to you.'

'What is that?' she asked wonderingly.

'I do not like to even suggest it, because all may yet be well. Still it is my duty to warn you that there may be a consequence which you have not anticipated with reference to the'—— Some one was tapping at the door, which I had locked, and on opening it, I saw Becky.

'Mr Wentworth has just come, and he wishes to see you by yourself, please, Miss.'

'Where is he, Becky?'

'In the drawing-room, Miss; and I'll see that nobody shall disturb you,' mysteriously whispered Becky, who had, I suppose, received a hint from him that he desired to see me privately.

'Say that I will come immediately;' adding to Lilian, as I hurriedly made my way towards the door again: 'Will you wait for me here a few minutes, Lilian?'

But I had said enough to arouse her fears, though she was still in ignorance as to the cause, and she gravely replied: 'No, Mary; I will go with you. I know now that you are trying to spare me in some way—— O Mary! why do you look at me like that?—I *will* go with you and hear the worst!'

Well I knew that he would be as careful in telling her as I could be. And if there was indeed bad news, I should be very glad of his assistance in breaking it to her. We went down together; and one glance at his face, as we entered the room, warned me to expect the worst. His grave words, 'I wished to see you alone for a few moments, Miss Haddon,' confirmed my fears.

'I wished to come—I would come, Mr Wentworth,' said Lilian, slipping her hand into mine; 'and you must please to let me stay, if what you have to say concerns me. You have come to tell us what you have ascertained about the paper I found; have you not?'

I put my arm round her, with a look towards him. She looked from one to the other of us in some surprise.

'Yes,' he hesitatingly replied; 'I have been to Scotland.'

'Then why do you look at me like that? Why are you both so strange? Mary, *you* ought to know there is nothing I should be more rejoiced to hear than that the marriage was a legal one.'

'It is not that, Lilian.—I have guessed aright;

you have been proving the genuineness of the marriage during your absence; have you not, Mr Wentworth?' I asked.

'I grieve to say that there was no difficulty in proving it, Miss Haddon.'

'Grieve! grieve!—when it proves Papa to have acted like an honourable gentleman, instead of —— O Mary, you too!' turning from him to me, with a wounded look.

He saw now that the one thing had not yet occurred to her, and turned silently away. He could not strike the blow.

I drew her to a couch by my side, and said with faltering lips: 'I fear that it has not occurred to you that, though it might be better for Marian that her mother's marriage should be proved, it would be worse for you.'

'Worse for me? Is it possible that you can for one moment be thinking about the money? Can you suppose that my father's good name is not more to me than such'——

'Dear Lilian, I was not thinking about the money,' I slowly replied, with a miserable sickening of the heart as I suddenly realised that the property also was lost. She would be penniless as well as nameless. I glanced towards him again. No; there was no hope!

'Then how can it be worse for me? How can it possibly be worse for me that Papa did right instead of wrong. Please tell me at once what you mean.'

Alas! the more she dwelt upon the honour, the more she was shewing us how terribly she would feel the dishonour! My eyes appealed once more to him for help. But he gravely said: 'Miss Haddon knows what there is to tell, and it will come best from her.'

So it was left to me. I, who loved her most, had to strike the blow. I only put one last question to him: 'Is what I most feared realised, Mr Wentworth?'

He bowed his head in assent, and walked towards the window as I went on:

'Lilian, dear sister—you promised to let me call you that—there *is* something to be suffered; and though I know you will bear it more bravely than many would, it will be very hard to bear. In your anxiety to do justice to Marian, you did not perceive that—it might bring suffering upon yourself.'

'Doing justice need not bring suffering, Mary.'

'It sometimes may, Lilian. The reward of right doing is not always reaped at the moment.'

'You are not talking like yourself, Mary. What do you and I care about getting rewards! Please tell me at once what I have to bear. I know now that it is something bad; and I know that you are both very sorry for me.'

'The bad news is the date of Marian's mother's death, Lilian. She died when you were about two years old.'

She saw; rose to her feet, and stood for a moment with her hands extended, as though to ward off a blow, and then fell back into my arms.

'Lock the door, please, and help me. She must not be seen by others in her weakness,' I said, placing her amongst the pillows. 'She will soon be herself again.' Then I bade him throw open the windows, whilst I gently fanned her.

In a few moments she opened her eyes, and struggled to her feet.

'Was it a dream—was it?' she ejaculated, looking eagerly into my face. 'Ah, no!' She was powerless again for a few moments. But she was gaining strength, and presently insisted upon hearing the whole truth from Robert Wentworth's own lips.

He saw that it would be more merciful to comply now; and did so unreservedly. He had been too much interested to leave a stone unturned, although every step he took more plainly revealed what it was so painful to discover. He had taken Counsel's advice upon it, and his own judgment was confirmed: Mr Farrar's marriage with Marian's mother was a legal one, and Lilian's mother had been no wife in the eye of the law.

I may as well state here that Mr Farrar received the paper with his letters to Lucy Reed from Mrs Pratt, after her sister's death, just as they had been found. I thought that it was not at all probable Marian's mother had ever realised her position, or she would have taken steps to secure it. Most probably, Mr Farrar persuaded her that the document was in some way informal. There is just the possibility that he did not believe in it himself; and had gone through the ceremony to satisfy Lucy Reed, whilst she was with him during a tour in Scotland.

Why he did not at once destroy the evidence against himself, when it came into his possession, since he never could have meant to acknowledge the marriage, is difficult to understand in a man of Mr Farrar's calibre—as puzzling as a murderer keeping the evidence of his crime about him. We only know that such things are not uncommon. It might have been that Mr Farrar kept the paper to remind him of Marian's claims upon him, though he never meant them to interfere with Lilian's. The latter's mother was a gentlewoman, young and beautiful. He had gratified both love and ambition in marrying her; and after her death, his love for her child engrossed his whole being. After a few moments' reflection, I said:

'They will be looking after us presently, Lilian. Would you like Mr Wentworth to explain to Mr Trafford?'

'Yes,' she whispered; her trembling hands clinging closer about me. Then, loyal and true to him, she added: 'But remember that I do him the justice to say that the loss of the—— Only my shame will trouble him. He has so often wished I had not a penny.'

I could only gather her to my heart, with a look towards him.

His was the hardest task after all! He and I knew that now. He left us alone; and my Lilian and I tried to find strength for what was to come, as only such strength can be found. But Lilian would never be the same again. Her love to her father had been wounded unto death; and I saw that it was her mother—her cruelly wronged mother—who had all her sympathy now. I shall never forget the agony expressed in the whispered words, 'Mother! mother!'

We were not left very long alone. Robert Wentworth could barely have had time to tell the story, when Arthur Trafford came striding in by the open window.

'Good heavens, Lilian! what is this?' he ejaculated impetuously; adding, before she could reply: 'Wentworth tells me that—that you take this absurd affair seriously!'

'Seriously, Arthur?' she repeated, turning her eyes wonderingly upon him.

'I mean: he says you mean to act as though that ridiculous paper were genuine; but surely that is too absurd!'

'Is it not genuine, then?' she eagerly asked, her face for a moment brightening with hope, as she turned towards me: 'Is there any doubt about it, Mary?'

'I am sorry to say that I think there is not, Lilian,' I replied; feeling that it was less cruel to kill her hope at once, than indulge it. 'Mr Wentworth said he had taken Counsel's advice, you know.'

'Oh, I suppose it may be genuine enough for the kind of thing!' he said, with an effort to speak lightly. 'But of course, none in their senses would for a moment dream of acting upon it. At the very best, it would be only a very doubtful marriage, arranged, I daresay, to satisfy a not too scrupulous girl's vanity. The thing is done every day; and I am sure, on reflection, you will not be so Quixotic as to'——

'If the paper is legal, I must do what is right—Arthur,' she murmured in a low broken tone.

'Do you think it would be right to blacken your mother's good name and give up the—— All your father wished you to have? The truth is, you have not reflected upon what your acknowledgment of that paper will involve, Lilian. You cannot have given any thought to the misery which would follow. Any *true* friend of yours would have recommended you to at once put that paper into the fire.—Is that it?' he added, catching sight of the paper which Robert Wentworth had put down on the table before me whilst he was speaking, and which I had neglected to take up. 'Yes, by Jove, and that settles the matter!' catching it up and tearing it into shreds.—'I am your best friend, Lilian.'

'No, no, no! O Arthur, the shame of it!'

'Do not be distressed, dear Lilian; you forget that is only my copy of the original,' I said; 'Mr Trafford is spared.'

He tried to laugh. 'Of course I was only in jest, Lilian. But, seriously now, you should remember that Marian Reed has been brought up to consider herself what she is. But you—— It cannot be possible that you would commit an act which would brand your own mother with shame!' He was quick to see what weapon struck deepest, and did not hesitate to avail himself of it.

She shrank under his words, with a low cry. Seeing that he was so blind as to imagine that she would yield through suffering, I sternly said: 'Cannot you see that you are wounding her to no purpose, Mr Trafford? Lilian will do what she believes to be right, come what may.'

'Not if there is no interference—not if she is allowed to use her own judgment, Miss Haddon;' turning fiercely upon me. 'Unfortunately, she has chosen bad advisers!'

'O Arthur!'

'Come out with me, Lilian! I am sure I shall be able to shew you the folly of this,' he pleaded.

'No, no; I cannot change!—Do not leave me, Mary,' she entreated, holding fast to me.

'Dear sister,' I whispered, 'I think it will be better for me to leave you for a few moments. It will be sooner over, and you will find me in the garden presently.' And gently unclasping her hands, I left her alone with Arthur Trafford.

UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.

As is pretty well known, Jerusalem, the City of David, rendered glorious by the Temple of Solomon, has undergone extraordinary vicissitudes; has been sacked and burned several times, the last of its dire misfortunes being its destruction by Titus in the year 70 of our era, when there was a thorough dispersion of the Jewish race. This ancient city, however, which is invested with so many sacred memories, always revived somehow after being laid waste, but in a style very different from the original. As it now stands, Jerusalem is a comparatively modern town, built out of ruins, and only by difficult and patient explorations can portions of its ancient remains be identified. Of the old memorials the most remarkable are those underground; that is to say, in vaults and obscure places only to be reached by excavation.

The notification of this fact brings us to a brief but we hope not uninteresting account of what in very recent times has been done, and is now doing by the Palestine Exploration Society, by means of extensive excavations, of which a carefully written description is given in Captain Warren's *Underground Jerusalem.*

In February 1867, Captain (then Lieutenant) Warren started for Palestine with three corporals of Engineers, and on the 17th arrived at Jerusalem after a prosperous and uneventful journey. The city does not seem to have struck him as being either picturesque or beautiful. 'It is a city of facts,' he says, 'and but little imagination is required to describe it.' Yet when viewed from the Mount of Olives, with the hills of Judah stretching to the south, and the rich valley of the Jordan glowing like a many-hued gem beneath the vivid sunlight, and the mountains of Moab cleaving with their purple beauty the soft clear blue of the Syrian sky, he does not deny to it a certain charm; but his heart was in his work, and his work lay in the old walls, particularly those which marked the almost obliterated inclosure of the Temple.

This edifice in the latter days of its glory, after it had been partially rebuilt by Herod the Great, was a splendid building. To enable us to realise its gigantic proportions, Captain Warren tells us that the southern face of the wall is at present nearly the length of the Crystal Palace, and the height of the transept. The area within its walls was more extensive than Lincoln's Inn Fields or Grosvenor Square, and the south wall offered a larger frontage and far greater height than Chelsea Hospital. It was built of hard white stone, and was enriched with a variety of coloured marbles, with graceful columns, with splendid gates overlaid with gold and silver, with gilded roofs, and with all the gorgeous detail of costly arabesque and carving. So rich was it in its dazzling magnificence, that it aroused the envy and cupidity of all the nations around, and finally fell with the city it adorned before the conquering arms of Titus. The Roman general tried in vain to save it; fired in the wild fury of the onslaught, it was consumed to ashes; and its very foundations so obliterated by the superincumbent rubbish, that for ages its precise site has been unknown. In fact the only sites in Jerusalem which were known with absolute certainty were the Mount of Olives and Mount Moriah. Now, in consequence of the discoveries made during the course of his excavations, Captain Warren has been able to identify the walls of the Temple and to make a plan of its courts. He has also found the spot where the little Hill of Zion formerly stood, the Valley of the Kidron, and the true position of the Vale of Hinnom; but to accomplish all this he has had many difficulties to contend with, quite apart from the necessary labour attending the excavations. The civil and military pachas did all in their power to hinder him, and would not allow him to begin to dig at all until a firman from the Sultan arrived authorising his operations. In the interval of enforced leisure, before the Vizieral permission arrived, he paid some necessary visits in Jerusalem, and then made arrangements for a tour in the lonely wilderness country which stretches to the east of the city.

A camp-life, we are told, is at once the most healthy and the most enjoyable in the East. In summer, the domed houses of Jerusalem are intolerable from heat and unpleasant odours; but out on the wide open upland, with a good horse, galloping along the dewy plains in the fresh exhilarating morning breeze; or stretched at night on a carpet of wild-flowers, lazily watching the pitching of the tent; or following with idle glance the myriads of bright-hued birds that dart like rainbow-tinted jewels from branch to branch of the fragrant wild myrtle—there is no land like Palestine for enjoyment. Look where you will, the view is interesting; that village nestling on the hill-side is Nain—the Fair; that picturesque rounded hill clothed to the summit with wood is Tabor; yonder dazzling snow-crowned mountain is Hermon; and far off in the hollow of the plain, silent and still, you may see gleaming in the sunshine the sullen waves of that mysterious Sea that ages ago ingulfed the guilty Cities of the Plain. Around you, too near sometimes to be pleasant, are the black tents of the Bedouin, true sons of the desert, whose wild life has a zest unknown to the courts of kings: greedy of bakshish, arrant thieves, and utterly reckless of human life, the Bedouins can be very unpleasant neighbours; and Captain Warren conceived, probably with truth, that the Bedouin encamped near him had all the will to be troublesome, but fortunately lacked the power.

Having examined the aqueducts which anciently brought water to the Pools of Solomon, Captain Warren visited and explored a curious cave at Khureitûn, or rather a series of four caves opening into each other, which appeared to him to be the veritable Cave of Adullam, where David and his band of malcontents found refuge.

Permission from the Grand Vizier having arrived, and the necessary interview with Izzet Pacha being over, the excavations were at once begun, and then the magnitude of the proposed operations was for the first time fully realised by Captain Warren. He had heard vaguely that modern Jerusalem was built upon sixty feet of rubbish; but he found that the layers of accumulated debris extended to one hundred and thirty, and sometimes two hundred feet in depth. For workmen, he had the peasantry around, who were unaccustomed to the use of the spade and barrow. They worked only with the mattock, and used rush-baskets for carrying out the earth. Another obstacle to progress was the want of wood; not a plank was to be obtained except at a fabulous price. In spite of all these difficulties, however, he discovered in the first four months a portion of the ancient city wall; he identified the real Kidron Valley, which runs into the present one, and is choked up with rubbish to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet; and ascertained that the present brook Kidron runs one hundred feet to the east of, and forty feet above the true bottom of the stream. Thus it would seem that the desolate inclosures of modern Jerusalem, its paltry and yet crowded bazaars, and its gloomy narrow streets, entomb with the beauty and glory and hallowed memories of the past, even those landmarks of nature which we are accustomed to consider most changeless and imperishable. Beneath its wastes lie forgotten valleys and hills, streams which have ceased to flow, and fountains which have long been empty and sealed.

Having obtained the necessary apparatus from England, Captain Warren sunk shafts into the mounds of ruin near Jericho; but found only a few jars of ancient pottery, which crumbled into dust whenever they were exposed to the air.

It was now April, the loveliest month in the Syrian year, and the valley of the Jordan, which a few more weeks would transform into a parched brown desert, was in all the flush and glory of its green luxuriance. The wide plain glowed in the tender flush of the dawn like one vast emerald, while countless flowers unfolded their dewy petals, rich with rainbow tints of beauty, as if Iris were about to weave a gorgeous mantle for the departing summer; while hurrying onward to its dark mysterious Sea rushed the rapid river, its waters gleaming like crystal through the flowering branches of oleander which fringed its banks.

When out on this expedition, Captain Warren made the acquaintance of the Samaritans at Nâblus, and saw them hold their Passover in front of their ruined temple on Mount Gerizim. It was a striking scene, such as the gloomy brush of a Rembrandt might have loved to paint. As night darkened down over the landscape, it lent to the rugged wildness of the surrounding scenery a dim indistinctness, which gave vastness to its savage outlines; while in the foreground, tall ghoul-like figures in long white robes flitted about from one reeking oven-mouth to another, watching the sacred Passover lambs as they were in process of being roasted or rather charred with fire; while the moonlight straggling through the mist mingled with the smoky glare of the torches, and lit up from time to time the dark keen wily faces of the worshippers, crafty and yet fierce, expressive of the mingled courage and guile with which, although few in number, despised and demoralised, they have yet held and still hold their own.

The portions of the plain of Jordan at present under cultivation are very limited, and the crops raised consist of wheat, cucumbers, and tobacco.

During this tour Captain Warren had for guide or guard a certain Sheik Salah, who he says 'was really a good fellow; and if he had not talked so complacently of marrying an English wife, I should have felt quite friendly to him. This was his hobby. He had a great desire to go to England for this purpose; evidently supposing that he had only to appear there to take his choice of the first in the land.'

After three months of wandering through the country, Captain Warren returned to Jerusalem, to find fresh difficulties staring him in the face. The Turks did not keep faith with him; and he was obliged to prosecute the dragoman of the English Consulate, who had imposed upon him.

On the 10th of September his right-hand man, Sergeant Brattles, was taken into custody; and concluding, like the Apostle Paul, that he was a citizen of no mean nation, he refused to walk out of prison, when asked to do so, until the charges against him were investigated. This ended in his speedy release; and the works went on, resulting in the discovery of the gymnasium gardens built by Antiochus Epiphanes, the pier of the great arch destroyed by Titus, and a very ancient rock aqueduct, which was found to be cut in two by the wall of Herod's Temple. An old arch was also discovered, which Captain Warren conceives to be a portion of a bridge connecting Solomon's palace with the eastern side of the valley. Extending their researches by means of the rock-cut aqueduct, they were so fortunate as to find also an old drain, through which they crawled, and examined the whole wall as far as that well-known portion of it commonly designated 'The Jews' Wailing-place.' This aqueduct was so large that a man mounted on horseback might have ridden through it, and proved of great service to the exploring party until they found it cut through by the foundations of a house. During this month also they discovered the great south wall of the Temple. It has two entrances, known as the Double and Triple Gate'; and besides these a single gate with a pointed arch was discovered leading to the vaults called Solomon's Stables. These vaults are of comparatively recent date (of the time of Justinian); but it struck Captain Warren that this single gate being at a place where the vaults were widest, was probably over some ancient entrance. He sunk a shaft beside it, and after much labour succeeded in clearing out an ancient passage lined with beautifully cut stones, with a groove at the bottom cut for liquid to flow along. This he concluded was the channel for the blood of the beasts slain in sacrifice, and he wished to push forward straight to the altar and ascertain its position, but was forced to desist by the opposition of the Turks. To this was added money difficulties, from which he was soon happily relieved, and enabled with a light heart to begin excavations within the area of the Temple. On the south-west side there is a double tunnel called the Double Passage, which is one of the most sacred of the Moslem praying-places. With great difficulty and only by a ruse, this hallowed spot was at last examined; but nothing of importance was obtained from it. The same may be said of a remarkable expedition into a sewer, which was certainly plucky, even heroic, but barren of any great result.

Aqueducts appear to be the order of the day in underground Jerusalem. Near a curious double rock-cut pool, which Captain Warren conceives to be the Pool of Bethesda, a rock-cut passage was noticed by Major Wilson filled with moist sewage. It was four feet wide, and had five or six feet of sewage in it when Captain Warren and Sergeant Brattles examined it. They accomplished their perilous voyage by means of three doors, taking up the hindmost as they advanced; and being everywhere obliged to exercise the greatest caution, as a single false step might have precipitated them into the Stygian stream below, which would have proved to them a veritable Styx; for once in, nothing could have rescued them from its slimy abyss. Fortunately, no accident occurred; but they discovered nothing beyond the fact that it was one of the aqueducts which had brought water to the Temple from the north.

About this time the Jews began to take a great interest in the excavations. There are on an average about ten thousand of them in Jerusalem, gathered out of every nation under heaven; but the bulk of them are either Ashkenazim (German Jews) or Sephardim (Jews from Morocco). The Sephardim are a dark robust race, with the traditional hooked nose of the Jews; the Ashkenazim are more fragile; and their women are often very beautiful—tall and stately as Sir Walter Scott's Rebecca, with lustrous almond-shaped eyes, black glossy hair, a delicate complexion, and a bloom so vivid that it puts to shame the blush of the damask rose.

It is the custom for all the Jews in Jerusalem to assemble every Friday at their Place of Wailing, under the west wall of the Temple court, there to lament aloud the calamities which have befallen their nation. It is a striking sight to see them at this mournful place of meeting. Differing in nationality, in dress, in language, in intelligence, in rank, they are united only by the curse, which has preserved them through centuries of persecution and exile, a separate and distinct people among the teeming myriads of the earth. There they lie before the curious gazer, old men and youth, matron and maid, prone on their faces on the pavement, or rocking themselves back and forward in their anguish; while the air resounds with their bitter wailing and lamentation, on which sometimes breaks harshly the loud laugh of the careless Frank, or the cold sneer of the haughty Moslem.

In January 1869 Captain Warren received a letter of instructions, directing him to abandon those portions of the work which did not promise immediate results. He had discovered in the Temple inclosure the north wall of Herod's Temple, but found it impossible to follow it up. He also came upon the old wall of Ophel, a portion of the first wall of the city. On stones in this wall were found characters which the most competent judges declared to be Phœnician; and also incised marks, such as are found on the old walls of Damascus and Baalbec.

About this time Lady Burdett Coutts offered to give twenty-five thousand pounds to supply Jerusalem with water, of which there is a great scarcity during the summer season; but the proposal ended in nothing, because the Turkish authorities shrewdly concluded that they would have to pay in the long-run for keeping in good order the aqueducts she restored. The want of water is one of the principal reasons why Palestine is at the present day so sterile and unhealthy. And this want of water is (as in other districts where woods are demolished) caused in a great degree by the destruction of the forests, and especially of the groves and vineyards which grew on the terraces along the hill-sides. The system of terracing, according to Captain Warren, has the effect of retaining the rain, which falls plentifully at certain seasons of the year, in its natural reservoirs about the roots of the trees and in the hollows of the rocks, instead of allowing it to tumble in wild torrents down the bare hill-sides, and rush headlong to the sea, wasting instead of dispensing all the rich blessings which water alone can give in a dry and thirsty land.

What is wanted, Captain Warren says, to make Palestine again a rich and fruitful country, 'is a good government, a large population, an energetic people, and a sufficient capital.'

Wheat grows luxuriantly in Palestine; and the grapes on the Sandstone formation are as highly flavoured as those of Muscadel, producing in the hill country of Lebanon an excellent wine. Very fine raisins are also dried in the east of Palestine; and the whole country abounds with sheep, goats, camels, horses, and mules. The mutton of Palestine is very poor, owing to under-feeding and to the accumulation of the whole fat of the animal in its enormous tail.

Patches of tobacco are grown; and figs, oranges, lemons, and apricots flourish when they are carefully tended.

Jerusalem is not entirely without the industrial arts: there are seven soap factories; and a considerable traffic in grain, which is altogether in the hands of the Moslems. There are also five potteries, and many people work as stone-cutters and indigo-dyers.

Captain Warren's last work at Jerusalem was excavating an old wall near the large reservoir called Birket Israil. Here he came upon a slit about eighteen inches wide and four inches high, and was naturally very much excited at something so unusual. At last he was upon the eve of some great discovery. This small aperture might perhaps give access to some secret chamber, in which the Ark and utensils hidden from the plundering Romans had lain undisturbed for ages. Here, favoured by fortune, he might perchance find the famous golden vine, which once with its shining clusters twined in gorgeous splendour around the entrance to the Temple. Vain dream! That rich fruitage was gathered hundreds of years ago by the hand of some bold legionary. After infinite trouble, the slit was enlarged so as to give access to the apartment, or rather passage below; and then Captain Warren found one of the most frequent facts—'in his city of facts'—an aqueduct!

Much as he has accomplished as the agent of the Palestine Exploration Society, a great deal yet remains to be done before the Holy City of the past can be disentombed from her sepulchre of centuries. That the work interrupted for the present will be continued at some future time, no one can doubt. Forlorn wasted Jerusalem, although no longer the prize for which rival races contend, is as truly hallowed still by solemn recollections to every thoughtful heart, as she was in the days when mailed Crusader and turbaned Turk fought beneath her walls for the mastery of the Holy Sepulchre. No spot on earth thrills the stranger with such mingled emotion as fills the breast of him who, standing on the Mount of Olives, marks its ancient gnarled trees, and remembers that there, on the sward beneath their hoary boughs, has echoed and re-echoed often in the mysterious past the footfall of the Saviour of the World.

THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

When Earle arrived at the De Lacys' house next day at eleven o'clock by appointment, he was shewn into the library, where he found Miss Stirling alone, busy at needlework. She looked so particularly feminine both in occupation and expression, that Earle fancied the soft gray homespun and crimson ribbon more becoming even than her evening attire. Both were slightly embarrassed as she rose and gave him her hand.

'Where is my sitter?' Earle asked, retaining the slim hand in his a moment longer than necessary.

'Oh! you might as easily catch quicksilver as Mrs De Lacy,' said Silvia, smiling. 'She is in and out fifty times an hour. I believe she went to get ready for you.'

'Meantime, I want to ask you a favour,' Earle said, busy with his apparatus. 'I want you to be so very good as to let me have a sitting from *you* too. I have a board on purpose.'

'But how will you get time?' said Silvia, her colour deepening.

'Oh, I shall have plenty, I fancy, while my legitimate sitter is running in and out. I will keep one beside the other on the easel.'

'I do not wish it kept secret from her,' said Silvia, with the proud honesty of her nature.

'Certainly not; but I want to have your face, if you will let me. I will copy it—for your mother, if I may. Will you give me permission?'

'O yes,' she answered confusedly, 'if you care.'

'I *do* care,' he said in a low voice; and at that moment the little lady darted in, the *tête-à-tête* was broken, and Earle, with a sigh, resigned himself to his unpalatable task.

He painted as steadily as the volatile nature of his model permitted, though it is not an easy thing to make a picture, worthy the name, of a once pretty meaningless face that has lost the charm of youth without gaining the dignity of matronhood. But he was rewarded for his penance, for after a while Mrs De Lacy was summoned to some *protégée;* and then, with a delightful sense of relief, he put the unsatisfactory labour on one side, and placed instead a clean canvas on the easel.

'Now, Miss Stirling, if you will be so kind, will you take that seat and reward me for the tedious hour I have passed?'

Silvia complied with his request quietly, without any affectation.

The artist became soon deeply absorbed in trying to produce a faithful likeness of the face before him. It was not only the shape of the features, but the expression of the whole, he wished to catch—as much as it could be caught upon canvas.

'I cannot get the mouth to my mind,' said he, dreamily thinking aloud, as artists do. 'What gives it at once that expression, sweet, arch, firm?'

Silvia started up indignantly. 'Mr Earle! if I am to sit here, at least spare me that sort of remark. Do you think any woman in the world could sit still and bear to hear her face analysed?'

'Do forgive me,' he cried, really distressed. 'Indeed, I did not mean to be impertinent, but I feel I was. We get so in the habit of ignoring the *personality* of the faces before us, through having those stolid paid models to paint from. Please look like yourself again, and forgive me.'

'Well, so I do,' said the 'subject,' with a return of her usual frank sweetness. 'I daresay you think I ought to have got hardened; but I am only a woman, after all, you know.'

'You are indeed,' murmured the artist, as he tenderly touched the curve of the upper lip.

So sped the days Earle spent at the De Lacys', the mistress of the house fondly imagining that he was bent on doing her portrait the fullest justice. At last Earle could not pretend that Mrs De Lacy's portrait required many more touches. One day he said sadly enough, as he and Silvia were alone together: 'It's no use; this must come to an end. I can't keep up the delusion that I want more sittings; so I must bring to a close the happiest hours I ever spent in my life.'

'I am going home to-morrow,' Silvia observed, with her eyes down.

'Going home! are you? And you said I might call; do you remember? Will you ask me again?'

'To be sure you may come; why not?' Miss Stirling answered.

'I will try and look forward to that then, for I do feel dreadfully down in the mouth, I confess, at having come to the last of these pleasant hours—pleasant to *me*, I mean. I can't hope *you* have found so much to enjoy in them.'

'O yes,' said Silvia, speaking with frank friendliness; 'we have had a great deal of very interesting talk—when poor Mrs De Lacy was out of the room,' she added with a mischievous smile.

'It is like you and no other woman I ever knew to say so!' he said warmly. 'I want to ask you—I know you will tell me exactly the truth—do you feel now as if I could be a friend of yours?'

'If you care to have a friend in a woman who acts constantly in opposition to your cherished ideas.'

'I have altered many of my ideas since I knew you,' Earle said gravely; 'many, but not all. Still you are better, even when you are doing what I disapprove, than any woman I ever knew.'

'I am glad you tell me the truth,' said Silvia. 'It is the best preparation for friendship. But tell me, what do you disapprove of in me?'

Her face was so gentle and winning as she spoke that he was on the point of saying: 'Nothing in the whole world; only be just yourself;' but Mrs De Lacy came in at that moment, and the words were not spoken.

Wilfred left the house feeling more depressed than there was any reason for. 'What have I made up my mind to do?' he thought. 'I can no longer conceal from myself that I love this woman, who is almost the opposite of all I ever thought to love; and yet I feel a sort of dread in letting this lead me on. Shall we be happy together if she loves me? That is the question I cannot answer. I will wait to see her *at home;* and then, I suppose I must let "the great river bear me to the main," and take my chance of happiness with the rest.'

Mrs Stirling and three daughters—of whom our friend Silvia was the eldest—lived in a pleasant terrace about a mile from the De Lacys. They were well to do, though not rich, and lived a happy busy life; each having interests both separate and in common. They had many friends, and it was a pleasant sociable house to visit at. Mrs Stirling was still young in mind, and entered into all her daughters' pursuits and interests with active sympathy. One afternoon they were all together in the drawing-room—except the youngest daughter Marian, who had a studio near where she painted every day—when a double-knock was heard; by no means an uncommon sound, and yet somehow, lately, every knock seemed to startle Silvia and bring rather a vivid colour to her face. The servant brought in a card inscribed 'Mr Earle;' and that gentleman followed, with an outward appearance of great coolness, but some inward trepidation.

'Mother,' said Silvia quietly, rising and giving him a cordial hand, 'this is my friend, Mr Earle, of whom I spoke.'

'We are very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr Earle,' said Mrs Stirling, in the same cordial natural way, making room by the fire. 'Silvia told us what a successful portrait you made of her.'

Earle's glance round the room pleased his fastidious taste thoroughly. It was emphatically a *lady's* room, filled with pretty feminine things; and without being in the least untidy, was evidently a room to be lived in and to have 'good times,' as Silvia's compatriots say. Mrs Stirling too, whose tall elegant figure and frank manner were repeated in her daughter's, was a woman of marked refinement and culture. He found out this much in five minutes.

They had plenty to say to each other; the Stirlings seemed to read everything, and to have thought about most things; but there was nothing in the slightest degree pedantic or 'blue-stocking' in their talk. So the chat went on merrily—for Wilfred too was a man who could think—but without much help from Silvia, who was unusually silent. Tea was brought in presently; and as she took her place at the tray, Earle found his eyes constantly straying that way and watching her pretty graceful movements. The mother's keen eyes soon discovered the secret, and she turned her head to conceal an amused smile.

'I was nearly forgetting one of the objects of my call,' said the artist, after paying an unconscionably long visit. 'I brought a copy of Miss

Stirling's portrait to offer for your acceptance. Shall I fetch it? I left it in the hall.'

The picture was brought in; and Mrs Stirling regarded it with exceeding interest.

'It is indeed beautifully done—beautifully!' she said. 'How Marian will enjoy it! It is only much too good for me. You have idealised my Silvia, Mr Earle.'

'Yes; it is shamefully flattered,' said Silvia.

'I don't think so at all!' Earle cried eagerly. 'I am sure it is not in the very least! One tries always of course to catch the best expression, the happiest moment.'

'Well, you must have caught it at a *very* happy moment,' said Mrs Stirling; and then she was vexed with herself, for she saw that her daughter was vexed. To change the subject, she observed: 'Silvia is going to another Suffrage Meeting on Monday, in ——'

This did very effectually change the subject. Earle felt a revulsion of feeling that was painful to a degree. 'Indeed,' he responded coldly. 'Will you be at home on Sunday?'

This question, uttered under a sudden impulse, took them all by surprise. He addressed the question directly to Silvia, whose confusion made her stammer out some half-formed words; but Wilfred was quite calm and master of the situation. 'I was going to ask—if Mrs Stirling allows Sunday visitors—if I might call on that day. I particularly want to see you before you go to ——. May I come on Sunday afternoon?'

Silvia had never before felt so utterly at a loss for a reply; but her mother came to the rescue with some polite words; and the artist almost immediately took leave.

'Well, my darling,' said the mother, breaking the pause his departure left. 'What do you think of all this?'

'Mother,' said Silvia with gentle decision, 'I want to ask you, to please me, not to allude to this again till after Sunday.'

On Sunday afternoon—a dull, cold, foggy day enough—Wilfred found his way again to Eglemore Gardens. His mind was made up; and his handsome face looked a little set and stern as he paused at the door and asked quietly this time for *Miss* Stirling. The American custom seemed to him at that moment to be a most respectable one. What an amount of management and finessing it saved, for of course every one knew it was Silvia, and Silvia only, he wanted to see.

He was shewn into a small study; and in a few moments heard a dress rustle down the stair and rather a timid touch on the door-handle. As Silvia came in, Earle's face by the dull light looked to her hard and strange, which did not tend to quiet her nerves. She was very pale, and there was an appealing wistfulness in her eyes as she lifted them to his which went straight to his heart; but he gave no sign. He took her hand, pressed it, and gently placed her in an arm-chair, while he remained standing by the mantelpiece with his head down. Neither had yet spoken; both felt they were touching upon a period of their lives with which common forms had nothing to do. Silvia heard her heart thump, and the clock tick, with painful distinctness: she seemed all ear. All around seemed oppressive silence. At last Earle broke the silence: his voice had a deeper tone in it than usual, a resolutely suppressed passion vibrated in it.

'Silvia,' he said, 'I am going to speak the very truth to you—as one speaks not often in one's life—you have taken possession of me—against my will almost—I love you as I never loved woman before—I scarcely know myself how deeply. Speak the truth to me as I have done to you. Whether you love me or love me not, I shall never offer to any living woman what I offer to you, for mine is no boy's love. Speak to me, Silvia.'

'I *will* tell you nothing but the truth,' she said, forcing her voice to be steady. 'I do return your love, I believe I do—though I hardly seem to have shaped it out to myself yet—but'——

'Yes; there is a "but"—I know it. What is your doubt, Silvia? Do not I care for you enough?'

'I believe you do,' she answered softly. 'I believe you must love me very much, because I know it is against your own judgment. But my doubt is—shall we be happy? I know I am not the woman you would deliberately choose for a wife.'

Earle half laughed, though he was terribly in earnest. 'What man in love ever "deliberately chose" a woman for his wife?'

'But should I, could I indeed make you happy?' she said.

'Yes, darling,' he answered, melting into tenderness, and sinking by her chair. 'If you can love me enough to make some sacrifices for me.'

'I should never hesitate to sacrifice anything but duty to one I love,' she said, as he drew her to him.

'Ah, but people have mistaken ideas of duty, often! I want you now, this minute, to give up something I believe you think your duty.'

'What is that?' she asked, drawing away from him.

'I cannot bear to have the woman I love standing up in public to speak before a crowd of vulgar strangers,' he cried, almost fiercely. If you love me, Silvia, give this up for me!'

'You mean on future occasions, after we are—are'——

'No; I mean now, to-morrow: give up this meeting for me, to-morrow!'

'Impossible! I cannot. They are reckoning upon me, and I have promised'——

'You could easily excuse yourself.'

'I will make no false excuses,' cried Silvia with warmth. 'I admit my love for you—but I will never bind myself to what you may choose to demand. If we married, you might trust me to consider your wishes before my own, before everything but conscience; but I will not give way to this exaction—now. I cannot break my promise, and do what I feel to be wrong and cowardly; no, not to be the happiest woman upon earth! And do you think a marriage begun like *that* would be a happy one? No, no; better be sorry now than then.'

He got up and stood apart from her, gloomily. 'Then you will not? A woman like you is too advanced for the dear old traditions of love!'

'I will never marry a man who is ashamed of what his wife has done,' answered Silvia very low, but calmly.

'My old prejudice was a just one, after all,' said he, with a sigh. 'Good-bye.'

'Need we part so bitterly?' she said tremulously. 'May we not even be friends again?'

'Friends! It is the idlest folly talking of friendship, when one's heart is on fire with love. I could more easily hate you, Silvia, than only be your friend! Good-bye. God bless you, though you have tortured me. God bless you, Silvia.'

In another instant the front-door closed, and Silvia Stirling was alone with a breaking heart.

True to her word, she determined on going to —— the next day. She was looking and feeling wretchedly ill, but she would not give it up, and only stipulated that none but a maid should go with her to the station. It was Silvia's way to suffer in silence and alone. She took her ticket, and sank into a corner of an empty carriage with a heart aching to positive physical pain. To her annoyance a gentleman followed her in, and the train moved out of the station. She raised her listless mournful eyes and saw—Wilfred! She turned so white that he threw himself beside her, and in an instant had his arm about her.

'Why, why have you come?' she murmured with dry trembling lips. 'Cruel of you to torture me again!'

'My darling, it is not now to torture you that I have come—only for this—I can't live without you. I thought I could, but I can't. I have been so vexed with myself ever since we parted. Do you think you can forgive me, my sweet! and trust me with yourself after all?'

'Then you will let me—let me'——

'Let you be your own dear self? Yes, Silvia; I ask for nothing better. As long as we know and trust each other, what does it matter what all the world says? I *will* trust you, dear one. Can you trust me?'

For answer, Silvia put up her lips and met his in a first kiss. Nothing more was needed.

'I am going to shew you,' he said, after a delicious pause, 'that I can be superior even to my prejudices. I have come to take you to this meeting, and to steel myself, for your sake, to what I dislike as much as ever. I could not bear the thought of you alone and sad. I knew you would be.'

'This shall be the last time I do what you dislike,' she murmured softly.

'Don't promise anything,' he interrupted. 'I leave you absolutely free. We will work together and be, as you said, true friends as well as lovers. Are you happy now?'

The honest tender eyes answered the question for her.

Some months after, Mr Roberts received the following note from his old friend Wilfred Earle:

'DEAR JACK—I want you to come and dine with Benedict the married man next Tuesday, and see how happy his "strong-minded woman" makes him. You were right, old fellow! The clever women *do* make the best wives after all. That was a blessed day for me that I went, under protest, to hear my Silvia "spout in public." The spouting days are over now; but I am not ashamed of anything she has done or said. You may laugh at my inconsistency as much as you like; I can afford to laugh too, as I have won something worth winning. Come and judge for yourself, and see your old friend in Elysium, and then go and do the same thing yourself. I can tell you, my wife knows how to welcome my friends; and I hope you will think she makes her house and mine a pleasant one. *Au revoir*, Jack; and between ourselves—she does not at all object to smoking.

W. E.'

LIME-JUICE.

THE subject of lime-juice has suddenly become one of great public interest. When the chief outlines of the proceedings and experiences of the recent Arctic Expedition appeared in print, much surprise and concern were felt at the sad prostration of so many of the crew by scurvy, the most terrible of all the diseases of maritime life. A Committee of experienced men, old Arctic heroes and medical officers, has been appointed by the Admiralty to investigate the whole subject. We shall of course abstain from all comment or speculation here as to the result; but our readers will not be unwilling to learn something concerning the wonderful effects of *lime-juice*, by contrasting the state of affairs before and since the introduction of that beverage (or rather medicament) as a regular item on shipboard.

Scurvy is a disease concerning which medical men are a little divided in opinion. The relative values of pure air, fresh water, vegetable food, and general cleanliness have not been precisely ascertained. The disease sometimes attacks landsmen under varied circumstances. Martin, who visited the Shetlands early in the last century, found that the inhabitants suffered much from scurvy, which he attributed to the too great use of salt fish. Brand, near about the same period, learned that the Orkney Islanders were often unable to obtain any kind of bread whatever; as a consequence, this dire disease was rife among them. In Von Troil's account of Iceland in the same century, he found that the people lived much upon stale fish, fish livers and roes, fat and train-oil of whales and seals, and sour milk; their clothes were often wet, and the poor folks were constantly exposed to all the hardships of poverty. Such persons supplied the greater number of cases of scurvy in Iceland; those inhabitants who took less fish, sour whey, &c., and ate Iceland moss and other vegetables, were less affected. A singular remedy, or supposed remedy, for those attacked was to bind earth-worms over the blotches, &c. produced by the disease, renewing them as fast as they dried up. The Faröe Islanders suffered much from this affliction at one time; but when the fishing declined and the people began to grow corn, the general health improved. Coming down to more recent times, Ireland suffered from scurvy during the famine years 1846–7; potatoes were almost unattainable, and other kinds of food high in price. Devon and Cornwall were at one time much afflicted in this way during the winter, the disease disappearing when vegetable food became abundant and cheap in spring and summer.

Soldiers and besieged cities have suffered terrible ordeals in this way. When Louis IX. led his crusaders against the Saracens in 1260, the French were much stricken with scurvy, owing to scarcity of food and water and the malarious state of the air. At the siege of Breda in 1625, and at that of Thorn in 1703; in the Hungarian campaign of the Austrians and Turks in 1720; at the siege of Quebec in 1760—the same calamity had to be borne. Towards the close of the last century, when Bonaparte crossed the Alps into Italy, his troops suffered greatly from this infliction. So did the British troops at the Cape in 1836. The armies on both sides were much afflicted with the malady during the Crimean War of 1854–5.

But it is in maritime life that this dreadful scourge used to be most appalling. It carried off more sailors than all other causes combined—nearly eighty thousand during the Seven Years' War alone. Salt food, absence of vegetables, foul or deficient water, defective cleanliness, mental depression, over-fatigue—some or other of these agencies were always at work. Vasco da Gama had full reason to know the effects of scurvy on his crew during his voyage to the East in 1497. Pigafella, during a voyage near Cape Horn in 1519, was exposed to the evils of biscuit worm-eaten and reduced to repulsive mouldy dust, and scarcely any other kind of food; his crew were attacked with scurvy severely; their gums swelled so as to hide the teeth, and the upper and lower jaws were so diseased that mastication was nearly impossible. All our famous old navigators—Drake, Davis, Cavendish, Dampier, Hawkins—had mournful reason to know how great were the ravages produced on their crews by this distemper.

Perhaps the most sadly celebrated of all voyages, in regard to this particular visitation, was that of Captain (afterwards Lord) Anson. He was placed in command of a squadron bound for the South Seas to act against French and Spanish vessels and settlements. The narrative of his voyage was afterwards drawn up from his papers by Mr Walter, chaplain of the *Centurion*. Setting forth in 1740, his sojourn in foreign regions was a prolonged one. After the squadron had rounded Cape Horn and entered the Pacific, scurvy began to make its appearance among the crews; their long continuance at sea, the fatigues they had undergone, and various disappointments that had had to be endured, all contributed to the spread of the disease. There were few on board the *Centurion* who were free from its attacks. In the month of April forty-three men died. Anson hoped that, as they advanced north, the spread would be checked; but the death-rate was nearly doubled in May. As the ship did not reach port till the middle of June, and as the mortality went on increasing, the deaths reached a number exceeding two hundred; even among the remainder of the crew they could not muster at last more than six foremast-men in a watch fit for duty. To sum up: in the first two years of a five years' voyage, Anson lost no less than two-fifths of the original crew.

Anson's experience shewed that the scurvy was not driven back even when the conditions might seem to have been moderately favourable. 'It has been generally assumed that plenty of fresh provisions' and water are effectual preventives. But it happened that in the present instance we had a considerable stock of fresh provisions on board, such as hogs and fowls, which were taken in at Paita; besides which we almost every day caught great abundance of bonitos, dolphins, and albicores. The unsettled season, which deprived us of the benefit of the trade-wind, proved extremely rainy; we were enabled to fill up our water-casks about as fast as they were emptied; and each man had five pints of water per day. Notwithstanding all this, the sick were not relieved, nor the spread of the disease retarded. The ventilation too was good, the decks and cabins well attended to, and ports left open as much as possible.' Another passage in the narrative tends to shew that the officers were much impressed with this failure of many preventives which are usually regarded as very important. 'All I have aimed at is only to shew that in some instances the cure and prevention of the disease are alike impossible by any management, or by the application of any remedies which can be made use of at sea. Indeed I am myself fully persuaded that when it has once got to a certain head, there are no other means in nature for relieving the diseased but carrying them on shore, or at least bringing them into the neighbourhood of land.'

Thus wrote an observant man in the days when the remarkable qualities of lime-juice were little known. Later in the same century, Captain Cook, owing either to better management or to being exposed to less unfavourable circumstances, or to both causes combined, fared better than Lord Anson. Although he had a little lime-juice, he reserved that for medical cases. He gave his men sweet malt-wort; another article administered was sowens, obtained by long steeping oatmeal in water until the liquid becomes a little sour; and sour-kraut, consisting of slices of cabbage salted, pressed down, fermented, and barrelled—without vinegar. Cook lost only one man from scurvy out of a hundred and eighteen, during voyages that lasted three years, and in oceans that ranged over so much as a hundred and twenty degrees in latitude. Quite at the close of the century, Péron during a voyage of discovery suffered greatly; but everything was against him. Putrefying meat, worm-eaten biscuit, foul water—all tended to produce such a state of matters that not a soul on board was exempt from scurvy; only four, including officers of the watch, were able to remain on deck. The second surgeon M. Taillefer, behaved heroically. Although himself affected, he was employed at all hours in attendance on the rest—at once their physician, comforter, and friend.

And now we come to the subject of lime-juice, a liquid which, on the concurrent testimony of all competent persons, possesses a remarkable power, both in preventing attacks of scurvy, and in curing the disease when the symptoms have already made themselves manifest.

How the discovery arose, no one can now say; probably the fact grew upon men's attention by degrees, without any special discovery at any particular date. That vegetables and fruits are acceptable when scurvy has made its appearance, has been known for centuries past. The potato, for instance, has often been purposely adopted as an article of diet in prisons, on the occurrence of this disease, with good effect—a few pounds of this root being added to the weekly rations. Countries in which oranges and lemons are abundant and cheap have not been much affected with the malady. In 1564 a Dutch ship, bringing a cargo of oranges and lemons from Spain, was attacked with scurvy; the men were supplied plentifully with the fruit, and recovered. Other varieties of the same genus, such as the lime, citron, and shaddock, gradually became recognised as possessing much value in cases of this malady. In 1636 Mr Woodall, a medical officer in the navy, published his *Surgeon's Assistant*, in which he dwelt forcibly on the great importance of employing fruits of this class. He expressed an opinion that oranges, lemons, and the like, come well to maturity in the intertropical zone where scurvy is most rife, and in a humble thankful spirit commented thus on the fact: 'I have often found it true that where a disease most reigneth, even there God hath appointed the best remedies for the same, if it be His will they should be discovered and used.' It was more than a century later that Dr Lind wrote especially on this subject, emphatically pronouncing that the juice of oranges and lemons is a better remedy for scurvy than any other known medicament. Lord Anson's disastrous experience had drawn public attention to the subject, and more attention was paid to Lind than had been bestowed on Woodall.

Nevertheless, the eighteenth century nearly closed before the English government were roused to action in the matter. To Sir Gilbert Blane is due the honour of inducing the Admiralty to furnish a supply of lime-juice to all ships of the royal navy, especially those starting on long voyages. The effect was wonderful. The records of the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, near Gosport, shewed that one thousand four hundred and fifty-seven cases of scurvy were admitted in 1780, whereas in 1806 there was only one single case; the introduction of lime-juice as a regular item in ships' supplies having taken place in the intervening period. Scurvy became quite a rare disease on shipboard; and many ships' surgeons are said to have advanced towards middle life without having seen an instance of it. When Captain Parry organised his expeditions to the icy regions, he was sedulously attentive to this as well as to all other matters connected with the health and well-being of his crews. As he found that some of his men occasionally shirked the lime-juice given out to them, he adopted the plan of mustering them every day, and seeing that every one drank off his due allowance.

When the juice has been obtained by the aid of a screw-press or any other means, it is heavy, cloudy, and sour. A proportion of ten per cent. of spirit is added to preserve the juice from being too much affected by tropical heats, and also to modify the possible effect of too great acidity. The mixture is carefully bottled for sea-use; and the sailors and marines begin to drink it about a fortnight after leaving port. About an ounce a day per man is the usual allowance, often mixed with sugar in their grog; the quantity is increased if any symptoms of scurvy make their appearance. Lime-juice may be preserved in the same way as ripe fruits by placing the bottles containing it in water, boiling for half an hour, gradually cooling, and hermetically sealing. Dr Leach, consulted by the Board of Trade, strongly recommended the use of lime-juice in all emigrant and other passenger ships, and drew up a dietary scale for this purpose. An act of parliament had before that date been passed, directing the adoption of this medicament in the mercantile marine; but the lime-juice supplied by contractors was found to be frequently so grossly adulterated that scurvy began to appear. Whereupon a further statute ordered that all lime-juice should be officially inspected before being placed on shipboard. One ounce daily per head is now a pretty general allowance in all ships alike. The better class of passenger-ship owners, such as Messrs Wigram, had long before adopted the system, without waiting for any official pressure.

It is now, to sum up, admitted beyond doubt or cavil, that lime-juice is the most valuable of all known agents for warding off scurvy, or for curing when the disease has made its appearance.

In an earlier paragraph we briefly adverted to the fact that a Committee is officially examining into the circumstances connected with the outbreak of scurvy in the *Alert* and *Discovery*. Of course no attempt will be made here to anticipate the result, nor to pronounce an opinion on the question involved. But Captain Sir George Nares has himself made public some remarkable observations on the matter, revealing facts never before so fully known to those who are most directly interested in the subject. In a speech delivered at Guildhall, the gallant officer said: 'No sledge-party employed in the Arctic regions in the cold month of April has ever been able to issue a regular ration of lime-juice. Every commander has desired to continue the daily issue while travelling, as recommended by medical authorities; but all have failed in doing so during the cold weather. In addition to the extra weight to be dragged that its carriage would entail, there is the more serious consideration of the time and fuel necessary to melt it. . . . After the middle of May, when the weather is warmer, lime-juice can be (and was) used as a ration. Of course hereafter lime-juice in some shape or other must be carried in all sledging-journeys; and I earnestly trust that some means will be found to make it into a lozenge; for as a fluid, there is and always will be extreme difficulty in using it in cold weather, unless Arctic travelling is considerably curtailed. Owing to the thaw which sets in before the return of the sledges, in its present state it must be carried in bottles; but up to the middle of May it remains frozen as solid as a rock. If the bottles have not already been broken by the jolting of the sledge or the freezing of the contents, they have to be broken on purpose before chipping off a piece of the frozen lime-juice, as if it were a piece of stone.' Cannot our pharmaceutical chemists come to the rescue, and devise some mode of making lime-juice into small convenient lozenges or dry confections?

'BELL-ANIMALCULES.'

As we write, we look upon a prospect which excites our wonder and interest. The eye sees a variety of form and structure presenting a combination of grace and delicacy hardly to be matched in the whole of Nature's domain. Within the compass of a small round disc or circle, we behold numerous beings, each consisting of a bell-shaped head mounted on a delicate flexible stalk. The margins of the bells are fringed with minute processes, resembling miniature eyelashes, and hence named *cilia;* and these processes wave to and fro with an incessant motion, by means of which particles of solid matter suspended in the water around are swept into the mouth of the bells. Suddenly some impulse moves the beings we are gazing upon to contract themselves, and as if by magic, and more quickly than the eye can follow them, the bell-shaped bodies shrink up almost into nothingness by the contracting power of their stalks. Soon, however, as the alarm disappears, the beings once more uncoil themselves, the stalks assume their wonted and straight appearance, the little cilia or filaments once again resume their waving movements, and the current of life proceeds as before.

The spectacle we have been describing is not by any means a rare or uncommon one, to the microscopist at least. We have merely been examining a tiny fragment of pond-weed and its inhabitants, floating in a thin film of stagnant water. Attached to the weed is a colony of those peculiar animalcules known popularly as 'bell-animalcules,' and to the naturalist as *Vorticellæ*. Yet common as the sight may be to the naturalist, it affords one example of the many undreamt-of wonders which lie literally at the feet, and encompass the steps of ordinary observers; and it also exemplifies the deep interest and instruction which may be derived from even a moderate acquaintance with natural history, together with the use of a microscope of ordinary powers.

The bell-animalcules are readily procured for examination. Their colonies and those of neighbour-animalcules may be detected by the naked eye existing on the surface of pond-weeds as a delicate white nap, looking like some lower vegetable growth. And when a portion of the weed is placed under the object-glass of the microscope, numerous animalcules are to be seen waving backwards and forwards in all their vital activity. The general appearance of each animalcule has already been described. The bell-shaped structure which, with its mouth turned uppermost, exists at the top of each stem or stalk, is the body. The stalk is never branched in these animalcules; and except in certain instances to be presently alluded to, each stalk bears a single head only. The structure of the stalk is worthy of special mention. The higher powers of the microscope shew us that within the soft substance or *protoplasm*, of which not only the stalk but the body also is composed, a delicate muscular fibre is contained. This fibre possesses the power of contracting under stimulation, just as the muscles of higher animals contract or shorten themselves. And by means of this structure therefore, the bell-animalcules, when danger threatens them, are enabled to contract themselves with great rapidity, the stalk itself shrinking up into a spiral form. The operation reminds one forcibly of some sensitive plant shrinking when rudely touched. The lower extremity of the stalk forms a kind of 'root,' by means of which the animalcules attach themselves to fixed objects, such as pond-weeds, &c.

The bell-shaped body is sometimes named the *calyx*, from its resemblance to the structure of that name in flowers. The edge of the bell possesses a very prominent rim, and within this we find the fringe of filaments or cilia, which in reality form a spiral line leading to the edge of the bell, where at one point is situated the mouth, represented by an aperture or break in the rim of the body. We have seen that the cilia create miniature maëlstroms or whirlpools in the surrounding water, which have the effect of drawing particles of food towards the mouth. The study of the bell-animalcules affords an excellent example of the gaps which yet remain to be filled up in our knowledge of the structure even of the lowest and commonest forms of life. No structures are more frequently met with in the animal world than the delicate vibratile filaments or cilia, so well seen in the bell-animalcules. The microscopist meets with them in almost every group of animals he can examine. They are seen alike in the gills of the mussel and in the windpipe of man; and wherever currents of air or fluid require to be maintained and produced. Yet when the physiologist is asked to explain how and why it is that little microscopic filaments—each not exceeding in many cases the five-thousandth part of an inch in length, and destitute of all visible structure—are enabled to carry on incessant and independent movements, his answer is, that science is unable, at the present time, to give any distinct reply to the query. No trace of muscles is found in these filaments, and their movements are alike independent of the will and nervous system; for when removed uninjured from the body of the animal of which they form part, their movements may continue for days and weeks together. What a field for future inquiry may thus be shewn to exist, even within the compass of a bell-animalcule's history—these animalcules being themselves of minute size, and even when massed together in colonies, barely perceptible to the unassisted sight!

A very simple and ingenious plan of demonstrating the uses of the cilia in sweeping food-particles into the mouths of the animalcules, was devised by Ehrenberg, the great German naturalist. This plan consists in strewing in the water in which the animalcules exist, some fragments of coloured matter, such as indigo or carmine, in a very fine state of division. These coloured particles can readily be traced in their movements, and accordingly we see them tossed about and whirled about by the ciliary currents, and finally swept into the mouths of the animalcules, which appear always to be on the outlook, if one may so term it, for nutritive matter. Sometimes when we may be unable to see the cilia themselves, on account of the delicate structure, we may assure ourselves of their presence by noting the currents they create.

The structure of the bell-animalcules is of very simple and primitive kind. The body consists of a mass of soft protoplasm—as the substance of the lower animals and plants is named; but this matter is capable of itself of constituting a distinct and complete animal form, and of making up for its want of structure by a literally amazing fertility of functions. Thus it can digest food; for in the bell-animalcules and their neighbours, the food-particles swept into the mouth are dissolved amid the soft matter of the body in which they are imbedded. Although the animalcules possess no digestive system, the protoplasm of the body serves them in lieu of that apparently necessary apparatus, and prepares and elaborates the food for nourishing the body. Then we have seen that the animalcules contract when irritated or alarmed. A tap on the slide of glass on which they are placed for microscopic examination, initiates a literal reign of terror in the miniature state; for each animalcule shrinks up as if literally alarmed at the unwonted innovation in its existence. This proceeding suggests forcibly to us that they are sensitive—if not in the sense in which higher animals exhibit sensation, at least in much the same degree and fashion as a sensitive plant. And where sensation exists, analogy would lead us to believe that some form of apparatus resembling or corresponding to nerves exercising the function of feeling, must be developed in the animalcules. Yet the closest scrutiny of the bell-animalcules, as well as of many much higher forms, fails to detect any traces of a nervous system. And hence naturalists fall back upon the supposition that this curious protoplasm or body-substance of these and other lower animals and plants, possesses the power of receiving and conveying impressions; just as in the absence of a stomach, it can digest food.

The last feature in the organisation and history of the bell-animalcules that we may allude to in the present instance is that of their development. If we watch the entire life-history of these animalcules, we shall observe the bell-shaped heads of various members of the colony to become broadened, and to increase disproportionately in size. Soon a groove or division appears in this enlarged head; and as time passes, the head appears to divide into two parts or halves, which for a time are borne by the one stalk. This state of matters, however, does not continue; and shortly one of the halves breaks away from the stalk, leaving the other to represent the head of the animalcule. This wandering half or head is now seen to be provided at each end with cilia, and by means of these filaments swims freely throughout the surrounding water. After a time, however, it settles down, develops a stalk from what was originally its mouth extremity; whilst the opposite or lower extremity with its fringe of cilia comes to represent the mouth of the new animalcule. We thus note that new bell-animalcules may be produced by the division of the original body into two halves. They also increase by a process of *budding*. New buds grow out from the body near the attachment of the stalk; these buds in due time appearing as young Vorticellæ, which detach themselves from their parent and seek a lodgment of their own.

These briefly sketched details may serve to interest readers in a comparatively unknown field of observation, accessible to every one who cares to know something of one of the many life-histories with which our universe teems, but which from their very plenty are seldom thought of or recognised. And the present subject is also not uninteresting if we regard it in the light of a corrective to those too commonly received notions, usually fostered by ignorance of our surroundings, that there is nothing worth attention in the universe but humanity and human affairs.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

In marrying make your own match: do not marry a man to get rid of him or to save him. The man who would go to destruction without you would as likely go with you, and perhaps bring you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at last. Do not let aunts, fathers, or mothers sell you for money or position into bondage, tears, and life-long misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the society of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half-delirious ecstasy, which may have to be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil, and pain. Do not trust your happiness to the keeping of one who has no heart, no health. Beware of insane blood, and those who use ardent spirits; shun the man who ever gets intoxicated. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily, into wedded life, contrary to the counsels of your friends. Love can wait; that which cannot wait is something of a very different character.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS TYRIE,

A YOUNG EDINBURGH POET OF GREAT PROMISE.

The fairest flowers that Summer wrings
From grassy mound to scent the air—
The leaves that sweetest beauty wear
When from the skies on happy wings
Spring flies to earth—in sad decay
Are first to fall, and fade away.

And like the garden rose that rears
'Mongst lesser flowers its stately form,
But droops and dies before the storm,
When Winter's gloomy face appears—
Yet leaves within Affection's heart
A beauty, that can ne'er depart—

A love, that Death may never claim,
Nor mix with his forgetful gloom
Amidst the stillness of the tomb;
So Memory keeps *his* honoured name
Within the mind; there shall it be
Till Time shall find Eternity.

His life was like the snowy cloud
That peaceful decks the evening sky,
And fills with love the gazer's eye;
But when the voice of thunder loud
Commands, it finds an early doom,
And disappears amongst the gloom.

Or like the snowy-crested wave
That sweeps along the sounding shore
In sunshine, then is seen no more,
Was his sweet life that early gave
Its noble soul to Him who lives
For aye, and takes but what He gives.

Ne'er trod the earth a purer soul
Than he, upon whose early bier
I lay unworthy tribute here;
Nor, while the stream of life shall roll,
On earth at least I hope to find
A youth of more exalted mind
Than he, whom God hath called away
To grace the loveful lands of never-dying day!

D. R. W.

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'LIVES O' MEN.'

The stranger who sails for the first time up the Firth of Forth must be struck with the numerous villages that stud its picturesque shores. These for the most part are fishing-villages, inhabited by a race of hardy men, who at times run fearful risks at sea. Though the morning may look settled, and the prospects of a good 'take' induce the boats to venture forth far out to sea, the afternoon may prove so boisterous that all hands are glad to beat a retreat, and leaving lines or nets to look after themselves, make for some harbour of refuge. Sometimes, as was prominently the case last year, the weather may come on so suddenly *violent* that the best appointed boats, handled by experienced men, run dreadful risks, and reach the sheltering haven only by a hair's-breadth. At times no skill can avail, and wives and mothers—and as we had occasion to shew in a recent article on the Hebrides, sweethearts—are left lamenting. It is unfortunate that many of the harbours on the Firth of Forth are dry or nearly so at low-water, so that a boat at sea *must* wait outside before the crew can venture in; for thus are doubtless lost many boats and their hapless crews that otherwise might 'make the run' and be out of danger. Unable to make harbour from want of water, there is no alternative but to lie off under close-reefed sail till the tide makes, or be dashed to splinters on a lee-shore. This will assist the reader of the following story in understanding the anxiety felt by those on shore for the boats at sea, even when the boats appeared in sight. Having braved the open sea in all its fury, the attempt to take the harbour at the ebb might have been disastrous to all.

With this preface we offer to our readers a description of such a scene as witnessed by one who has kindly placed it at our disposal. His story runs as follows:

'It's a sair, sair nicht, sir. God help them out on the sea!' With these words was I greeted as, through the darkness of that awful night of the 3d of August last, I groped my way to the harbour of the small fishing-village on the east coast of Scotland where I was then staying, being interested in the herring-fishing there.

On the evening of the night above mentioned a number of the boats had gone to sea, even though the weather (to say the least of it) looked threatening. The fishing up to this date had been a comparative failure; but signs of herring on the coast had been met with on the previous night; and with time wearing on, little doing, and a number of mouths to fill, the hardy weather-beaten fishermen were loath to lose a chance; so to sea they went, some few boats being providentially kept on shore.

The night, from being threatening, grew bad, with gathering clouds and rain, and gusts of wind from the sea. Wives kept up good fires against their husbands' return, as all expected the boats back. The *last* boat that went out *did* return, but no others; and the fishermen on shore were of opinion that with the wind they had had, the boats would be 'weel at sea an' sweer' (unwilling) 'to turn!'

Eleven o'clock comes, and the weather not much worse. Opinions are hazarded that it will 'maybe tak aff wi' the tide;' and I turn in and am soon asleep. Not to sleep long, however. One o'clock, and I am awakened with the howling wind, blast after blast, battering the rain against the windows, and rattling and banging windows and doors; and the noise of that dread continuous, seething, inexpressible *hus-sh* from the now storm-tossed angry sea. Out of bed at once, and into clothes and oilskins, then out into the night. Dark? Yes; black! Wind like to tear you off your legs, and rain blinding; but worst of all, that raging sea outside.

I struggle down to the harbour; and there, under the lee of an old boat, I find two or three fishermen, and am greeted with the words I commenced with. I could merely make out the indistinct forms of the men, but I knew the voice of the one who spoke. He was an old man now, past going to sea; but out there, somewhere in the darkness, were two sturdy young men, his sons, for whom he had worked in their childhood, and who now worked for him in his old age. Well might he pray: 'God help them out on the sea!' A month or two later than this, last year, his youngest, bonnie son was one of a crew of five drowned in that very sea, before his old father's eyes.

During temporary lulls, we could hear that there were others about; and often a sad pent-up wail, choked with a sob, told of 'wives and mithers maist despairin'' wandering past through the darkness and rain.

The cold gray dawn comes at last, only to shew us a widespread army of fighting waves dashing wildly on to the shore, and making a clean breach over the protection breakwater of the little harbour; plainly shewing the impossibility of any of the boats taking *that* harbour, even should they make shoreward. The safety of the boats inside the very harbour even has to be looked after, for when the tide makes, the run will be likely to snap everything.

As the morning advances and no boats heave in sight, the question arises, Where will they be? Some say they will make this or that harbour farther north; while others say they will be riding out the storm at sea, 'hanging by'* their nets. Already, by break of day, between twenty and thirty dripping half-clad women have started to walk along the coast to the next fishing-ports. They cannot wait here till the telegraph opens; and when it does open it finds plenty of work without them.

Some men have taken the road also, promising to telegraph back, should they find any tidings of friends or neighbours. Those of us left here gather together at sheltered corners and peer out to sea and hazard an opinion now and then. The old man before spoken of tells how he was at sea the night of the great loss twenty-nine years ago, but doubts if it was as bad a night as this has been. Another—even older-looking—tells how that night is as fresh in his memory as yesterday, for, as he said, he had then thought his last night on land or sea had come. He too is sure this has been a wilder night; but then he hopefully adds: 'Look at the boats they've got to work wi' noo!' Then with a sigh: 'But a' will no tell their tale o' this nicht.'

Morning grows into noon, and the rain has now settled down into a dark drizzle, occasionally clearing a little and allowing at times a better look-out to sea.

During one of these breaks a boat heaves in sight, evidently making straight for the harbour, under a small patch of sail, and labouring heavily in the trough of the sea. Instantly the village is in a commotion, for well do all know what will be the fate of that boat and crew should they get too far in-shore. The cries of the poor women are heart-rending as they rush hither and thither through cold and wet clasping their bewildered little bairnies to their breasts. Away there goes a stalwart young fellow with a tar-barrel on his shoulder, followed by others carrying wood and shavings; and in a few minutes a warning flame bursts from the hillside; up goes a white flag on the end of the pier, a signal of too much sea on for taking the harbour; and there also from a schooner inside the harbour waves the Union-jack half-mast high, with ensign reversed—a world-wide understood signal of danger. Soon also another fire blazes from another point higher up, from where it is considered it will be better seen by those in the boat; and the old boat-builder (from whose yard the barrel, chips, and shavings have been got) stands by with a flagon of oil, from which, from time to time, he pours a little over the fire, making it shoot forth a flashing, brighter flame.

Now all has been done that can at the moment be thought of, and it only remains to wait. The boat still seems to be making for the shore; and from that it is surmised that those on board of her are strange to this part of the coast. 'He's keepin' her awa.' 'Na; he's only jibing her end-on to the seas.' 'She's gaun aboot.' 'Na, na; the Lord hae mercy on them; he's gaun to try the harbour!' Such are a few of the exclamations from the anxious group round, or rather behind that danger-fire; and there also from the lips of a bonnie fisher lass about fifteen or sixteen I hear the earnest muttered prayer: 'The Lord be at the helm. O Lord, be at the helm!' Her father and three of her brothers went to sea last night in the same boat, and strange to say—though not known to her or any on shore at the time—that boat for whose guidance she prayed *was* her father's. Still the boat holds on—until again, and this time almost with a shout, it is announced that 'she's gaun aboot' (shifting her course). Yes, and this time it is right. She *is* about. There is a sigh of relief from all, and many a hearty 'Thank God.' Tongues seem loosened now, and criticisms are passed on how 'she's behavin',' and how 'he' (the steersman) 'works her.' All agree that those in the boat will make for a port about fifteen miles farther north, which it is thought will be possible to be entered with safety. At least all are relieved that for the present the boat seems out of danger.

The Telegraph Office immediately on its being opened, and ever since, has been completely besieged. What a picture, and how impossible to picture it! A little wayside railway office crushed full of dripping, crying women, with a sad-faced man here and there. Not a sound, except occasionally a smothered sob or whisper, and the tic-tic-tic of the instrument, meaning joy or grief perhaps to some of these poor women, all eagerly watching that lad, or rather boy, the only one there who understands that tic-tic-tic.

Then when news *does* come of this or that boat's safety, watch the brightening faces of those to whom it is good news; their long-drawn thankful sigh of relief, and their again saddening look as they think of others around them who have got no news yet. Quietly they pull their shawls over their heads and slip out, only to make room for others who have been standing outside in the rain waiting their turn.

But hollo! There goes the fire on the hill again. What does it mean? Another boat? No; but the same one is about. Again all is consternation and wonder, until the old boat-builder says quietly: 'He's weel acquaint. It's ane o' oor ain folk, an' he's gaun to dodge aboot expeck'n the wind to tak aff.' And he is right too; for the boat only comes near enough not to be *too* near, then 'bout ship and out again. After a time another boat heaves in sight, then another, until, by about five o'clock in the evening, there are eleven boats tossing about out there on that wild sea, in sight of home, waiting for the storm to abate and the sea go down. News has also come to hand of the safety of other six of the thirty boats that went out from here last night, so that there is still about half of them to be heard of yet, should those in the offing turn out to belong to the place.

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* Herring boats frequently ride out a gale at sea by being made fast by stout ropes to the nets, which answer the purpose of an anchor. In this position the boat is said to be 'hanging by' the net.

Well, it did 'tak aff;' and by nine o'clock that night fourteen boats managed to get safely into the harbour, though with great difficulty and danger.

What a sight was that also! A well-manned salmon coble kept afloat in the fairway ready for an emergency, and at the same time giving confidence to those in the boats taking the harbour. The pier crowded with men, women, and children, anxiously, silently, watching each boat through the peril. Then the greetings and questionings of the tired, starving fishermen, whom the sea seems to have given up.

Still lots of the boats have yet to be heard of, and many a one wanders the whole night through, unable to rest in his anxiety for the missing ones. Next day, however, all are accounted for. All safe, except one boat with a crew of five, swamped out at sea, in that dreadful August storm, and all hands drowned; and it has proved a 'sair, sair nicht' for the poor old fisherman with whose words I began this sketch, for one of his stalwart sons was one of that crew of five, who leave four widows and thirteen 'faitherless bairns;' proving how appropriate it is in regard to the pursuit of the 'caller herrin'' that

Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them *lives o' men*.

A MORNING IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

'If you will meet me at —— Hospital at half-past ten on Monday morning, I shall be happy to shew you anything in my power.' So ran a note I received some little time since from a privileged visitor at one of the largest London hospitals. An hour's ride brought me to the gates of the institution, which is in the very heart of busy London, and yet, as far as noise goes, might be miles away from all its life and bustle. A little world by itself it stands, having its own laws and customs, its chiefs and subordinates, and certainly its own joys and sorrows. Crossing a stone yard and up a flight of steps, the first obstacle presented itself in the shape of an ever-watchful porter; but the name of my correspondent had a magical effect in quieting his fears. Friends of the patients are allowed to visit them on three days in the week at stated hours; but beyond this, without private interest, it is by no means easy to obtain admission to any hospital.

Passing through the porter's gate, I found myself in a stone hall, where my friend joined me; and opening a door at one end, she led me into the accident ward. Down each side of the long room were arranged beds at short intervals, each with its coverlet of blue check and curtains to match. Yet there was little monotony in the appearance of the whole, each bed taking different shapes according to the nature of its inmate's accident. Skilled hands know how to place sufferers in the position that causes least pain; and light frames are fixed over injured limbs to prevent contact with the bed-clothes. Each bed too has a chain suspended from the top, with a handle attached; by which simple contrivance patients are enabled to raise and in some measure help themselves much sooner than would otherwise be possible. Some of the worst 'cases' are too ill to notice us as we go round; but from the greater number we get something of a smile.

Our next step was to mount the stairs on the other side of the hall. We now came to a large male surgical ward, holding about fifty beds arranged as before described. Here the dressers or house-surgeons were beginning their duties. The first bed at which we paused was tenanted by a boy of twelve or fourteen years old, with a bright and not unhealthy looking face; but a terrible abscess had formed on the calf of the leg, so affecting the bone that a serious operation was necessary to prevent amputation. This had been performed a few days before our visit; but useful as chloroform is at the time of an operation, it by no means saves all the pain. The first dressing is much dreaded, and even in the case of which I write the poor boy's sufferings were very great; but he was a true Briton as to endurance. I did not know which to admire most, his bravery or the steady hand and eye of the surgeon, who did not shrink from inflicting necessary pain, whilst with bright words of encouragement he helped his poor patient to 'be a man.' The air of cheerfulness about the ward was surprising; round the fireplaces were groups of patients, just well enough to be up. Gaunt and ill they looked, but as ready as possible for a bit of fun. The Sister of the ward comes out of her cheery little room just as we turn to go away, so we stop for a few minutes' chat with her. She tells us that in addition to the services of Chaplain and Scripture-readers, each ward is visited once a week by ladies, who talk to the patients one by one, reading to them, and trying to shew sisterly sympathy with their sorrows. Sister says that the patients look forward to the visiting afternoon with great pleasure, and my friend remarks: 'No wonder; poor things! They must find it very dull lying here day after day and week after week.'

Sister breaks into a merry laugh, and utterly scouts the notion that her ward could be anything but bright and pleasant. 'You see,' she said, 'mine are surgical cases. It may be dull perhaps on the medical side; but here the patients are well as a rule, except in one particular thing.'

To our inexperienced minds 'one particular thing' seemed quite enough. Asking the same Sister whether she found it difficult to obtain permission from one of the authorities to do something she wished, she answered with an amused smile: 'I never have any difficulty in getting anything for anybody.' It certainly would be difficult to refuse anything to such a bonnie face and pleasant manner. One could not but be thankful that she and others like her shed their sunshine where there must of necessity be so much shadow.

In the next ward (female) we had a few words with a motherly night-nurse. She goes to bed after dinner (about 1 P.M.), and comes on duty again at nine in the evening; but turning night into day seems to agree capitally with her. Seeing several cots with tiny inmates, we ask her whether they give her much trouble: her prompt answer is: 'Not a bit; not half so much as some of the grown-ups.'

'And the medicine; have you difficulty with that?'

'Never; however nasty it is, they drink it up without a word.'

One case of a poor woman is both medical and surgical—a terrible string of maladies; but another nurse, in answer to the question, 'Can she recover?' answers heartily and with real interest: 'Indeed, we hope she will.' She certainly would not without great care and the best of nursing. Near her is a cot, and my friend asks the four-year-old inmate what is the matter. A tiny voice pipes out in the very highest of high trebles: 'I'se here tawse I tarn't walt.' A dislocated thigh will prevent the poor baby from walking for several weeks. In the next cot is a girl of five, injured in the same way. 'Run over,' nurse tells us; and adds: 'Half of them are.'

A few more visits on the surgical side, and we come down-stairs again, and go through a door at the opposite end of the hall from the porter's lodge. The medical cases are in a block of buildings quite distinct from the surgical. The first ward we entered was chiefly occupied by consumptive patients. On opening the door, a most pitiful wail greeted us. Going up to the cot from whence it proceeded, we found a tiny child lying with its eyes fixed on the ceiling and giving utterance to the most heart-rending cries. The Sister, nurses, and patients were alike almost in despair about her. One nurse told us that little Jessie was eighteen months old, though not so big as some children of as many days. She had been brought to the hospital a week before, *starved.* Her limbs were so rigid that they could scarcely bend them. A patient told us that she nearly *bit through* the spoon when first fed. The doctor considered her much better; but she cried or rather wailed the whole night and all day, unless nursed or fed. Nurse had taken her into her own bed for three nights with little avail; and all the inmates of the ward were feeling worn out with worry and want of sleep. At a subsequent visit I found her still wailing, and tried the experiment of nursing her for some hours. She was perfectly good in my lap, and went to sleep. Flattering myself that I had done a good work in securing a quiet morning for the other patients, I put my lady down in her cot. She lay for just one minute, and then opened her eyes with a shriek that made me glad to bundle her up and quiet her at any cost. At my last visit I found that Sister had been obliged to send her away, after trying what having the mother in at night would do, and finding it of no use. One poor woman, very ill in the next bed, said to me: 'I do love little children, and I have a baby of my own, so I don't mind some crying; but it was dreadful to hear that child cry day and night, and no sleep for any of us.'

There seems to be no special ward set apart for children; but cots are sprinkled about in the female wards for those under the age of seven. As a rule, the patients like this, and the little ones get a good deal of notice and petting; but I am afraid no one regretted poor Jessie excepting a deaf and dumb boy in a cot near, who could not hear her cries, and delighted in clapping his hands at her. He was a handsome child of five, with a wonderfully bright smile, and very quick at catching the meaning of the slightest sign. At this first visit, his only amusement was to fold up the bed-clothes and throw them on the rod over his crib. His little tray had no toys on it; and notwithstanding his sunny face, one could not but fancy the days must have been very long and uninteresting. The last time I saw him he was rejoicing over some bright pictures, pointing out their beauties to his kind nurse, and making all sorts of inarticulate sounds of joy. One nurse had a rather quaint idea of the use of pictures. In answer to my question, 'Would No. 7 understand these?' she said: 'O yes; he'd know how to tear them up!'

After speaking to several of the patients, our attention was drawn to a woman, who looked so much a picture of health, that it needed quite an effort of faith to believe her when she said that, two or three weeks before, she had been so dangerously ill that she scarcely expected to leave the hospital alive; but under treatment she had improved so rapidly that she was hoping to go to a Convalescent Home in a few days. Several of the patients were well enough to be about. Whenever this is the case, they take what share they can in waiting on those too ill to help themselves. One or two are so ill that they cannot put a foot to the ground, need to be lifted in and out of bed and waited on like children. The Sister of this ward is most admirably suited to her post. She has the gift of governing, and nurses, as well as patients, are completely under her control. One of her duties is to go round the ward administering medicine to each patient (the medicine is kept on a shelf over the bed); and certainly the way they took it bore out the statement of the nurse spoken of at the first: however disagreeable, it was swallowed at once without the shadow of a grimace. Sister too presides over the distribution of the smaller articles of food, kept in little movable cupboards, of which there is one to each bed. The bread is baked in small tempting loaves, and brought into the ward in what looks likes a clothes-basket. Two patients carry this up the middle, whilst Sister asks each in turn how much they feel equal to. The amount they then receive lasts them till the following morning. A stated allowance of butter is given in the same way. A bill of fare hangs over each bed; eggs and all other extras being only given under the doctor's orders. In addition to this diet-card, a form is suspended from the bed's head, filled in with the name, age, address, and disease of the patient, together with the names of his or her doctor and house-surgeon, also the date of admission.

Going up another flight of stairs, we entered a ward for what a nurse called 'difficult cases;' by which she meant diseases that require special attention, and that do not shew themselves so decidedly as to leave no doubt of their nature. The ward is large, holding about fifty beds; but evidently it was not built originally for an hospital. Several rooms seem to have been thrown into one by removing the doors; but the projections of the division walls remain and serve to break the monotony of appearance. Of the same size and build was the next we entered, which was privileged in possessing the society of two cats as pets. Here we found another baby of the same age as Jessie, and like her, *starved;* but here the likeness ended. This little creature seemed the darling of the ward; nurses and patients vied with each other as to who should nurse her, and all declared 'she never cries, and gets *so* fat.' Whilst talking about her we saw one of the saddest of hospital sights. On entering, we had noticed one bed with a curtain drawn round it. 'Very ill indeed,' was the explanation given. At the other end a bed stood surrounded by a screen. Standing with my back to the door, I suddenly saw a change come over the patients' faces. Turning quickly, I was surprised and shocked to see two men bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They had to walk the whole length of the ward to take away the body of a patient who had died the night before in the screened bed. As the bearers walked past, it was painful indeed to see the strained gaze fixed by the patients on their sad burden. Even the children seemed to feel the possibility of their being the next to be so carried. It seems strange that this practice of not *immediately* removing the dead (to be coffined apart from the wards) should be continued, especially at this particular hospital, where the comfort and cheerfulness of the inmates are so constantly kept in view.

There are pretty fern-stands scattered about in different parts of the building; suitable texts in neat frames hang over the beds; and the fireplaces give a specially pleasant look to the wards. Some of them are really handsome. Coloured tiles of nice design extend a foot or more beyond, and above the fire itself, so that even in summer-time the fireplace is a pretty spot, and in winter the reflection of flame in the china is most cheery. Then each ward has its couches and chairs. In one we noticed a comfortable crimson sofa, looking most tempting with its white crochet antimacassars. 'Sent just as it is, by a lady,' we are told. Near it were several American chairs with holland covers bound with crimson. The effect was really good; and in this respect the hospital contrasts well with those where no effort is made to enliven the inevitable gloom of so much suffering and sorrow. The Sisters dress in black, with white lace or muslin caps; and the amount of taste exhibited in their arrangement shews no indifference to personal appearance. The nurses are suitably dressed in uniform of print dress and plain cap. Both Sisters and nurses are, as a rule, sunny and kind, and nothing could exceed the courtesy with which I was received, nor the pleasant way in which information was volunteered. The house-doctor, who was spoken of most affectionately by the patients, gave me kind permission to come again and see what I had that day missed—the early morning work.

We were about leaving the hospital, when my friend exclaimed: 'You must see this ward.' So saying, she led me to a small building by itself in the garden, where the patients take exercise when convalescent. Certainly it was a pleasant spot. The sun shining in, made it seem the brightest of the wards. It is divided into two rooms, one for male, the other for female patients. The cases are chiefly bronchitis and similar acute diseases. It is presided over by a sweet-looking Sister. She has her little establishment all to herself, including a separate room for any desperate case. She is an enthusiast at her vocation, and tells us she gets all the best cases. Asking for an explanation of 'best,' she says: 'My gentlemen' (students) 'are the most advanced, and so they pick out all the most interesting, I mean dangerous cases.'

On our way out, my friend shewed me the block of buildings set apart for the use of out-patients. Pointing to one room, she said: 'That is where they do any *little* thing—such as taking out a tooth.' I am afraid most of us are in the habit of looking upon that operation as anything but little; and to tell the truth, the patients we encountered coming up the steps seemed to share the popular notion, and did not look particularly joyful in their anticipations. So we left the hospital, feeling thankful that, though suffering and poverty must always be, so much is done to alleviate the sorrows of the suffering poor.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XVI.—MARIAN'S RISE IN LIFE.

In the garden I found Mr Wentworth pacing one of the side-walks.

'How does she bear it?' he asked, advancing towards me.

'I do not fear for her—eventually. But it is very terrible.' Striking my hand upon the arm of a garden-seat, I angrily added: 'And he dares to call it love! Thank God, the more she sees of it the less she will believe in it!'

'He is trying to persuade her not to act upon that paper. I saw that was his intention.'

'But you were not so blind as to suppose he would succeed?' I retorted.

'No; I was not so blind as that.'

'He will only succeed in making her suffer more; though there may be some use in that. Her eyes may be opened to his selfishness and—and utter worthlessness, at last. Indeed, I am proud to say I never called that man my friend.'

'Sit down, Miss Haddon; you will want all your nerve presently,' he said gently. 'What should we do without you?'

I sat down, and gave way to a few tears.

'There; that's all right: done you good; hasn't it?'—in a relieved sort of tone; but looking as though he were not a little puzzled at my getting relief in that fashion. I could not help feeling that he regarded my tears indulgently—as less to be dreaded than fainting, but as curious, decidedly curious, *man* that he was!

The Fates were certainly against my impressing Robert Wentworth with the notion that I was above feminine weakness; he so naturally, and I now believe quite unconsciously, shewed a vein of satire upon such occasions. Yet I do not think that he intended to be satirical, when he appeared most so; it simply arose from contrast—his inability to comprehend certain forms of weakness, and his ludicrous gentleness towards it. But be the cause what it might, his gentleness had now the good effect of putting me upon my mettle.

Seeing that I was beginning to recover my dignity, he went on more securely: 'She needs all the help you can give her. Poor Lilian! it is terribly hard for her to lose her lover as well as her name and fortune, Mary' (from this time I was never again 'Miss Haddon' to him). 'But if she can keep her faith in friendship, she will in time get over the loss of the rest.'

Yes; she would lose her lover as well as her name and fortune. Robert Wentworth saw as clearly as I did that sooner or later what had happened would separate them. We saw them step from the window; and hastily bidding me good-bye, my companion was turning away.

'Please do not leave me just yet,' I pleaded.

'It is better I should go—for you all. The fewer witnesses of the humiliation the better. By-and-by—in a day or two;' and laying his hand for a moment on mine, as it rested passively on the seat, he walked quickly on down the path to go out by the door leading from the lower grounds.

As Lilian drew nearer, followed by Arthur Trafford, his lowering brows and angry eyes told me that the beginning of the end had already taken place. But she was not drooping now. She placed her hand in mine, and held it with a firm hold, which I thought intimated that she had not succumbed under pressure. Nay, she was growing stronger rather than weaker under it. But she left him to explain; and if I had hoped anything from Arthur Trafford, the way in which he spoke would have destroyed my hope.

'Miss—Farrar' (there was a sufficiently long pause between the words to bring the colour rushing to her cheeks) 'seems determined to take your advice, Miss Haddon. She means to recognise that marriage, cost what it may.'

There was something peculiarly offensive, and I saw that he meant it to be so, in imputing the 'advice,' as he termed it, to me. But this was not a time for me to retort, so I merely replied: 'You are angry, Mr Trafford.'

'Angry! Is it to be expected that I could stand quietly by and make no protest, while such a sacrifice was being made? I suppose you have persuaded Lilian to believe that the consequences to her are nothing to me; you have tried to make her believe that I do not love her.'

'I believe that you *do* love her, Mr Trafford,' I replied. It was not his love, but its quality, which I doubted. Looking steadily at him, I added: 'And now is the time to prove the worth of your love.'

'I can best do that by protecting her interests, Miss Haddon.' Turning pleadingly towards Lilian again, he added: 'If you would only promise me to delay making it known for a few days—for a day—while we talk it over, and—and take further advice. For Heaven's sake, do not do such a rash thing on the impulse of the moment, Lilian! Say you will think it over?'

'It needs no thinking,' she murmured.

'And my wishes are nothing to you?'

'I hoped—I believed—that you would help me to do what I am doing, Arthur,' she replied in a low broken voice.

'Is it possible that you can think that I should help you to sacrifice your mother's good name, and disobey your father's wishes, to gratify a sentimental and very doubtful feeling, such as this? It will not even be of any real benefit to the girl herself, who is already much better off than she had any right to expect, and happy enough as she is. I say nothing of the entire disregard of *my* wishes—the cruel injustice to me—after being so long led on to believe in your love for me.'

'Spare me!'

'How have you spared me?'

'I *cannot* act differently—I dare not!' she ejaculated, wringing her hands.

'Not though you cast away my love in doing it?'

She was silent; her clasped hands tightening painfully over each other, as she bowed her head in an agony of suffering, which his own nature was too shallow to understand.

I think that he once more imagined that he had found the way to influence her, and he impetuously went on: 'You cannot mean to cast me off. Dearest Lilian, I know that your love for me is true, and'——

'I *must* do what is right. O Arthur, it is so hard to bear, and I need help so much: for our love's sake, help me!' putting out her hands towards him with a last appeal.

'You call it right to bring shame upon your dead mother and to be untrue to me?'

'You are pitiless, Mr Trafford!' I put in, losing all patience. 'And you do not know Lilian, or you would see that you are adding to her suffering to no purpose; for you will not alter her determination: she will act according to her perception of what is right in the matter, suffer what she may.'

'Then let her take the consequences!' he exclaimed, losing all self-command, and without another word turning away and walking off in a towering passion; as I afterwards found, going through the house and straight down to the railway station.

Lilian clung sobbing to me a few moments: 'God help me! Pray for me, Mary!'

'You are helped, dear Lilian. Strength *has* been given to you, and the rest will come easier.'

'Yes; nothing can be very painful now'—wearily.

A servant came to tell us that tea was taken in, and that Mrs Tipper and Miss Reed were waiting for us.

'Have you quite decided to make it known at once, dear?'

'Yes; the sooner it is over the better.'

'Perhaps it is. Would you like to go to your room, and leave me to prepare them a little, dear Lilian?'

'Yes; I should be very glad—if you do not mind—if you think it is best, Mary.'

'I think it best for you to be present,' I replied, reflecting that it would at least be better for her than brooding over the miserable scene which had just been enacted. 'But if you do not feel equal to it, and would like me to act for you, I will of course do so.'

'I will come with you,' she quietly replied, putting her hand into mine.

I stopped for a moment to kiss the pure brow, then we went together to the morning-room.

'Excuse my sending, dears; but we thought that you had perhaps forgotten,' said the kind little lady. 'But where are the gentlemen? James said that Mr Wentworth had arrived.'

'They are gone,' I replied, trying to nerve myself for what was to come.

'Gone, dear?' Then she nervously added, taking note of Lilian's white face: 'Is there anything the matter? Is not Lilian well, Mary?'

I placed Lilian on a couch, and took my seat beside her; then replied: 'She has had a very great' (I was going to say shock, but substituted) 'surprise. Something has occurred which will affect her whole future life.'

I saw that Marian's interest was awakened now.

'Affect her whole future life!' she slowly repeated. Then with a sudden unholy light in her eyes, she eagerly went on: 'You don't mean to say that there's been a quarrel, and that it's all broken off between Mr Trafford and her?'

'Be good enough to listen quietly,' I sternly replied. 'Lilian wishes me to tell you, and I will do so in as few words as possible. In looking over the contents of a cabinet which had belonged to her father, Lilian found a paper purporting to be an agreement, which, being signed in Scotland, constitutes a marriage between Mr Farrar—and your mother.'

'Ma!'

'And after ascertaining that it is genuine, for that kind of thing' (I could not help putting in the last little tag, though I might just as well have left it unsaid, so little did it trouble her), 'Lilian has decided to act upon it. She intends to recognise your mother's marriage, though it be at the sacrifice of everything she most cares for in the world.'

Mrs Tipper hurriedly rose from her seat, and crossed over to Lilian's side.

'Married to Ma!' ejaculated Marian, gazing at us with dilating eyes and parted lips. 'My gracious! And if Ma was his wife, I must be his daughter—his eldest daughter, and I've as good a right'—— She paused, for the moment quite dazzled by the light which was breaking in upon her; then presently added, a little more doubtfully: 'But you forget; Ma died only fifteen years ago, and Lilian is over seventeen. How could he have two wives, unless'——

'It is Lilian's mother who was wronged,' I explained, feeling that the sooner it was all said the better, if I wished to spare Lilian as much as possible from hearing the other's comments.

'My goodness!' In her surprise and excitement, forgetting company manners and her usual fine-ladyism, as well as being entirely oblivious of Lilian's position and consequent feelings in the matter. 'Then that was what you meant when you questioned me so closely the other day about the exact time of Ma's death. You *were* sharp!'

Mrs Tipper had Lilian in her arms, murmuring tender love-speeches over her. Marian might go on as she pleased now.

It did please her to go on. 'To think of Ma being Mrs Farrar after all! I should like to hear what Mr Pratt will say to *that*, after talking about being able to tell a lady when he saw her! Mrs Farrar! And I'm the eldest daughter, and'—— A new thought occurred to her, and she went on with raised colour: 'Why, if I'm the eldest daughter, the real Miss Farrar, and there was no will, everything must be mine!'

'Everything you most care for will most probably be yours.'

My words brought back the recollection of Arthur Trafford, and she eagerly whispered: 'Does he know, Miss Haddon? Will it make any difference to him, do you think?'

I turned away in disgust, and went towards Lilian.

'Come, Lilian; you need rest and quiet: come to your room, dear.—You will come with us—will you not, Mrs Tipper?'

'Certainly I will,' returned Mrs Tipper promptly, rising to accompany us: 'my place is with her.'

There was no necessity to apologise for leaving Marian alone. She was for the moment too entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the great change in her prospects to take any notice of our proceedings. 'Miss Farrar!' I heard her repeating to herself, as she stood gazing out of the window at the Fairview terraces and gardens, whilst we made our way towards the door—'Miss FARRAR!'

Well, we were not entirely comfortless; we three could wonderfully help each other. Mrs Tipper had at once returned to her allegiance; and from thenceforth, I knew that Lilian would reign alone in her heart. Indeed I think it was some time before the dear little woman could forgive herself for being so disloyal to Lilian as to allow the other to reign with her, even for a time. Marian's reception of the news had shocked her a great deal more than it had shocked me, because she was less prepared to see the former as she really was.

We were sitting together, and were already I was thankful to find beginning to be able to face the worst and talk over the event with some degree of calmness, when Lydia the housemaid tapped at the door with a message from 'Miss Farrar.'

'If you please, ma'am, Miss Farrar wishes to know if you will come to tea, or if you would prefer its being sent up here?' said the girl, staring at us with all her eyes, astonishment depicted in every line of her face.

Truly Marian had lost no time in making the change in her fortune known. But that was, I suppose, to be expected. Obeying a sign from Lilian and her aunt, I bade Lydia bring us some tea there.

We none of us went down again that night, although two or three very gracious messages were sent up by 'Miss Farrar.' The repetition of the name, and the girl's whole manner very evidently shewed that she had been taken into Marian's confidence. I could see by her hesitating reply to a question of Lilian's, that she had been informed that her young mistress had no right to her father's name; and this made me at length decide to give Lydia the true version of the story for circulation. There was now no helping its getting about, and therefore I determined that Lilian's unhesitating justice should be made known. Following her out of the room, I rapidly gave Lydia an account of what had happened. It was not necessary to dwell upon Lilian's unswerving truth and justice. I just related the facts, and they spoke for themselves.

Lydia was astounded; too much so to pick and choose her words, or to assume a higher morality than she really felt.

'My! Give up all that, when she might so easily have kept it all! Oh, Miss Haddon, an angel straight down from heaven couldn't do more than that! It's almost *too* good, it really is' (regret- tus fully), 'giving up this beautiful house, and dim sands and thousands a year, when she mi times; just torn up that paper, and nobody ever is' might wiser! One wouldn't mind if a bad person had to give it up; but it don't seem right for dear Miss Lilian to suffer—it really don't.'

'Do not you think she is better able to endure suffering than a bad person would be, Lydia?'

'I suppose she is, Miss; I suppose that's religion; but—— There; I can't bear to think of it! That Miss Reed, who isn't fit to hold a candle to her for goodness, leave alone ladified ways, to be set up above over Miss Lilian! A pretty mistress *she* will make; though,' added Lydia, gradually awakening to the possibility of certain consequences accruing to herself, 'I shan't be here long to see it. I've let her see what I think of her, a good deal too plain for that; and for the matter of that, so has every one of us, though she's only got herself to thank for it.'

I had had my suspicions that Marian was not liked amongst the servants; indeed Becky had more than once given me a hint that the former was just as much disliked in the house as Lilian was beloved. The first thing the next morning, Becky shewed me something else.

'Why, what is the matter, Becky?' I inquired, when she entered the room, her swollen eyelids and red nose betokening recent and violent emotion, which I could not wholly attribute to her attachment to Lilian, and consequent sympathy with her suffering. Though Lilian was growing in Becky's favour, the growth was slow.

'Please, don't ask me, Miss'—lugubriously. Then, after a struggle against herself, she put down the jug of water she was carrying, and burst forth into a wail of sorrow.

'I must ask you, Becky, and of course you must tell me your trouble.'

'You've got to go,' she sobbed out. 'You're going to be sent away the very first! She told Lydia so this morning. But I'll go too; I told her so. You will let me go with you; won't you, Miss Haddon, dear? You've always been my real mistress in my heart; and it won't make scarce any difference to you, till we can get another place. I can live on as little as you can; and there's another quarter's wages nearly due.'

'Hush, Becky! Don't cry so, child!' I murmured, not a little touched, and trying to wipe her tears away. 'It is not so bad as you think—not for me. I should very much prefer leaving Fairview now, I assure you, indeed—— What if I tell you a secret, Becky; something which no one else, not even Miss Lilian, knows, though I love her so much? I think I can do very well without taking another situation, and I mean to have you with me.'

'Do without!' she ejaculated, her thoughts, I think, reverting to my small success in 'doing without' at Mrs Sowler's. 'Don't try that again, for'——

'Listen a moment, Becky. In three or four months I am going to be married.'

'Married! Oh, Miss Haddon, dear!' she ejaculated, her mouth expanding and her whole face brightening. 'And may I guess who he is? I think I can.'

'Yes.'

'It's that gentleman, Mr Wentworth, who comes here so often, and looks at you so. Isn't it? Mr Saunders said he knew it would come. And I don't believe there's another gentleman in all the world 's is so fit for you, that I don't; for I know a little about him too. I did not like to tell you before, but that time as'——

'Stop, stop, Becky!' I ejaculated, laughing outright. 'What in the world put such an idea into your head? Mr Wentworth indeed! Certainly not; *quite* a different kind of gentleman.'

'Oh!' said Becky, her face falling.

'But I do not wish it mentioned, Becky. I only tell you that you may have the pleasure of feeling that you and I need have no anxiety about the future; for of course you will be with me.'

There was only one little drawback to Becky's happiness now—the regret that Robert Wentworth was not to be my husband; and I thought his being so great a favourite of hers quite sufficiently accounted for her disappointment. I, in turn, was a little disappointed that the face I had shewn her in the locket was so difficult to connect with the idea of my happiness; though I told myself Philip must look much more manly now. But having set Becky's fears at rest, I was a great deal too anxious about Lilian's future to think much about my own.

FOSSIL MEN.

Men of science in their eagerness to support a theory are apt to fall into mistakes. They reason honestly enough, but from too narrow a basis of facts. For example, the skeleton of a man is found imbedded in limestone. That man must have lived in the geological period, long before the commencement of human record. This theory looks well, but is not satisfactory. We do not know at what time the limestone, which was originally a loose substance, assumed the rocky form. There is a case in point.

At the western end of the geological galleries of the British Museum may be seen a human skeleton imbedded in a block of limestone brought from Guadeloupe. At first sight this would seem to be a silent but unimpeachable witness to the remote antiquity of our race. On investigation, however, the fossil man is found to be in this point of view a bearer of most unreliable testimony. All fossils are not necessarily very old, and this skeleton is comparatively a modern one. The limestone in which it is imbedded is a very rapidly formed deposit of corals and small shells bound together by a kind of natural calcareous cement. The remains are those of an Indian, whose death is placed by some authorities at as recent a period as two hundred years ago. The same rock often contains remains of unmistakably recent origin. In England a coin of Edward I. has been found imbedded in it; in France a cannon buried in this hard stone was quarried out of a deposit on the lower Rhone.

Another 'fossil man' was found at Denise in Auvergne. The bones were beneath the hardened lava stream of an extinct volcano, and it was alleged that the volcanoes of Auvergne had not been active since the Christian era, as Julius Cæsar had actually encamped among them. This view was put forward more than thirty years ago. Since then, a more careful investigation of local history has proved that there were serious volcanic disturbances in Auvergne as late as the fifth century; and further, it appears that the original position of the buried man is very doubtful, as there has been a landslip on the spot.

In 1848 some human bones were found imbedded in the rocks on the shores of Lake Monroe in Florida. It was reported at the time that the rock was a coralline limestone; and on this basis Agassiz and Lyell assigned to the fossil men an age of at least ten thousand years. But the claim to this venerable antiquity was unfortunately exploded by a discovery which shewed that the evidence on which it rested was false. Pourtalès, the original discoverer, came forward to rectify the mistake. The rock in which the bones lay was not the old coralline limestone of Florida, but a recent fresh-water sandstone, which contains (besides the bones) large numbers of shells of precisely the same species as those still indigenous to the lake.

So far we have dealt only with errors resulting from imperfect information or too hastily drawn inferences. But there are cases in which, as we have said, an uneducated man has succeeded in deceiving a geologist in his own special line of study. The well-known jaw of Moulin Quignon is a case in point. Every one has heard of M. Boucher de Perthes' careful exploration of the gravels of the Somme Valley, which resulted in the discovery of thousands of flint implements, the handiwork of primitive man in Western Europe. But up to 1863 M. Boucher de Perthes had found no human remains in the gravel, though it had been predicted that such would be found; and he was naturally anxious to make the discovery. He had offered a reward for this purpose to the workmen of the different gravel-pits in the valley. Several attempts had been made to deceive him with false discoveries, but in every case his special knowledge had saved him from falling into a trap. At length he and many others with him were completely deceived by the cunning of a workman. In 1863 a quarryman at Moulin Quignon, near Abbeville, came to M. Boucher de Perthes with the news that he had laid bare a human bone in the gravel. He had left it undisturbed, in order that the professor might himself examine it *in situ*, and explore the surrounding deposit for further remains. M. de Perthes and some of his friends went to the spot. Half imbedded in the gravel—a bed of pebbles stained a dull red by the presence of iron in the deposit—they found a human jawbone with several teeth still in position, the whole stained like the surrounding gravel. Close by was a flint hatchet.

As soon as the news of the discovery reached England, a number of English men of science visited Abbeville. To the doubts which they expressed as to the genuineness of the discovery, M. de Perthes replied that he had himself removed the jawbone from the undisturbed bed of gravel, and that the workmen who had uncovered it were men of irreproachable character. Two conferences of French and English geologists were held, one at Paris, the other at Abbeville; the bone and teeth were carefully examined; and though many were not fully satisfied, the general impression was that the discovery was a genuine one. M. de Quatrefages expressed his opinion that it might be regarded as 'the first human fossil ever discovered except in a cave.' But among the English geologists there were some who were not so easily convinced. One of the teeth was brought to London and subjected to microscopical examination; and it was shewn that there were no signs of mineral infiltration into its structure. The tooth was like one from a recent grave. The jawbone when sawn across at Paris had emitted the odour of fresh bone. It was pointed out that the edges of the flints found with it were quite sharp and fresh; there were no signs of rounding or rolling in an ancient river. The workmen were watched. It was discovered that they occasionally found means to introduce flint implements of modern manufacture into the gravel. It was observed too that the reddish deposit on the bone could easily be imparted to the surface of bones and flints by artificial means. Suspicion was thus aroused in many quarters, when Mr Busk opened a Celtic grave not far from Moulin Quignon, and there found the skeleton of a Gaulic warrior *minus the lower jawbone*. The famous jaw of Moulin Quignon was all that was needed to make the skeleton a perfect one. For most men this has settled the question of the non-authenticity of the discovery. But some still believe in it.

Another famous fossil is the 'Calaveras Skull,' alleged to have been found one hundred and fifty feet deep in the shaft of a gold mine at Angelos, in Calaveras County, California. The skull is said to have come from the gold-bearing gravel; and in the strata above are no less than five beds of lava and other volcanic rocks. Professor Whitney secured the skull for the Museum of the Californian Geological Survey; but he was not the actual discoverer, and there is a pretty general impression that he was 'hoaxed.' Dr Andrews of Chicago investigated the matter, and gives evidence that the skull was taken by two of the miners from a *cave* in the valley, and placed in the gravel where it was found with a view to hoax the officers of the Survey; and this would explain the fact that there are well-marked traces of stalagmite upon the skull. This 'discovery' it was that suggested to the Californian humorist Bret Harte the idea of his amusing *Address to a Fossil Skull.* Many of our readers are doubtless already familiar with it; they will pardon our quoting a few lines for those who are not. The poet's exordium is a solemn one:

> Speak, O man less recent! fragmentary fossil!
> Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
> Hid in lowest depths below the earliest stratum
> Of volcanic tufa.
>
> Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
> Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;
> Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
> Of earth's epidermis!

He begs the skull to tell its story: what was its epoch; did its former possessor behold 'the dim and watery woodland' of the carboniferous times; or did he live when 'cheerful pterodactyls' might have circled over his head. An answer was vouchsafed to him.

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication
Ground the teeth together;

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came those hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration:

'Which my name is Bowers! and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County;
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!'

The bone-caves have of course yielded numbers of ancient skulls—most of them, be it noted, very well developed, and many superior to savage skulls of the present day. The strangely deformed skull of the Neanderthal Valley (found near Düsseldorf) is thought by many to have been that of an idiot. It stands unique among ancient skulls. Even the famous skull of the Engis cavern near Liège, is said by Professor Huxley to have 'no mark of degradation about any part of its structure. It is in fact,' he continues, 'a fair average skull, which might have belonged to a philosopher, or might have contained the thoughtless brains of a savage.'

But we must stop here, or we shall drift into the controversy on primitive man—rather too wide a subject to enter upon here. Let us merely note that among all the remains that we possess of primitive man, we have no vestiges of that ape-man or man-ape which figures so prominently in certain modern theories of the origin of man.

SUCH OLD FRIENDS.

A STORY.

CHAPTER I.—COUNTRY LIFE.

The century was much younger, but it had passed its stormy infancy. Just as after a stormy night we take down the shutters and let in the light and rejoice in the calm of the dawn, so the country was beginning to breathe freely after the long years of agitation it had known. Peace was turning men's thoughts homewards, and there were even spirits daring enough to suggest that the very constitution of England itself needed patching up, or perhaps entirely renovating; scientific men were talking of the wonderful power of steam; but meantime ordinary mortals were content with the road, and were very proud of their 'High-flyers.' People were not so used to novelties then as we are now, and 'newfangled' was frequently the verdict on them, given with severity and even distrust. The far-spreading ocean of Time rubs off points and sharp corners, and leaves them smooth and rounded, and ready to fit in. But the eddies had scarcely yet stirred our far-off west county village. Once a week indeed, the Squire had a newspaper, which he lent to the Rector, who gave the benefit of it to some of his parishioners in his calls before passing it on to the doctor; and so news slowly circulated. It was such a quiet spot; the Parsonage and the Hall nestled lovingly together, with the Church like a link between; a small apology for a village was tucked close under the hill; and a few farms and homesteads scattered here and there completed the parish. But such a wealth of broad fair meadows and laden orchards lay around! The upland fields were bleaker and more stubborn, but the growth of purple heather covered many deficiencies, at least to the eye of the lover of beauty; and the all-bountiful Hand that planted the earth had crowned the ridges of hills with trees. Such trees, so grand and calm and stately in their growth! Winter had the hardest possible fight to rob them of their last robes; even November, whose sky is proverbially 'chill and drear'—November, whose 'leaf is red and sear,' found them in a perfect sunset glory, from gold to deepest purple.

'I do not believe there are any trees like ours,' exclaimed Dorothy Linley; and I think she ought to know, for she had lived with them all her life—not that it was a very long life either when our, or rather her story begins. She had scarcely seen a score of years; but things look bright and sharply defined seen through the clear atmosphere of youth. It was no wonder that she thought so on this afternoon as she stood at the open window, looking up the long avenue of pink-and-white horse-chestnuts, while the air was fragrant with the May from the tree on the lawn. It was not a mere afternoon tea, but the real meal that was laid in the Rectory drawing-room. In those days the article itself was costly but good, and they drank it out of tiny cups. Some had been handed down from a former generation and had no handles, others of more modern make had. Dorothy's mother was sitting at the table, surveying with a little pleased satisfaction its hospitable spread of country dainties prepared under her own eye, if not with her own hands. They were expecting a guest—Madam from the Hall. Mrs Linley's hands were never idle; the whole parish could bear witness to her 'notableness;' and her daughters were considered models of 'bringing up.'

'You would not have liked to live in the town where you were born, my dear,' she said in answer to Dorothy's exclamation; then suffering her work to drop into her lap, she looked beyond the slight figure at the window, away through the chestnuts, far back into the past. 'I thought as you do when first I walked up this avenue carrying you, an infant, in my arms. Your father and I had had a hard struggle—his means were so small as a curate, and he tried in vain to increase them by teaching—those were such terrible times; bread was almost at famine price; and I have sat with windows and doors bolted and barred, trembling to hear the people in the streets, for bread-riots were not uncommon. Everything was taxed, even the light that came in at the windows; so many of them were closed up, making the houses dark and gloomy. We could hardly believe it, when your father's cousin Kent Linley, whom he had not seen for years, wrote to say that the family "living" was vacant, and sooner than give it to a stranger, he offered it to him.'

'It must have been like a glimpse of Paradise, mother.'

'It was; for your father's health was giving way under the strain. He would have it that you, our first child, born just when our troubles were greatest, were the herald of the peace that was coming; and when he gave you his mother's name, he called you also Olive. You were the first he christened at the little church here, and "Dorothy

Olive" the first name he wrote on the parish register.'

'Was Madam at the Hall then?' asked her daughter.

'No; the Squire brought home his bride two years later, before your sister was born; and Mrs Melton used to come and see us very often. As you know, she gave Juliet her own name. We thought it rather fanciful, but could not refuse so kind a friend.' Mrs Linley looked up and smiled as the owner of it entered the room—a younger copy of herself, small, and with the same sweet tender eyes.

'Mother dear,' said the new-comer, seating herself beside her, 'do you know what it is my godmother is coming to talk about this afternoon?'

'No, my child: perhaps some parish matter.'

'Perhaps,' said Dorothy from the window, 'it may be the long-talked-of visit to London.'

'Oh, if it should!' cried Juliet, her face flushing with delight at the thought.

'Well, we shall not have long to wait,' answered their mother, laying down her work; 'for I hear the wheels coming up the avenue;' and the Squire's large roomy carriage, drawn by its two sleek well-fed horses, drawing up to the door, they all rose to receive their guest.

CHAPTER II.—VISITS.

And so it proved. Around the tea-table the purpose was unfolded; for the warm-hearted mistress of the Hall *had* come to ask to carry off her favourite. 'Mr Melton and I have been thinking lately,' she explained, 'that if we put it off much longer we shall not care to undertake such a journey; and we should like to take Juliet to see London: it is an old promise; and we like to have young folks about us.'

A slight sigh escaped the speaker, and it found an echo in the gentle hearts round her. They knew that easy and comfortable as her lot was, it did not lack its sad memories, and in three little graves in the churchyard on the side of the hill were buried the dearest hopes of the Squire and his wife.

Juliet took her godmother's hand and kissed it gratefully. 'How good you are to me!' she whispered. The hand was passed softly over the fair cheek, and then the broken thread of talk was taken up.

'We have another reason also. We think' (they were always one, the Squire and his wife) 'that we ought not to remain strangers to the next heir, who you know is my husband's great-nephew' (here the voice trembled slightly); 'so we have arranged to meet him in London, and hope to bring him back. We should like him to make acquaintance with the old Hall before going abroad, as he talks of doing.'

We will not follow the ladies in all the plans that were necessary to prepare for so great an event; female requirements were much the same then as now, only the journey was a more considerable undertaking, occupying several days, as they were to post. Presently they were joined by the Rector, who gave a pleased adherence to the whole scheme. 'But,' he added, looking fondly at his younger daughter, 'will this small head bear the weight of so much dissipation? She has never left the nest before.' The thought of the separation brought a cloud over Juliet's brow; but Madam said in her sweet way: 'Such birds will always wing their way back;' and the shadows beginning to lengthen, she rose to go. It was but a short walk across the fields, the houses being within sight of each other, and the Rector accompanied her back to the Hall.

Before the chestnut blossoms had faded, Dorothy found herself at home alone; but time did not hang heavily; more little services fell upon her, and there were little surprises to prepare, like small flints with which to strike light even out of a loved one's absence; and the parent hearts fearing she might be dull without her sister, devised many little pleasures. There were long rounds with her father, and kindly welcomes in many lowly homes; then came the sweet hay-time, and hospitable teas in comfortable farm-houses; two or three visits were even made to the nearest town, a two hours' drive, and there she found many who claimed and valued the Rector's friendship. She always looked back upon it as a time of peace. How often we are allowed to find an Elim before resuming the weary desert march!

Letters then did not appear at the breakfast-table on the wings of the penny postage, but waited for the cover of a friendly frank; and the absence not being a long one, those from our travellers were few and far between. Juliet spoke of the great city and the sights she had seen; but the streets seemed dark and dull; people too did not seem so cheerful as at home; and the Squire and his friends in their talks often shook their heads and said: 'The times were so bad,' that it sometimes gave her a frightened feeling as they drove slowly home at night through the dark streets with flaring links. She liked best when they went a day in the fine Park at Bushy, and Stafford Melton had taken them upon the river. Yes; they had met the future heir of Melton Hall, and he was to return with them.

Swiftly the days flew by, till one evening the Squire's carriage waited at the Rectory gate to take them to meet the newly arrived travellers, and father, mother, and Dorothy gladly obeyed the summons.

In the joy of the sisters' meeting, Dorothy was scarcely conscious of the presence of a stranger, until she heard the Squire's voice addressing her father: 'Our newly found nephew, Stafford Melton; we want him to come and be at home among us; and as the Rectory and the Hall have always been such old friends, we trust he will follow suit.' The two gentlemen shook hands cordially; and then Dorothy in turn found herself face to face with the new guest: 'Another young friend—Miss Dorothy Olive Linley.' (The Squire, like the Vicar of Wakefield, loved a full sounding name.)

So they all sat down to supper in the old wainscoted parlour, Mr and Mrs Melton declaring there was no place like home. Dorothy found herself wondering a little at Juliet's merry flow of talk with the grave-looking stranger; but there was not time for reflection; indeed there was so much to hear and tell, that when the sisters were once more together in their own room, it was not until Juliet's pretty head sank on the pillow for very weariness that the eager strains ceased; they died away in a last question: 'Dorothy, what do you think of Stafford Melton?'

'He has a good face,' replied Dorothy, musingly recalling it.

'Yes; but you should see his friend, Gilbert Strange.'

CHAPTER III.—VISITORS.

It was not long before Stafford Melton became quite at home; his grave manner was only the indication of a thoughtful mind, and in nowise implied a want of cheerfulness. Cordial as his relations with his uncle became, it was at the Rectory he found the most sympathy. The Squire was a politician of the old school, with a wholesome dread of anything newfangled, while the young man had imbibed some of the rising spirit of the age. '*I*,' Mr Linley was wont to say, 'am a man of peace, and to avoid storms, eschew politics;' but he lent a willing ear to all that was stirring men's minds—social questions, new inventions, and the wonders beginning to be worked by the marvellous power of steam. There was often another listener too; Dorothy followed these new tracks of thought, and it was in the light of a new experience, every day becoming deeper. She never asked herself what it might be that made her feel such gladness, only when Stafford spoke of his travels in prospect, her heart sank at the thought of what life would be like when he had gone.

September came, and then she saw Gilbert Strange, Stafford's close friend, whom the Squire had cordially invited to come and join their sport when the vacation should set him free, for he was a young barrister. Used to a life in town, he threw himself with almost boyish ardour into their country pursuits; and his high spirits and courteous ways soon endeared him to the little circle. He won the Squire's heart, and many a cover they shot over together, for often Stafford, who was no sportsman by choice, abandoned the gun for more peaceful rambles with the Rector and deep discussions on the new theories of Culture.

'You see, Mrs Linley,' said Gilbert, as he joined them one evening to find his truant friend, 'Fortune committed an error in casting our lots in life. Stafford ought to have worn my wig and gown; while I—can you not fancy the country Squire I should have made?'

Dorothy, who was sitting near, looked up from her work. 'Do you not think, Mr Strange,' she asked, 'that it is better to improve your acres than to shoot over them?'

'Miss Dorothy,' he said, in mock-appealing tones, 'I always remark that you are severe upon my follies, and the worst part is, your arguments are unanswerable. Stafford is happy in having so staunch a supporter.' It was a random shot, but Dorothy felt the colour rise to her face; and her mirthful adversary continued: 'I must retire from the field.—Miss Juliet, will you be more lenient, and accord me a shelter?' Juliet moved her seat to allow him to take one near, with a smile of welcome, but said nothing. I think Gilbert was beginning to read even her silences, and another heart too guessed their meaning.

Days flew by, but still the young men lingered. October was dying out with such a flush of glory, it seemed like the last kiss of Summer. 'Oh, must it ever change to winter?' sighed Dorothy as from their window she watched Juliet start on some kindly errand to a cottage near. Only a little while she stepped out of the every-day world into the ideal; her youth's golden dreams were passing away as swiftly as that autumn time. Presently, her sister was again in sight, but this time not alône. Oh, cruel picture set against the fair sky! what sharp instinct like a quivering stab made it so clear? The little downcast figure lifting its softened eyes in mute apology for the pain it gave, and Stafford's well-known form bending towards it with sad earnest pleading. They pause at length, and he crushing his hopes in a last grasp of the little hand, turned and walked quickly away. Dorothy's heart went out to him in pity and unknown sympathy—those two, so far apart, and yet both passing through their baptism of fire. She could not stand idle; she would go to meet her sister; there was nothing strange in that; they often did so to each other; and swiftly she hurried down the avenue into which Juliet had turned. She was met almost sharply.

'Why, Dorothy, why did you come? Do you not see it is raining?'

Yes, the sun had gone down, and a soft October shower was dropping on the dead leaves.

'I thought it would be dusk, dear, and you were alone.'

'Yes, at least now. But,' faltered Juliet, 'I met Stafford;' and with a sudden outburst, she almost sobbed: 'Why should he love me? He wanted me to be his wife!'

'And you could not?'

'I! O no—of course not.' Dorothy could not see the reason so plainly; but Juliet seemed to do so very conclusively. 'I am so sorry,' she went on. But her auditor cared to hear no more; she knew it now, and wanted only to take up her steely shield of womanly pride. 'Had we not better hasten in?' she said gently. Already the pretty frilled cape on her shoulders hung limp with the damp.

CHAPTER IV.—IN DESOLATION UNREPINING.

That evening Juliet was tired, and sat quietly working; but Dorothy read aloud and talked and went through the little home duties with the iron entering her soul. O true words! None others so fitly express the cold hard pressure of a hopeless pain. But such brave hearts do not go through the conflict unaided; and often a passing shelter is provided, into which they may creep till the worst is over.

The next day Dorothy's limbs ached, and her throat pained her. 'She must have taken a chill last evening,' Juliet said; and for several days she kept her room, waited on by loving hands. Even a mother's eyes cannot always discern how much is ailment of the body and how much of the mind. But Dorothy was almost thankful for the pain that laid her quietly by, when nothing was expected of her; the trial could be faced, the burden adjusted for every-day bearing, and she was spared even the sight of Stafford. She heard the horses' feet beneath her window when they came to take leave, and received their kindly messages. To Juliet she never again spoke of that autumn afternoon. Perhaps Gilbert guessed his friend's secret, and generously forbore to wound him further by the sight of his own success; or perhaps he read his fate so surely in Juliet's eyes that he felt secure in waiting. Certainly it was not until some months after, when Stafford was away in foreign lands, that he came to ask her to be his wife. It was not a long engagement. There being no obstacles, they were soon married, and he took her away to his London home. They sorely missed the bright young girl at the Rectory, and father and mother drew more closely to the one daughter left. Dorothy had passed into the bloom of womanhood before the blow came that broke the little circle; the kindly Rector was laid in the village churchyard, and then Mrs Linley and her daughter removed into the neighbouring town.

As if to compensate for some things denied to Dorothy's lot in life, Fortune's gifts were cast into her lap. The same cousin who years before had bestowed the family living, dying childless, again benefited his far-away relatives; and when the dear old Squire was gathered to his fathers, he had not forgotten the children of his old friend. Thus spared the thorn of poverty herself, Dorothy lightened it to many another; and as time rolled on, was numbered in the ranks of those dear maiden ladies (what should we do without them?) in whose lives are hid many an unwritten story, and who make the sweetest aunties and such dear old friends.

And did Dorothy lose all sight of Stafford Melton? No; bear witness, years of kindly intercourse and loyal friendship. It has been said that the hopes of the past are the best seed-bed of the future—even crushed and broken ones bear their fruit.

When at length *he* became master of Melton Hall, and brought home his young bride, to whom should she, strong and proud in her husband's love, turn so warmly as to his old friends Dorothy and her mother; and when gentle Mrs Linley was laid beside her husband, the young mistress at the Hall grieved for her almost like a daughter.

Dorothy Linley and Stafford Melton lived, in their respective walks down the pathway of life, to see the ripening century roll its wealth of marvels at the feet of another generation, and rejoiced in the development of many of the theories of their youth; yet sometimes, as they looked on the old spots, they spoke of years gone by, for they were such old friends.

RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.

We already have had some remarks on the disastrous increase of rabbits in South Australia; and now comes to us information from New Zealand, that describes the alarming spread of the creatures in that colony, into which they had been imprudently introduced about twenty years ago, under a fancied notion of doing good.

It appears, says our authority, that it is about twelve years since the rabbits began to attract attention by their numbers and the increasing extent of their ravages in the district of Southland. In the immediate neighbourhood of Invercargill, a tract of grass-land was first found to be colonised by a large number of these rodents; and settlers in more remote parts of the country came from time to time to trap a few of the animals, and carry them away to various localities in the interior. By this means new centres of reproduction were created; and with the idea of conferring a benefit upon their neighbourhood the colonists were unwittingly spreading and multiplying what has now proved a uniform pest. The rabbits themselves gradually moved onwards, in ever-increasing numbers, leaving what was once a country of rolling sward and valuable grass-land a complete desert. During the last two years the greatest impulse seems to have been given to their migration, and they may now be found in suitable localities swarming on the banks of rivers, in the sunny grassy uplands, and surmounting the highest ranges of hills.

It has been calculated that, from the number of times they breed, the number of their progeny, and the early age at which the young begin to reproduce their species, a pair of rabbits will multiply to the amount of a million and a quarter in the space of four years! When the exceptional advantages which they meet with in New Zealand are considered, in the absence of enemies, the sparse population of the country, and the abundance of food which they can obtain, it is not surprising that they have increased enormously.

The matter indeed is becoming one of very great danger to the welfare of the colony; so much so, that a special Commission has been appointed by the government to inquire into the subject. Without quoting an array of figures to prove the harm which has been wrought in a few short years, it may truly be said that large tracts of rich pasture-land have been converted into a veritable wilderness. The sheep-farmers and cattle-raisers find their occupation is becoming impossible. The yield of wool is falling off fifty and sixty per cent. in quantity, while its quality is deteriorating. The lack of food has caused many farmers who used to kill two thousand five hundred animals out of a stock of sixteen thousand, to reduce their stock to a few hundreds, hardly any of which are fit to be killed. The number of lambs in proportion to the ewes kept has fallen from sixty-five or seventy per cent. to in some cases twelve and a half per cent.

It must not be imagined that no efforts have been made to keep down the pests. Large numbers of men and dogs are employed specially for the purpose of shooting and trapping the rabbits. In one run, where scarcely a rabbit was to be seen three years ago, there are now sixteen men and one hundred and twenty dogs employed; costing the lessee twopence for each rabbit-skin brought in, and ten shillings per week for each man, besides the expense of keep and powder and shot. And the numbers killed are enormous. On this run, says the official Report, the average number of rabbits killed weekly is between four and five thousand; and though thirty-six thousand were killed in 1875, yet the report is that there is no appreciable decrease. On another run, close on sixteen thousand rabbits were killed during the first three months of the year 1876 at a cost of twopence a skin. On a third, the expense each week averages twenty-seven pounds; and fifty thousand rabbits were killed in the first four months of 1876. On a fourth run, nine men are employed with sixty dogs, killing at the rate of two thousand per week.

One landowner, in despair of reclaiming a large tract of land infested by these destructive rodents, inclosed an area of ten thousand acres with a solid masonry wall, the foundations of which were dug down to the hard rock, to prevent any chance of the rabbits burrowing under it. Seven years were occupied in erecting this 'great wall'—an undertaking comparable with the ancient walls built in the north of England to keep out the Picts and Scots—and thirty-five thousand pounds were expended in the course of the work. What a happy family the countless myriads of rabbits in that area must be, if they have not already starved themselves to death! This heroic remedy was adopted not only in New Zealand but in Victoria; for others of our Australasian colonies besides New Zealand have (as we have already shewn in the former article) suffered from a scourge of conies. Tasmania and Victoria and South Australia have been made the victims of a misplaced confidence in the virtues of the rabbit. The chief inspector of sheep in Tasmania, writing in 1875, stated that at that time the rabbits were consuming sufficient food to support two hundred and fifty thousand sheep, and thus causing a direct annual loss to the colony of sixty-two thousand pounds, without taking into account the money expended in keeping them down. In all these colonies special laws have been made for the purpose of dealing with these troublesome inhabitants. The main feature of the system adopted is that trustees are appointed, who have power to levy a rate on the lands in 'proclaimed districts,' the proceeds of which are expended in a specially organised campaign against the rabbits; and generally good results have followed these operations. There are runs in Tasmania on which a good shot could bag three to four hundred bunnies in a day six years ago, but where half-a-dozen could not now be seen in the same time.

Some enterprising individuals have put into practice the old motto that 'Out of evil cometh good,' by buying up the slaughtered hosts of rabbits, cooking their bodies, and preserving them in tins as an article of food, and preparing their skins for the market. Nearly half a million rabbit-skins were exported from Hobart-Town in 1874, valued at three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five pounds.

What has been done in Australia and Tasmania ought *primâ facie* to be as easily accomplished in New Zealand. So urgent, however, are the representations of the farmers—and so great the fear of the government, which derives a large revenue from the rents paid for land, that this source of income will fail, as the land threatens soon to become worthless—that it is proposed to supplement such measures by a state grant in aid of the war against the invaders, and by the introduction of natural enemies, such as stoats, weasels, ferrets, and hawks; and means have already been taken to send a few of our surplus stock of these invaluable animals from England. If ordinary measures of this kind are not sufficient to keep in check the inordinate increase of an animal which will reproduce itself a million and a quarter times in the space of four years, extraordinary means must be adopted.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

'On the Transport of Solid and Liquid Particles in Sewer Gases,' is the title of a short paper by Dr Frankland, read at a meeting of the Royal Society. That particles of many kinds are constantly floating in the atmosphere, even at great heights, is well known. At times noxious or deadly particles are diffused among the mass, and disease and death are the consequence. Dr Frankland has proved by experiment that noxious particles can be conveyed long distances, and he sums up his conclusions thus: '1. The moderate agitation of a liquid does not cause the suspension of liquid particles capable of transport by the circumambient air, and therefore the flow of fresh sewage through a properly constructed sewer is not likely to be attended by the suspension of zymotic matters in the air of the sewer. 2. The breaking of minute gas bubbles on the surface of a liquid is a potent cause of the suspension of transportable liquid particles in the surrounding air; and therefore when, through the stagnation of sewage, putrefaction sets in, and causes the generation of gases, the suspension of zymotic matters in the air of the sewer is extremely likely to occur. 3. It is therefore of the greatest importance to the health of towns, villages, and even isolated houses, that foul liquids should pass freely and quickly through sewers and drain-pipes, so as to complete their discharge from the sewerage system before putrefaction sets in.'

The Birmingham Corporation sewage-works comprise a farm of two hundred and sixty-six acres in the valley of the Tame. The outflow of the two main sewers is treated with lime, which throws down the solid matters; and after the sewage has crossed a few tanks, the liquid portion flows into the Tame in a condition much less impure than the water of the river itself. The deposited sludge amounts to nearly four hundred tons a day. Great part of this is utilised by 'double-digging' of it into the land, three years being required to dig the whole farm. Another part is converted into Roman cement by General Scott's process.

The results appear to be satisfactory, for we are informed that 'the rye-grass grown on the farm averages from thirteen to fourteen tons an acre at each cutting, and several cuttings are obtained each year. After each cutting the land is immediately irrigated thoroughly with sewage, and in about three weeks the next crop is generally ready for cutting.'

At Manchester the Health Committee collect the excrementitious matters and other house-refuse in properly constructed vans, which are cleansed after each journey to the yard in the outskirts. There the whole mass is sorted; and what that sorting involves may be judged of from the fact that the quantity collected each week amounts to about three thousand tons, comprising 'paper, one ton; rags, three tons; dead dogs, cats, rats, guinea-pigs, and other animals, two tons; stable manure, seventeen tons; meat tins and old tin and iron, thirty-three tons; refuse from slaughter-houses and fish-shops, sixty tons; broken pots, bottles, and glasses, eighty tons; vegetable refuse, door-mats, table-covers, floor-cloths, and old straw mattresses, one hundred tons; fine ashes, one thousand two hundred and thirty tons; cinders, one thousand four hundred tons.'

In a communication to the Scientific and Mechanical Society of Manchester, from the *Proceedings* of which these particulars are taken, it is further stated that 'not only is patent manure produced, but disinfecting powder, mortar, fuel, and other useful commodities, all from the vilest refuse; and another matter for wonder is that all this abominable stuff is worked up with so little offensive smell arising from it. In addition to these works, there are workshops in which the Corporation make their own vans, pails, harness, and other requisite appliances for dealing with the new system of treating town-refuse.' No coal is bought: the cinders brought in furnish fuel enough for all the furnaces and heating apparatus, and for the 'destructors,' in which the absolute refuse which was formerly piled in huge heaps in different parts of the city, is burnt into harmlessness, while the heat is communicated to a neighbouring 'concretor.' 'The spent fuel,' we are told, 'is carted to the mills, and is there converted into mortar, a mortar too of the best description, as the samples of brickwork built with it abundantly testify.' Some of the most offensive refuse is passed through the 'carbonisers,' and 'is resolved into a perfectly harmless material.' From all this we learn that the art of keeping a town thoroughly clean may be made to occupy a high place among the useful arts.

The manufacture of iodine by distillation of seaweed, established a few years ago in the isle of Tyree and other parts of the West Highlands, *still goes on*, and as is stated, with tenfold increase. The selling price, which used to be 1s. 3d. per ounce, is now not more than 5½d.

In America it has been discovered that the canker-worm, which infests fruit-trees to a mischievous extent, can be effectually checked and destroyed by smearing the stem and branches with printers' ink. It is interesting to know that there are two ways in which printers' ink can be made use of for the suppression of pests. And in France experience has proved that the *Phylloxera* can be destroyed by planting red maize between the rows of vines. The insects quit the vines and attack the maize-roots.

Meteorologists are well aware of the fact, that as a rule the barometer rises and falls twice within the twenty-four hours. Wherever observations are made, this movement is seen; and attempts have been made to refer it to the influence of tides in the air. But what causes the aërial tides? Some observers say magnetism, others say heat and differences of temperature. Mr Blanford, meteorological reporter to the government of India, has studied the subject; and in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, he remarks: 'It appears in a high degree probable that a great part of the diurnal irregularity of the barometric tides is due to the transfer of air from land to sea, and *vice versâ*, and to a similar transfer which may be proved to take place between the plains and the mountains. But the phenomenon is very complex, and much study and labour are yet required to unravel its elements, consisting as they do partly of elastic and reactionary pressure, partly of dynamic pressure, and partly of variations in the static pressure of the atmosphere. Till this shall have been done, and it shall be found, after all, that heat and its effects are insufficient to explain the phenomenon, it seems premature to resort to magnetic and electrical phenomena for the explanation of the barometric tides.'

Amateur meteorologists would do well to remember that the trustworthiness of the anemometer as a measurer of the force of the wind is seriously affected by the presence of trees; even a single tree will exert a disturbing influence. For wind-observations, the more open the space the better. We hear that the Meteorological Office is about to place at a high elevation an anemometer which will indicate its work to the observer below by telegraph. In the study of the weather, it would often be of advantage to know the rate and force of the wind on the top of St Paul's or Ben Lomond.

It had been noticed that ozone was developed by the spray of water when under pressure; Signor Bellucci was thereby induced to make observations at the Falls of Terni 'to ascertain if ozone was produced by the natural pulverisation of the water, especially as he had often noticed there the characteristic odour of ozone.' The tests employed completely demonstrated the presence of ozone, and that the quantity varied with the volume of water rushing over the Falls. From this result Signor Bellucci concludes that wherever water is converted into powder or spray, whether by a cascade, a torrent, or by the rolling of waves, there ozone is produced. 'It is noteworthy that the air over the surface of the ocean is richer in ozone than that collected on land. Hence the production of ozone may be due to the electrical state induced by the friction of the minute drops of water against one another, which is increased by the mineral matter suspended or even dissolved in the water.'

Land flooded by the sea generally remains barren many years. The *Journal* of the Chemical Society gives a German chemist's explanation of the reason why. The land is charged with too large a proportion of chlorine salts; it has a tendency to remain damp; and there is a formation of ferrous sulphate, which, as is known, exerts a very prejudicial influence on plant-growth. Land when brought into this condition by an inflow of the sea, should be drained as quickly as possible, and sown with grass or clover and allowed to rest. Experience shews that it recovers its fertility sooner if treated in this way, than when cultivated all the year round as arable land.

In the course of a lecture on the Motion of Waves in Air and Water, by Professor Guthrie, a light, hollow india-rubber ball was floated on water, and a vibrating tuning-fork was held near it. The ball moved towards and followed the fork. Why? Some people might say that the fork attracted the ball; but the lecturer decided that attraction had nothing to do with it. Each oscillation of a wave is followed by a reflection: in this case, the reflection pushed the farther side of the ball; from which the conclusion was drawn 'that there is no such thing as attraction—that the apparent pull will be found to be a push from the opposite direction. The approach,' said Professor Guthrie, 'need not necessarily be called attraction, and it is better in all cases to substitute the word approach, which is a fact, for attraction, which is a theory.'

Mr Siemens' paper on the Bathometer, which we noticed some months ago, is now published in the *Philosophical Transactions.* Objections have been made to the instrument as an indicator of the depth of the sea, because the sea-level is disturbed by the attraction of large masses of land. Mr Siemens answers that he is aware of the objection; that the bathometer is not expected to do more than indicate comparatively small variations in total terrestrial attraction, which the hydrographer or navigator using the instrument will have to interpret according to the circumstances of the case. If the zero-point of the instrument varies with the latitude, or in consequence of special geological causes, we must bear in mind that these causes are of a permanent character, and that when an ocean has been once surveyed by means of the bathometer, the special local conditions become observed facts, and would thus serve to increase the value of the bathometer as an instrument for measuring the depth of the sea without the use of the sounding-line.

At a meeting held at Salem, Massachusetts, a lecture on 'Visible Speech' was delivered by Professor Graham Bell, who, by means of the drum in a human ear cut from a dead subject, has succeeded in producing a phonautograph. The ear is placed in the end of an ordinary speaking-trumpet; on speaking into the trumpet the drum is set in motion; this moves the style; the style traces the effect on a plate of smoked glass; and by means of a camera the curves and lines can be exhibited to a large number of spectators. The five vowels make five different curves; and according to Mr Bell, there is no such thing as a sound or tone pure and simple, but each is a composite of a number of tones; and the wavelets by which these are produced can also be shewn on a screen. Tables of the various symbols have been drawn up, and found useful for educational purposes, as was demonstrated by a young deaf and dumb pupil from the Boston Institution, who interpreted the symbols at sight.

Professor Bell has improved the method devised by his father, formerly of University College, London, for rendering speech visible; and as is well known, membranes have long been used for experiments in acoustics. Some of our readers may remember the experiments of Mr W. H. Barlow, F.R.S., described in his paper 'On the Pneumatic Action which accompanies the Articulation of the Human Voice,' read two years ago at the Royal Society, and published in vol. 22 of their *Proceedings.* And within the past few weeks we learn that the telephone has been so far improved that an account of a public meeting was talked into one end of a wire and was distinctly heard and understood at a distance of eighteen miles.

There is good news for eaters of fish, for the government of Newfoundland have recently ascertained from the survey made by Professor Hind, under their authority, that the fishing-grounds off the coast of Labrador cover an area of more than seven thousand geographical square miles; about a thousand more than the Newfoundland fisheries. And there is good prospect of duration, for the Arctic drift brings down infinite quantities of the infusorial animals on which the cod-fish delight to feed. Owing to the higher latitude, the fishing season varies from that of Newfoundland; and it is found that the cod approach the shore one week later for every degree of latitude, going northwards. The coast of Labrador is described as similar to that of Norway, bare and rocky, and cut by fiords, some of which penetrate seventy miles inland. A summer cruise along that coast would be an interesting adventure for some of our yachtsmen.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington does not confine itself exclusively to science, but makes itself useful in other ways. One of these ways is fish-culture; and we find from a recent Report, that in three years 1873-75, the Institution distributed forty millions of fish. Among these, shad and two kinds of salmon were the most numerous. The distribution is carried on under the superintendence of Professor Baird, an American naturalist of high repute.

A recently published part of the Royal Asiatic Society's *Journal* contains a report of a meeting held some months ago in which Sir H. Rawlinson stated that from the further investigations that had taken place there was reason to believe 'that the Hittites were really the chief people intervening between Egypt and Assyria, and that to them we owe the intercommunication of the art of those two countries.'

At the same meeting, Professor Monier Williams, in giving an account of his visit to India, mentioned that while there he had heard the learned men speak Sanscrit with astonishing fluency; and that in his opinion the day is approaching when Sanscrit will be as much studied in England as Greek.

One of the English delegates who took part in the International Statistical Congress held last September at Buda-Pesth, remarks on the disadvantage under which the Hungarians lie in their isolation from other nations by their language. It is a serious obstacle to their development; and as antipathies of race prevent their adoption of German, he recommends that they should take to English. In this he says: 'There would be no race difficulties, and the use of English would aid the Hungarians in more ways than one, and secure for them a predominance on the Lower Danube.'

If the present enthusiasm for African travel should continue, Africa will, before many years are over, cease to be an unknown country. Travellers from Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, and Portugal, are either actually at work or about to commence their explorations, in addition to the Englishmen who are always pushing their way into the interior. And now that Colonel Gordon (Gordon Pasha) has been appointed by the Khedive of Egypt governor of Sudan, facilities for travel in the equatorial regions may be looked for, and Æthiopia will cease to be a mystery.

We are informed that the use of leather belts for transmission of power in factories is more widely spread in the manufacturing districts than is implied in our paragraph on that subject (*ante*, p. 63), and that in the Anchor Thread Works at Paisley, where the belts were adopted four years ago, two thousand five hundred horse-power are transmitted by means thereof.

We take this opportunity of correcting an error in our recent article on *Austrian Arctic Discovery.* Lieutenant Payer's farthest point north ought to have been 82° 5′ instead of 85° 5′.

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THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

At Cooke's well-known travelling Circus there may be seen some remarkable performances with horses and small ponies that have been trained for the purpose. In London, at Hengler's Cirque, as it is called, there is a fine stud of horses, which commands general admiration. Without depreciating modern establishments of this kind, our recollections go back to Astley's Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge, as it used to be thirty to forty years ago, under the management of the late Mr Ducrow. The feats there performed by some of the horses were exceedingly wonderful. The animals seemed to possess a degree of human intelligence. They were accomplished actors. Their powers of simulation with a view to entertain spectators went far beyond what any one could expect whose knowledge is confined to the ordinary class of horses. We will mention a few particulars regarding the horses at Astley's as they occur to our memory.

One evening the performance represented a house on fire. All the inhabitants of the dwelling had managed to escape except a lady in an upper story. You saw her at a window throwing about her arms wildly, and screaming for help. Her appeals to the assembled crowd beneath were heart-rending. The firemen could not reach her, for the stair was seemingly in a blaze, and there was no fire-escape. The spectators in the theatre were wrought up to an agony, it being but too evident that the poor lady was doomed to perish by a painful and violent death. In the midst of the commotion, a horse which belonged to the lady rushed upon the stage. In its stable it had heard the screams of its mistress, and hastened to do its best to save her. Without saddle or bridle, it was seen to rush into the house, and to climb the stair amidst flames and volumes of smoke. It reached the apartment where the lady was. She mounted on its back, holding by the mane, and the horse descending the stair brought her safely to the ground. Prolonged shouts of applause rewarded the hazardous exploit. The whole thing was a beautiful piece of acting, evoking throughout sentiments of pleasure and admiration. Nothing but kindness and long training could have made the horse so clever in knowing what to do and to do it well. The feat was the more surprising as horses usually have a dread of fire which is not easily conquered. It will be understood that the fire had been so adroitly managed as to effect no injury on the theatre, and that there never had been any real danger.

On another evening at Astley's a still more remarkable piece of acting by a white horse named Prince, was offered for public entertainment. It was in a play called the High-mettled Racer. The play was in several successive acts, and designed to represent different stages of degradation in the career of a horse from youth to old age. The spectacle was painful but touching, and unfortunately in too many cases true to nature. We shall endeavour to describe some of the scenes.

When the piece opens, we have a view of an English country mansion. In front there are several mounted huntsmen in scarlet coats ready to set out on a fox-chase. They are waiting till a young lady comes out of the mansion to accompany them. We see the lady, who is properly equipped for riding, descend the steps at the doorway, and by the aid of a groom mount a young and beautifully shaped white horse that is in readiness for her. She speaks to it affectionately, and calls it her dear Prince. The elegant form of the animal, its proud bearing, its glossy coat, and the spirited way it prances about, excite general admiration. After a little galloping to shew its paces, the horse with its fair rider goes off with the huntsmen and hounds in pursuit of a fox—that was also a taught actor in its way—which leads the party through a variety of difficulties, such as climbing up rocks, leaping over hedges, and so forth, till at length, when on the point of being run down, it dashes into the cottage of a poor old woman, who humanely gives it shelter. She takes up the fox lovingly in her arms, and saves it from seemingly impending destruction. That may be called the first stage in the horse's career, during which Prince was well attended to and happy.

At the beginning of next act, the horse is to appearance several years older, and is no longer fit for racing or hunting. The lady, its first owner, had from some circumstances been compelled to part with it. From its swiftness in running, it had been purchased to run at celebrated horse-races, at which it had on several occasions won prizes, and its sprightliness obtained for it the name of the High-mettled Racer. After this it was transferred from one owner to another, always in a descending scale, until poor Prince is seen in the condition of a cab-horse in the streets of London. It has somewhat the look of its former state, but is terribly broken down in figure and spirit. Its plump and glossy appearance is gone. It is dirty and dejected. It hangs its head droopingly down. Its ribs shine through its skin. Its joints are stiff. It stands on three legs, with the other leg resting on the point of the foot, just as we see cab-horses trying to rest their aching limbs when standing in a row for hire. What a wretched downcome from that which Prince had enjoyed in 'life's young dream!' There awaits it, however, a still lower depth of misery.

In the following act, Prince is reduced to the forlorn condition of drawing a sand-cart, when it can hardly draw its own legs after it. To appearance, it is half-starved. A child offers it a few straws, which it is glad to eat. It seems to be little better than skin and bone. The cart in which it is yoked belongs to a rude jobber whose object is to wring the utmost possible work out of the animal before selling it to be killed. A feeling of horror and compassion thrills through the spectators. They can hardly believe they are only looking at a play, for the simulation is perfect. Staggering along with its draught under the cruel urging of the whip, the moment arrives when Prince can go no further. Its unhappy span of life is terminated. It suddenly drops down under its weary load—to die, and be relieved of all its troubles. Unyoked from the cart, and relieved of its harness, there it is stretched out, with a crowd of idlers about it, seemingly at the last gasp, and offering in its fate a dreadful instance of undeserved cruelty to animals. 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' Quite true; but, alas, inhumanity to man is nothing in comparison with the inhumanity which is recklessly exercised towards the horse.

There is a concluding scene in the life of the horse we have been describing, which must on no account be omitted. While lying in the street in its death-struggle, and when preparations were making to drag it off to the shambles, a lady who is passing recognises the dying animal as being her favourite horse Prince, which she had ridden years ago at the fox-chase. At the same time the poor beast faintly lifting its head, recognises its old mistress, and with failing eyes seems to implore her compassion. In a state of distraction, the lady kneels down, takes the horse's head in her lap, speaks to it consolingly, and once more calls it her dear Prince. Oh, what she would not do to revive the dying animal, and give Prince a new lease of existence! Just at this juncture, in the manner of the old plays, when something supernatural was required to get over a serious difficulty, a sylph-like being in the character of a benevolent fairy appears on the stage carrying a magic wand. Her mission, she says, being to redress wrong, she touches the dying horse with the wand and bids it rise. In an instant Prince starts up from its recumbent position, and to the delight and amazement of everybody, it is as fresh, plump, glossy, and beautiful as when it went out with the hounds in the fox-chase. The lady springs upon its back, and off Prince goes at a splendid gallop. The applause was, of course, immense!

Perhaps in the whole annals of horsemanship there was never demonstrated a more wonderful case of acting. The horse had all along been feigning for public amusement. It had feigned to be a cab-horse. It had feigned to be tired when it stood on three legs. It feigned to be dying when it dropped down in the sand-cart. The whole affair was a piece of simulation, and by means of some adventitious aid in discolouring the skin, the deception was complete. A hasty rub with a cloth puts it all to rights; and instead of dying, Prince gallops off in the consciousness of having performed a brilliant piece of acting.

What we have narrated from recollection will assist in illustrating the natural intelligence of the horse, and the extent to which it can be educated by patient and gentle training. Harsh treatment would be all a mistake. Words kindly spoken, some small reward in the shape of a mouthful of what is agreeable—a trifling sweetmeat, for instance—will work wonders in forming the character of the horse, and teaching it to perform any required feat. We have always thought that an impressive moral lesson was conveyed in the play of the High-mettled Racer. W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XVII.—MRS TIPPER TO THE RESCUE.

THERE was the gravest reason for anxiety respecting Lilian's future. Marian at her very best, and with the strongest motive for making herself agreeable to Lilian, had never been a companion for her; and now! Would it be possible for Lilian to remain at Fairview for even the three or four months until Philip's return? I had very grave doubts upon the point.

That Marian was better than she had appeared when she first became acquainted with her good fortune, I am bound to acknowledge. Although she had at first seen the question entirely from one point of view, it presently became evident that she was not lacking in a certain kind of good-nature, which, in my prejudice against her, I had not given her credit for being capable of. Evidently she now meant to be kind and considerate, and to act generously, according to her light. Indeed I think she flattered herself that nothing could be more amiable and generous than was her demeanour towards Lilian, the morning after the revelation had been made. If Lilian found her graciousness hard to bear, she did not blame Marian for it. She came to meet Lilian with a kiss, as the latter entered the breakfast-room, and was altogether a great deal more than usually affectionate in her morning greeting. Moreover, she made some effort to keep her delight, at the discovery which had been made, as much out of sight as possible.

As yet it was only in Marian's altered bearing towards the servants that the effect which the change in her position had upon her could be seen. She had many a time expressed her opinion that Lilian was not sufficiently dignified in her bearing towards her inferiors, and she was now shewing us what she considered to be the proper deportment of a mistress; though the effect was somewhat marred by their reception of it.

But it did me real good to see the fealty of one and all to Lilian. That Marian should at once pass to the head of the table was, I suppose, under the circumstances, to be expected; and neither Mrs Tipper nor Lilian appeared in the slightest degree annoyed by it; both, perhaps, too much absorbed to care where they sat. But I was somewhat amused to find that the arrangement of the breakfast things was swiftly altered; and so far as the replacing the urn, cups and saucers, and so forth went, where Lilian sat was made the head of the table. Marian looked very indignant and rather foolish; but she could not very well protest at that moment.

I am afraid I did a little enjoy witnessing her mortification, when Marian found that Lilian was treated with as much deference as though she were a queen, and invariably served before herself. Saunders, indeed, made quite a demonstration of obeying Lilian's slightest glance; whilst the new power was very indifferently waited upon by his subordinate. It was no use giving orders; Saunders was deaf and dumb and blind, so far as Marian was concerned. He could not, and would not, look over her indecent haste in stepping into his beloved young mistress's place; and as I afterwards found, he had made up his mind to leave Fairview immediately the change that had taken place was made known; and having Lilian to refer to for a character, was independent of Marian's patronage, and took delight in shewing that he was.

Lilian's past kindness to them was beginning to bear fruit amongst the servants. Every one in the house seemed desirous to prove their love and sympathy with her now. She had informed me that she meant to lose no time in putting Marian in possession, and very quickly proved that she was in earnest. As soon as we four were alone together in the morning-room, she quietly began, looking a great deal more self-possessed than the Lilian of yesterday:

'I do not know precisely what has to be done; but I suppose some legal form has to be gone through to put you in possession of—your—rights, Marian; I have therefore telegraphed for the solicitor. He will tell you what has to be done; and I hope it may be got through as quickly as possible, for all our sakes.'

'Well, dear, I leave all that to you. I don't want to hurry you; no one could behave more kindly about it than you have, for I'm sure it must be dreadful to have to give up all—— But there; of course you will live here with me,' added Marian, in an outburst of good-nature. 'I'll give you as much as you meant to give me, and'——

'Pray'——

'But I must say it, dear. I am not going to forget all your kindness to me. No one shall be able to say that I have not behaved generously.'

'I am sure you mean well,' returned Lilian, shrinking nervously under the generosity. 'But I do not as yet quite know what I shall do. Of course Auntie and Mary and I must be together, and we none of us mind being poor. Perhaps Mary and I could try opening a little school?'—with a glance towards me.

'We shall contrive to get on very well, dearie,' was my cheerful little rejoinder.

Marian was about to protest; but Lilian gravely went on: 'If I can in any way do without accepting your—kindness, you must excuse my saying that I prefer independence.'

No mention, I believe no thought of Arthur Trafford in connection with her future life. She seemed to realise that if he had not already deserted her he would do so very shortly: it was only a question of time.

'Oh, you mustn't talk like that, you know!' said Marian; 'you mustn't, really. It sounds like pride; and why should you be too proud to take an allowance, when I was not? At anyrate you must, and shall, take as much as Pa used to allow me—two hundred a year, you know;' with the air of feeling that she was acting very largely.

'Please excuse me now; I have something to attend to up-stairs,' said Lilian, moving towards the door. 'Come, Mary.'

I promptly rose to accompany her. Marian looked as though her good-nature was becoming exhausted.

'Oh, by-the-bye, stop a moment, Miss Haddon. I shall not be in need of a companion; at least, if I have one, I should like to choose for myself; so perhaps, under the circumstances, you will not require a long notice. You couldn't expect it; and'——

'I shall not require any notice whatever from you,' was my cheerful rejoinder. 'My engagement was with Miss Farrar.'

'You forget *I* am Miss Farrar.'

'You will very often have to put up with my forgetfulness upon that point while I remain at Fairview,' was my mental comment. But I gravely informed her that she need have no fears about my being troublesome in any way.

Mrs Tipper had been silent during our conversation, apparently thinking over some little plan of her own; but she rose at once to accompany Lilian and me, no way deterred by Marian's protests. For the first time I noticed a quiet dignity in her bearing, which sat extremely well upon her, as she said: 'My place is by the side of my dear Lilian.'

As I had expected, an early train brought Arthur Trafford, eager to recommence his efforts to persuade Lilian to fall in with his wishes; and perhaps not without hope that, now she had had time to realise what the giving up would really be, he would find her more plastic in his hands. As I have said, such as it was, his love was sincere—only one thing seemed worse than losing her; and he would not lose her without a desperate struggle. He came, prepared to exert all his powers of persuasion. Her firmness, or obstinacy as he chose to call it, had quite taken him by surprise, and he could not as yet believe in it, being more inclined to ascribe it to temper than to conviction. He met with a little rebuff in the outset, in her unwillingness to see him alone. He had been shewn into the library, where she was sitting with Mrs Tipper and me; and in reply to his invitation to go elsewhere, she had murmured something about preferring to remain there. As he could not very well request Mrs Tipper and me to leave them, and we ourselves made no attempt to do so, having, in fact, exchanged a glance which meant not leaving Lilian without orders, he was obliged to put up with our presence.

He found her quite as unmanageable upon the one point as she had been the evening before; and in his disappointment and mortification, laid bare his own motives more than he was conscious of doing. And terrible as it was for her at the moment, I was even glad she should see him as he really was. Better that her love should be killed at one blow, since it had to be killed, than by the slow torture which a more gradual unveiling would have entailed.

As she shrank back, gazing at him with dilated eyes and white face, I knew that she had at last awakened to the truth. *This* was not the hero she had worshipped—a man whose capacity for doing great deeds only lacked opportunity for its development. He could not help shewing us what it was which he most felt the loss of.

Then he was impolitic enough to attack me before her; something more than insinuating that I was the marplot who had come between him and his happiness. In his heat, he could not perceive that if I were really what he accused me of being, he was paying Lilian a very bad compliment in declaring that she was completely under my influence.

'You cannot deny that you have encouraged her in this!' he angrily exclaimed, turning upon me. 'You dare not say that you have not!'

'I dare to say that I honestly think she has done what is right, and would do it though the whole world turned its back upon her; and I am proud to be considered her friend, Mr Trafford.'

'My only one!' sobbed Lilian, clinging to me.

'No, indeed. Every one who respects truth and unselfishness, must be your friend, dear Lilian.'

'I am sure Mrs Tipper will be more open to reason!' he hotly ejaculated, turning towards her, as she sat regarding him very attentively. 'You, madam, will not, I am sure, desire to see your brother's wishes so disregarded.'

But he had revealed himself to her as well as to us, and found Mrs Tipper also was on Lilian's side. Indeed she came out quite grandly. If, as I suspected, he had hitherto attributed her amiability to want of character, he could do so no longer. She was worthy of being Lilian's aunt; and not at all unlike her niece, allowing for the difference in early training. There was a grave quiet dignity in her tone and bearing as she expressed her entire approval of the step Lilian had taken, which appeared to quite take him by surprise.

'I thought you loved Lilian, Mrs Tipper.'

'I do love her, Mr Trafford; more than ever, since she has shewn me that not even her love for you can turn her aside from doing what she believes to be right.'

But its being right was just what he would not for a moment allow, and he again and again went over the same arguments, now pleading, now reviling, still unwilling to believe in the utter uselessness of it all. 'It was all very well now, in the first flush, of thinking she was doing a generous action; but how would it be by-and-by, when she found herself penniless and dependent upon the bounty of another, and that other Marian Reed? A nice thing to be patronised and walked over by a girl like that!' and so forth, in the one-sided, unreasoning way with which people who have a special end in view are apt to talk, basing his arguments upon the consequences which might ensue from the act, instead of upon the right or wrong of committing it.

'My dear Lilian will not be dependent upon Miss—Marian's bounty, nor will she be penniless or homeless, Mr Trafford,' said Mrs Tipper. 'I did not like to mention it until I was quite sure; but I have made inquiries, and Mr Markham tells me that the two hundred a year which was placed to my account was settled upon me by my brother after my husband's death. I recollect Jacob telling me, when I first came to live at Fairview, that he had made me independent; but I did not understand it as I do now. Of course my dear Lilian and Mary will share it with me.'

What a relief it was to hear this, for Lilian's sake. It had been so painful to think of her being obliged to be dependent upon Marian, even for a time. And how hearty, though at the moment only expressed by a look, was my gratitude to the dear little woman for her kindness and consideration for me. She did not know that I only needed her love. I had received fifty pounds for my salary, and that would more than suffice to keep me until Philip's return; but it did me real good to know that she was not aware of my prospects, when she so generously included me with Lilian in the offer of a home.

Lilian got through the pitiful scene with her quondam lover better, on the whole, than she had done the night before. His threat, once more used in the heat of the moment (I did not give him credit for seriously entertaining the idea, as yet), to the effect that her act would part them, was acquiesced in; not angrily, nor defiantly—with no attempt to conceal the pain it cost her, but acquiesced in. He might come again and again and threaten as he pleased; it would be no use now. Moreover, I had the comfort of believing that, bitter as the suffering was to her, it would not be of long duration. Though she as yet knew it not, he had not the power to shadow her future life. In truth he was likely to suffer a great deal more than she was. Say what he might, he estimated her more highly than he had ever done before. The very decision which he so complained of raised her in his estimation; whilst all the glamour was gone from him in her eyes now.

He left no stone unturned whilst it was still not too late, and brought his sister to assist him. Both, I saw, attributed a great deal of blame to me in the matter; and both were now candid enough to give more expression to their antagonism than they had previously done. But their antagonism I had no right whatever to complain of, since my estimation of them was not higher than theirs of me.

Mrs Chichester was in a somewhat awkward position. She had the gravest reasons for doing her best to further her brother's wishes, and was at the same time very desirous of keeping in Robert Wentworth's good graces. All her diplomatic powers were brought into play; and she had the mortification of perceiving that it was all to no purpose. It was almost amusing to see her assuring Mr Wentworth, with tearful eyes and clasped hands, that whatever others might think, she meant to uphold her dearest Lilian; in contrast with certain little speeches addressed to Marian, which occasionally met my ears. One thing was evident, she did not wish to get out of favour with the new power.

There was no fencing between the two men. A sharp hand-to-hand encounter for a few moments, and then friendship lay dead. Robert Wentworth had spoken his mind; and the other had declared that from thenceforth all friendship was over between them.

Arthur Trafford was in some measure perhaps to be pitied, at this crisis of his life. Enervated by a life of luxury and indolence, he probably lacked the power to put his shoulder to the wheel, and try to earn a living for himself and Lilian. Supposing the idea to have crossed his mind, and he was not so utterly worthless that it may not have done so, he must have realised what terribly uphill work it would be to commence the struggle for a livelihood at eight-and-twenty, and with no special aptitude or preparation for any profession. He had lost all: the girl he loved? her fortune, and his friend; and I will do him the justice to say that the loss of Robert Wentworth's friendship was no light trouble to him, though he himself had cast it off. He was a poorer man than I had imagined him to be; having, in fact, lived upon the principal of the small sum left him by his father, and depending upon his marriage with Lilian for future supply.

I was heartily glad when the matter was in Mr Markham's hand, and so far placed beyond dispute; after which we were for a short time left undisturbed by Arthur Trafford and his sister. But one visitor made her appearance at Fairview, who occasioned Marian not a little mortification, of which I was an unwilling witness. It was the third morning after the discovery had been made known. Lilian, who spent most of her time in her own room with Mrs Tipper, had asked me to bring her a book from the drawing-room. I entered the room, and had just reached the table where I was to find the book, when the sound of half-suppressed sobbing warned me that I was intruding upon some one; and glancing round, I was astonished to see Marian seated on one of the couches, and the figure of a homely-looking woman kneeling at her feet, with her hands raised as if in supplication, and tears streaming from her eyes. In another moment I recognised Mrs Pratt; and hastily catching up the book I wanted, turned to quit the room, quite as much averse to intrude as they could desire me to be. But Mrs Pratt had recognised me, and entreated me to stay and try to help her.

'You are the lady who came with Miss Farrar that day. Do, pray ma'am, try what you can to persuade Miss Reed not to injure the dear young lady, who has been so good to her.'

'I am afraid I have no power to do so, Mrs Pratt,' I returned.

'Really, aunt, I little thought *this* would be the consequence of my telling you about my good fortune. It doesn't seem natural to take it in that way, it really doesn't! I made sure you had come to see the place and congratulate me, and I had you shewn in here on purpose that you might see for yourself. But instead of being glad, you behave like this, wanting me to give it all up, and before Miss Haddon too!'

'You know what I have told you; pray, think better of it, Miss Reed, dear.'

I had reached the door again, when Mrs Pratt's words caused me to pause, my pulses throbbing a little more rapidly than usual. What if there were in truth some bar to Marian's right, and Mrs Pratt knew it? I waited.

'What you have told me is no reason for giving up what belongs to me,' angrily returned Marian. 'And I must once more remind you that I am Miss Farrar now.'

'It *is* a reason, and a good one. I have told you why your mother would never have made use of that paper; and if you turn against that sweet young lady, who was so good to you, nothing but sorrow will come of it.'

'It's all nonsense saying Ma would not have made use of it. How could she, when Pa had the paper in his own possession?'

'I believe he only had it amongst the letters and papers she wished to be sent him after her death. She would never have used it if she had known it was legal, because—you force me to say so—she knew that she was not worthy to be called his wife!'

'You are very cruel and wicked to say such things; and you shall not go on!' ejaculated Marian, with flaming cheeks. 'A pretty sister you must be to talk in that way!'

Mrs Pratt wrung her hands, crying bitterly: 'I loved her through it all; she knew I did; and I've done my duty by you; but I cannot see that dear young lady turned out of house and home, without'——

'Good gracious, aunt, how you talk! As though I were going to turn her out of house and home, when Miss Haddon knows how generously I have behaved, if she would acknowledge it!'

I took Mrs Pratt's hand in mine, and looking into her eyes, solemnly asked: 'Will you tell me the truth, Mrs Pratt? Was there anything in your sister's life which prevented her marriage with Mr Farrar being a legal one?'

'I can't say so much as that, Miss—she wasn't married to anybody else; but he knew, and she knew, that she was not worthy to claim a wife's'——

'That's quite enough, aunt,' interrupted Marian. 'They are my rights; and I've told you over and over again that I don't mean to give my rights up. It looks as if you were envious of my good fortune—it really does. Not that it will make any difference to me in what I mean to do by-and-by,' she added largely. 'I intend to make you and Mr Pratt a handsome allowance; and some of these days Susy shall come down and see Fairview.'

'Not a penny; your uncle and me wouldn't take a penny of the money, if we were starving!'

'Ah, you will think better of it by-and-by,' complacently returned Marian. 'And you won't find that I shall draw back from my word. Your behaviour to-day won't make any difference to me, though some people wouldn't notice you again after it.'

Mrs Pratt drew her shawl about her with trembling hands, and turned towards the door.

'Don't go away like that, aunt. You haven't seen anything. Let me shew you the conservatory, and the'——

But Mrs Pratt hurried out of the room, and was gone before Marian could prevent her. The latter stood for a moment looking doubtfully at me, then said a little consciously: 'I suppose it's no use asking you not to mention what aunt said, Miss Haddon?'

'It would be no use, if my mentioning it would be of any service to Lilian,' I replied. 'But as I do not wish to give her unnecessary pain, I will not tell her—at anyrate for the present.'

'Nor Mrs Tipper?'

'No; unless I at any time see more necessity for telling her than I do now,' I said, as I quitted the room.

I was not a little disturbed by what Mrs Pratt had revealed. It seemed doubly hard that Lilian's mother should be displaced by a woman whom her own sister acknowledged to be unworthy of the name of wife. In my anxiety, I put a few cautious words to Mr Markham in a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* I contrived during one of his visits; but I only got a few cautious words in return, and the information that the Scotch marriage was undoubtedly a legal one.

Meantime I was more than once obliged to remind Marian that she was not mistress of Fairview until the legal formalities were gone through which should put her in possession. She had at once commenced to assume the dignity of the position, and did not hesitate to call the servants to order when they became too openly oblivious of it. Nor, indeed, did she hesitate to point it out to Lilian, when the latter for a moment forgot the change in her position, and gave some little order to the servants. But with Lilian it was only a momentary and quite natural forgetfulness. Her reign had hitherto been so supreme and undisputed at Fairview, that she could not all at once get accustomed to the altered aspect of affairs. But her apologies were very graciously accepted.

'Don't say a word, dear; it's a wonder you don't forget oftener. And I'm sure no one could be nicer than you are about it, no one!' And she was candid enough to add: 'I'm not sure that I should have taken it so well as you do myself, though I know how to behave as well as most people; and no one shall say I can't be generous now.'

I believe that she did honestly try to be what she considered generous. But her conception of generosity! Poor Lilian found Marian's generosity and good-nature a great deal harder to bear than her reverses just now.

A WALK ACROSS AFRICA.

After the first Livingstone Search Expedition in Africa had come to an untimely end, a second was fitted out with the surplus funds remaining from the original subscriptions, which was 'intended to be placed entirely under the orders of Dr Livingstone, for the purpose of supplementing his great discoveries.' The command of this expedition was conferred upon Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., who had more than once volunteered to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society for employment in Africa, had already spent three years on the east coast, and had studied the Suahili language. He left England *en route* for Zanzibar on the 30th November 1872, accompanied by an old messmate in the person of Dr Dillon; and the public have already been made aware of the salient points of his journey; of the alteration in his plans necessitated by the death of Livingstone; of the death of two of his companions, and the return of the third from Unyanyembé; of his solitary advance to Ujiji for the purpose of recovering some papers of Livingstone's, left there by him before his last fatal journey; and of his return in April 1876, after an absence of three years and four months, after having performed the hitherto unprecedented feat of traversing tropical Africa from east to west. Thus the way has been paved for the appearance of the two volumes now before us,* which contain a full account of the whole expedition, of the peculiarities of the country, and of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

If the reader will open an ordinary map of Africa, he will find to the westward of the great lakes a blank extending from the equator to about twelve degrees south, indicative of an almost entirely unexplored country. This, roughly speaking, may be called the basin of the river Congo, which probably drains all or nearly all of that enormous area. If he will then consult the map which accompanies these volumes, and will trace the route of their intrepid author, he will find that after leaving Nyangwé it traverses a most important and hitherto completely unknown portion of this district—namely, the water-shed separating the two great river systems of the Congo and Zambesi. In this as well as in his careful circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika to the south of Ujiji, and in the evidence he brings confirmative of the river Lualaba being the Congo, the principal geographical value of his discoveries may be said to rest. Even those who have not made the physical features of Africa an especial study cannot fail to follow the author in the few but lucid remarks he makes on this subject, especially if they will consult his map, which not only clearly marks the different water-sheds, but contains a horizontal section of his route, shewing at a glance the configuration of the country. It is not, however, our desire to enlarge upon the scientific results of his expedition, though they must not be altogether lost sight of, but to follow him through the experiences he recounts in these pages.

Zanzibar was reached without incident, except the addition of another European to the party in the person of Lieutenant C. Murphy, R.A., who volunteered at Aden, and on obtaining permission from the military authorities, followed them by next mail. The difficulties of getting together men and necessaries were enormous—although they were fortunate, as they thought at the time, in securing the services of Bombey, 'the chief of Speke's faithfuls,' though he did not ultimately prove of as much service as had been expected—and were enhanced by their having arrived simultaneously with Sir Bartle Frere, to whose mission they were supposed to be attached, a belief which occasioned 'numerous vexatious troubles and enormous expense.' At last, however, they left Zanzibar on February 2, 1873, in two hired dhows for

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* *Across Africa.* By Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B., D.C.L., Commander Royal Navy, Gold Medallist Royal Geographical Society, &c. Two vols. with numerous Illustrations. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co., 56 Ludgate Hill. 1877.

Bagamoyo, 'the principal point of departure for caravans bound to Unyanyembé and the countries beyond.' Here pagazi or porters, and askari or soldiers, had to be hired; but they proved very slow in engaging themselves; and it was not till after considerable delay had been experienced that a start was effected. Before they finally left, another volunteer joined the expedition—Robert Moffat, a grandson of Dr Moffat and a nephew of Dr Livingstone, who on hearing of it, had sold a sugar plantation in Natal 'which formed his sole inheritance,' and had hastened to offer his services.

On his arrival, Cameron determined to push on at once with Dillon and such men as were already on the spot, leaving Murphy and Moffat to follow with the rear division of the caravan. The country through which they marched consisted of 'rolling grass-land interspersed with belts of timber, and every now and then small knolls crowned with clumps of trees and shrubs;' and as they got farther from the coast small lagoons made their appearance, 'in which beautiful large blue-and-white water-lilies grew.' Before they reached the Usagara Mountains, which form the first elevation after leaving the coast, the country became 'well cultivated, and dotted with numerous hamlets peeping out of woods and bosquets.' While close to Kisémo they met with baobab-trees for the first time; gigantic representatives of the vegetable kingdom, whose smallest twigs are 'two or three inches in circumference, and their forms of the most grotesque ugliness.' Indeed the scenery of this part of Africa is as highly spoken of by Lieutenant Cameron as by former travellers; he says: 'It was so delightful that we scarcely thought of fatigue.'

After passing the Usagara range, the travellers came to 'a vast expanse of mud with two or three troublesome morasses on the western side,' known as the Makata Swamp, in crossing which an untoward incident occurred, which resulted in Dr Dillon having a severe attack of fever and dysentery, which confined him to his bed for three weeks. While Cameron was thus detained, bad news reached him from those in the rear. Both Murphy and Moffat had suffered from several attacks of fever, and the latter was very ill. This was on the 16th May; and on the 26th the party under their command arrived, but with only one of the Europeans—Moffat was dead: the first victim claimed by the insatiable African climate, and another name added to the long and noble list of those who have sacrificed their lives in the cause of exploration and the suppression of the slave-trade.

A few days after the receipt of this sad intelligence, the expedition moved forward, though Murphy was only partially recovered and the author was very lame. Their road lay through a mountainous country, in the dips and valleys among which the mparamusi tree was observed. This is one of 'the noblest specimens of arboreal beauty in the world, having a towering shaft sometimes fifteen feet in diameter and one hundred and forty feet high, with bark of a tender yellowish green, crowned by a spreading head of dark foliage.' Shortly afterwards they entered the kingdom of Ugogo, 'a dried-up country with occasional huge masses of granite, and the stiff Euphorbia clinging to their sides.' The inhabitants of this district were reputed to be a brave and warlike race; but Lieutenant Cameron found them 'the veriest cowards and poltroons it is possible to conceive.' They are easily distinguished from other tribes by the custom of piercing their ears and enlarging the lobes to an enormous size; 'in fact the ear of a Mgogo answers much the same purpose as a pocket to people indulging in wearing apparel.' At this time, as during the whole journey, much trouble was experienced from the idleness of the men, who were also 'constantly grumbling and growling;' and there is no doubt, as Cameron afterwards discovered for himself, that they were treated with too much consideration, and as is almost invariably the case, took advantage of their master's kindness.

In the centre of Ugogo is a broad depression known as Kanyenyé, ruled over by a chief named Magomba, who is mentioned by Burton in 1857, and is said by the natives to be over three hundred years of age and to be cutting his fourth set of teeth. Lieutenant Cameron believes this ancient chieftain to be in truth 'considerably over a century,' as his grandchildren were gray and grizzled; and it is an undoubted fact that the natives of Africa under favourable conditions attain to an extremely old age. The price of provisions in this district was enormous; 'eggs, milk, and butter were more expensive than in England;' the natural result of the continual passage of caravans and the few wants of the natives, who having no use for money, decline to part with their food except at exorbitant rates, as soon as their modest requirements in the shape of cloth and beads are temporarily satisfied.

Unyanyembé, the first stage of the journey, was at length reached; and the expedition was very kindly received by the principal Arabs, though their stay there was destined to be a far from pleasant one. Within two days of their arrival the author was attacked by fever, quickly followed by Dillon and Murphy, which never left them again for many hours during their stay there. About this time Dillon wrote home in the following terms: 'On or about (none of us know the date correctly) August 13, Cameron felt seedy. I never felt better; ditto Murphy. In the evening we felt seedy. I felt determined not to be sick. "I *will* eat dinner; I'll *not* go to bed." Murphy was between the blankets already. I did manage some dinner; but shakes enough to bring an ordinary house down came on, and I had to turn in. For the next four or five days our diet was water or milk. Not a soul to look after us. The servants knew not what to do. We got up when we liked and walked out. We knew that we felt giddy; that our legs would scarcely support us. I used to pay a visit to Cameron, and he used to come in to me to make complaints. One day he said: "The fellows have regularly blocked me in—I have no room to stir. The worst of it is one of the legs of the grand piano is always on my head, and people are strumming away all day. It's all drawing-room furniture that they have blocked me in with."' It seems marvellous that expeditions can be successfully carried through such a country as this, where all the Europeans composing them are liable to be simultaneously delirious from fever, and have to trust to Providence and their constitutions to get well again, there not being a soul to look after them. It is indeed most painful to read the narration of the continual sufferings of these brave men; fever, dysentery, and blindness in continuous succession, and through it all the work had to be and was carried on. At last the news of the sad death of Africa's greatest traveller reached them, and altered all their plans. The author and Dillon determined to press on for the west coast *viâ* Ujiji; while Murphy, considering the work of the expedition at an end, decided to return coastwards. Dillon, however, was unable to carry out his determination, owing to being attacked a few days later by inflammation of the bowels, which rendered his return to the coast the only course which gave any hope of recovery; and consequently he accompanied Murphy, while Lieutenant Cameron pursued his journey alone.

At this time the author says of himself: 'I was nearly blind from ophthalmia, and almost unable to walk from the pain in my back; while fever, which was still hanging about me, had reduced me to a skeleton, my weight being only seven stone four.' Yet he determined to persevere. A few days after his start a messenger arrived with the dreadful news that Dr Dillon had shot himself on November 18, while delirious from fever; and how severely this intelligence was felt by the survivor may be imagined from his describing the day on which he received it as the saddest in his life. The exigences of his own position, however, at that moment were so great as to demand his whole attention; porters could hardly be obtained, and it was only by leaving twelve loads behind, and reducing his personal kit to a minimum, that further progress was rendered possible. The country travelled through 'was perfectly charming, the trees delicately green and fresh, the open grassy glades enamelled with various wild-flowers.' Indeed he says that it would have required no great stretch of imagination to fancy one's self 'in the wooded part of an English park,' had it not been for an occasional lion or elephant's skull which bestrewed the ground. The Sindi was crossed on February 2, on a mass of floating vegetation, similar to that which our readers may remember offered so many obstructions to Sir Samuel Baker's advance up the Nile; and about a fortnight later the expedition came in sight of the great Lake Tanganyika.

The author was hospitably received by the Arabs at Kawélé, where he remained a few days, while procuring boats in which to cruise round the southern coast of the lake. This occupied about two months; and the reader will find much interesting information in the portion of the book devoted to it. By the end of May, the journey was again resumed, Nyangwé being now the immediate goal, from where Cameron hoped to reach the mouth of the Congo by descending the Lualaba in boats. Here the Mpafu tree was observed for the first time, from the fruit of which scented oil is obtained. It is a magnificent tree, often thirty feet or more in circumference, and rising to eighty or a hundred feet before spreading and forming a head, the branches of which are immense. India-rubber vines were also very common, their stems being the thickness of a man's thigh. Indeed 'sufficient india-rubber to supply the wants of the whole world' could easily be collected there. On this march, as indeed throughout the whole journey, we hear much about the slave-trade and its fearful results. The inhabitants constantly came into camp with slaves for sale, who were gagged by having 'a piece of wood like a snaffle tied into their mouths.' Heavy slave-forks were placed round their necks, and their hands were fastened behind their backs. 'They were then attached by a cord to the vendor's waist.'

On arrival at Nyangwé, a station of the Zanzibar traders on the banks of the Lualaba, and situated at the lowest point in the great depression which exists across Central Africa, he found the natives so unwilling to part with their canoes that he was forced to forego his plan of descending that river by water; and having met with a half-caste Arab named Tipo-tipo, who had a settlement towards the south-west, he decided to accompany him and attempt to reach Lake San korra, a large sheet of water into which he was told the Lualaba ran overland. His hopes in this direction were, however, also dashed to the ground by the answer of the chief whose territory it would be necessary to traverse, that 'no strangers with guns had ever passed through his country, and none should without fighting their way.' He therefore decided to go to the capital of Urua, a kingdom about a month's journey to the S.S.W., where some Portuguese were reported to be, and if possible work his way from there towards the mysterious lake.

For some days they journeyed through a 'fairly populated country, with large villages of well-built and clean huts, disposed in long streets, with bark-cloth trees planted on each side;' and a friendly intercourse was kept up with the natives, until one day Cameron was 'unpleasantly surprised' by having some arrows fired at his party while they were passing through a narrow strip of jungle. This culminated a day or two afterwards in a regular attack from a large body of natives, who were, however, easily beaten off. In this affair Cameron acted with the very greatest forbearance; a forbearance which was probably interpreted by the natives to mean fear, as they continued to harass him for some days. The reason given for the attack was that a Portuguese caravan had been destroying villages in the neighbourhood, murdering the men, and carrying off the women and children as slaves. It may be here noted that Lieutenant Cameron speaks in the very strongest terms of the conduct of the Portuguese, and says that 'the cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa by men calling themselves Christians, and carrying the Portuguese flag, can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilised land;' indeed it is not going too far to assert that the fearful state of anarchy and misery into which Central Africa is plunged is chiefly if not entirely owing to the behaviour and example of the Portuguese—the late protest to the contrary of the Chamber of Deputies at Lisbon notwithstanding—as well in their settlements on either coast as in the interior.

The capital of Kasongo, king of Urua, was reached without further accident; and here we are introduced to two personages, representing the extreme type of their respective classes. Jumah Merikani, an Arab with a dash of the negro, was a very estimable specimen of his race, being 'the kindest and most hospitable' of the many Arab traders met with, of whom, as a body, Cameron speaks in favourable terms; the other, José Antonio Alvez, a half-caste Portuguese, though spoken of by the natives as a white man, proved himself, by his treatment of the English traveller, to be a hypocritical liar, thief, and ruffian, even beyond the ordinary measure of his class; and it is disheartening, after all that has been done, to think the name of European must necessarily become synonymous in the native mind with that of unmitigated blackguard and slave-dealer, so long as it is represented by such as Alvez. Kasongo, the Urua king, himself as debauched a ruffian as could well be imagined, willingly assisted Alvez and his crew in their murdering and plundering expeditions, while he placed every obstacle in the way of Cameron's explorations, and detained him to all intents and purposes a prisoner at his capital. He was, however, permitted to visit a lake in the neighbourhood, which contained three detached villages, built on piles, and only approachable by canoes; but as Kasongo would give him no help in trying to reach the Congo, nothing remained but to make the best of his way to the west coast, as already his stores and goods had so greatly diminished, chiefly through theft and robbery on the part of his own servants, many of whom were the off-scourings of Zanzibar, that it was doubtful whether they would prove sufficient even for that distance.

A start was, however, at last happily effected; and after innumerable delays and difficulties Bihé was reached. On this march Cameron and his followers suffered much from want of food, and he even had to sell his shirts and great-coat to keep them from actual starvation. From here to the coast was somewhat over two hundred and fifty miles; and as the path lay through an extremely mountainous country, it presented formidable difficulties to men in such an enfeebled condition as those who composed the expedition were from long travel and weeks of semi-starvation. It was, however, absolutely necessary to press forward, and the march through Bailunda was at once commenced. The scenery of this district is spoken of by Lieutenant Cameron in the most glowing terms; 'neither poet with all the wealth of word-imagery, nor painter with almost supernatural genius, could by pen or pencil do full justice to the country of Bailunda;' 'nothing could be more lovely than this entrancing scene, this glimpse of paradise.' Little time was, however, allowed him to enjoy its beauties, as the necessity of hurrying forward before the men utterly broke down was too pressing to be trifled with.

Indeed soon after, twenty men complained of being unable to continue the journey; 'swelled legs, stiff necks, aching backs, and empty stomachs being the universal cry.' It therefore became necessary to adopt some decisive step; and Cameron decided to throw away everything but instruments, journals, and books; and taking a few picked companions, make a forced march to the coast. It is already well known that this measure proved successful; that Benguela was reached, though not a day too soon, as even twenty-four hours' delay would have probably caused the scurvy which had attacked him to end fatally; and that those left behind were succoured, and ultimately restored to Zanzibar, while Lieutenant Cameron returned to England.

Thus concludes the graphic and well told narrative contained in these two volumes, which, despite some trifling literary shortcomings, are thoroughly deserving of recommendation to the reading public. Their story is simply told, but the interest is well maintained throughout, especially on those points which touch on the horrors of the slave-trade and the evil results of Portuguese rule. In conclusion, we may add that since Dr Schweinfurth published *The Heart of Africa*, no book on African travel has appeared with illustrations in any way comparable with those which embellish these volumes.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER I.—ISAAC WEBB.

ISAAC WEBB was twenty-four years of age. He was very tall, very thin, and very pale; on the whole, his appearance was not prepossessing. To these outward gifts might be added two inward ruling passions—love of self and love of money. It may be taken that the one was as powerful as the other. Some people said that he loved Isaac Webb more than the root of all evil; others, that he loved the said root more than the said Isaac Webb: the point was never decided, so they may be bracketed equal. But he had some good points, as every one has. In the first place, he was by no means of a suspicious or jealous turn of mind. This may have proceeded from the great confidence he had in his own judgment; for he thought himself a very shrewd fellow, a very deep dog. 'You 're not to be easily bowled over, Isaac,' he would say to himself very often, rubbing his hands; 'and if anybody thinks he can snuff you out, let him try it on, and burn his fingers —ha, ha!' Such were Isaac's modest reflections on his own sagacity.

Another point to be scored to him was his abstemiousness. But certain uncharitable people ascribed even this to a second motive. 'For,' said they, 'he don't eat much because of the economy of the thing; and he does not drink anything except water, not because he 's pledged to it, or because stronger drink don't agree with him, for why does he make up for it when he can do it at somebody else's expense?' This is what they said, and it certainly was rude of them to make such remarks; but it must be admitted that Isaac did not despise the creature comforts of this life when he did not have to stand treat to himself. Now it is impossible to account for this fact; he could not himself—never even attempted it. He had many other little peculiarities and traits of character, but they only revolved as minor worlds around the great suns above specified.

Isaac Webb was an orphan; that is to say his father had died when our hero was yet in his infancy; and his mother feeling her first husband's loss to be so deplorable, had joined herself unto another, and had emigrated with that gentleman to Australia when Isaac was about thirteen years old, leaving that worthy youth to the care of her half-brother, who in *his* turn had departed this mortal life about a year previous to the opening of this story, leaving its hero entirely to his own devices. He had a few other relatives scattered about the country, but none on whom he bestowed more than a passing remembrance. In the first place it was cheaper, for he had nothing to expect from them; and in the second, he did not want them, nor did they want him.

His visible means of subsistence were derived from the rents accruing from a whole nest of cottages situated in the country town near which he resided, together with a few good-sized parcels of garden-ground and sundry other 'effects,' including about a thousand pounds in ready-money put out at interest, but on which he could lay his hand whenever he thought proper. Altogether his net income (after deducting a decent amount for repairs, tenants who travelled by night unexpectedly, and other casualties) amounted to about two hundred and fifty pounds a year; and on this sum he had boarded, lodged, and clothed himself since he came of age, and had contrived out of it to put by a very pretty slice as well.

His place of habitation consisted of two small rooms over a little grocer's shop at Dambourne End in Southshire, about a mile distant from the town of Dambourne, in which place his patrimony was situated. He was engaged in no business, though fully appreciative of the L. S. D. side of the question, but considered that his interests and fortunes were bound up in the cottages and garden-ground, and that he should be leaving the substance and grasping a shadow if he in any way neglected the inheritance and devoted his time to any other pursuit—at all events at present. Thus he had lived from day to day for the last few years without any kind of change to vary the monotony of his existence. He had but few friends, and those of a very commercial character, and no luxuries or amusements beyond a second day's paper, and an occasional—very occasional—new suit of clothes. Therefore it was not so very extravagant of him to take into consideration, in the early summer of the year 1868, whether it would not be well to treat himself to a little change of air and scene. He had not, he fancied, been feeling quite the thing lately; and he thought it might be a wise proceeding on his part to recruit his health and spirits, and at the same time add to his already large store (in his own eyes) of shrewdness and worldly knowledge. Of course he never for a moment contemplated anything so costly and unnecessary to him as a mere pleasure-trip, so did not need to consider the most comfortable and enjoyable place whereat to spend the next five or six weeks of the summer. Not at all. He had only to make up his own mind as to the place where it would be possible to find anything fresh to add to his crowded storehouse of facts, monetary and otherwise.

As he that June evening thus ruminated in his little parlour over the shop, a bright idea suddenly occurred to him. 'Isaac,' said he, 'where have your wits been wool-gathering all this time? Oughtn't you to have known in a twinkle that there was only one place that would do for you? London's the only place that's fit for *your* capabilities, my boy; and London it shall be.'

CHAPTER II.—OUR HERO PREPARES TO GO TO LONDON.

There were, however, one or two little matters to be arranged before Isaac could give himself up to his journey in search of fresh experience. One was to endeavour to find a tenant for his lodgings during the time that he would be absent from them, because it would never do for him to pay for the use of two beds and sleep only in one. But in this he met with no difficulty; for on his popping the question (not matrimonially of course) to Mrs Clappen, his landlady, she immediately averred that the circumstance was providential. Isaac himself did not quite see how Providence was likely to be interested in so mundane a matter as lodgings to let, so ventured to ask why.

Mrs Clappen explained. 'Well, sir,' said she, 'a young gent which is quite a stranger to me, looked in the shop, you see, yesterday mornin'—yes, it must ha' been in the mornin' time, for Mrs Swaller had jest come in for to get some Epsin salts for her little boy, which is things I don't 'old no belief in myself, though sellin' 'em for the benefit, as you may say, of them as does; and I was jest a-asking Mrs Swaller if she wouldn't have a packet or two of grits to make a little gruel in order to comfort her little boy's stumick, as you may say, and she was jest a-sayin' as her youngest child's teeth, which is a twelvemonth old come next Sunday week at a little afore two, wasn't doing as she could wish, when this gent, which is a stranger to me, as you may say, looked in the door, and says: "Ladies," he says—them was his words—"Ladies, I am hextremely sorry to disturb you, more particular in your maternal simperthisin's," he says; "but does either of you ladies 'appen to know whether anybody 'appens to 'ave a good-sized room, or two small uns adjoining, which would be equally convenient, ladies," he says, "to let at a lowish figure for about a month or so in a week or two, ladies."

'We was naturally taken with 'is *h*air and that; and I says to Mrs Swaller: "Do you know of anythink that would do for this 'ere gent?" I says. "Well, no, I don't, not 'ereabouts," she says; "but I 'eard Mrs Speller, what lives up agen the 'pike, say as 'ow she wouldn't mind meetin' with a genteel party, which of course we 'ave 'ere," she says, alludin' to 'is *h*air; "but that's a couple of mile furder on," she says, "and might be too far for the gentleman. And besides," she says, "she couldn't board him, and that might be naturally ill-convenient." And the gent, he says, with a pleasant smile, quite afferble: "Ladies, I mustn't be no furder away from Dambourne town than this," he says; "and if you don't know of nothink else, ladies," he says, with a hamiable smile, "'ere's my address," he says, "in case you 'appen to 'ear of anythink.—Good mornin', ladies," he says; and with that he went off, as you may say.' Mrs Clappen, quite out of breath, wiped her face with her apron as she concluded her narrative.

After a few questions from Isaac as to what the person was like, and if Mrs Clappen thought he would take care of the place, and not wear the carpet out, and so on, it was settled that she should write to Mr Scamplin, for such was his name, offering him her apartments for six weeks certain, at the same price her present lodger was paying; and stating that they would be at his disposal at that day week, if he liked to take them, and on his giving two references; Mrs Clappen declaring that she ''ad no doubt from 'is *h*air' that all would be satisfactory, and that Mr Scamplin would come to terms.

The following morning found Isaac with his tailor—Mr Batfid by name—who carried on a small business at Dambourne, and who exhibited in his window a placard (pinned on to an antique pair of hunting breeches) announcing in faded red-and-blue characters the fact of all orders and repairs being executed with fidelity and despatch; which gave one the idea that any unfortunate coat or other garment that might come under Mr Batfid's manipulation was forthwith mutilated and murdered, a black flag being hoisted to celebrate the event. But Isaac formed no such suspicious notions, but took himself to the industrious proprietor, and ten o'clock found him in the agonies of measurement with Mr Batfid—a very small man—on a chair behind him, stretching up to his collar. These preliminaries ended, and the material (of a good wearing colour) chosen, the small but highly respectable man of business was all but thrown off his balance by Isaac's announcement that he must have the complete suit home in four days from that time. Mr Batfid declared that he did not see how he could possibly accomplish so much in so short a time. 'For,' said he, to give weight to his argument, 'you must remember that you are a very tall gentleman, a very fine figure, sir, and all the seams are naturally very long.'

'It did not occur to me before,' said Isaac; 'but I ought to have gone to the ready-made place lately opened at the corner, for I am told their charges are very low, and there is of course no delay in getting your things home.'

Mr Batfid hoped if he had any respect for his fine proportions that Mr Webb would never come down to that; and finally promised, in order to oblige a customer, that the garments should be finished by the time named, even if he only took a few passing winks of sleep on his board until they were completed.

Isaac having thus arranged matters with the worthy tailor, bethought himself that he had neither invested in new boots nor a new hat for a long time past, but had been wearing out sundry old ones, formerly in the occupation of his mother's half-brother, lately deceased; so betook himself to the necessary shops for providing himself with these luxuries; and having walked past the cottages and garden-ground, took himself and his new purchases home to his lodgings.

Two days later the post brought a letter from Mr Scamplin, engaging Mrs Clappen's rooms, and inclosing two London references (whence also he hailed), which were about as useful to that estimable lady as if he had mentioned a friend in Greenland and referred her to *him*; but she had such trust 'in 'is *hair*,' that she was sure it was all right; and Isaac, not being of a suspicious turn of mind, fell in with her views on the subject. So Mr Scamplin was written to, and the matter was settled.

Isaac having given the cottages and garden-ground into the charge of an old school-fellow of his, who was proprietor of a stationer's business (on a very limited scale as to stationery) and a night-school (very limited also as to learning, charges, and scholars), patiently waited for Mr Batfid's promise to be fulfilled, and was ready for his flight.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE METROPOLIS.

Mr Batfid was true to his word, and the new clothes were duly delivered; and when day broke on the 13th of June, all was in readiness for Isaac's departure. Mrs Clappen, after much cogitation, could put this journey down to no other cause than her lodger's marriage on the quiet; not that she had reason to suppose he meditated taking such a step, but as he was so 'close' in his manner, she was pretty sure he would not take her into his confidence until the fact was accomplished. Although this was not Isaac's intention just at present, yet he had often thought whether he, as a landed proprietor, ought not to take unto himself a wife. With so very much on his side, he had no doubt of being able to find, whenever he might think proper to seek, a lady not only ready but eager to ally herself to so desirable a partner.

The only bar to his taking upon himself the holy estate of matrimony had been the expense; since he justly considered that no two persons, be they ever so economical, could by any possibility subsist on the same amount of rations, &c. as one, even supposing them to be like the wedded couple celebrated in song, one of whom could eat no fat, the other no lean, and thus, by a happy division of labour, accomplishing the cleanliness of the platter. It was not likely that Isaac would be so fortunate as this; and supposing he were, he and his good lady would not be able to do a similar thing with regard to clothes as the before-mentioned happy pair did with regard to victuals.

Isaac had many times considered this matter, and with his usual perspicuity, had arrived at the conclusion that there was but one course open to him; to wit, his alliance with some lady possessing sufficient means of her own to be able to bear her share in the cost of housekeeping—thus making matrimony subservient to patrimony; and his intention was to look out for such a party.

The sunlight peeping into Isaac's bedroom awoke that wary individual, who proceeded to arise and dress himself in his new apparel. This apparel was not, after all, entirely satisfactory, inasmuch as Mr Batfid, too much impressed apparently with the magnitude of his undertaking, had exaggerated the length of the seams and the fineness of his customer's figure; for Isaac found himself arrayed in a pair of inexpressibles very much too long, a waistcoat very much too tight, and a coat very much too high in the neck, very much too long in the sleeves, and likewise in the waist.

Nothing could be done but brace up the first until they nearly mounted to his arm-pits (and were even then too long), let out the second as far as it would go, and turn up the cuffs of the third. Thus habited, and with a cotton umbrella in one hand and an old carpet-bag in the other, Isaac made for the railway station, caught the 10.33 train, and was whisked up to London in an hour and five minutes.

He was not an entire stranger in that city, for he had visited it once before in company with his mother's half-brother, and remembered where to put up; namely, at a small coffee-house in the neighbourhood of Islington. Arrived there and a small bedroom engaged, the umbrella and bag were deposited in a corner, and Isaac, after carefully locking the door, took himself out for a stroll, telling the landlord he would be back at six o'clock, when he would regale himself with a chop and slice of cheese by way of dinner. Not that he entertained any high-fangled notions about dining late, but because of the economy of the thing; for a bun and a glass of water contented him in the middle of the day; and by this arrangement of six o'clock dinner, tea and supper were both dispensed with, these two meals per day being thus ticked off to Isaac's credit.

The first few weeks of his sojourn passed in a manner that would have been intolerably slow to anybody else, but did not appear so to him. There was much for him to see and admire in his own way, and this way was to walk about from morn till eve through the crowded streets, and more particularly those which were devoted entirely to business. Thus, next to a visit to the Docks, perhaps his favourite walk was through Upper and Lower Thames Street, where he would watch the loading and unloading of the various goods and merchandise. Not indeed with any distinct and particular purpose; but it was a delight to him to gaze upon these outward signs of the wealth within, and to ruminate on the possibility that he might one day acquire a share and interest in some large money-making business, which would serve as a stepping-stone to yet greater wealth and influence; and to be able to purchase such an interest was probably one of the reasons for his parsimoniousness. A laudable ambition, so far as it went; but the end was more thought of than the means by which it was to be accomplished; not indeed that he harboured an intention of any dishonesty, but he simply considered that the more he scraped, the sooner the final consummation would be attained.

POISONED ARROWS.

THAT savages in various quarters of the world possess the knowledge and means of rendering their arrows poisonous, is a statement which is generally believed by ordinary individuals, from the schoolboy fresh from the perusal of books of adventure and travel, to his more mature and less sanguine elders. When, however, this topic is subjected to strict and sober investigation, it is found to present elements of inconsistency, or at anyrate of doubt, which at once tend to modify the previous and apparently well-founded belief of the inquirer. It is, in fact, found that the knowledge and use of deadly poisons by savages have been simply taken for granted, and that most of the stories or tales of the marvellous effects of wounds inflicted by poisoned weapons are based upon no kind of reliable evidence. These remarks apply to the general accounts given of the practice of savages in this respect. It is well known, however, that in some special instances an accurate practical knowledge of vegetable poisons is possessed by certain savage races. Thus the famous Woorali poison, obtained from a plant allied to that which affords the *Strychnia* of medicine, is used as a poison by South American tribes; and the juice of an allied plant (*Strychnos cogens*) is used to poison arrows in Darien and Panama.

But putting cases of poisoning by matter derived from vegetables entirely out of the question, it is also a matter of belief that savages have become possessed of the knowledge that animal matters in a state of putrefaction or decay, when introduced into the circulation, are capable of causing serious consequences, or even death itself. Accordingly certain races were believed to poison their spears and arrows by dipping them in the putrefying carcase of some animal; the results of wounding by these weapons being supposed to resemble those seen familiarly amongst ourselves, in the case of medical men and others who have accidentally punctured themselves whilst performing *post-mortem* examinations or dissections. Here again, however, elements of discrepancy appear. For the pathologist demands generally the existence of some special poison, generated by some special process in the course of putrefaction. In other words, cases of true blood-poisoning by decomposing animal matter are not of invariable occurrence after dissection-wounds; and such cases are further subject to modifying conditions in the patient—such as those of age, state of health, and susceptibility to the action of the poison.

Some highly interesting and important information on the present subject has recently been afforded by the inquiries of Staff-surgeon Messer of the royal navy, into the reputed poisonous qualities and nature of the arrows of South Sea islanders—a race which, more perhaps than any other tribe of savages, has been credited with the knowledge and use of poisoned weapons. Dr Messer had an excellent opportunity of making investigations into this subject during the visits of H.M.S. *Pearl* to the New Hebrides islands, and to the islands of Banks and Santa Cruz, in the summer of 1875; and as certain cases of wounding with arrows occurred under Dr Messer's eyes and were treated by him, his remarks on this subject possess a more than usual interest.

The common belief that savages possess the requisite knowledge and skill to manipulate and concentrate vegetable poisons, so that these poisons may prove of effective kind when applied to weapons, and used, it may be long after the application of the fresh poison, is freely commented upon in an adverse manner by Dr Messer. He further points out that savages themselves may firmly believe in the deadly nature of their weapons, without having any idea of the really innocuous nature of the substances with which they have smeared them. And great allowance must also be made for the influence of fear and superstition. The implicit belief in the poisonous nature of the weapons forms a point of no mean importance in the consideration of the causes whereby serious or fatal effects are produced. The 'nervous system becomes liable,' to use Dr Messer's words, 'to certain diseases on the slightest provocation;' and once convinced of the deadly nature of the weapon which has wounded him, the savage—and the civilised man also—comes to regard a fatal result as inevitable—this result accruing simply from 'want of moral courage to resist disease.'

The chief element in cases of poisoning which appears to have given countenance to the reality of the effects of the poison, is the occurrence of tetanus or lock-jaw after wounds. This disease, familiar to every medical man, as also resulting from injuries entirely dissociated from poisoned wounds, is ascribed by the uninitiated and ignorant to the effects of the poisoned weapons of the savage. And hence the belief in the potency of the virus becomes more and more assured. Thus, as is well known, Commodore Goodenough and a party of men were fired at with arrows at Carlisle Bay in Santa Cruz. The officer and five men were wounded by arrows, and a second officer had his hand scratched with the point of an arrow held in the hand of a native. The wounds in every case were slight. But the ship was ordered to return to the more temperate climate of Sydney, in order to give the sufferers the best chance of averting, what Dr Messer feared might possibly be favoured by the heat of the climate—namely, the occurrence of tetanus. All went well until the fifth and sixth days after the reception of the wounds, when the Commodore and two of his men began to shew symptoms of this disorder, which unfortunately proved fatal to the three patients within sixty hours.

Now, as Dr Messer proceeds to remark, here were three cases which might be cited, and which have been referred to as proving the actual occurrence of poisoning after the wounds of arrows. But the query which science asks is, whether the symptoms in these cases present any difference from those in ordinary cases of tetanus, and whether anything special occurred in their history to indicate the action of a specific poison? Without entering into particulars, it may be asserted that these cases, in every detail, presented nothing unusual or inconsistent with the idea of their being instances of ordinary tetanus. The occurrence of the disease was favoured—as is well known to medical men—in the wounded by the mental excitement and fear consequent on the belief that the arrows had been poisoned. There was, in fact, an utter absence of all the symptoms of poisoning; and the tetanus did not occur under any unwonted conditions, but simply under those which favour its development after injuries of ordinary kind. Where then, it may be asked, is the evidence of poisoning? To this query the obvious reply must be that, as regards the reputed poison of the arrows, no evidence is forthcoming, from the entire history of the case.

The actual investigation of the arrows of the natives of the South Pacific islands forms by no means the least interesting part of Dr Messer's communication. The arrows are generally composed of three pieces—the shaft made of a light cane, the head composed of hard wood, and the point or barb formed simply of the sharpened end of the head, of a sharp bit of bone, of the fin-spine of a fish, or the spine of a sea-urchin's shell. Specimens obtained from the New Hebrides measured three feet in length, and weighed about eighty grains; the points being formed of a piece of human bone of very tapering form, and ground down to a very fine point. The point was smeared with a black substance which had dried in separate masses upon the bone. The arrows which were fired upon Commodore Goodenough and his party at Carlisle Bay, Santa Cruz, were four feet in length, and had points, composed of slender and sharp pieces of human bone, about eight inches in length. The 'poisoned' arrows are carried about in quivers, and are not only carefully looked after by the natives, but are very difficult to obtain, presumably on account of the natives being jealous that the purchasers might become possessed of the knowledge of the poison, which in their eyes renders the weapons so valuable. The arrows of the Santa Cruz islanders were not carried as poisoned arrows almost invariably are, and were readily sold to the crew of the *Pearl* by the natives.

As far as could be ascertained, the processes adopted by the South Sea islanders to poison their arrows, consist firstly in the habit of inserting the weapons in various parts of a decomposing human body; the neighbourhood of the kidneys being usually preferred for this purpose. Now, as already remarked, it so happens that physiologists and medical men are in possession of some very definite information regarding the manner in which decomposing animal matters act on the human organism. And on the other hand, there appears to be an utter lack of evidence obtained from the observation of cases of poisoned-arrow wounds, to shew that there is any analogy between the symptoms observed in these cases and those prevailing after blood-poisoning. It is also very worthy of remark that tetanus—the commonest result of poisoned-arrow wounds—is not known to be caused by the introduction, within the system, of decomposing animal matter.

The second mode in which the natives of the South Pacific islands are believed to render their arrows noxious, is that of smearing them with some poisonous vegetable matters. It is probable that if poisoned arrows are really prepared by savages in any way, it is in this latter mode that they are rendered noxious. But there is an evident discrepancy between the action of any known vegetable poisons and the symptoms observed after wounding with the arrows of savages. Thus woorali acts by paralysing the muscles concerned in breathing. 'Corroval' and 'bao,' two poisons allied to woorali, act by causing coma or stupor and paralysis of the heart. The effect of the Upas tree of Java (*Strychnos tiente*) is to produce artificial tetanus; and strychnia introduced into the blood directly, as by inoculation, gives rise to marked symptoms, which resemble tetanus—but with this remarkable and notable distinction, that the tetanic convulsions set in *immediately* after the poison has been introduced into the system, and not after several days of incubation. Thus it is clear, from this latter fact alone, that strychnia and its allies can hardly represent the poisons with which the arrows of savages are smeared—admitting that these weapons are poisonous in any degree.

The historical accounts of cases of wounding by the arrows of savages, evince a singular want of any distinct or decided evidence to prove the clearly specific nature of any symptoms observed. Thus Mendaña in 1595 remarks that the Santa Cruz islanders were believed to use poisoned arrows, but the Spaniards did not believe the poison to be of very noxious kind. Burney in the *History of Discoveries in the South Seas* makes an observation to the same effect; and as Dr Messer well remarks, probably no fatal case occurred—with one exception—from wounding with the arrows, else such a result would have surely been mentioned. In 1797 Carteret in the *Swallow* visited Santa Cruz, and several of his crew were severely wounded by arrows of the usually reputed and poisonous kind. Three fatal cases occurred, but no mention is made of the effects being due to poison—a fact which would have been expected to have been duly chronicled from its interesting, if also sad, nature. Direct experiments with poisoned arrows are mentioned in the second volume of Forster's account of Cook's *Voyages;* the arrows being those of the New Hebrides islanders. A dog was wounded with the weapons, but no ill effects followed; whilst fishes were not affected after being wounded with these avowedly poisonous weapons. A pig wounded in 1827 by a poisoned arrow from the Santa Cruz islands, exhibited no symptoms whatever; and it is noteworthy to find that in the attack on Bishop Patteson's party at Santa Cruz in 1864, after which two deaths from tetanus occurred from wounding by arrows, the weapons were said *not* to have been poisoned. Here we find an effect produced from non-poisoned arrows similar to that observed in the case of Commodore Goodenough after wounding with weapons reputed to be poisoned.

Accounts given by missionaries of the probable nature of the poisons used to render arrows noxious, appear to shew that the natives of the North New Hebrides and Banks' islands do not themselves attach importance to the effects of the substance with which the arrows are poisoned, but seem to regard the innocuous human bone, forming the point of the weapon, as a powerful agent in producing deleterious effects. The poisons, according to the evidence of the missionaries, are derived from vegetables; the plants used in Banks' islands being 'Toe,' a species of Euphorbiaceæ, and 'Loke,' a climbing plant, allied to Strychnia. The same evidence declares the fact that the usual effects of wounding with arrows so prepared are inflammation, and occasionally tetanus; but the important remark is also made that the natives of the South Pacific are very subject to tetanus 'after wounds *not* produced by poisoned arrows,' and that this disorder is also common among the natives independently of wounding.

Professor Halford of Melbourne University—an authority on snake-bites—gives evidence to the effect that dogs and pigeons exhibited no evil effects after being wounded in various ways by poisoned arrows, obtained from the Solomon Islands, and by the substances obtained from these weapons.

That Dr Messer's observations on this subject therefore afford good grounds for believing that many of the reports relating to the deadly nature of the arrows used by the South Sea islanders are decidedly erroneous, there can be no reasonable doubt. And that many of the cases of so-called poisoning are due simply to mental fear and the physical irritation inducing tetanus, seems also a fair inference. But there can be no doubt, that at the same time, travellers and missionaries, by careful observation, might furnish scientific men with secure data upon which to establish sound conclusions. At present, the entire body of evidence clearly warrants us in entertaining a negative opinion regarding firstly the generally poisonous nature of the arrows of South Sea islanders; and secondly regarding the use by these races of any active poison derived from decomposing animal matter.

MINDING THE BAIRN.

The little story of 'Rob Graham,' which lately appeared in these pages, may possibly have aroused some interest concerning the poor but by no means insufficient manner in which children are reared among the Scottish peasantry. They get their food regularly, though in a plain way. They are usually stuffed into holes and corners to sleep. The older girls take charge of the younger; even the boys are pressed into this sort of service. All without exception run about barefooted in summer—not altogether on account of the cost of shoes, but from preference. Where there are burns to paddle in, and waters to cross, shoes and stockings would only be an encumbrance.

A farm establishment in Scotland is familiarly known by the Anglo-Saxon term, the *toun.* It is so called by the workers on the farm. Embraced in the toun, though situated perhaps at a hundred yards distant, is a row of cottages with little gardens behind them. These are the quarters of the hinds or ploughmen and their families. Ordinarily, there are dwellings for five or six hinds, besides one for the grieve or overseer. Latterly, the condition of the hinds—at least in the southern counties—has been greatly improved. They are each allowed so much oatmeal per annum; and perhaps a cow, which is allowed to graze with the cows of the farmer. There is an allowance of a rig or two of potatoes. A pig may be kept. The farmer engages to give the use of a horse and cart to drive a certain quantity of coals. Besides these indispensable allowances, there is a wage paid in money. The total value may be estimated at from fifty to sixty pounds a year. That does not seem a large income, but the outgoings are small—very different from what they are among artisans in large towns, where everything has to be bought and paid for. There is the house free of rent; the oatmeal for the porridge; milk from the cow in abundance; potatoes for the lifting and storing; coal driven to the very door; vegetables from the garden; fresh and pure water from the mountain rill; hams of the last year's pig dangling from the ceiling. For all this there is doubtless pretty hard labour in the field and barn; yet there are many assuagements. The labour is regular and healthful. Nothing is paid for seats in the parish church; the minister exacts no fees for baptisms; the children are educated for a trifle in the nearest school; even before the late access of educational power, there was no want of schooling, nor was there any disinclination to make use of it. We do not remember ever visiting the house of a Scottish peasant and not seeing books—very frequently a large family Bible—and that is saying a good deal.

For anything like thrift and comfort, there is of course a dependence on the wife. She has no servants to assist her. She could not pay for help. She is wife, house-servant, and cook all in one. Woe be to the hind who marries a slattern, one who likes finery and has a taste for delicacies!

This, however, rarely occurs. We can say that within our observation the hinds' wives are thrifty and industrious, making the best of matters within their sphere. To use a common phrase, they soon 'fall into a family.' Then arise new duties to be encountered. We have often been filled with wonder how they at all manage to conduct their multifarious affairs. Not only the house to look after, but a crowd of children. It is a blessed thing for them that there is the open air, with the slip of green before the door, to which all the youngsters at times may be bundled, and where they rollick and tumble about, strengthening their legs and arms, and bringing their lungs into splendid exercise. Without a particle of scientific knowledge, the *clachan* generally is by intuition kept in excellent health.

The hind's wife, in looking forward to a family, is hopeful that her first-born may be a female. The hope is quite natural. In high life, where it is important to have a male heir to an estate, it is anxiously hoped that the first will be a boy; and when he makes his appearance, the bonfires are set ablazing. Among the cottagers we are talking about, there is no heritage but toil. The poor wife, foreseeing what may be her fate—a 'heavy handful' of children—piously wishes that she may be provided with a girl, who will grow up to help her in her interminable round of duties. Heaven has heard and answered her prayer. A baby girl is placed in the loving arms of her mother. We need not be surprised that the infancy of this eldest daughter, as conventionally considered, is curtailed in order that she may qualify for the position of nurse to her brothers and sisters. As early as her sixth year, she has not only to superintend the amusements of those next to her in seniority, but to undertake the sole charge of the baby while the parent is otherwise necessarily employed. And it is marvellous how aptly a child so placed will assume the air of responsibility, and evince the tact and solicitude of maternity! When children better circumstanced are yet devoted to the interests of their dolls, she is seated at the cottage-door, or on the green bank amongst the daisies, singing to her little human charge, or with matronly pride twining chaplets of the simple flowers for its adornment. Her engrossment would be perfect, but that she has occasionally to cast her eye in the direction of the burn to see that Johnnie, aged four, has not ventured too close to its margin; or to look that Bessie, in the innocence of her two and a half years, does not pull the tail of the faithful but cross-grained old collie which snoozes on the grass beside them. Returned home with her charges as gloaming falls, the baby is transferred to its mother; but the little maid's anxieties are not yet ended. She assists Johnnie and Bessie to their suppers, and then, amid pleasant reminiscences of the day's simple events, undresses them for bed. In virtue of her position in the household, she herself is permitted to sit up an hour or two later, and is rewarded for her good behaviour by being permitted for a short time to nurse baby in its night-clothes. Thus the first-born girl grows up to womanhood—her mother's right hand and the friend-in-council to each and all of her nurslings.

Where the elder children are boys, the less fortunate mother has to do her best with the material at her disposal—that is, invest one or other of her manikins with the rôle of nurse. The character is not so natural, nor can the experiment, we are afraid, be considered an invariable success; and yet we have known boys with strong innate love for children, whose skill and devotedness in nursing would put to shame many a woman of average maternal instinct. But however that may be, the young rustic rarely escapes altogether what to many of them is at times the irksome task of 'minding the bairn,' although, on the score of his incipient manhood, he may the earlier transfer the service to his juniors. At one stage or other of his boyhood, if his supply of sisters is limited, he is liable to be called from his hoop or marbles, or to forego his projected bird-nesting, in order to rock the cradle or dandle the baby while mother washes up the house or gets ready father's dinner. Even the youngest of the family does not always succeed in evading the doom of his elders; for one or other of these having married young and settled down in the neighbourhood, has of course defied all that philosophy has said or might have to say on the subject, and straightway added to the population; so that nothing is more natural than that the immature uncle or aunt should be wheedled or coerced into tending their still tenderer relatives until one of them shall have developed sufficiently to assume the hereditary duties of its position.

A curious reversion of this case is when the grandchildren are called upon to 'mind' their uncles or aunts—a by no means inconceivable circumstance, when the frequency of early marriages among the poor is considered. We remember some years ago, while on a visit in Forfarshire, that this very subject was broached by our hostess, who, as faithful helpmate of the minister, was herself mother-in-chief to the parish. She told us of a poor woman who had had a great number of children, all of whom had died young except one, a girl, who had married early, but who also died, in giving birth to an infant son. The infant was taken care of by the bereaved grandmother, who was still in the prime of life, and who had herself, after the adoption of her grandson, other two children, one of which survived, a fine boy of fifteen months old. At our friend's invitation we visited with her the humble cottage where this singular combination of relationships existed. The mistress was busy churning as we entered, while seated by the fire was the grandson, some eight or nine years of age, engrossed in the task of amusing the baby. After greeting the good dame in homely kindly manner, the minister's wife turned to the children and asked: 'How are you to-day, Jockie?'

'Fine,' answered the little fellow bashfully.

'And how is your uncle?' continued his questioner with a merry twinkle in her eye and a significant glance at us.

'Ou, he's fu' weel; only gey girnie whiles wi' his back-teeth,' glibly answered the urchin, throwing aside his shyness when his precious charge had become the subject.

'Dear me, Jockie,' laughed my friend, 'you will have some trouble with him then?'

'Whiles,' soberly said the boy, who, although conscious that the question was meant for banter, seemed unable to restrain himself on a matter evidently near his heart. 'He disna sleep weel, an' I'm obliged to sit up at nicht an' whussle till him; but he's guid, puir mannie, when the fashious teeth are no troublin' him.'

We were much affected by the artless affection which Jockie displayed towards his uncle; and learned recently with pleasure that he had, through the minister's good services, been appointed pupil-teacher in what was formerly the parish school; and that his nursling, hardier than the rest of the family, was acquiring his first knowledge under his nephew's affectionate tuition.

Without pleading ignorance of the evils frequently attendant on the practice of intrusting children with the care of infants, we prefer simply to accept it as inevitable, and to contemplate the advantages with which it is as undoubtedly accompanied. In the first place, it is this early discipline, this facing of the harder realities in their lot from the outset, which could alone prepare those in the humbler walks of life to tolerate the position in which their maturer years will have to be spent. The girl whom necessity has taught the rudiments of housewifery simultaneously with her alphabet, and the mysteries of nursing together with the secret of making pot-hooks and hangers, will blend most naturally and easily into the mistress of a poor man's home, where the anxieties and solicitudes common to women are indefinitely multiplied. If not so palpable, the value to boys of the knowledge of simple household duties is after all scarcely less important; for aptitude in these is perhaps the most efficacious weapon with which he can enter the lists of a determinately arduous life. In their acquirement the future workman has been taught self-reliance and the habit of industry —qualities on which his success mainly depends; while he is specifically prepared for the not uncommon eventuality—as soldier, sailor, or emigrant, or even in the ordinary casualties of married life in his own sphere—of having to minister to the physical wants of himself and others. Nor in the last of these situations will his juvenile experience of 'minding the bairn' be without its useful application; for at meal-times, in his evenings off work, and even in the night-watches, he will be called upon to accept his share in those solemn rites which his domestic felicity has entailed.

There is a reflection too of a far higher character to which the consideration of this simple theme not inaptly gives rise. Solicitude for the welfare of those whom they have cared for and protected remains with the elder brothers and sisters in greater or less force throughout life; and the younger members of the family can never wholly divest themselves of the confidence and respect which such services have engendered. Each unit in the tale of the poor man's family thus stands to the other not merely in the fraternal, but, in varying degrees, also in the filial relation. . Hence that wonderful tenacity of kindredship by which they are distinguished. Diverging careers, conflicting interests, petty jealousies, and even animosities, may temporarily step in to arrest the current of their affection; but the advent of calamity or sorrow to one or other is a signal which rarely fails to reunite them in bonds stronger than ever. Is not blood, after all, thicker than water, in their own idiomatic phrase? The successful digger or colonial shepherd needs nothing more transcendental than the memory of the humble home in which all were mutually dependent, to send his tenderest thoughts wandering across the ocean which divides him from his playmates and friends. Wherever their various lots may be cast, there is to the end a common haunt in which their loving spirits may meet, in the 'auld clay biggin' or 'humble cot' where each in his turn performed his part in 'minding the bairn.'

The family affections are, moreover, the pith and marrow of patriotism; and who will venture to estimate the degree in which a nation's stability is dependent upon the primitive economy of the poor man's household? It is only by association with the loves and sorrows and joys of his childhood that the external surroundings of his home become endeared to the heart of man. How naturally Burns arises, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, from the more immediate reflections which the happiness of his humble characters suggests, to that eloquent exclamation in praise of his native land, beginning,

> From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs.

CAPTURING OSTRICHES.

The greatest feat of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. Being very shy and cautious, and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can be captured only by a well-planned and long-continued pursuit on the swiftest horse. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts with outspread wings against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of an enemy. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect a person a great distance long before he can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in company. When discovered, part of the hunters, mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right angles to the course the ostriches have taken. When these hunters think they have gone far enough to cross the path the birds will be likely to take, they watch upon some rise of ground for their approach. If the hunters hit the right place and see the ostriches, they at once start in pursuit with fresh horses, and sometimes they overtake one or two of the birds; but often one or two of the fleet horses fall, completely tired out with so sharp a chase.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

SONNET.

Oft let me wander hand-in-hand with Thought
In woodland paths and lone sequestered shades,
What time the sunny banks and mossy glades,
With dewy wreaths of early violets wrought,
Into the air their fragrant incense fling,
To greet the triumph of the youthful Spring.
Lo, where she comes! 'scaped from the icy lair
Of hoary Winter; wanton, free, and fair!
Now smile the heavens again upon the earth;
Bright hill and bosky dell resound with mirth;
And voices full of laughter and wild glee
Shout through the air pregnant with harmony,
And wake poor sobbing Echo, who replies
With sleeping voice, that softly, slowly dies.

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THE COMING OBELISK.

For more than fifty years we have heard of projects for bringing to England the prostrate obelisk lying on the sandy shore of Egypt at Alexandria, and popularly known as Cleopatra's Needle. Every successive scheme of this kind has come to nothing. When the French army quitted Egypt in 1801, the British officers, wishing to have some memorial of the victories of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, claimed the prostrate obelisk as a spoil of war, and formed a plan for bringing it to England. A ship was obtained, a mode of stowage planned, and a jetty built between the obelisk and the beach. The Earl of Cavan, in command of the troops, headed the scheme; Major Bryce, of the Royal Engineers, worked out on paper the details of the operation; while officers and men alike subscribed a certain number of days' pay to meet the expenses. The obelisk was to be introduced into the ship through the stern port, and placed on blocks of timber lying over the keel. But difficulties of various kinds arose and the scheme was abandoned.

Eighteen years afterwards the Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, presented the prostrate obelisk to the Prince Regent; the British government accepted the gift, but took no steps towards utilising it, being deterred by an estimate of ten thousand pounds as the probable cost of bringing the monolith to England. Thirty-three more years passed; the Crystal Palace Company was organising its plan for the costly structure and grounds at Sydenham; and a question was started whether Cleopatra's Needle would form an attraction to the place. Men rubbed up their reading to ascertain how the ancients managed to remove such ponderous masses as this. It is certain that the stone must have been quarried in Upper Egypt, and conveyed somehow down to Thebes, Alexandria, and other places in that classic land. Pliny describes a prostrate obelisk which was moved to a distance by digging a canal under it, placing two heavily laden barges on the canal, and unloading them until they were light enough to rise and lift the obelisk off the ground; it was then floated down the Nile on the barges, and landed and set up by the aid of a vast number of men with capstans and other apparatus. A plan was suggested to the Crystal Palace Company for bringing Cleopatra's Needle to England on a raft; but the idea was relinquished. Subsequently there were several projects for importing the obelisk; but they also fell through, after not a little eager expectation and talk. Thus, from one cause or other, the famed obelisk was left undisturbed, and what may be deemed British property still lies in a kind of buried state among the sands on the coast of Egypt. Luckily, it has not suffered injury by delay in removal. The stone is of a hard texture, and its entombment has been rather an advantage than otherwise. Although first and last there has been much said about Cleopatra's Needle, we shall attempt to give some account of it and of a freshly conceived plan for bringing it to England.

The ancient Egyptians excelled in the art of erecting magnificent temples, pyramids, obelisks, and other works in stone, all of which, or the ruins of them, fell into the hands of successive conquerors—Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and finally the Turks. Among the long roll of monarchs of the ancient Egyptians, one stands out conspicuously for grandeur of character and the splendour of his reign. That was Thothmes III., who flourished fourteen hundred and forty-four years before the commencement of our era, that is to say, three thousand three hundred and twenty years ago. He ordered to be executed two obelisks of gigantic dimensions for the City of On, or City of the Sun, the name of which was changed by the Greeks to Heliopolis, a word signifying the same thing. During the lifetime of Thothmes, the obelisks were cut out of the quarries of Elephantiné, which consist of the rose-coloured granite of Syene, or Es-souan. These obelisks were to be set up in front of the Temple of the Sun, and in however mistaken a way, must be viewed as a pious tribute to the Almighty, personified in the Sun as the author of Light and Heat, the fructifier and sustainer of animal and vegetable existence.

The preparation of the two obelisks was the work of years. Before their completion, Thothmes III. had passed away; and the honour of setting them up in their appointed place belonged to one of his successors, Rameses II., familiarly known to us as Sesostris. We can fancy the imposing ceremonies which took place in erecting the obelisks in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. Both obelisks were inscribed with hieroglyphics, signifying that they were erected to the god Ra, or the Rising Sun, and to Tum, or the Setting Sun, which identify them with the most ancient and perhaps most poetical superstition in the world. To these hieroglyphics were added others by Rameses II., commemorative of certain military conquests.

And where is now Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, at which these grand obelisks were set up and venerated by the ancient rulers of the country? It is extinct. As in many other old Egyptian cities, its dwellings, built of unburnt bricks, have long since crumbled into heaps of dust. Its splendid monuments are destroyed or dispersed. When the Romans took possession of the country, the two obelisks that had been erected by Rameses II. in honour of the Sun were removed by the celebrated Cleopatra to grace the Cæsarium at Alexandria about the year 40. There, near the shore, they were set up. One of them remains where it was placed, and is a well-known landmark. The other fell, from what cause is unknown, and there it has lain till our times.

Such in brief is the history of Cleopatra's Needle. It is upwards of three thousand three hundred years old; and whether standing or lying, it has been at Alexandria for at least eighteen hundred and thirty years. How along with its fellow it was transported from Heliopolis to Alexandria, can no more be known than how the Pyramids were built. Doubtless, there would be an enormous expenditure of human toil; but at the time that was not regarded. Unfortunate beings captured in battle were condemned to slavery, and if they perished in dragging huge stones, no one cared. If Cleopatra's Needle could speak, it would tell of cruelties of which we can form no adequate conception.

The two obelisks were nearly of the same dimensions; and standing in their original position in front of the Temple of the Sun, they must have had a most imposing appearance. The prostrate obelisk, square in form, measures sixty-eight and a half feet long, six feet eleven inches wide on each side at the base, tapering to four feet nine inches near the summit, whence it narrows to a pyramidal point called the pyramidion.

We may have a pretty good idea of its appearance from that of the Luxor obelisk, set up on a pedestal in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, which is the same shape, and measures seventy-two feet three inches in height, exclusive of the pedestal of fifteen feet, and weighs five hundred thousand pounds. The cost of removing this obelisk from Luxor, near Thebes, to Paris, was about two millions of francs, or eighty thousand pounds. It is a handsome monolith, of reddish Syenite, but unfortunately it is damaged near the top, and suffers from the bad taste exhibited in the pedestal on which it was erected in 1836. In Rome there are a number of obelisks of different sizes that had been brought from Egypt by the Romans. Europe may be said to have come in for a fair share of these ancient monuments. There is room, however, for one more—Cleopatra's Needle, which, had matters been managed rightly, should long since have been brought to England and set up in the metropolis.

This brings us to the project now set on foot by Mr Erasmus Wilson, an eminent surgeon in London, and who has munificently undertaken to be at the entire cost of bringing the obelisk from Alexandria. The idea of doing so arose, as Mr Wilson explains in a letter to a friend, in having had a communication from General Sir James Alexander, C.B. 'He, Sir James, recounted that he had paid a visit to the prostrate obelisk at Alexandria in the spring of 1875, with the view of ascertaining its state of preservation and the possibility of bringing it to London; that he stripped it of its covering of sand, and found the column uninjured, and that he felt assured that its transit might be safely accomplished; that all that was needed were the means of defraying the cost, and the determination to bring the undertaking to a successful issue; that he contemplated for this object to obtain the interest of the city of London and the government; but that, although he had secured the co-operation of the Metropolitan Board of Works for a site on the Thames Embankment, he had made no substantial progress.' Mr Wilson goes on to explain what he did in the circumstances. 'On the 7th of December, I had a conversation with Sir James Alexander. He was very anxious to succeed in his object, and he mentioned a plan proposed by Mr John Dixon, C.E., whom I promised to see. At my interview with him, I listened to his plan. He explained the position of the monolith, within a few yards of the sea, and the ease with which it could be inclosed in a cylinder, rolled into the water, towed to the harbour for the purpose of putting on to it a keel, a rudder, and a deck, and then ballasting it to a proper depth of flotation. The process required care, nicety, and judgment, but was evidently sound and practicable.' The professional advice Mr Wilson received helped to confirm this opinion, and he finally resolved to enter into a contract for the safe transport of the monolith. Mr Dixon was willing to limit the cost to eight thousand pounds; but to leave no room for failure, it was agreed he should receive ten thousand pounds on the safe erection of the obelisk on the Thames Embankment within a specified period. A contract was entered into on this basis; Mr Dixon undertaking all risks.

We gather from Mr Wilson's letter that he had serious misgivings as to the success of a public subscription, and that after all it was a shabby kind of proceeding, unworthy of so great an object. In short, feeling he could afford the outlay, he took the matter in hand personally, and the element of expense was therefore at an end. Any other difficulty was removed by Mr Dixon receiving the concurrence of the government and of the Khedive of Egypt. 'I have,' says Mr Wilson, 'the assurance from Mr Dixon that the cylinder ship with its precious freight may be expected to float into the Thames in July next.'

So far as we can understand the proposed plan, Cleopatra's Needle is to be fixed by cross divisions or diaphragms of wood in a cylindrical vessel of malleable iron plates. There will be seven diaphragms, and consequently nine water-tight compartments. For safety, the obelisk will be inclosed in wood, and well packed, a little below the central level of the vessel, which will be closed at both ends. When completed with the obelisk inside, the vessel will be about ninety-five feet in length and fifteen feet across. After being rolled into the sea, and towed to the harbour, it will be ballasted, and be provided with a keel, deck, sail, and rudder. For these operations, manholes will have been left in the cylinder. These holes will be opened, so that access may be obtained to all the compartments. There will be no part into which a man may not enter if necessary, until the cylinder is finally sealed up for floating.

When made thoroughly ship-shape and sea-worthy, then the vessel with its precious freight will set off on its voyage, under the charge of two or three skilled mariners, for whom a small cabin on deck will be provided. It will be towed the whole way by a steam-tug; the sail being simply for steadying the cylinder. The steam-tug, or with whatever other assistance that may be necessary, will tow the vessel up the Thames, and lay it alongside a convenient part of the Embankment. Where its precise site is to be has not, we believe, been determined. By the agency of hydraulic power, there will be no serious difficulty in raising it to an erect position on its assigned pedestal. There will, we think, be a concurrence of opinion, that no site would be so universally acceptable as on some conspicuous point of the Thames Embankment, where the effect towards the river would be particularly striking. What more fitting place of permanent repose than the banks of the 'Silent Highway' for the ancient symbol of contemplative veneration, the Divine Architect of the Universe, Ra and Tum?

A great day for the metropolis will be that on which this vastly interesting monolith is stuck upright in English ground! We can shew some minor works of art of perhaps as great antiquity, such as the stone axes of the pre-historic period, but nothing to compare with the product of Egyptian civilisation something like four thousand years ago. Trusting that no untoward accident may occur to derange the plans for the maritime transport of this interesting object, there cannot but be a universal feeling of satisfaction at the gracious manner in which Mr Wilson has organised a scheme for effecting what has baffled everybody since the beginning of the present century. When there is so much begging of money for all sorts of objects, the heartiness of his spontaneous generosity will be frankly acknowledged.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MARIAN'S GENEROSITY.

Marian was, I believe, genuinely disappointed at Lilian's decision to leave Fairview and retire with her aunt to some cottage home.

'It will look so!' she ejaculated again and again; which words perhaps best expressed her sentiments upon the point. 'People might think I had not been inclined to behave handsomely towards you, you know; but I'm sure no one could offer more fairly than I do. There's the run of the place, and a carriage to ride out in, and your keep, and all that; besides two hundred a year to spend as you please. *I* had only two hundred a year to do everything with, you know, before Pa died. And if that isn't enough—well, I shouldn't perhaps mind saying'——

'It would be a great deal more than enough,' murmured poor Lilian. 'Only I must be with my dear aunt wherever she is, and she prefers having a home of her own, however humble.—Do you not, auntie?'

Mrs Tipper was very decided upon that point; and Marian did not object. 'Auntie' was quite welcome to consult her own taste in the matter. Indeed Marian was more ready to fall in with the little lady's desire to leave Fairview than it was under the circumstances quite polite to do.

'But for you, dear, it is altogether different,' she went on to urge. 'You are young, and have been brought up like a lady; and it really seems quite cruel for you to be going to live at a cottage, when there's such a home as this offered you.'

'I should prefer being with my aunt,' repeated Lilian, with flushed cheeks, turning her eyes, full of tears, lovingly towards the little lady, who nodded and smiled as though to say: 'Do not fear my being wounded by anything that is said, my dear. I shall only be troubled when you are.'

'You haven't tried it yet, dear,' sagely returned Marian; 'and you don't know what it is to live like poor people. Think better of it; and I will have a *distang-gay* lady to go about with us; and we will fill the place with company, and have lots of gaieties. Do, pray, think what you will be giving up, before you make up your mind.'

But she found that Lilian was not to be tempted; and Marian was at length brought to see that her arguments were of no avail. So I think she satisfied herself with the reflection that she had done all that could be expected of her, only stipulating that Lilian should acknowledge her generosity to 'people,' as she indefinitely termed the Fairview world.

'It is only fair that it should be made known that I was ready to act generously, you know.'

Lilian promised that it should be made known. Moreover, when at length matters were finally settled, Marian begged Lilian to take anything which she had a fancy for with her.

'I mean, of course, the things that have been given to you, you know,' she said a little hurriedly, as though afraid that her generosity might be interpreted too literally; adding, with a little laugh: 'If you took *everything* you fancied, there would be nothing left at Fairview, I expect! But there; just say what is yours, and I will take your word for it!' she ejaculated, in another outburst of good-nature.

If it had been left to Lilian, very little would have been taken from Fairview. But it was not left to her; and Mrs Tipper and I were more businesslike, and did not hesitate to secure for Lilian not a few valuables. That little lady recollected a great many things which had been named by Mr Farrar as gifts to his child. Fortunately for her, he had been in the habit of talking about any new purchases which he made to add to the glories of Fairview, as presents to Lilian. In fact, had we kept strictly to the letter of Marian's offer, and taken whatever had been given to Lilian, we might have carried away nearly everything the house contained. As it was, we did not scruple to claim a great deal. Her mother's jewellery; a nice little collection of pictures; the grand piano, which had been a birthday present; and an endless assortment of valuables, even to a new silver dinner-service. For the last, we were indebted to Saunders, who reminded Mrs Tipper and Lilian that Mr Farrar had mentioned at the dinner-table having ordered the new pattern expressly for his daughter, by-and-by, naming the cost. Poor Mr Farrar! it is pitiful to reflect how glad we were to avail ourselves of his little ostentatious speeches, for the benefit of his child.

But in spite of herself, Marian began to look very grave and anxious as one thing after another was eagerly named by the servants as 'Miss Lilian's.' They had got scent of what was going on, and were eager to give evidence of this or that having been given to her. She had made up her mind to be generous, and strove hard with herself. But when it came to be a question of a set of diamonds, she could control herself no longer, nervously questioning as to the evidence of its having been a gift to Lilian's mother. Was the inscription inside the case—'To my dear Wife, on our wedding-day'—sufficient to make the diamonds Lilian's; and would Lilian mind repeating his exact words when her father put them into her hands on her last birthday.

'Of course I only want what is right; but she wasn't his wife, you know; so it couldn't be their wedding-day,' anxiously ejaculated Marian, her eyes dwelling fondly upon the jewels in their open cases.

Fortunately for us, Lilian fled at the first words, and we had Robert Wentworth to help us, so we battled courageously for the diamonds, and at length gained the day. Marian was obliged to yield, though she did so with a sigh over 'Pa's extravagance.' 'He never gave diamonds to Ma! Why, Lilian will have quite a large fortune to take away, with one thing and another!' Then, in reply to some allusion from Mr Wentworth about the fortune Lilian was *leaving*, he was sharply reminded that it was not hers to leave. 'People seem to forget that it's only my rights, and if it were not for my generosity things would be very different for Lilian.' For she was, I think, beginning to feel that her generosity was not sufficiently recognised, and it required some little encouragement in the way of being appreciated to keep it alive.

Meanwhile, Mrs Tipper and I were quietly at work in search of a cottage. We succeeded beyond our expectations; being fortunate enough to secure a pretty little place on the outskirts of a neighbouring village, at a very moderate rent, Robert Wentworth giving us material assistance in the negotiations. Having overcome the dear little woman's scruples about accepting half of my fifty pounds as my share towards the first three months' housekeeping, we gave ourselves up to the business of furnishing; and in this also Robert Wentworth was of much assistance to us, though I do not think that any one besides myself attributed it to anything warmer than friendship. Becky and I and a couple of work-people were busily engaged from morning till night in arranging and making ready, in order that no time might be lost in getting away from Fairview before Marian's good-nature altogether collapsed. Lilian was becoming very anxious to take her departure; and it was evident that to Mrs Tipper herself the change would be a very welcome one.

'To tell the truth, my dear, it will be a real blessing to me to live in a small house and be able to go into my own kitchen again,' she confided to me. 'You and the dear child will be the company in the parlour; and I shall make the puddings and pies, and know what's in them!' she ejaculated, enjoying her little jest.

Of course I did not mean to be idle, though I agreed that the dear little lady should reign supreme in the kitchen. Becky was to be our factotum; and very proud she was of the position, making it very evident that Fairview had altogether lost its attractions for her now. We began to plume ourselves upon having quite a little model home, where nothing but love and peace would be admitted. Ah me! it was as well we should think so!

It was a very pretty, if somewhat fantastically built cottage, which had been erected for an ornamental lodge at the entrance of a fine estate, the property of an old but impoverished family, which had been brought to the hammer, and sold in separate portions. The house itself—a fine old place, built in one of the Tudor reigns—stood on an eminence some two miles distant, and had been taken on lease by some benevolent lady, for the purpose of making a Home for girls who had suffered imprisonment, with a view to prevent their further degradation.

Our cottage was situated just out of the village, which lay in the hollow at the foot of the hill, on the side of which stood the house which I have mentioned as being visible from one part of the Fairview grounds, and which I so coveted for my married life with Philip. A little to the left, at the back of our cottage, still stood a portion of the fine old woods as they had been for many a generation of the A—— family. The land on the other side of what had once been the avenue, had been turned into hop-fields and so forth. In front of the cottage, the space had been so much encroached upon that what had once been a fine private road was now but a narrow lane. Branching from that lane, on the right was the village, and on the left another lane leading to a field, through which there was a right of way to the railway station; and from the stile of that field ran two paths, the lane I have mentioned passing the cottage and on to the village; and another lane at right angles with it, leading through the woods.

There was some little talk of *my* house soon being in the market, said the work-people, to whom I was curious enough to put a few questions about it. The lease was expiring, it seemed, and the present residents did not intend to renew it. This was news indeed. If, by good fortune, Philip arrived in time to secure it, how delightful it would be; the two others I most cared for in the world living so near us! How delightful to be able to shew my appreciation of the kindness I had received in some better way than by words! Then I pleased myself with another pretty picture of the future, in which Lilian and Robert Wentworth were the principal figures.

That Lilian would very long remain as depressed as she now was, I did not believe; her mind was a too healthy one for that. Indeed the reaction had already set in. After the first shock was got over, she was, I think, not a little astonished at the comparatively small amount of regret she suffered on account of the loss of her lover. It might be that she was beginning to realise the fact that her love for him had never really been what she had imagined it. In one point she was mistaken. She believed that he also had deceived himself, and was firmly persuaded that he did not love her and never had.

I knew that Arthur Trafford was in truth suffering the keenest misery in his efforts to tear himself away from her. He loved her better than all the world, except himself; and although he had not sufficient manliness and moral courage to make an effort in the right direction, I was glad to see he had the grace to be heartily ashamed of the part he was playing. I could not help being a little amused by Mrs Tipper's mild suggestions, in the midst of his wild ravings against his miserable fate. Indeed her very practical advice about looking for work, and never blaming Fate or giving up hope as long as he had youth and strength and his two hands to use, was not the lightest punishment he had just now to bear, Lilian being present, sitting white and silent with downcast eyes. I think he was almost driven to the verge of entreating her to share his poverty and challenge fortune with him; but he did not get beyond the verge. Marian silently watched with keen eyes and heightened colour, and it was not difficult to read her thoughts. She still found her position at Fairview a somewhat anomalous one; and would continue to find it so as long as Lilian remained there; the latter being treated as mistress, and she herself as much as possible ignored by the servants.

It was, I think, some little relief to us all when the cottage was declared ready for occupation. Mrs Tipper and I contrived to spare Lilian the leave-takings and final wrench of separation from the home she had always been taught to consider her own. We invited her to go to look at the progress of our work; and once there, we hinted that she might just as well remain at the cottage. There need be no returning to Fairview unless she desired it. As we had hoped, Lilian was only too glad to avail herself of the suggestion; unconsciously shewing how much she had dreaded a parting scene. So we three took tea together in the little parlour, which was to serve as dining-room. Our drawing-room, as we jestingly called it, on the other side of the house, was left unfinished, for Lilian and me to arrange, according to our own taste—in truth to afford some occupation for the former's hands and thoughts, and to leave no time for dwelling upon bygones, at anyrate for a while. Mrs Tipper and Becky had contrived to make it appear quite a festive occasion; the tea-table being spread with all sorts of little home-made dainties, which we felt bound to make a demonstration of enjoying, and I verily believe did enjoy a great deal more than we were conscious of doing, so pleasant was the contrast to the meals we had latterly partaken at Fairview. We could now freely shew our thoughts to each other, and that itself was no slight boon, after being obliged to pick and choose our words, as we had been in Marian's presence.

Afterwards I left Lilian with Mrs Tipper; I knew that she would put aside her own feelings in her desire to please the dear little mistress of the cottage, by shewing an interest in the arrangements which had been made, &c. And I had to set forth for Fairview again, in order to make the best excuses I could for Lilian's non-return.

I found Marian very much inclined to take offence at the method of quitting Fairview. Of course she would have sent Lilian in the carriage in a proper way; and she ought to have been allowed to shew people what her feeling in the matter was. 'Going off in that way makes it look as though I had not been inclined to treat Lilian handsomely; and I call it very unfair towards me!'

I intimated that Mrs Tipper and I had hoped to spare Lilian's feelings in leaving the home she had been taught to consider her own.

'But I think *my* feelings ought to have been consulted too, Miss Haddon. It's all very well to talk of Lilian's feelings; but it is not fair to let people think I don't want to do right,' she repeated, walking to and fro amidst her gorgeous surroundings. 'Of course they will think so now she has gone off in that way, and all my generosity goes for nothing! Besides, I was not prepared to be left alone in this sudden way, the servants all as upstart and impertinent as ever they can be. And I haven't been able to engage a lady-companion yet.'

In truth, Miss Farrar—I suppose I must give her the name now—had found well-born ladies (she had made it a *sine qua non* that the lady she sought should be well-born as well as everything else that was desirable in a companion) were either at a premium just then, or they did not incline towards Fairview, for she had not as yet succeeded in finding one after her own heart. In her difficulty, she extended the olive-branch to me; beginning by a little pointedly reminding me that the burden was already heavy enough upon Mrs Tipper's shoulders, and opining that I should no doubt be glad of something to do.

'I shouldn't mind paying you a pound a week till I got suited; and,' she was good enough to add, 'we don't know but what a permanent engagement might come about, if we get on together.'

I declined with as good a grace as I could, politely but very decidedly; and then went upstairs to label the boxes and parcels which were to be sent down to the cottage, and make sundry other arrangements for a final flitting.

THE JUNGLE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

In an interesting volume on the *Large and Small Game of Bengal,*[*] Captain J. H. Baldwin presents us with a peculiarly striking picture of field-sports pursued in the ample game-preserves of India. The tiger, the tyrant of the Indian jungle, has, as is due, the precedence over his feebler or less dreaded congeners. Skirting the base of the Himalayan range, extending east and west for many hundreds of miles, is a tract of land covered with jungle, called the Terai; this is his chosen home. Cradled in the long feathery grass of the jungle, he gambols about in his infancy playful as a kitten, and usually attains when full grown the length of nine or nine and a half feet. Wild hogs, deer, and all the larger species of game, are his usual prey; but sometimes a pair of tigers will take up their abode within a mile of a village, sallying out from their lair every three or four days to pull down a bullock or a buffalo, always selecting the fattest in the herd. The strength of their muscular fore-arms is enormous. Captain Baldwin says: 'I remember in Assam a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high, seizing one of the largest oxen, and again leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields and over two hedges.'

In his old age, when his teeth become worn, he not infrequently becomes a man-eater; and such is the devastation he then occasions, that whole villages are sometimes deserted, and extensive districts laid waste from dread of these feline scourges. In these disastrous circumstances the advent of an English sportsman with his rifle and elephants is hailed as a godsend by the whole neighbourhood.

A tiger when brought to bay often 'spits' exactly like a cat. Contrary to the received opinion, tigers seldom roar; but at night the forests resound with the hideous din of their cries, which resemble the caterwauling of a whole squadron of gigantic Tom-cats. In making a charge the tiger utters a series of short vicious coughing growls, as trying to the nerves as the most terrific roar. Tiger-hunting, even from elephant-back, is always accompanied with danger. One day when Captain Baldwin and a friend were out beating the bush for tigers, one of his beaters, a fine young man, 'foolishly crept forward to try and discover the actual spot where the tiger was hiding. He must have approached within a few feet of the animal, for it struck but one blow without moving or exposing its body, and dashed the unfortunate man with great violence to the bottom of a stony ravine.' He was rescued at once, but died the same evening, his skull having been fractured by the blow from the tiger's paw.

In tiger-shooting, when you discharge your piece, whether you hit or miss you must not move, but standing perfectly still, keep your eye on the animal and put in a fresh cartridge. Many lamentable accidents have occurred from sportsmen going rashly up to fallen tigers, erroneously supposing them to be dead. One or two stones should always be thrown first, to see what power of mischief is left in him, for it is quite possible that he may require another ball as a quietus.

A tiger cannot climb trees, but he can spring to a considerable height, and this should be remembered in shooting them from what are called machāns, a sort of framework of poles resting on the higher branches of a tree. An officer, some years ago, in Central India got into a tree which overhung a water-course to watch for tigers. He was a considerable way up the tree, but he did not advert to the fact that the high bank of the ravine behind him was almost on a level with him. In no long time a tiger came to drink, and he fired at and hit it, but failed to kill it; when the enraged brute rushed up the bank to the higher ground behind, and springing upon him, dragged him out of the tree, and bit and tore him so frightfully that he died very soon after he was rescued.

Powerful and ferocious as the tiger is, he is afraid of the wild-dog. A pack of these ravenous creatures, finding strength in their union, will set upon, kill, and devour a tiger.

In the opinion of some old Indian sportsmen, the panther is even more to be dreaded than the tiger. He is a large, powerful, thoroughly ferocious brute. In old age he also sometimes takes to man-eating, but not so often as the tiger does. Our author, however, gives an instance 'of one in Gwalior who had devoured over fifty human beings, and was the terror of the whole district.' One evening Captain Baldwin, along with a friend, was perched in a tree in an open part of the jungle, near the carcase of a cow, which had been killed as was supposed by a tiger. The body was covered with birds of prey struggling and fighting over it like so many feathered demons, when suddenly a great commotion occurred among the noisy diners-out, and with a whish-h-h of their heavy wings they left their dainty fare, and flew into the trees close by, making way as it appeared for their betters, for very soon a huge brute approached the carcase, and began to tear and gnaw at the flesh. 'A tiger!' whispered the captain to his companion. 'No; a very large panther,' answered the other, firing as he spoke, but not killing the animal. In a minute he recovered himself, and springing up, made straight for the tree. It was an ugly situation, for although a tiger cannot climb a tree, a panther can, as well as a cat. As he approached, another shot was fired at him, which passed between his fore-legs, and he paused and looked up. 'Never,' says our author, 'shall I forget the devilish expression of that terrible countenance.' An awful moment of suspense followed, during which Captain Baldwin contrived to give him his quietus.

The leopard resembles the panther, but is smaller, and altogether a less formidable animal. It never attacks man, and rarely shews fight unless brought to bay, when, like all the felidæ, it is more or less dangerous. The lynx, which is smaller than the leopard, is a rare animal; and the cheetah or hunting leopard is also comparatively seldom met with in a wild state.

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[*] Henry S. King & Co. Price 21s.

The bear, which we are accustomed to associate with cold countries, such as the north of Europe and North America, is also very frequently met with in the very hottest parts of India. Here, as in colder countries, he is a sagacious animal, and varies his carnivorous diet with berries, sugar-cane, honey, and every kind of insect he can get at. It is a mistake to suppose that they hug their victim to death; they draw him towards them with their paws, and bite him on the face or arm. A bear's paw, from the huge curved claws with which it is garnished, is a very terrible weapon. They almost invariably strike a man in the face; and Captain Baldwin tells us of a native named Dhun Singh, 'who was a most enthusiastic follower of the chase, and always joined our shooting-party in the hot-weather months, and who was, by a single blow from the fore-paw of a bear, disfigured for life in an instant, and left senseless on the field. He was afterwards such an awful object that I never could look at him without shuddering.'

The striped hyena is a native of India. He is an ugly cowardly brute, with an indescribably hideous cry. Goats, sheep, dogs, or a young child who has strayed from home, are his favourite prey. He never shews fight, but slinks away from the hunter's presence, much after the fashion of the wolf, who is also credited with a large amount of child-slaughter. A fearful loss of life is caused in this way in some districts by these brutes; and in common with the rest of the Indian carnivora, government offers a price for their destruction. The wild-dog is lighter in colour and taller than the jackal. It is a gaunt, ungainly, ravenous creature, of wonderful speed and endurance. If once a pack get upon the track of any animal, its fate is sealed. They even attack tigers and bears, and as often as not get the best of it. In some parts of the jungle, the wild buffalo are very abundant; they are always found in herds, which sometimes consist of eighteen or twenty, but oftener only of five or seven. The bull is much larger than the cow, and when old is always dangerous.

The dense thick bush and tall reeds and grass which surround the *jheels* or solitary jungle lakes, are a favourite resort of buffalo. There they feed on the rich herbage, and approach the water by long tunnels in the grass and reeds. The extreme danger of encountering these creatures is graphically described by Captain Baldwin, who one evening, accompanied by a native, went down to one of these jungle lakes, and hearing something move in the long grass, had the temerity to enter a tunnel. Up to his ankles in mud, and with scarcely room to move or turn, he was straining his eyes to discover the game, when there was a sudden crash through the brushwood, and before he could bring his rifle into position, 'I was hurled,' he says, 'to the ground with astonishing quickness by a tremendous butt on the right shoulder, followed by a pair of huge knees on my chest, crushing me down. The buffalo then commenced butting me with his huge head. I was covered with foam from his vile mouth: most luckily the ground was very soft, or I must have been killed. I had fallen on my back, but managed, by clutching the root of a small tree, to draw myself from under him; but as I did so and turned over, he struck me a terrible blow on the back with his foot, breaking two ribs; and then I was powerless, and imagined all hope of escape to be over. He gave me a bad wound on the left arm, another dangerous one under the arm-pit, a third on the hip—all with his horns; and then I found myself lifted off the ground and thrown a tremendous somersault in the air.'

Stunned and bleeding, our unfortunate sportsman was pitched upon his head, and landed behind a low thorn-bush at the edge of the lake. More dead than alive, he had yet sufficient presence of mind to remain perfectly still. A few yards off he could see his shaggy foe, sniffing all over the scene of the late tragedy. Satisfied with his victory, the buffalo then raised his head, listened intently for a few minutes, and to the inexpressible relief of his victim, trotted off in another direction. Faint and dizzy, but feeling that he must make an effort to escape, Captain Baldwin rose, staggered about thirty paces and then fell over in a dead-faint. When he revived a little he found his Hindu servant, who had been far too terrified even to try to help him in his hour of need, crying over him, and trying to bind up his bleeding arm. In a moment he remembered all that had happened; and motioning to the man to be silent, he got him to help him to his feet, and with his assistance, staggered fifty yards farther, when exhausted nature again gave way, and he fell to the ground, able only to murmur in a faint voice: 'Water; bring me water!' The Hindu ran down to the lake with his master's hat, which he filled with water, and having given him a little to drink, poured the rest of it over his head. He then cut his linen coat into strips, dipped them in water, and with them bound up the wounds as well as he could. 'Now,' said his master, 'put your rifle at full cock on the ground beside me, and run for assistance as fast as you can.'

He obeyed, and the captain in this almost helpless state was left alone. Night was beginning to fall; and he could hear from time to time some animal moving behind him through the undergrowth of matted creepers and reeds; but he was too much exhausted either for curiosity or fear, and at last, through sheer weakness, fell into a doze, from which he was awakened by the glare of torches. A brother-officer, after a long search, had found him; and although it was many weeks before he could move hand or foot, he got at last all right again, and was as dashing a sportsman as before; only he ever afterwards took care to give a buffalo bull as wide a berth as possible—in which prudent precaution he is imitated even by the tiger. This latter tyrant of the jungle, red with the slaughter of scores of buffalo cows, is careful to treat with profound respect the grizzled patriarchs of the herd.

Wild elephants, which were once abundant in the dense forests at the foot of the Himalaya, are still plentiful in Assam and Burmah, where many are yearly caught and tamed for the use of the government. Elephant-shooting is prohibited, except when a wild elephant becomes dangerous, and is transformed from a peaceable denizen of the forest into the morose, sullen, and savage brute known as 'a rogue elephant.' The Indian rhinoceros is plentiful in Assam and in the Bootan jungles, and resembles an immense pig, with a long horn curving backwards at the end of the snout. If unmolested, it is harmless; but if assailed, it will make a furious charge, when its long horn is an ugly weapon to encounter.

Wild hogs are very plentiful all through the scrub and brush jungle. Old males are armed with large semicircular tusks nine inches long. A more formidable antagonist than a wild boar with these tremendous weapons in full play need not be wished for. There is no cowardice about *him;* he is game to the backbone, and will fight to the last, and sell his life dear. 'Sportsmen have frequently been mauled,' Captain Baldwin says, 'in encounters with wild boars; and a European in the Customs Department near Jhansi many years ago lost his life, so fearfully was he gored by a hog which he had wounded.' The flesh of the wild boar roasted and eaten cold is delicious.

Passing over the various species of deer, each of which our author describes, we come to the Himalayan chamois and the thar, which frequent the rocky fastnesses of the Himalaya, and the hunting of which is quite as hazardous an amusement as hunting chamois among the mountains of Switzerland. As among the European Alps, so among the Himalayan Alps is the sportsman not only rewarded by the fascination of the sport itself, but by the surpassingly beautiful scenery amid which it is pursued. Above him rise the magnificent hills, dazzling in snowy grandeur, cleaving the skies with peaks which tower nine thousand feet higher than the highest mountain in Europe; below him in the distance spreads a varied and splendid landscape of hill, forest, and river, with distant plains luxuriant with ripening crops, shading beneath his feet into shaggy stretches of woodland, penetrated by deep, well-nigh inaccessible chasms and glens, abysses of pine, and precipices, and foaming torrents, such as Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint. Huge rugged crags tower like vast cathedrals above the giant trees, their crests covered with gentian and stone-crop; while round their base cling dark green clumps of rhododendrons, all ablaze with scarlet beauty, their blossoms shining like points of flame against the foliage of the splendid walnuts, and apricots behind, whose fruit at certain seasons literally strews the ground.

Camp-life in such a spot is beyond all things enjoyable. The atmosphere is clear and exhilarating; a sparkling streamlet gurgles across the little meadow in which your tent is pitched, diffusing a pleasant freshness around; radiant butterflies hover above the water, or alight like living gems upon the long fronds of the magnificent coronets which crown the giant tree-ferns. The ravine behind you, dark with forest, is vocal with the mellow notes of unfamiliar songsters. The eye, as you gaze, loses itself in a stupendous panorama of mountain peaks, rocky ridges, winding valleys, glittering streams, populous plains, and pathless fever-haunted jungles; while nearer, on the verge of the wood, a herd of ravine deer are feeding; lazily you watch them while you sip your coffee, all unconscious of the close proximity of a splendid wild blue sheep, which is gazing intently down at you from its bushy covert. Did you move? The motion was so slight as scarcely to be perceptible to yourself; but the startled creature rushes like an arrow down the grassy slope, and threading the ravine, rejoins the herd of its companions, to whom it immediately imparts the intelligence of your whereabouts, and in a moment they all make off, gliding shadow-like and swift along the precipitous mountain side.

India presents a wide field for the researches of the ornithologist, and is the native home of many of our feathered favourites, such as the peacock. This lovely bird, superb in its native forests, is accounted sacred by the Hindus. It delights in patches of jungle by the side of rivers, where on moonlight nights its shrill discordant cry may be often heard swelling the savage concert. The red jungle-fowl is very like the bantam in appearance, but its plumage is more brilliant, and like its *confrères* of the poultry-yard, it is very pugnacious.

There are six different kinds of pheasants in the Himalaya, most of them excellent for the table, and all of them more or less beautiful. There are also many varieties of partridge. The quail, which is always fat, is a *bonne bouche* fit for an epicure. Captain Baldwin says of it: 'A quail-pie or a quail-currie is a dish for a king.' There are four varieties of grouse, the largest of which is the sand-grouse, a very fine bird; but the monarch of Indian game-birds is the bustard. 'It is,' our author says, 'in my opinion the king of game-birds; and the value of its feathers, its excellence as a bird for the table, and last, though not least, the very great difficulty of shooting it, render it a prize to be much coveted.' The oobara is a small species of bustard; and to a certain extent a migratory bird. The floriken, one of the finest of Indian game-birds, has beautiful black and white plumage, and its flesh when cooked is peculiarly rich and delicate. There are two varieties of it; and several kinds of plover, which, however, are not abundant.

Different species of crane abound, as do woodcock and snipe. Of the latter, as many as fifty or sixty couples are sometimes bagged in a day in a rice-field or by the edge of a swamp.

On the lakes and jheels in the north of India, below the Himalaya, thousands of wild-fowl congregate about the beginning of October on their way south. On the jungle swamps and lakes wild ducks of various kinds abound; wild geese are also common, as are several varieties of the shieldrake. In company with these migratory wild-fowl arrives the flamingo, a very beautiful bird, with brilliant rose-coloured feathers. It has, however, little except its beauty to recommend it, for when cooked, the universal verdict of the mess-table was, 'that it was a very poor bird.' During the cold season the bittern is plentiful in Northern India, and unlike the flamingo, is very good eating. On the banks of large rivers the curlew is sometimes found, and several kinds of green pigeons abound.

From birds, Captain Baldwin suddenly skips back to beasts, and gives us a sketch of the Indian hare. Of this little creature there are two varieties; and they seem to have as hard lines of it (especially in the neighbourhood of barracks) as their well-known congeners have at home. With a passing glance at this four-footed martyr, we bid adieu to a book which is well fitted to inspire not only a love of sport, but of natural history. Nowhere can this interesting science be studied to greater advantage than in these wide-spreading Himalayan jungles, where mountain torrents gurgling down the beautiful ravines, temper the air to delicious coolness; where great trees grow stately as masts, making a pleasant twilight with their lustrous unfamiliar foliage;

where gorgeous flowers bespangle the greenery, and round the overhanging boughs our hothouse ferns cling with ample stems and giant fronds, forming bowers through which lovely bright-hued birds flit, and multitudes of insects find shelter, filling the otherwise silent noon of the tropics with their shrill incessant hum.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER IV.—MISS ANGELA FAITHFUL.

ONE evening in the fourth week of our hero's stay in town, he took up a book while he was waiting for his chop, and a card fell on the floor. This card he discovered was to admit the bearer to a ball about to be held in the neighbourhood. When the landlady appeared, he asked if the card belonged to her. She said she had been looking everywhere for that card; they had had some to dispose of, and they had sold all but this one; a customer had wanted it, but as she could not find it, he had procured one elsewhere. Would Mr Webb like to buy it himself?

Mr Webb thanked her, but declined.

'Oh, well,' said she, 'it will be of no use now to us, as the ball begins at nine o'clock this evening. Perhaps you will accept this ticket, and make use of it?'

This, after a little consideration, Isaac was happy to do. It would pass away a few hours, and it would lead to no expense, as he observed that the ticket included refreshments. He did not suppose he should dance; he never had done such a thing, but there was no telling, if once his blood was up. So at eight o'clock Isaac donned a clean paper collar, took his well-tried friends, his gray thread gloves, and walked leisurely to the place of entertainment. He arrived there about nine; and on presenting himself and his ticket, he was directed to the Master of the Ceremonies, a dapper little man with a short dress coat and very tight pumps, who did not seem capable of standing still for a minute. He received Isaac's name and ticket, and danced off with him to the ballroom; and throwing open the door, announced in a very shrill voice, 'Isaac Webb, Esquire, ladies and gentlemen.'

The ladies and gentlemen addressed consisted of an antique female in black silk mittens, and two youths elegantly attired in suits from Moses's establishment, one of whom was whistling a 'fast' tune, and the other sauntering about with his hands in his pockets. Each of them seemed particularly careful to give the mittened lady a wide berth, thus testifying to all whom it might or might not concern that they were not all members of the same party. Now these persons were evidently not *au fait* with the usages of polite society; for of course they ought not to have been in their places at the time named on their tickets, but should have been there at half-past nine at the earliest. But here they were, listening to the tuning and consequent grating of two violins and a harp, placed on a small platform at one end of the ballroom. A violoncello was also expected (so the Master of the Ceremonies in a whisper through the door informed the company), but had not yet arrived.

In the course of the next quarter of an hour several more squires and dames were announced; and the arrivals kept on increasing until half-past nine, by which time (the violoncello having put in an appearance and all things being ready) the Master of the Ceremonies (Mr Hoppe by name) opened the ball by the announcement of a polka. That individual seemed to take a particular interest in Isaac; perhaps on account of his countrified appearance, for Mr Batfid's productions had not been designed or intended for a ballroom; or perhaps because he was a complete stranger. At all events, he now suggested that Isaac should lead out the antique lady, to whom Mr Hoppe would be happy to introduce him, and polk with her. But Isaac declined the honour, saying that he 'was much obliged, but that he would wait a bit;' so the lady and himself were among the few who kept their seats.

Almost immediately afterwards the door was opened, and Miss Faithful and her niece Miss Angela Faithful, were announced. Miss Faithful looked about fifty-five or sixty years of age; she was tall and slight, and had evidently been a beauty in her day. Such was her niece now; there could be no two opinions about it. Even Isaac, who had no great appreciation of feminine charms, was sensible of it the instant she entered the room. She was tall, and her figure was beautifully shaped; she had dark hair and eyes, a brilliant complexion, and features almost faultless. Moreover, she was dressed quietly, but in excellent taste. Before Miss Angela Faithful had been in the room many minutes, Isaac became aware of a peculiar sensation wholly unknown to him. Unqualified admiration it certainly was; but anything more? Well, he could hardly tell. He certainly felt interested in her, and desirous of a better acquaintance. But he did not know how this was to be done. Of course the most natural and proper thing to do was to obtain an introduction, and ask her to dance; but for the first time in his life Isaac Webb did not feel unlimited confidence in his own powers. And the feeling was reasonable; for to attempt to dance in public without having learned either a step or a figure, is, to say the least, a hazardous and serious undertaking.

The two ladies did not remain alone many minutes, for while Isaac was observing them (at all events one of them), a young man advanced, with whom they were probably acquainted, for he took a seat beside them, and at the next dance—a quadrille—walked off with Miss Angela on his arm to join the set. Isaac watched them take their places, and watched her through every figure of the (to him) incomprehensible dance; and when it was ended, his eyes followed her round the room and back to her seat. Her partner then left her; but his place was almost immediately filled by a lean young man with yellow hair, who was brought up and introduced by Mr Hoppe. Again Isaac watched her take her place by her partner—this time in a waltz; and as he put his arm round her waist, and she placed her hand on his shoulder, Isaac thought he should like to be in a similar position; and as the yellow young man did not excel in the mazy dance, Isaac fancied he could make quite as good a performance of it. But he let the next dance begin; and towards the end of it he made his way to Mr Hoppe, and requested the favour of an introduction to Miss Faithful.

'Do you mean the old lady?' asked the Master of the Ceremonies; 'because if you do, I warn you she is as deaf as a beetle, and if you talk so as to make her hear, you will have all the people in the room stand still to listen to you.'

'I mean the young lady,' said Isaac; 'and just tell me,' he added, 'the proper thing to say when you ask a person to dance.'

'We commonly say,' replied Mr Hoppe: '"May I have the honour of dancing this quadrille with you, if you are not engaged?" But gentlemen may vary it according to taste.'

'All right; of course,' returned Isaac. Whereupon they walked to where Miss Angela Faithful, just left by her last partner, was sitting. Mr Hoppe went through the introduction; and Isaac, who, to tell the truth, felt very ill at ease, repeated the formula given him by the Master of the Ceremonies. Angela looked at her list of engagements, hoping to find she was bespoken for this dance, without remembering the fact; but such was not the case; so with a whispered 'With pleasure,' she took his arm, and they stood up in a polka.

When the dance commenced, Isaac never felt so uncomfortable in his life. Where to put his feet he didn't know, and where to turn he didn't know. If he turned one way, it was evidently contrary to his partner's expectations, for they pulled different ways; if he turned another, he ran a-muck into another couple; and this on one occasion was nearly attended with serious consequences; and it was only by tearing a rent in his partner's dress that he was able to save himself a sprawl upon the chalked floor. To the spectators the performance was very diverting. To see this long clumsy yokel floundering about with so handsome and graceful a girl and so good a dancer, put one in mind, as a gentleman remarked to his neighbour, of the Beauty and the Beast. At length, after two or three turns round the room, Isaac was obliged to give in; not indeed through any feeling that he was making an exhibition of himself (for of that he was wholly unconscious), but from sheer inability to keep his footing any longer. With his head in a whirl, he conducted his partner to a seat and fell into one himself. At the end of a few minutes, she retired from the ballroom to get the rent in her dress made whole; and when she was gone, Isaac sought out Mr Hoppe, and asked him if he could tell him who the lady was and whence she came.

Mr Hoppe could only inform him that she lived somewhere in Holloway with her deaf aunt, her present chaperon; that her father and mother were dead; and that the only relative she had nearer than the aforesaid aunt, that he knew of, was a brother living abroad.

Isaac hinted about money.

'Oh,' said the little man, rather amused, 'she is not badly off in that respect; for she has a nice little bit from her mother, and considerable expectations from her aunt, I have heard.'

O Isaac, you are a deep dog! But you had no idea that on the other side of the canvas partition by which you were standing were a pair of ears intently taking in every word that passed—the possessor of those ears being Miss Angela Faithful. No, Isaac; you simply thought that here was the very object you were in quest of, and that you must pursue the subject further.

CHAPTER V.—OUR HERO IS FULFILLING HIS DESTINY.

In a few minutes after the foregoing conversation, the fair subject of it returned to the ballroom somewhat flushed, thereby heightening the effect of her charms, as Isaac acutely observed. She returned to her original seat beside her aunt, and in lieu of conversation smiled once or twice upon that lady. It was indeed of no use to talk, as Mr Hoppe had remarked, and the usual medium of communication—a slate and pencil—had been forgotten and left at home.

Isaac arose from his seat in order to obtain a better view of his charmer; for as certain reptiles are said to be influenced by dulcet sounds, so was that wily creature Isaac Webb under the spell of female beauty. And not merely beauty. 'A nice little bit' from a mother, and 'considerable expectations' from an aunt, formed a most delightful *tout ensemble* and subject for reflection. So he stood and watched her for a few minutes with his hands in his pockets, and nervously balancing himself first on one leg and then on the other, until at length he began to flutter himself, as it were, towards his siren; just as a sombre moth beats about a strong light ere it offers itself up, a willing victim, on the pyre of its own supineness. Besides, Isaac was the more attracted towards her by reason of the furtive glances which the young lady cast in his direction; for although she was surrounded by a number of young men—other moths of varied hue—still their attentions did not seem to satisfy her; and so it happened that Isaac finally took unto himself what appeared to be (even to his unsophisticated mind) a half-bashful, yet a wholly meaning and appealing glance, and joined the circle of admiring swains. He speedily, with Miss Angela's co-operation, found himself near her, and when opportunity offered, volunteered to conduct her to the refreshment buffet—an invitation that was promptly accepted; so he in triumph led her off, to the no small surprise and vexation of his jealous rivals. Arrived at the buffet, he handed, with the most feeble attempt at graceful politeness, such comestibles and beverages as his fair partner would partake of, with no further mishap than the breakage of a wine-glass and the imperilling of a large glass epergne by collision with his elbow, and the consequent vibration of the structure to its very foundation. The light repast now under discussion brought to his recollection the more important one of supper; and our hero, who had become quite a gallant by this time, broached the subject to his companion, assuring her with all the warmth of which he was capable that 'he was certain he wouldn't be able to swallow a morsel unless she was by him to give his food a relish,' and as he beautifully expressed himself in metaphor, 'sharpen his appetite like a strop does a razor.'

How could any young lady take upon herself the responsibility of a hungry gentleman's enforced fast? Angela felt that *she* could not, so promised to accompany Isaac to supper; reminding him, moreover, that he must engage her for the dance immediately preceding that gastronomic event.

This her admirer pledged himself to do; swallowing with a gulp the fears that would intrude themselves as to what the effect of the dance would be upon his appetite. All he hoped was that it wouldn't be a waltz, a polka, or a schottische; and in this frame of mind he returned with his partner to the ballroom.

'I have been looking for you, Angela; will you sing a song?'

Isaac turned round, and recognised in the speaker the young man who had been Angela's partner in her first dance that evening. He bowed slightly to her companion as he paused for her reply.

'With the orchestral accompaniment?' she asked.

'Certainly, if you prefer it,' he answered; 'but a piano has been brought in, and your voice may possibly feel more at home with that.'

'But I do not like to be the first to begin,' she urged diffidently.

'Oh, never mind about that; there is no one here can do it better, I'll engage; and if it will add to your courage, I will play the accompaniment, or turn over the leaves for you, whichever you like.'

'O no; you must accompany me. But it was the merest chance that I brought any songs with me.' With that, she bowed to her late partner, took the young gentleman's arm, and walked over to the piano.

In a few minutes her voice rose above the chat and murmur of the ballroom, and the purity of its tone and the unaffected and pleasing manner of the singer, enforced silence even among those who were not music-lovers. Among these Isaac might certainly be included; for beyond the performances on a harmonium in Dambourne End church on Sundays and an occasional German band or barrel organ on week-days, his opportunities of hearing music had been exceedingly limited. But perhaps it was this very ignorance of the subject that caused him now to drink in with the greatest delight—an almost exaggerated delight—every note and every word that fell from the charming songstress's lips. The composition itself was of no particular merit; it was simply a melodious English ballad; but the voice and manner of the singer, assisted by the tasteful execution of the accompaniment, seemed to fascinate all present, and a unanimous burst of applause at the conclusion testified to their appreciation of the performance.

And now dance and song followed each other in quick succession, and Isaac was unable to get near Angela, or even to catch her eye, for she had been so much sought after, and had joined in almost every dance. She was indeed the belle of the evening; and many eyes other than those of Isaac followed her as she threaded the intricacies of the Lancers or Caledonians, or was whirled along by her partner in the giddy waltz or polka.

As for Isaac, he had, to his great comfort, remained quite unnoticed, except on one or two occasions, when his fascinated gaze had led him from his vantage-ground against the wall, and he had found himself among the dancers. On each of these occasions he had suffered much, having been severely jostled by one couple, his favourite corns trodden on by a second, and himself finally sent back with a bound to his former position against the wall by a third. Nor did he obtain sympathy from any of them—nothing but scowls.

CHAPTER VI.—A PRESSING INVITATION.

At length Mr Hoppe, in obedience to a previous request from Isaac, came to inform him that at the conclusion of the next dance—a quadrille—there would be an adjournment for supper. Our hero took this opportunity of asking about the gentleman by whom Angela's song was accompanied.

'I can give you no account at all, sir,' said the Master of the Ceremonies; 'though there are not many gents in this neighbourhood that I have not some knowledge of.'

Isaac meanwhile looked about for Angela, and soon discovered her sitting with her aunt and the unknown gentleman.

'You come to claim your engagement,' she said, as she rose and took his arm.

'You look tired,' remarked Isaac, feeling he must say something, and the fact of her looking tired and flushed having struck him first. 'Besides,' he thought, 'women like to be told they look tired.'

'Do you think so?' she replied with a slight blush, as they walked round the room. 'I should scarcely have thought you would have noticed it; but I *am* rather tired,' she continued, 'as I have been dancing a great deal; and besides that, I feel excited as well, for I have had a very unexpected pleasure to-day. My dear brother, who has been abroad for some years, returned to London to-day without giving us any notice of his coming. He arrived at our house a very short time before we started here, and as he would not hear of my giving up the ball, he came too.'

'Was it your brother who played for you when you sang?' asked Isaac.

'Yes,' she replied. 'It is an old song we learned together many years ago; and as he is a very ready player, it was no trouble to him to accompany me.'

While they thus conversed, the quadrille had been formed, and now the dance was just about to begin.

'Shall you mind very much if we do not dance this time?' inquired Angela of her companion.

'Not at all,' answered Isaac, much relieved; 'not if I may talk to you instead,' he added shyly.

He had committed himself now to a task far more difficult to him than even dancing a quadrille; for of what topics to choose as conversation with the fair creature by his side, he had not the slightest idea. So they walked on in awkward silence.

'Would you mind making me known to your brother?' Isaac at length asked.

'I will with pleasure,' she returned; and seeing him approach in their direction, she caught his arm, and introduced him to Mr Webb as her brother Herbert, from abroad.

'Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr Webb,' said he. And then, after a pause, and with an almost imperceptible glance at Isaac's clothes and general appearance, he continued: 'If it is not a rude question, are you a resident in London, or merely making a short stay in it?'

Isaac hated to be questioned; but he *must* answer; there was no help for it. 'I am staying for a time here,' he said vaguely, 'but my regular home is in the country.'

'Staying with friends, I suppose?' pursued Mr Faithful, not at all abashed.

'No,' answered Isaac; 'I am staying at a coffee-house.'

'You must find it dull sometimes,' said his irrepressible questioner; 'but I presume you have friends in the neighbourhood, or some business to occupy your time and attention?'

Isaac thought it might save further questioning if he gave a little voluntary information.

'I am staying in London for a few weeks for a little change,' he replied. 'I have no friends here, nor any particular business; but I am used to being much alone, so that I do not find it dull.'

'That will not, I hope, prevent me improving my acquaintance with you. I am at present staying with my aunt; in fact, I only arrived in London this afternoon, so have had no time to seek other lodging, even if I do so at all. But speaking in my aunt's name as well as in my own, I hope you will favour us with a call. You will excuse my card, for I have not one with me; but I daresay aunt has her case in her pocket, as she seldom used to go anywhere without it.—Do you mind feeling for it, Angela?'

She presently returned with a card, to which her brother added his name. 'We shall be glad to see you at any time,' he said, handing it to Isaac; 'but possibly the evening may suit you better than any other time, and if so, you will be more likely to find me in.'

Really, notwithstanding his questions at the commencement of their conversation, he was, Isaac considered, a very agreeable person; for he had given him the very opportunity he sought, the difficulty of obtaining which had exercised his mind during his sojourn by the ballroom wall. He did not consider it singular in the least that Herbert Faithful should have pressed such an invitation upon him, a total stranger. No; he was evidently a man of quick discernment, and had at once probed through, with his mind's eye, a portion of the crust of Isaac's reserve, and had discovered some of the precious metal beneath.

Any further conversation at the time was prevented by a general move towards the supper-room; and Herbert, asking his two companions to wait for him, presently brought up the aunt, and the four went into the supper-room together. During the meal, Herbert made himself particularly agreeable; so much so, that Isaac threw off a little more of the crust of his reserve, even going so far as to mention Dambourne End, and to give out a slight glimmer of his own importance in that place as a landowner. The supper, after the manner of such entertainments, was not a protracted one, and passed off, so far as our party was concerned, with no further contre-temps than was occasioned by Isaac, in the exuberance of his feelings, inadvertently tilting his chair so that he came in contact with the back-comb of a middle-aged lady who was sitting back to back with him, thereby forcing that useful ornament into her scalp. A loud scream was the result; but the lady was more startled than hurt, and after apologies more or less awkward from Isaac, she regained her composure and her appetite, and harmony was restored.

After supper, Angela danced but once, and after singing a duet with her brother, came with him to Isaac to say good-night. He accompanied them and their aunt to their cab; and after promising to call upon them very soon, they drove off, and he returned to the ballroom. But the place was now without any interest for him; so after wondering within himself that his heart should have been so easily and speedily reached, and with a new and indescribable feeling of loneliness upon him, he bade Mr Hoppe good-night, after an ineffectual attempt on that individual's part to get at Isaac's habitation and business; and having made no other acquaintance whatever in the room, he obtained his hat and departed to his coffee-house.

A MEDIUM'S CORRESPONDENTS.

The Americans usually plume themselves upon being the 'smartest' people under the sun; but as an acute writer observes, the very admiration they bestow upon shrewdness shews that the quality is really rare among them. Your ideal American, spry as a fox, supple as an eel, 'cute as a weasel, would have a bad time of it if his countrymen generally were equally spry, supple, and cunning. Charlatans and impostors can only thrive in a credulous community, and in no country in the world do the pestilent creatures ply such a profitable trade as in the Great Republic. In almost every newspaper and popular periodical published in America, wizards, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, and seeresses 'born with a veil,' advertise their readiness to supply psychometrical, phrenological, and planetary readings, or solve all difficulties relating to business, love, trouble, and disease, for some fifty cents or so; while mediums of every variety offer their services to any one requiring spiritual help—and willing to pay for it.

One of these tricksters, practising in New York, lately came to grief in a curious way. Prudently dispensing with the paraphernalia usually affected by the craft, Medium Flint adopted a simpler and less risky method of swindling, merely undertaking for a fee of two dollars to act as a medium of communication between his patrons and their friends in the spirit-world. Any one desirous of obtaining news or advice from that mysterious debatable land had only to send him a letter addressed to a spirit and securely fastened; unless that were done, it would not be answered; Flint's agency being only efficient when his mind was blank and passive to both questions and answers, and delivering in his own handwriting simply and precisely what was dictated to him by the spirit communicating. Of course the recipients of these proxy-written spirit-replies never doubted their genuineness, especially as they came accompanied with their own epistles with their covers *intact*.

Unfortunately for himself, Mr Flint gave his wife—'a spiritualist herself, but not of the same kind as her husband'—good cause to leave his house; and the abused lady carried away with her not only the little apparatus by whose aid he unsealed the communications of his dupes, but the book in which the rascal copied them and the answers he manufactured; and to make matters worse for the unlucky medium, Mrs Flint thought proper to publish a selection from his correspondence, 'to warn people against quack spiritualists,' and serve for the entertainment of all not concerned. It serves to shew too how widespread the belief in spiritualism is in the States; for Flint's customers are of all grades, from the humble individual whose highest ambition is to occupy a clerk's stool, to an ambassador-elect, anxious to settle a doubtful point respecting his pedigree, before leaving his country to represent it at the Court of St James.

Flint warned his patrons of the necessity of putting their questions briefly, clearly, and distinctly, 'the mixed kind defeating the object of the investigation.' The hint was thrown away upon most of them. A young lady signing herself 'Miss Fany Crosby,' with a confusing contempt for the rules of spelling and punctuation, thus addressed her dear mother: 'Can you tell me if I will be developed the time you told me I Wold thrue Mr Foster if not tell me When if you can Will I be a good Medium Will I wright impressnoley or Makonakley Will I be a seeking Medium Will I ever see you the same as eny spiret While in the body can all of our dear Spiret Friends controle me When I am developed as Will I be controled by a Guid to home they will Dicktate will Ida alwayse Treate me as she does 'now will she Mary and do well will Dear Mattei Ever have Meny children. Will they be Gurls or Boys where can I Find Some of Aunt Rachels Boys is she with you and is she hapy is Gand Mother on your sid yet will Liddia out live Harry Can she Be developed as a Medium Will I ever be welthy can Amandy be a Medium how long shall we stay in this house will I go into the country this Summer to Liddias is Ida going to Die soon.'

Miss 'Fany' is but one of many aspirants to the doubtful honours of mediumship, who, anxious as they may be to receive an affirmative answer to the question, 'Shall I become a medium?' are not prepared to accept it as a full equivalent for their two dollars. A would-be clairvoyant writes to his father: 'I would like to know how you are. What have they done with your property in Bray? Will I ever get any portion of it? Please give me advice on business matters. Give me all the help you can.' Another affectionate son asks his father for 'points' in the patent business. Nathan Crane is desired to instruct his nephew whether it were best to sell his business or hold on. Fred Felton wants his brother to tell him if his partner may be trusted, and if the firm would do wisely to decline giving credit to customers; while a gentleman 'engaged in making Nature's Hair Restorer,' entreats Brother William to give his personal attention to the matter, and inform him what is the best plan to adopt to make the Restorer pay a profit very soon; although he betrays a sad want of faith in the virtues of that article, by pestering a number of denizens of the spirit-world for recipes for the manufacture of hair restoratives, in the expectation of obtaining valuable information at a trifling cost; like a litigant who asks the shade of Daniel Webster for legal assistance concerning certain lawsuits; as if it were likely that even a disembodied lawyer would give professional advice gratis!

A lady sends a loving greeting to her departed cousin Phœbe, fully believing the lost one watches over her, and asks: 'Can you see mamma and I in our daily life here? Can you see my dear loved George? How long before he will be free from the unlawful bond now entangling and oppressing him? Will Georgie return to me this autumn? How soon will we be wedded?' A widower propounds a few 'live questions' to his dead 'wife in heaven,' and wants to know if she is happy; if she can come back to earth, or desires to do so; if dear little baby is with her; and if she can find any medium in Philadelphia through whom he could communicate with her. Another widower, not without hope of finding consolation for his loss, wishes his lamented wife to tell him if he had better sell his business and go to Europe with his patent rails, or remain where he is and marry Miss Boyd. Jealousy is not supposed to exist in the spirit-world, or Camilla Stick would scarcely invite her defunct husband to enlighten her as to the intentions of a certain gentleman by informing her whether Mr W—— loves her and will marry her, or whether he rather inclines to 'Cora,' and will visit that damsel when he goes to Philadelphia. Less excuse for his inquisitiveness respecting other folk's feelings has Mr Key, who writes to his brother: 'Can you tell me if my niece Marie will recover and be a well and strong girl; and who she is in love with? What are my prospects in New York, and had I better remain here, or go home to my father? Also if my tickets in the Louisville lottery will gain me a prize, and what do you think of cotton declining? Will Mr Zoborowski do anything for me, and does he really like me? Does my sister feel sorry for what she has done? Will Anna Zoborowski marry a foreigner? Does she love any other person? Does Alexander love Marie? and does Alores love Anna? Good-bye, my dear brother. Can you give me the names of some friends in the spirit-world?' The credulity demonstrated in these and such other ridiculous questions almost exceeds belief. And this in a country boasting of its education and its shrewdness!

AN IRISH MISTAKE.

For more than twenty years it has been my custom to recruit myself every autumn with a walking tour of over a month's duration. By this means I have seen more of these islands than any one of my acquaintance, and have had peeps into the inner life of the people such as few tourists obtain.

In doing this, I never overstrained myself, as is now too often the fashion. I walked just so far as I pleased, and rested when nature or my inclination gave me the hint. Sometimes my journeys were made in the cool of the evening, sometimes in the early morning; often I slept in the cabin of some labourer, and not once or twice, but a dozen times, have been forced to make my lodging under the lee of some friendly hay-rick.

One of these autumns, over ten, and less than twenty years ago, I made the west of Ireland the field of my operations. Starting from Galway, in a little less than three weeks' time I beheld the broad waters of Corrib, Mask, and Conn—had lost myself in the wildernesses under the shadow of Croagh Patrick—and looked with awe at the bold headlands of Mayo, against which the restless Atlantic beats with a ceaseless roar.

By the evening of the twenty-first day, I found myself at Ballina, my mind full of indecision as to how I should occupy the week or ten days I had yet to spare. To go back over the same ground, I looked on as a waste of time; to plunge inland was to doom myself to days of weary trudging through rather uninteresting country. After deliberation, I decided to head for Sligo, feeling sure that the beauties of Lough Gill would well repay me my long walk thither.

Next morning I was up early, and, knapsack on back and stick in hand, started off on my journey.

For the first mile or two, the road was level and easy; but presently its character changed, and the country around grew poor and wild. It seemed a land drenched with constant showers, and beat upon by constant gales. There was nothing to charm me in anything I saw, so I hurried on.

After ten hours' almost constant walking, the country began to improve, and presently I found myself in the little village of Ballysadare. Here I halted, for, as may be expected, I was both tired and hungry.

A good dinner, however, soon made a wonderful change in me for the better. There were still a couple of hours to pass before dark, and how better could I employ them than by attempting to cover in an easy way the five miles yet between me and Sligo? Once there, I could make up by a day's idleness for this day of extra exertion. So, after a short rest, I shouldered my knapsack, grasped my stick, and started off again.

Once clear of the village, the country began rapidly to improve, and the scenery at one or two spots was so pleasant, that I was tempted to loiter. I was not more than half the way, when I suddenly wakened to the fact that night was beginning to fall about me fast.

'I cannot reach Sligo now before dark; that's certain,' I muttered, as I hoisted my knapsack an inch or two higher, and began to cover the ground at my best rate. 'However, the sooner I get there the better.'

Presently, I reached a spot where four roads met, and while I stood doubtful which to take, a gig driven by some one singing in a loud key overtook me. At sight of my lonely figure, the gig was halted suddenly, and the driver ceased his song.

'Ah, thin, may I ask, is your honour goin' my way?' said a full round voice. 'It's myself that's mighty fond of company o' nights about here.'

'I don't know what *your* way may be,' I replied. 'I wish to go to Sligo.'

'Ah, thin, an' it's that same Sligo, the weary be on it, that I'd be afther goin' to myself,' answered the driver. 'But your honour looks tired—manin' no offince—an' perhaps you'd take a lift in the gig?'

'Thank you; I will take a lift,' I replied, as I stepped forward and sprang quickly to the seat. 'The truth is, I feel rather tired, as you say.'

'An' has your honour walked far?' asked the driver, as the gig rolled on towards the town.

'I've walked from Ballina since morning,' I replied quietly.

'From Ballina! There, now, the Lord save us!' cried the man, as he half turned in his seat and gazed at me in astonishment. 'Why, that's a day's work for the best horse in the masther's stables.'

'Your master must keep good horses, if I may judge by the one before us,' I answered.

'The best in all the county, your honour, though I say it. There isn't a gossoon in the three baronies but knows that.'

'Your master's a bit of a sportsman, then?'

'Yes, your honour; an' if he'd stick to that, it's himself'd be the best liked man from Ballina to Ballyshannon. You wouldn't find a better rider or a warmer heart in a day's march. But thim politics has been his ruin with the people.'

'Oh, ah; I have heard that Sligo is rather a hot place during elections,' I replied. 'But surely the people don't turn upon their friends at such a time?'

'They'd turn upon their own father, if he wint agin them,' replied the driver solemnly. 'See now, here I am, drivin' the masther's own gig to town just be way of a blin', ye see, while he's got to slip down the strame in Jimmy Sheridan's bit of a boat. Ah, thim politics, thim politics!'

'Oh, then, there's an election about to take place, I presume?'

'Thrue for ye, your honour, thrue for ye,' replied the man dolefully. 'There nivir was such a ruction in Sligo before, in the mimiry of man. Two lawyers a-fightin' like divils to see who's to be mimbir.'

'Then I'm just in time to see the fun.'

'Fun, your honour?' echoed the man. 'It's not meself that'id object to a bit of a scrimmage now an' agin. But it's murther your honour'll see before it's all over, or my name isn't Michael O'Connor. Whist now! Did ye hear nothin' behin' that hedge there?'

At this moment we were about the middle of a rather lonesome stretch of the road, one side of which was bounded by a high thin hedge. The dusk of the evening was fast giving way to the gloom of night.

'I—ah—yes, surely there is something moving there,' I replied. 'It's some animal, most likely.'

'Down in the sate! down, for your life!' cried the driver, as in his terror he brought the horse to a halt. 'I'——

His speech was cut short by a couple of loud reports. A lance-like line of fire gushed from the hedge, and one if not two bullets whizzed close past my ear.

As I sprang to my feet in the gig, the driver slid down to the mat, and lay there in a heap, moaning. 'Are you hurt?' I asked, as I strove to get the reins out of his palsied hands.

'I'm kilt, kilt intirely!' he moaned.

'Aisy now, aisy there, your honour!' cried a voice from behind the hedge just as I had gained the reins. 'It's all a mistake, your honour, all a mistake!'

'Give the mare the whip! give the mare the whip!' cried the driver, as he strove to crawl under the seat; 'we'll all be murthered!'

Instead of taking his advice, however, I held the mare steady, while a man pressed through the thin hedge and stood before us, a yet smoking gun on his shoulder.

'What's the meaning of this?' I asked coolly, for the new-comer's coolness affected me. 'Did you want to murder a person you never saw before?'

'I'm raale downright sorry, your honour,' replied the man in just such a tone as he might have used had he trod upon my toe by accident; 'but ye see you're in Wolff O'Neil's gig, an' I took ye for him.—Where's that fellow Michael?'

As he said this, the man prodded the driver with the end of his gun, while I—I actually laughed outright at the strangeness of the affair.

'Go away with ye, go away!' moaned the driver. 'Murther! thaves! murther!'

'Get up with ye, an' take the reins, you gomeril you,' said the man, as he gave Michael another prod that brought him half out. 'You're as big a coward as my old granny's pet calf. Get up, an' take the reins, or I'll'——

'Oh, don't; there, don't say nothin', for the love of heaven!' cried the driver, as he scrambled into his seat again and took the reins in his shaking hands. 'I'll do anythin' ye till me, on'y put that gun away.'

'There,' replied the man, as he lowered the gun till its mouth pointed to the ground; 'will that plase ye? Now, tell me where's Squire O'Neil?'

'He's in the town be this,' replied the driver. 'O thim politics, thim politics!'

'Hum; so he's managed to get past us, after all. Well, tell him from me, Captain Rock, that if he votes for the sarjint to-morrow, it's an ounce of lead out of this he'll be after trying to digest. Now, mind.'

'I'll tell him, captain, dear! I'll tell him,' replied the driver, as he fingered the reins and whip nervously. 'But mayn't we go on now? mayn't we go on?'

'Yis, whiniver the gentleman plases,' replied the man. 'An' I'm raale sorry, as I told your honour, I'm raale sorry at the mistake.'

'Well, I'm pleased, not sorry,' I replied, laughing, 'for if you'd hit me, it wouldn't have been at all pleasant. But let me advise you to make sure of your man next time before firing. Good-night.'

'Good-night, your honour, good-night,' cried the man, as Michael gave the mare the whip, and sent her along at the top of her speed to the now fast-nearing lights of the town. In less than a quarter of an hour we had dashed through the streets, and halted opposite a large hotel. Here Michael found his master, as he expected; and here I put up for the night, very much to the astonishment of every one. Soon after my arrival, I asked to be shewn to my room; but it was one o'clock in the morning before the other guests ceased their noise and allowed me to go to sleep. Next day I slept rather late, and might have slept even later, but that I was rudely shaken out of a pleasant dream by a wild howl, as of a thousand demons just let loose. Starting up quickly, and looking out on the street, I saw that it was filled with a fierce-looking crowd, out of whose many mouths had proceeded the yell that wakened me. Dragging on my clothes, I rushed down to the coffee-room. There I learned that the people outside had just accompanied Squire O'Neil back from the polling-place, where he had been the first to vote for 'the sarjint.' Now that this fact had become generally known, they were clamorous that he should be sent out to them, 'to tear him limb from limb.' Presently, while their cries rose loud and long, the squire entered the room—a tall, military-looking man, with a little of a horsey tone, nose like a hawk, eyes dark, yet glowing like fire.

'They don't seem over-fond of me, I see,' he said with a smile, as he bowed to those in the room, and advanced to one of the windows and coolly opened it. Waving his hand, the crowd became instantly silent.

'Now, don't be in a hurry, gentlemen,' he said in a clear voice that must have been distinctly heard by every one. 'You shall have the honour of my company so soon as my horse can be harnessed, I assure you.'

'Eh, what! what does he mean?' I asked of a person next me. 'Surely he will not venture out among these howling fiends?'

'That is just what he is going to do,' replied my companion. 'There is no use talking to him. He has given orders for the mare and gig to be got ready, and it's as much as any one's life is worth to try to stop him. Wolff by name, and wolf by nature; he's enraged at having to steal down here last night like a thief. Ah, there the fun begins! Look out!'

As my companion spoke, he griped me by the arm, and dragged me close against a space between two windows. Next moment, a shower of stones crashed through the windows, leaving not a single inch of glass unbroken. Then, at longer or shorter intervals, volley followed volley, till the floor of the room was completely covered with road-metal and broken glass. Presently, there was a lull in the storm, and the crowd became all at once as silent as the grave. In the hush, I could distinctly hear the grating sound of the opening of some big door almost under us. I looked inquiringly at my companion.

'It's the entry doors being opened to let the wolf out,' he said in reply. 'Ah, there he is.'

I glanced out of the window, and saw the squire alone in his gig, a smile on his face, his whole bearing as cool and unconcerned as if there was not a single enemy within a thousand miles. Then I heard the great doors clang to, and as they did so, the crowd gave vent to a howl of delighted rage.

At the first appearance of the squire in his gig, the people had swayed back, and left an open space in front of the hotel. Now they seemed about to close in on him, and one man in the front stooped to lift a stone. Quick as lightning, the hand of the squire went to his breast, and just as the man stood upright to throw, I heard the sharp crack of a pistol. The man uttered a wild shriek of pain, clapped his hands to his cheeks, and plunged into the crowd. The bullet had entered at one cheek and gone out at the other, after tearing away a few teeth in its passage. The man was the very person who had made the mistake in shooting at me over-night.

'A near nick that for our friend,' said the squire in his clear voice, while the crowd swayed back a pace or two. 'But the next will be nearer still, and I've nearly half-a-dozen still left. Now, will any of you oblige me by stooping to lift a stone?'

He paused and glanced round, while every man in the crowd held his breath and stood still as a statue.

'No? you won't oblige me,' he said presently, with a sneer. Then fierce as if charging in some world-famous battle: 'Out of my way, you scoundrels! Faugh-a-ballagh!'

At the word, he jerked the reins slightly, and the mare moved forward at a trot with head erect, and bearing as proud as if she knew a conqueror sat behind her. Then, in utter silence, the crowd swayed to right and left, leaving a wide alley, down which the squire drove as gaily as if the whole thing were some pleasant show. When he had disappeared, the crowd closed to again, utterly crestfallen. Then for a short time the whole air was filled with their chattering one to another like the humming of innumerable bees; and presently, without a shout, and without a single stone being thrown, the great mass melted away.

Next morning, at an early hour, I left Sligo as fast as a covered conveyance could carry me. I did not care to wait for the slower means of escape by foot, fearful that next time a mistake was made with me the shooting might possibly be better than it was at first.

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

'While out for a walk the other day we came across a curious incident in natural history. At Cap Martin, about two miles from Mentone, our attention was attracted by something by the roadside which looked at a little distance like a long thin serpent. At first we thought it best not to go very near, but curiosity prevailed, and upon closer inspection we found it was a long line, consisting of ninety-nine caterpillars, crawling in single file close after one another. Our curiosity led us to remove one from the middle, a little distance from the others, and we found his place was soon filled up; but he crawled back to them and edged his way into the line again. Then we removed the leader: this brought them for a time to a standstill. After a little while they began to move on, and then we put the original leader in his proper place, but this brought them again to a standstill; and from the way they moved their heads from side to side, a great deal of talking seemed to be going on, and they decided their original leader was not fit to lead, and they chose another, while he had to make his way into the line lower down. A little farther on we saw another line of forty-four coming up in the opposite direction, and we were curious to see what would happen when they met, imagining they might perhaps have a fight; but such was not the case: they joined the others by degrees, and so made a much longer line and marched on.

'We have since heard they climb some particular kind of trees, and make their nests in them, which has a very injurious effect, and often kills the trees, unless the branches are cut off which hold the nests.'

In an interesting little work on *Insect Architecture*, published in 1830, mention is made of these social caterpillars, the construction of their nests, and their processionary habits. The writer says: 'It is remarkable that, however far they may ramble from their nest, they never fail to find their way back when a shower of rain or nightfall renders shelter necessary. It requires no great shrewdness to discover how they effect this; for by looking closely at their track it will be found that it is carpeted with silk, no individual moving an inch without constructing such a pathway both for the use of his companions and to facilitate his own return. All these caterpillars, therefore, move more or less in processional order, each following the road which the first chance traveller has marked out with his strip of silk carpeting.' Further remarks are made of two species 'more remarkable than others in the regularity of their processional marchings.' 'These are found in the south of Europe, but are not indigenous in Britain. The one named by Réaumur the Processionary (*Cnethocampa processionea*) feeds upon the oak; a brood dividing, when newly hatched, into one or more parties of several hundred individuals, which afterwards unite in constructing a common nest, nearly two feet long and from four to six inches in diameter. It is not divided into chambers, but consists of one large hall, so that it is not necessary that there should be more openings than one; and accordingly, when an individual goes out and carpets a path, the whole colony instinctively follow in the same track, though, from the immense population, they are often compelled to march in parallel files from two to six deep. The procession is always headed by a single caterpillar; sometimes the leader is immediately followed by one or two in single file, and sometimes by two abreast. A similar procedure is followed by a species of social caterpillar which feeds on the pine in Savoy and Languedoc, and their nests are not half the size of the preceding; they are more worthy of notice from the strong and excellent quality of their silk, which Réaumur was of opinion might be advantageously manufactured. Their nests consist of more chambers than one, but are furnished with a main entrance, through which the colonists conduct their foraging processions.'

The lady whose remarks are recorded above has since written that the species she observed feeds upon the pine-trees in the neighbourhood of Mentone.—S. W. U. in *Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.*

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

(TRANSLATION, FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

The tomb asked of the rose:
'What dost thou with the tears, which dawn
Sheds on thee every summer morn,
Thou sweetest flower that blows?'
The rose asked of the tomb:
'What dost thou with the treasures rare,
Thou hidest deep from light and air,
Until the day of doom?'

The rose said: 'Home of night,
Deep in my bosom, I distil
Those pearly tears to scents, that fill
The senses with delight.'
The tomb said: 'Flower of love,
I make of every treasure rare,
Hidden so deep from light and air,
A soul for heaven above!'

A. J. M.

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A MARVEL OF ARTISTIC GENIUS.

COGGESHALL in Essex is a small market-town, which in days past was of some slight importance as a busy little manufacturing place, but which of later years has been drained of population, like many another place, to supply material for the great 'centres.' It now has little to boast of but its fine church, one of the three finest in the county, and some most interesting ruins, well known to antiquaries; it takes, however, a great pride in owning the parentage of the subject of this notice.

John Carter was the only son of a respectable labourer in Coggeshall, but was himself brought up to silk-weaving, that being the staple trade of the town. He was educated in the usual way at the national school; but at the age of thirteen was transferred to Sir R. Hitcham's grammar-school, where he continued about two years. During this period he was chiefly remarkable for his aptitude for getting into mischief; and the only sign given of the latent talent which was afterwards so strangely developed in him was in drawing horses and dogs of questionable beauty on his slates and copy-books; the walls of his cottage also were frequently put under requisition for the same purpose; a mark of talent which his mother in those days could have readily dispensed with, as not tending to improve the look of her humble apartment, which she always kept most scrupulously neat and clean. He was a bright intelligent boy, and this and his high spirits made him a general favourite, but proved also a great snare to him. He became acquainted with a set of wild young men, and soon, naturally enough, became the ringleader in all sorts of daring enterprise.

When Carter was about twenty he married; but though his wife was a quiet and respectable young woman, his marriage does not appear to have steadied him. He and his wild companions used to meet at one of the public-houses and there talk over and arrange their operations. One of the projects which these choice spirits agreed upon was a rooking expedition, the young rooks being then in season. It was in the month of May 1836. The place agreed on was Holfield Grange, there being there a fine old avenue of elms, in which the rooks from time immemorial had comfortably settled. The avenue was disused; and as it was some little way from the house and away from the road and preserves, there was little chance of their being interrupted by watchmen or gamekeepers. They arranged to meet in a field outside the town with a given signal, by which they might know friend from foe; this was to avoid leaving the town in a body, which might have suggested suspicions of mischief, and induced a little watching. Midnight found them all at the rendezvous, and little more than half an hour's walking brought them to the chosen spot. Carter, foremost as usual, was the first to climb one of the tall trees, and was soon busy enough securing the young birds. The trees in the avenue are very old, and stand somewhat close together, their gnarled and massive boughs frequently interlacing, making it quite possible for an expert climber to pass from one tree to another. In attempting to perform this, Carter deceived either in the distance or strength of a bough, missed his hold and fell to the ground, a distance of about forty feet. He had fallen apparently on his head, for it was crushed forwards on to his chest. For a time he lay perfectly senseless, and the dismay of his wretched companions may be imagined. Their position was an unenviable one, to say the least. What were they to do? A mile and a half from the town, in the dead of night, in the midst of their depredations, which must now inevitably become known, and with one of their party dying or dead, they knew not which.

After a time, Carter seems to have recovered consciousness partially, and made them understand, though his speech was so much affected as to be almost unintelligible, that he wanted them to 'pull him out!' This rough surgery they therefore tried, some taking his head and some his feet, and pulled till he could once more speak plainly; and having done that, seemed to think that there was nothing more they could do.

Would one or two more judicious tugs have fitted the dislocated bones together again, or would they have broken the spinal marrow? Who can tell? In either case the world would have lost one striking case of latent talent developed by a misfortune which seemed indeed only one remove from death; so we will not complain.

Finding that no further improvement took place in the poor fellow, and that he had lapsed into unconsciousness, his companions procured a hurdle, and laying him on it with all the skill and gentleness of which they were capable, retraced their steps to the town, and bore him to the home which he had left a few hours before in the full strength and health of early manhood. They laid him on his bed and then slunk away, glad to shut out from their sight the terrible result of their headlong folly, one only remaining to tell to the poor wife the sad story of the disaster. The doctor was sent for; and the result of his examination was the terrible verdict that Carter had not in all probability many days or even hours to live; in any case, whether he lived or not, he was paralysed without hope of recovery.

He did not recover consciousness entirely till the following night; and we who have the full enjoyment of our limbs and health can hardly realise what that poor fellow must have suffered in learning that, even if life were granted to him at all, it was under such terrible conditions as at first to seem to him less a boon than a burden. He would never again be able to move hand or foot, the only power of movement remaining to him being in the neck, which just enabled him to raise or turn round his head; that was *all*—there was not even feeling in the rest of his body. What a dreary blank in the future! What wonder if the undisciplined soul cried out aloud with repining, like a wild bird beating against the bars of a cage; what wonder if in the bitterness of his heart he cried: 'Of what good is my life to me! Better that I had never been born, since all that makes life sweet is taken from me.'

Anguish unknown, terrors too great for words, must that poor soul have met and overcome, ere he had learned the great lesson of sorrow, that life, true life, does not consist in mere physical capabilities and enjoyments, but that there is a far higher, nobler life, the life of the soul and mind, which is as infinitely above the other as heaven is above earth. His mind being now no longer overridden by his superabundant physical nature, began to work and put forth its powers and energies; but it was long ere he found any object on which to expend those powers; not till he had, through several long and heavy years of suffering, learned the great and most difficult lesson of patience—patience, without which he would never have accomplished the wonderful work which we will now proceed to describe.

Having read one day of some young woman who, deprived of the use of her hands, had learned to draw little things with her *mouth*, he was seized with a desire to try the same thing, and was not content till he had made his first attempt. Deprived of the use of his hands, why not try his mouth! A butterfly that had fluttered into the cottage was caught and transfixed; a rough desk extemporised, and with such materials as a sixpenny box of paints afforded, he made a sketch of the insect. Delighted with his success, he determined to persevere. A light deal desk was made after his own directions, on which to fix his paper; the picture he was about to copy being fastened above, or if large, hung from the top of the bed by tapes; he always drew in bed, his head being slightly raised by pillows. A pencil about six inches long and bound round with thread was put in his mouth, and with this he sketched his subject. A saucer of Indian ink was prepared, and a fine camel-hair brush was dipped and placed in his mouth by the attendant; these brushes were sometimes not more than four inches long. In this way he produced the most exquisite drawings, equal to fine line engravings, which were sold for him by his friends and patrons, some of them finding their way into the highest quarters; and thus he was enabled to experience the delight of feeling that paralysed as he was, he was not a mere burden, but was able to contribute to his own support.

Several of the most beautiful of his works are now in America, and we believe we are right in saying that as much as twenty-five and fifty pounds apiece have been given for them. Another very fine work, a copy of 'St John and the Angel,' about eighteen inches by twelve, is in the possession of Robert Hanbury, Esq., of Poles Ware, Hertfordshire, and is wonderful in its power and delicacy. In the copies from Rembrandt, Carter has so completely caught the peculiar touch and style of the great master, that even a connoisseur would have some difficulty in distinguishing them from the original.

Carter tried various styles—water-colour, chalks, mezzotint, and line drawing; but it was the last in which he succeeded best, and which best displayed his great delicacy of touch. The chalks required too great pressure, and fatigued him so much that he was only able to finish two or three pictures in this style, a masterly head of St Peter being one; but the grand sweep of the unbroken lines in these shews, we think, his talent more than any of his works.

He found many kind friends who interested themselves in his work, and supplied him with subjects to copy; notably amongst these, Miss Hanbury of Holfield Grange, now wife of the Dean of Winchester. Mr Richmond the artist also came to see him on several occasions, and speaks of him thus in a letter: 'The first time I saw him [Carter] I was taken to his cottage by the Rev. Charles Forster, vicar of Stisted, Essex; and the impression of that visit I shall never lose, for the contrast of the utterly helpless body of the man with the bright and beaming expression of his face, which only a peaceful and clear spirit could raise, was a sight to do one good. It was as it were "the face of an angel," and I always think of him in connection with that passage.' This latter remark is no exaggeration, for Carter was more than ordinarily handsome, of that old Roman type so common amongst the agricultural labourers in Essex, which ill-health and suffering had only improved by adding refinement to his well-cut features; and the expression of deep humility and patience was most touching in its earnestness. Richmond, speaking elsewhere of his works, says: 'His power of imitation was extraordinary—I mean it would have been extraordinary in one possessing hands to execute his thought with; but to see him with his short pencil between his lips executing with the greatest precision and skill intricate forms and describing difficult curves, filled me with wonder and admiration.' *

Carter lived for fourteen years in this helpless condition, during which time he was a constant attendant at the church. A light frame and mattress, on which he lay perfectly prostrate, was lifted on to a sort of little wheel-carriage, and thus he was carried into the church, and lay during the service. Useful for locomotion, this carriage, sad to relate, was the cause of his death. One day, the lad who was wheeling him about, lost his hold at the top of a hill; the carriage ran back with violence against a wall, and upset the poor fellow into the road. From that day he sank rapidly, and died on the 2d of June 1850.

There was a post-mortem examination; and the injured portion of the spine was removed, and presented by Professor Hilton to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London, 'where it remains,' as he said in lecturing on the case at the College, 'a typical specimen almost unique in interest.'

[The sight of the drawing of the 'Virgin and Child,' by Carter, which has been submitted to our inspection, is eminently suggestive of what may be done in the most adverse circumstances, and also rouses sentiments of profound regret at the sudden and unforeseen death of a being so highly gifted with the light of genius.—Ed.]

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XIX.—MRS CHICHESTER'S ARRANGEMENT.

When an hour later, I re-entered the drawing-room to make my adieu to Miss Farrar, I found that the aspect of affairs had altogether changed. She was lounging in her favourite attitude of negligent ease, in a low chair, playing with the appendages to her watch-chain; and opposite to her sat Mrs Chichester.

Marian did not give me time to speak, hurriedly commencing, with haughty graciousness, the moment I entered the room.

'Oh, it is Miss Haddon.—Come in, Miss Haddon. I am sorry to disappoint you; but I have been thinking the matter over since I spoke to you, and have come to the conclusion that I shall not require your services. The truth is I could not feel quite sure that you would suit me, and therefore I have made another arrangement—a much more satisfactory one.'

For a moment I did not quite comprehend the state of affairs, asking myself if she could have so far misinterpreted my words as to suppose that I had expressed a wish to remain with her. Then the truth flashed upon me, and I calmly replied: 'It is quite possible I might not have suited you, Miss Farrar. If, as I suppose, you have made an arrangement for Mrs Chichester to reside with you, I believe you will find her much more amenable and easy to get on with than I might prove to be.'

Marian looked at me doubtfully, not quite sure whether to interpret my words favourably or not. Mrs Chichester's lips closed tightly for a moment, then she said with her accustomed gentleness and suavity: 'The arrangement between Miss Farrar and myself is so essentially different from ordinary engagements, Miss Haddon; simply a friendly one.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Marian, with a grand air. 'Accepting an occasional little offering' (here I knew she was quoting) 'is quite different from receiving a salary, you know.'

I cheerfully agreed that it was different; and was mischievous enough to congratulate 'Miss Farrar' upon having found so disinterested a friend in the time of need.

With heightened colour, Mrs Chichester explained that she had only done what any moderately good-natured person would do, in offering to stay with one who had been deserted by those who ought not to have deserted her.

'Yes; that's what I call it!' said Marian, eagerly catching at the word. 'I've been deserted by those who ought not to have deserted me! And here's Caroline, that I never cared for, and who I thought never cared for me, turns out my best friend. Caroline had taken a great fancy to me from the beginning, only she was afraid of shewing it, in case Lilian should be jealous. But since my sister has chosen to desert me as she has, she can't complain about my choosing a fresh friend. As you know, I have done all I could to make things pleasant for Lilian. No one in the world could act more generously than I have done to her. Any one might tell that, by the heaps and heaps of things which have been taken out of the house, without my saying a word. And then the piano, when it was found that it would have to be sold on account of being too large for the cottage, I paid the price it cost two years ago. Two hundred and fifty pounds for a second-hand piano, Caroline! I shouldn't mind if I'd been treated accordingly. But to go away like this, without so much as saying thank you. As Caroline says, it is treating one too bad; it really is!'

I glanced smilingly at Caroline's flushed face, and then wished them good afternoon.

'I hear that you are going to stay at the cottage, Miss Haddon?'

'For three or four months I am, Mrs Chichester.'

'Until you find another engagement, I presume?' she asked, eyeing me curiously.

'Until I make another engagement,' I smilingly replied.

But the 'three or four months' had aroused her suspicions, though I did not perceive in what way.

'You have made the best of your sojourn at Fairview, Miss Haddon'—softly.

'The very best, Mrs Chichester,' was my cheerful response; although I did not see the whole of her meaning, as I was to see it later. I knew enough to be sure the drift of it was not very friendly. One thing was very palpable

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* See *Memoir of Carter*, with Illustrations, by Rev. W. J. Dampier. Simpkin and Marshall. 1876.

—I made no advance in Mrs Chichester's good graces.

They followed me to the hall with messages for Lilian.

'I can't forget that she's Pa's daughter, you know,' said Marian, once more striving to be generous. 'Give my love to her, and tell her not to hesitate about sending for anything she may require from the garden or what not; she will miss things so at first, you know. And I don't see why she shouldn't have milk; cook said we have more than she can use just now. If we go on keeping two cows she shall always have it. And say that the very first time we drive out I will call at the cottage.'

Saunders, who opened the door for me, drew his hand across his eyes as he strove to stammer out a message to the 'dear young mistress.'

'Of course you will come to see her; she will be desirous to hear how you are getting on, Saunders,' I replied, beginning to find some difficulty in keeping up my own courage. But there was more to try me yet. Before I could make my escape, every servant employed in or about the house had crowded into the hall, down to Tom the garden-boy.

'Tell the dear young mistress our hearts ache for her.' 'Tell her there isn't one here as wouldn't go barefoot to serve her. God bless her!' 'Tell her her kindness to mother will never be forgotten as long as I live.' 'Why didn't she let us say good-bye, Miss Haddon?' 'Why didn't she shake hands with us before she went, Miss?'—they asked one after the other.

The wisdom of our getting her away as we did was manifest enough. 'It would have been more than she could have borne,' I replied, in a broken voice. 'But it will do her good to hear of your shewing so much kindly feeling, though she never doubted your attachment to her. And of course she expects that you will all go to see her.'

'Ay, that we will!'

Then I got my own share of parting good-wishes, as we shook hands all round, not at all disturbed in the process by the sudden slamming of the drawing-room door and the violent ringing of a bell.

Satisfactory as it all was from one point of view, I congratulated myself upon having contrived to spare Lilian this scene, as well as the final good-bye to the home that ought to have been her own.

I turned from the main road and walked slowly down across the fields at the back of Fairview until I reached the stile at the end of the lane. Then seating myself upon the cross step, I yielded to a little sentiment, telling myself that there must be no such indulgence at the cottage for some time to come. We needed our full share of common-sense to keep the atmosphere healthy. It was all very well trying to assume philosophic airs about wealth; it did very well in my own case, for instance; but I really could not see that it was better for Lilian to lose her large fortune—and so lose it. Into what different channels would the money have passed from her hands, how different a class of people would have been benefited from those who would now be the recipients of it. Granted that Lilian herself might be as happy in the future as though she possessed a large income, how many would be the worse for her not possessing it. The other was already developing a mean nature, and would grudge expenditure upon anything which did not immediately minister to her own gratification. And so forth and so forth. I complained to myself in the short-sighted way with which many of us are apt to judge when looking at a question from one point of view only. I did not even take into consideration the fact that the loss of fortune had already brought about one good effect—that of making Arthur Trafford appear in his true colours, and so sparing Lilian from much misery in the future.

'How did she bear it, Miss Haddon?'

I looked up to find Robert Wentworth standing on the other side the stile. I rose, shook hands, and replied: 'As you might expect she would. But we contrived to spare her a final parting scene;' going on to tell him how we had managed it.

'A good idea. And Mrs Chichester has stepped in, has she?' he added musingly. 'Well, I suppose that might have been expected too. Trafford will have a useful ally.'

I told him of the offer I had received, smiling a little over the recital.

'Fortunately you are not like other women; you can smile at that sort of thing. And you will not, I trust, be again subjected to anything of the kind. You will remain at the cottage as long as you need a home now?'

'Yes,' I replied in a low voice, feeling the hot colour cover my face in my confusion at hearing such an allusion from him; wondering not a little how he had come to know what I had been so reticent, even to those I loved best, about. His tone and look seemed, I thought, so plainly to imply that he did know.

'But I suppose that is forbidden ground just at present?' he went on, as I imagined answering my very thoughts.

'Yes,' I whispered stupidly; shy of talking about my love affair to him, yet a little ashamed of my shyness, as more befitting a young romantic girl than myself.

'I will obey'—glancing down at me with grave pleasantness—'if you will consent that some limit shall be put to the restraint. Shall we say three months?'

I smiled assent. He really did know then; even to the time Philip was expected. I did not like to ask him how he had gained the knowledge, as that might lead to more talk upon the subject than I cared to enter into. In fact I was completely taken by surprise, and not quite equal to the occasion.

But I soon contrived to account for his knowledge of my secret. My engagement was well known to Philip's brother and the latter's friends; and it was quite possible that Robert Wentworth might know some of them. But however he had found it out, I was quite content that he should have done so. It would be all the easier to pave the way towards a friendship between Philip and him, by-and-by. For the present I quietly returned to the subject which I believed to be most interesting to him, and we talked over Lilian's prospects hopefully if a little gravely, as we walked slowly on down the lane.

'You think there are really some grounds for hoping that she may forget him?' he asked anxiously. 'I should not judge hers to be a changeable mind.'

'Changeable! No; if she had really loved Arthur Trafford, as she fancied she did, there would be indeed no hope.'

'Fancied?'

'Yes; I firmly believe it *was* fancy. She never loved the real Arthur Trafford; she is only just beginning to know him as he is.'

'Well, I suppose it is all right, so far as she is concerned; and yet—constancy in love and friendship is part of my religion. One does not like to have that faith disturbed?'—with what I fancied was a questioning look.

'You forget that Lilian was almost a child when the acquaintance commenced; barely sixteen. Though I hold that she will be constant to her love, in even ceasing to care for Arthur Trafford. Do not you see that she has never known the real man until now—that in fact she has been in love with an ideal?' I replied, under the impression that he was putting the questions which he wished to be combated, and willing to indulge him so far.

'It must be rather hard upon a man to discover, after a long engagement, that he does not accord with his lady-love's ideal—all the harder if the discovery *does* not happen to be made until after marriage,' he said; '*and* I think you will have to acknowledge that the ideal you talk about ought to preserve a woman from falling in love with the counterfeit, rather than lead her to it.'

'You are talking about a woman, and I a girl.'

'You must not forget that she was old enough to engage herself to him. How if she had continued in her blindness until too late—how if she had become his wife?'

'If she had become his wife before her eyes were opened, Lilian would in time have recognised her own weakness in the matter, and blamed no one else. Moreover, she would have made a good wife.'

'Yes; I suppose it would have been patched up that way; by the slow heart-breaking process of smiling at grief and all the rest of it. And of course you mean to imply that her fate would have its use, in the way of serving as a warning to incautious youth against being in love with ideals?'

'Of course I meant no such thing, and you know that I did not,' I replied, laughing outright. 'I should think there is need for a great deal of the ideal in all love, to keep it alive.'

'Ah, now we are getting on to fresh ground,' he said enjoyably. 'Let me see, the proposition is that love needs a great deal of the ideal to keep it alive; and yet'——

But I was not going to indulge him with a disquisition upon love; giving him a Roland for an Oliver, in my own fashion: 'No one is more glad that Lilian's has turned out to be only an ideal love, than yourself.'

'Ah, that is not spoken with your usual accuracy of statement. Should you not rather have said that no one could be more sorry than I that her ideal did not preserve her from'——

'She *is* preserved; and that is what you care most about.'

He smiled. 'Well, perhaps it is.'

When we arrived at the turn in the lane leading to the cottage, he took leave of me. I did not invite him to go in with me, and I think he quite understood my motive for not doing so, this first evening of our entrance upon a new life. But he responded as heartily as I could wish, when I expressed a hope that he would come as frequently as he could to the cottage; adding that we should expect a great deal from him now that he had shewn us how helpful he could be in times of emergency. 'Besides, it will be good for us, I suppose, to occasionally see one of the lords of creation, lest we should come to forget that we are but women.'

'Yes; you at least require to be occasionally taken down.'

'You must consider me very amiable to say that in my presence.'

'Did you hurt your hand when you struck it upon the seat the other day? From the violence of the blow, I was afraid you would suffer a little afterwards.'

'Surely you did not call that temper?'

'O dear, no; I did not venture to call it anything. What did you call it?'

'Righteous indignation,' I calmly replied.

'Righteous indignation! O indeed. Then if I have cause to be angry with a person, it is righteous indignation to attack his friend, and enforce my arguments by blows upon a piece of wood?'

'You are worse than usual to-night; but come soon to see Mrs Tipper and Lilian,' I said, smiling.

'Let us shake hands upon that.'

I stood looking after him a moment, as he walked away in the twilight with the long, easy, swinging motion natural to one of a powerfully built frame. Moreover I knew that his mental power was at least in equal proportion to his physical strength, and had no fears as to Lilian's happiness, by-and-by. The only drawback to her happiness would be the remembrance of past weakness, and that may not be the worst kind of drawback one could have in the time of prosperity.

As we sat that night by the open window, the May moon flooding the lovely scene outside, resting, as I persuaded myself, tenderly on *my* house by the hill-side, nearly facing us, from the other side of the village, we told each other that some people were not intended for a life of luxury and grandeur, and that we were of their kind; heartily agreeing that we were now in our proper sphere.

Dear little Mrs Tipper was a bright example of content and happiness. Never had I seen her at such advantage as at present. Energetic and cheerful, company manners packed away with her best dresses, she was a happy little woman again, bustling about her small domain in a print-dress and large apron, and finding a new pleasure every ten minutes. There was not even the drawback of anxiety about Lilian in her mind.

She had confided to me that she had never felt quite satisfied with Arthur Trafford as a husband for her niece, though she had been afraid to trust to her own judgment in the matter, lest her want of appreciation might arise from her ignorance of society and its ways. But she quite shared my opinion as to the probability of Lilian's getting healthily over her disappointment. There was nothing to prevent her giving expression to her real sentiments about the change in her life, and Lilian had the pleasure of knowing that auntie at least could not be said to be suffering from reverses.

'It does me real good to do it, my dear; it does indeed!' she ejaculated, when I offered to wash the tea-things for her. 'It all comes so natural and handy again. Little did I think, when I packed up these and a few other things and brought them to brother's unbeknown, that I should have the pleasure of washing them again. I couldn't bear to sell them, because they were father's present to me on my wedding-day, and nobody has ever washed them but me. You wouldn't believe how fond I came to be of this one with the little chip in it, washing it every day for thirty years. John, he used to be sitting there by the fire with his pipe,' she went on, pointing to a corner, and evidently seeing in her mind's eye the old cottage home, 'and telling me how things had been going on at the office in the day; and the news out of the papers—very fond of the papers, John was; and he had the reading of them when the gentlemen had done with them. And I standing here washing up the tea-things, and saying a word now and then to shew him I was listening.—It all comes back so plain—doesn't it?' she added, apostrophising the cup with tearful eyes. 'I can almost hear the cuckoo clock ticking against the wall.'

It was time to put in a word, which I did as gently as possible, and she was presently smiling cheerily again.

'You mustn't think I'm low-spirited, dear; no, indeed. There was nothing in those old times to make me sad; and John's in heaven. All this only reminded me, you see.'

'I hope you will find Becky useful.'

'That I shall, dear; she's so handy and knows about things so much, more than you might expect. It would never have done to have a fine lady, afraid of spoiling her hands, for a servant here, you know.' Stopping a moment to open the door and call out to Becky, at work in the little scullery at the back: 'You won't forget to order the currants and candied peel for the cake to-morrow, Becky. It must not be said we hadn't a bit of home-made cake when there's dripping in the house. A good thing I thought of ordering tins; but that's what I said to the young man; leave it to me to know what is wanted in the kitchen.'

'I won't forget, ma'am,' called out Becky in return.

'And, Becky'—trotting to the door again—'there's bedroom candles and soap to be thought of when the grocer comes in the morning. There would be no sense in having to send into the town when we could have it all brought. Don't forget to look at the little slate, if I'm up-stairs, to see if there's anything else wanted.'

And so on, and so on, until Lilian and I at last got her up to her bedroom, fairly tired out, but as happy as a queen.

I was rejoiced to see how much good it did Lilian to find that the dear little woman took so kindly to cottage ways.

'How much worse things might have been, Mary. How thankful I ought to be!'

'Yes; I think you ought, dearie.'

She and I stood for a few moments at my bedroom window, gazing at the peaceful scene without. My room, as they already called it, was at the back of the cottage; and the window commanded a view of the woods on the one side, and the beautiful open country on the other. But we tacitly agreed to avoid sentiment; we were not strong enough for that yet. We just let the outside peace and quiet steal into our hearts, as we stood there together for a few minutes, my arm about her, and her cheek resting on my shoulder, and then bade each other good-night without any demonstration.

THREE WONDERFUL RAILWAYS.

The 'Three Wonderful Railways' which we propose to notice are the Brenner, the Semmering, and the Rigi lines.

The Brenner line, which lies between Innsbruck and Botzen, and constitutes a portion of the railway connecting Bavaria and Italy, although it passes through tunnel after tunnel, until the weary traveller is prone to abandon all hope of obtaining any view of the scenery, nevertheless is not content with getting *through* the pass, but proudly mounts to the top and passes over the summit level before beginning the descent. The pass is a low one, indeed one of the lowest over the main Alps; but then it must be borne in mind that this 'low' Alpine pass is four thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet high; no mean altitude for a railway. Neither is it merely for its height that the writer is induced to describe it, nor for its pretty scenery (it can scarcely be called grand), but for the extraordinary engineering difficulties which the making of the line presented, and which have been so ably and ingeniously overcome. Some of the more ordinary difficulties of the district traversed by the line may be gathered from the fact that the ascent from Innsbruck involves no fewer than thirteen tunnels, while in the descent there are ten. The line, clinging to the side of the mountain, has to penetrate projecting rocks so frequently that it strongly resembles, except in the lovely peeps obtained in the momentary intervals, the Metropolitan District Railway; which is dignified by the name of the 'Daylight Route,' because it is not always underground. In its course up the valley the railway on one side sometimes rises above the level of the carriage-road on the other, sometimes finds itself considerably below it. In climbing the pass, the rail of course never ceases to ascend; while the more humble road bows to the obstacles it encounters, and rises and falls according to the nature of the ground. At last, Nature seems determined to put a stop to the encroachments of steam, and the railroad finds itself directly facing a lateral valley, the bottom of which lies far below it.

Now how to get over this valley and pursue the direct course up the main valley, seems a problem. The road would descend to mount again; not so the rail. The difficulty and its solution may be well realised by imagining a railway cut in the face of a long row of houses (which must be supposed to represent one side of the main valley). This railway, starting from one end of the row at the basement level, gradually rises, in order to pass over the roofs (that is, the head of the pass) of another row of houses at right angles to and at the end of the first row. In its course it encounters a side-street (the lateral valley) with no outlet at the other end, and which is too broad to be spanned with a bridge. Now the line at this point has reached the second floor; and to get to the opposite houses and pursue its course, it turns a sharp corner, runs along one side of the blind street, crosses it at the further or blind end by merely clinging still to the houses, returns along the other side, rounds the corner into the main street, and resumes its course. During this détour the ascent has been continued uninterruptedly, so that on the return of the line to the desired opposite corner it has mounted to the third floor. Applying this illustration, the reader will perceive the ingenious yet simple solution of the difficulty.

The effect on reaching the first corner of the lateral valley is most remarkable. The line is seen at the opposite corner far above the traveller's head entering a tunnel; and how he is going to get there is a puzzle which he hardly solves before he finds himself on the spot looking down on the corner he has just left, wondering how he ever came from there.

But even this striking instance of engineering triumphs is eclipsed by a portion of the line on the other side of the pass. Pursuing the direction he has already come, the traveller has stopped in the descent at Schelleberg, a small station perched at an enormous height above an expansive valley, when he perceives a village five hundred feet almost perpendicularly below him, which he is informed is the next station. It would not take long to reach this village (Gossensass) in a lift, but in a train he has to run far past it, always descending, then turn completely round, and run back again in the direction he has come from, but now on a level with Gossensass. But at the point where this evolution has to be made occurs another lateral valley, much longer than the first alluded to; and this time one which it is not desired to cross, as Gossensass lies as it were on the basement of the house on the third floor of which is Schelleberg. The train proceeds, therefore, to turn the corner into the side-street as before; but without pursuing the street to its end, it suddenly dives into one of the houses, makes a complete circuit of its interior, and emerges in the opposite direction; returning to the corner whence it started by means of the same houses, but on a lower floor. The appearance of this engineering feat is quite bewildering; and after tunnelling into the hill on the sharp curve, and then finding himself proceeding back towards the place he has just come from, the traveller experiences a difficulty in believing that the line parallel with him, but almost over his head, is the one he has just been passing over. Shortly after Gossensass has been left behind, the train passes close under and almost into the gigantic and formidable-looking fort of Franzensfeste; and then after a few more tunnels, gradually leaves the Alps behind, and descends by Botzen into the Italian plains with all their luxuriant foliage. It should be added that the Brenner line was completed in the year 1867, and that its numerous engineering difficulties entailed an average cost of about twenty-eight thousand pounds per mile.

The Semmering line, which lies south of Vienna, on the way thence to Trieste, and which, until the completion of the Brenner, was unique in the boldness of its conception and execution, as also for the height to which it attained, is now eclipsed as to altitude in more than one instance; but as a magnificent engineering achievement it can hold its own against any railway at present constructed. While resembling the Brenner in many particulars, it differs from it in some important points. Among these differences is the fact, that whereas the Brenner line actually surmounts the pass, the Semmering, on reaching a height of two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three feet, or about four hundred feet short of the summit, suddenly, as if tired of so much climbing, plunges into the ground, and only emerges again nearly a mile off, and on the other side of the pass, which it then proceeds to descend. It is thus that it may be said to have been the prototype of its great successor, the Mont Cenis.

The Semmering further differs from the Brenner in what may perhaps be considered its most remarkable feature—namely, its viaducts. For while the latter avoids many a yawning abyss by some ingenious curve, the former seems almost to seek the opportunity for a magnificent display of span. These viaducts occur frequently, being as many as fifteen in number; and in many instances are formed of a double row of arches, one standing on the other in the manner sometimes adopted by the Romans in the construction of their aqueducts. To realise the grandeur of these viaducts, they should not be seen merely from a train, but the traveller should contrive to view them from below. The finest is over the Kalte Rinne, and consists of five arches below and ten above. The line also in places requires to be protected from avalanches of stone or of snow, and this is effected by means of covered galleries, such as may be seen on so many Alpine roads. The tunnels too are as numerous as the viaducts. In fact the train no sooner emerges from a tunnel than it finds itself skimming over a viaduct, only to plunge once more into a tunnel or a gallery. The device for crossing a lateral valley described above in the case of the Brenner is also resorted to here, and need not be further alluded to.

The proportionate cost of the Semmering railway was more than double that of the Brenner, being about sixty thousand pounds per mile. This may be accounted for partly by the fact, that the former was constructed and opened thirteen years prior to the latter; by which the latter was enabled to reap the benefit of the engineering experience acquired in the progress of its predecessor. But the chief cause of this enormous difference in the cost of construction lies in the different modes adopted for overcoming obstacles; and the vast viaducts of the Semmering entailed an expense which was wisely and ingeniously avoided in the construction of the Brenner.

The gradients, as may be supposed, are very steep on both these railways, and the rate of speed not great. On the Semmering a long train has to be divided into two or three portions, to enable it to surmount these steep slopes, which frequently are as rapid as one in forty, even on the viaducts and in the tunnels. The reader has only to notice the numbers on the gradient indicators by the side of an English railway, to be able to judge what an incline of *one in forty* is like.

But if one in forty seems steep, what shall be said of one in four, which is the gradient of a large part of the Rigi railway? No doubt the ascent of the Rigi has come to be regarded much as the Londoner regards the ascent of Primrose Hill; though in the latter case the hardy traveller has to use the means of locomotion with which Nature has provided him in order to reach the summit; while in the former he merely seats himself in a railway carriage at the base of the mountain, and is deposited without the smallest exertion on his part at or nearly at the top.

Steam here, as elsewhere, has almost entirely superseded the old means of travel. But as if it were not a sufficiently stupendous undertaking to have one railway to the top of a mountain, two have here been constructed, one having its base at Art on the Lake of Zug, the other at Vitznau on the Lake of Lucerne. Taking the latter, which was first accomplished, the height to be scaled is four thousand four hundred and seventy-two feet from the level of the Lake of Lucerne, the total altitude of the mountain being five thousand nine hundred and five feet above the level of the sea. Of this four thousand four hundred and seventy-two feet, the rail accomplishes all but one hundred feet or so. To do this, an excessively steep gradient must be constantly maintained, as the formation of the mountain does not admit of wide sweeps, détours, or zigzags; but the course pursued is round the shoulder, then along the ridge which communicates with the topmost heights, and finally up those heights themselves, a distance of not more than eight miles. It is thus that a gradient of one in four becomes a necessity. Let the reader mark out a distance of four feet, and at one end place a foot-rule perpendicularly. A line drawn from one end of this distance to the top of the rule at the other end will indicate the gradient of one in four. It is a steeper incline than horses and carriages are expected to surmount, yet trains pass up and down constantly without difficulty, and it is confidently asserted, without more danger than on ordinary lines. The rate of speed is of course not high, one hour twenty minutes being occupied in the ascent, and a slightly less time in the descent.

The construction of the train is remarkable. It consists of an engine with small tender and but one carriage. An ordinary locomotive would be powerless on such steep gradients, therefore one of peculiar construction is used, which is of itself an extraordinary object. On level ground it appears as if it had completely broken down and lost two of its wheels. This arises from the fact that, being expressly intended to work on an incline, it is built in such a way as to compensate for the incline and maintain the boiler in a vertical position. This boiler in appearance resembles nothing so much as a large beer bottle standing upright when the train is ascending or descending, but very much out of the perpendicular when on level ground. The small tender is of course constructed so as to have its floor level when on the incline. Its sides are of wire-work, and are made thus with the object of reducing the weight as much as possible; an object which is also carried out both in the engine and in the carriage, which are as light as they can be made, it not being necessary to prevent the wheels jumping from the rails by the pressure of great weight as on ordinary lines, where a high rate of speed is attained. This tender, in addition to its usual functions, performs the office of carrying surplus passengers on an emergency.

The carriage is an open car, rather resembling a block of low pews taken from a church, placed on wheels, and surmounted by an awning, with curtains to let down at the sides, as a protection against the weather. The seats, which are nine in number, and accommodate six persons each, all face one way—namely, downhill; and a fixed footstool serves to keep the passengers from sliding off their seats. Contrary to the usual order, the carriage on this line precedes the locomotive in the ascent, and is pushed instead of being pulled up the incline. In the descent the locomotive takes the first place, and exercises merely a retarding force. It will be seen, therefore, that the two portions of the train are necessarily in close connection when in motion, and for this reason, as well as for purposes of safety, couplings are dispensed with. Each portion is provided with its own brake-power, so that in the event of the engine getting beyond control, the carriage can be stopped and rendered entirely independent, since it is not coupled to the engine. The brake is of course of a totally different kind from that in ordinary use, which would be of no service whatever on such inclines, as the wheels, even if the brake were so powerful as to stop their revolution, would slide down the hill by the mere force of gravity. Here, however, the brake consists in an ingenious adaptation of the means which are employed in driving the engine.

The roadway is laid with three rails, the outer ones being of the usual kind, while the central one is a long-toothed rack, of which the teeth are perpendicular. Into this rack fit the teeth of the pinions or cogged-wheels with which both engine and carriage are provided. Now it is apparent that if these wheels are put in motion they will pull the train along the rack; and if stopped and held firmly in one position, they will prevent any onward motion by the mere clinching of the teeth, to use a common expression. One of the cogged-wheels, then, which are attached to the engine is the driving-wheel, and forms the special means of locomotion, while the other cogged-wheels of course merely revolve without exercising any traction. But immediately a halt is required, all these wheels become of equal importance, and supply a prompt and most efficient brake, since directly they are locked, the train is brought to a stand-still, and held as in a vice even on the steepest inclines. Other brake-power is also applied; but this would seem to be the efficient means of control in case of accident.

It will be seen, therefore, that the danger of the train running away is carefully provided against; and no less care has been bestowed on the means for preventing the train leaving the rails, a danger fully as alarming as the other on a line which, for the greater part of its course, runs on the brink of a fearful precipice. Along each side of the central or rack rail, which is raised some inches from the ground, runs a projecting edge; and the engine and carriage are provided with two strong rods, the ends of which are bent in such a manner as to pass under these projections. Any jerk or jump of the train, therefore, would be resisted by the pressure of these bent ends against the under surface of the projections.

It is not within the province of this paper to speak of the hotels which form such huge excrescences on the mountains' sides and top (by no means an improvement on nature), or to allude to the hundreds of tourists who daily swarm in these hotels, or to the hundreds of others who take the journey for the sake of a 'new sensation.' It may, however, be mentioned that from one of the stations (Rigi Staffel) runs a branch-line which communicates with the Rigi Scheideck, where is situated one of the largest of the hotels; and that the line from Art joins the Vitznau line near the summit. It will thus be seen that the Rigi is traversed in all directions by railways; and according to the opinion of an intelligent Swiss with whom the writer conversed, these railways owe their origin to the fact that the Germans, who have now become such a travelling nation, will not penetrate in any numbers where they cannot travel by horse, by carriage, or by steam; and he further indicated his opinion of Germans by adding, that no doubt ere long, a lift would be constructed to work up and down the perpendicular face of the Matterhorn for their benefit. Who shall say that such a thing is impossible?

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER VII.—ISAAC IS TOUCHED.

Isaac allowed a few days to elapse before he paid his promised visit; and then one evening, after an early chop, he sallied forth in search of the address on Miss Faithful's card, No. 61 New West Road, Holloway. He found the house without much difficulty; and a snug little house it was. His three friends were at home, and appeared very pleased to see him; that is to say, the two younger members of the party appeared pleased, the elder lady being in a more or less somnolent state in the arm-chair, and to some extent unconscious of his presence. The first greetings and the general remarks upon the weather being ended, Herbert proposed some music. Angela turned to their visitor, and asked him his favourite songs. If she had asked him his favourite Greek plays, poor Isaac could hardly have been more nonplussed. He was not much assisted either by the cursory examination he gave a music-case containing a number of her songs, which she considerately handed to him; so he was fain to acknowledge that he did not know any tunes for certain, except a few hymns he had heard in church, *God Save the Queen*, and a few popular melodies he had heard the boys whistle in the streets. So Herbert came to the rescue, and picked out one or two of his favourites for her to sing. She did so; and then Isaac's mind, which had to a great extent resumed its original state of reserve, reopened again to the genial sunshine of her manner and the beauty of her voice; for there was something irresistible to him in this singing of hers; he could not account for it even to himself; but it was the 'open sesame' to his heart and confidence.

She sang several songs and a couple of duets with her brother; and then, as the evening closed in, the three sat at the open window chatting—Miss Faithful meanwhile being peacefully asleep in her chair. Isaac, under the influence of the spell, experienced a nearer approach to delight than he had ever done before, and quite unbosomed himself to his new friends. He gave them an account of his parentage, of his home, or rather lodging, at Dambourne End, of his cottages and garden-ground, and of his resources and prospects generally. They listened with evident interest, and with a few judicious questions, obtained the complete biography of their visitor.

At length the gas was lighted, supper was brought in, and aunt aroused from her doze. After the meal, Angela went up-stairs with her, and Isaac and Herbert were left to themselves. But there was not much to be got from the former in the way of conversation, now the spell was removed; and as he was in the habit of retiring to bed early (to save lights), and as he had partaken of an unaccustomed meal in the form of supper, he soon grew very drowsy, so arose to say good-night. Herbert called his sister downstairs to go through this salutation, and said he would accompany Isaac on his walk to the coffee-house and smoke his cigar by the way. At parting, he said he should look Isaac up one evening, and if agreeable to him, they would go together to some place of amusement. But in the meantime he was to stand upon no ceremony, but to come and see them whenever he would.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LEAP.

About a week after Isaac had paid his first visit to New West Road, he was one evening finishing his solitary meal, when Mr Herbert Faithful was announced. 'I am come to take you back with me,' he said, 'for Angela has threatened me with an evening to myself, as she is very busy trying on a dress for a ball to which we are going; and *I* can't stand loneliness if *you* can; so come with me, and we'll have a cigar together.'

'I will go with you,' said Isaac; 'but I cannot smoke; I never tried.'

So in a few minutes they were on their way to Miss Faithful's house, and the conversation turned on the coming ball.

'I quite imagine it will be rather a showy affair,' said Herbert; 'and I more than half suspect that it is arranged for a special purpose. It is given by a Mrs Ashton, an old friend of my mother, and her son is an old sweetheart of Angela. He has never proposed exactly, as he was considered too young; but this ball is to be given on his birthday, and I expect Angela will come home an engaged girl. 'She is a dear girl,' he continued with a sigh; 'but it is only reasonable that she should be getting married before long.'

Isaac's heart gave a great bound, but he answered nothing. His companion was silent also after this, and in a few minutes they reached his aunt's house.

To her brother's apparent surprise, Angela was in the hall to welcome them. 'It is all very fine, Master Herbert,' she said, 'for you to run off as soon as I promise you an evening to yourself downstairs; but do not think you are to monopolise Mr Webb's company.'

'But how about the dress?' asked Herbert.

'Oh, that did not take long, for it fits beautifully. But somehow or other I do not care so much about the ball as I did.'

'Well, I like that!' said Herbert. 'Perhaps you are afraid you will have to sit down a good part of the evening, for want of a partner. If you are asked to be any one's partner, be careful to ascertain that it is for the dance *only*, and not for anything beyond that.'

'Be quiet, Herbert, do,' said his sister, colouring.

'Don't be angry, dear, for a little fraternal solicitude. But come, suppose you give us a rehearsal of the songs you intend to sing. Mind there is nothing about love in them.'

'Herbert, you are incorrigible; you don't deserve a song.—What do *you* think, Mr Webb?'

Mr Webb coughed, coloured, stammered, and finally said he 'hoped she 'd sing one.'

'Well, it would be a shame to punish the innocent with the guilty, so I consent; but you must stop your ears, Herbert.' With these words, Angela looked out one or two songs, opened the piano, and once again wove the spell around Isaac's mind and heart; so much so, that though he was not of a jealous nature, he yet could not bear the thought that she would sing these same songs, and captivate the ear of the man who would in all probability ask her to be his wife. No; the idea was horrible; and as he listened, and the spell wrought its power around him and within him, his heart throbbed bolder and bolder, and he resolved to make a rush and forestall his hopeful rival. Yes; he would offer his cottages, his garden-ground, and his heart; and would not, moreover, risk his chance by waiting until this hateful ball was over. If he did, it would be lost. And why risk *any* delay? No; he would not; so determined he would act that very evening.

But would he be successful? He would have felt but little doubt had there been no rival, or only a weak one, to forestall; and even as it was, he did not consider his case was bad, much less desperate. It was scarcely likely that Angela would throw away a certain chance for an uncertain one, especially when that chance was Isaac Webb—a deep shrewd young fellow, and backed moreover by the cottages and garden-ground. So when the evening had worn itself away, and it was time for him to take his departure, Isaac requested Herbert to walk part of the way home with him, as he had something he wanted to say to him.

'Do you think,' he asked Herbert, when they were on the road, 'that your sister has made up her mind to accept Mr Ashton?'

'I do not know that he will ask her,' Herbert answered; 'but if he were to do so, I had no doubt she would until just lately; but now I am not quite so sure about it. But excuse me; why do you ask such a question?'

'Because,' returned Isaac, 'I—I have been thinking of taking a wife, and—well, I—I think I should like to have *her*.'

'Well, you *do* astonish me,' said Herbert. 'And yet,' he continued, after a pause, 'perhaps I can now account for my doubt as to her affection for young Ashton. But you had better ask her point-blank whether she will have you; that is, if you have really made up your mind about it.'

'That is just what I want *you* to do,' exclaimed Isaac. 'I want you to ask her for me.'

'Excuse me, my dear fellow; but it is rather a delicate subject for me—her brother—to put before her'——

'So much the better,' interrupted Isaac. 'It will come better from you, and with more weight than from me.'

'But people would say directly that I had somehow caused you to do it.'

'People need not know anything at all about it,' answered Isaac.

'But you have known her such a little while,' urged Herbert; 'and you may not fully have made up your mind; or you may alter it.'

'No, no!' returned Isaac decidedly. 'I have made up my mind enough, and I would rather you ask her than me. I should not know quite what to say.'

'You would know quite as well as I. However, anything for the dear girl's happiness; and since you will have it so, I will do it. But when would you like me to ask her?'

'Oh, as soon as you can,' said the amorous Isaac.

'Very well. Then if there 's a chance to-morrow, I will see about it, and will let you know the result.'

'Thank you,' said Isaac, much relieved. So they shook hands and parted.

The love-sick youth was in a considerable state of excitement all the night long; he tossed about on his bed, and wondered why the traffic outside made so much more noise than usual. At last he fell asleep, and dreamed of Angela—and her expectations. The following morning, contrary to his usual habit, he was very late at breakfast; and when he had finished, had no inclination for his customary stroll through the streets, but sat in his room reading, or attempting to read, two very old newspapers and a playbill. To pass the time, he had his dinner in the middle of the day, and afterwards dropped off to sleep—an unusual proceeding, doubtless caused by his disturbed night. He was aroused about six o'clock by his landlady entering the room.

'A note for you, sir. The lad said there was no answer.'

It was from Herbert, and contained the gratifying announcement that he had executed Isaac's commission, and that his sister, 'much surprised and flattered by Mr Webb's sentiments, could assure him that they were entirely reciprocated by her, and that she would endeavour to make herself worthy of his choice. Would he be so kind as to postpone a visit for a day or two, that she might in some degree recover herself from the flutter of her surprise, and be able to receive him as she would wish?'

Bravo, Isaac! You are a deep dog; and your life and your schemes seem flooded with sunshine.

PART II.—CLOUD.

CHAPTER I.—THE SUN IS SLIGHTLY OBSCURED.

Mr Herbert Faithful in his letter to Isaac had requested him to postpone a visit to his sister for a few days, in order that she might recover herself from the excitement his proposal had occasioned. This may have been partly the truth; but the real fact was that Herbert wished to satisfy himself that Isaac's account of himself was a truthful one, before he and Angela met for the ratification of their engagement. So he took this opportunity to make a hurried visit to Dambourne; and by the brief but well-directed inquiries he made there, was enabled to arrive at the conclusion that Isaac's version of himself and of his circumstances was a correct one. Having thus done his duty as a prudent brother, Herbert sent, as soon as possible after his return, an invitation to Isaac to visit New West Road.

Angela had apparently made good use of the interval to recover herself from 'the flutter of her surprise.' At all events she shewed very few traces of it when Isaac was, for the first time since their engagement, announced. Not that she appeared unduly unconscious of the new relations between them; but she carried off all the constraint and stiffness of manner that were natural under the circumstances, by that unaffected and lady-like self-possession which formed one of her most striking characteristics, and which at once put her too self-conscious lover at his ease. That young man was indeed in such a mingled state of nervousness and excitement, that it is extremely doubtful whether he would have ventured to refer to the happy position she had granted him, but from her meeting him half-way, as it were; for the idea was implied by her manner that there was no need of constraint on his part, for that they met on equal terms, and that she could not but be gratified by his having bestowed upon her his regard. Such at least was the light in which Isaac regarded Angela's manner towards him on this their first meeting as lovers, and it had the effect, as has been stated, of putting him at his ease.

Her brother kindly assisted at this consummation; for he welcomed Isaac with a frank kindness that made the latter consider him, next to himself, the best fellow in the world.

The only member of the family who remained as before was the aunt. Her deafness, poor soul, had, quite suddenly, much increased, and her general faculties had, in proportion apparently, decreased, so that she had become a complete nonentity, and her slate and pencil had all but retired on a handsome competence of illegible scrawls.

After half an hour's general conversation, Herbert pleaded an engagement, and the lovers were (putting Miss Faithful out of the question) left to themselves.

'I was so pleased with your brother's letter,' said Isaac. 'I thought, somehow, that my regard and admiration for you were returned.'

This was not quite what he intended to say; but the part of the ardent lover was so new to him that he could not all at once settle down into it.

'Indeed,' Angela replied, 'Herbert's letter could give but little idea of my surprise and—well, I suppose I need not mind saying it now—gratification. But I cannot imagine what you have seen in me in so short a time, to have caused you to make such a proposal as you have.' Whether she intended it or not, Angela could not have gone more directly to that most sensitive and vulnerable portion of Isaac's temperament, his self-esteem. He received her reply as a well-merited compliment, but he had not the grace to return it.

'I don't exactly know myself,' was his curt rejoinder. 'Don't you think,' he continued after a pause, 'that we may as well be getting married pretty soon? I want to be going back to look after the cottages, and it will come so expensive to be going backwards and forwards; and I have never been used to writing many letters.'

'Oh, you must talk to Herbert about that. When he thinks it right for us to be married, I shall be ready.'

It must be confessed that this was a very practical way of looking at the matter on this the first evening of their engagement; but Isaac looked on the whole subject of matrimony and its attendant evils, courtship included, in a very practical and business-like manner. Such, then, was the opening conversation of these lovers, and it grew no warmer as it proceeded. After a short time, Angela went to the piano and sang several songs, to Isaac's great delight. The spell was again woven around him; and when Herbert returned home, our hero could have been guided anywhere by him or his sister, had either of them been disposed to do so.

One circumstance in connection with his engagement was a slight satisfaction to Isaac: he would be often visiting at Miss Faithful's house and partaking of her hospitality; so that he would then be able to live more economically at his coffee-shop. Even this, however, would not balance the amount of the expense of his absence from home; so, after mature consideration, he arrived at the conclusion that an early marriage was desirable; for he dreaded the season of courtship, and wanted to get the matter closed. So he decided still to remain in London for the present, and take an early opportunity to urge his views with Herbert.

It did not occur to Isaac that there was anything to cause delay. Surely a respectable young woman could be married at any time, and he did not know of any law preventing them being married to-morrow if they chose. He did not desire, it is true, anything quite so speedy as that, but he considered that say three weeks or a month ought to be sufficient for all preparation. But the mention of some such sentiments as these to Herbert received from him a very decided check.

'Why,' said he, laughing, 'apart from everything else, you and Angela have not even decided where you intend to live. It will take you a month to do that, let alone the furnishing.'

'We shall live at Dambourne End of course,' said Isaac; 'and my lodgings are quite large enough for two people, or can easily be made so.'

'Seriously,' returned Herbert, 'that is quite out of the question; for if *Angela* agreed to it, I tell you candidly *I* would not; for she has always been accustomed to a comfortable home, and you are well enough off between you to have one when you are married. And between you and me, I do not think a little country place, such as you have described Dambourne End to be, is quite a suitable place to which to take a young wife who has spent the greater part of her life in London, and has until lately mixed a good bit in society. Not that she wants to do so again, or to run into extravagance; but to take her away from all her friends and associations, at all events just at first, and for no particular reason, would not be quite the thing, I fancy. I don't want to throw cold-water on your plans, old fellow,' he continued, laying his hand on Isaac's arm, 'or to seem in any way to dictate; but just think over what I have said, and I think you will see the force of it.'

Isaac was too much astonished at the idea Herbert had broached to make any reply to it, so took his leave.

CHAPTER II.—SHADOWS DEEPEN.

Our hero's cogitations on his way home were cut short on his arrival by a letter which was waiting for him from the old schoolfellow to whom he had confided the care of his estate at Dambourne.

This letter was calculated to give him some uneasiness. It was as follows:

My dear Sir—I am afraid there is something not quite right about the stranger who took your lodgings at Mrs Clappen's, or else about the tenants of your cottages, or both; for when I went to collect the rents according to your wish, a week or two after you went away, the people in the cottages all laughed at me; and when I went again a few days ago, they threatened to put me under the pump. The reason that I think Mrs Clappen's lodger has something to do with it is that I have seen him go into some of the cottages at different times; but when I asked his landlady what he did there, she said she believed he went giving away tracts. But this morning she came to me in a great state of excitement saying two strange men were watching her house, and that her lodger had not been out of his room all the morning, and had not had his breakfast, and altogether she thought there must be something wrong. I went back with her and knocked at his door. As he did not answer, and as the door was locked on the inside, I broke it open; but the stranger had gone—probably through the back window and down by the water-butt. Your box is in the room, and I find it is *unlocked*. As I do not know what you may have left in it, I write to let you know about it.—Yours truly,

Frederick Jones.

Here was a pretty state of things. This lodger had most likely broken open Isaac's box and abstracted what things of value it contained. Fortunately there was not very much—only about forty pounds in gold and some title-deeds. He reflected what he should do. Perhaps he ought to go down to Dambourne End at once, but he did not see what good he could do if he went; so he decided to wait until the following day, and let Angela know about it. Accordingly, the next morning he started off to New West Road, and informed Angela and her brother of his ill news. It did not, however, make the impression upon them that Isaac expected; for they made light of it, and said that if his loss were no more than forty pounds, *that* was of no very great consequence. They did not know that *any* amount of money, however small, was of consequence to Isaac.

'I'll tell you what,' cried Herbert; 'if you will wait until to-morrow, Angela and I will go down with you.—Mrs Glubbs will come in and look after aunt, Angela.'

Isaac hailed the proposition with joy; for he had already grown to have great confidence in Herbert and his knowledge of the world—indeed he considered it but little inferior to his own—and he thought that if there were much wrong down at Dambourne, their united experience and sagacity would in all probability speedily set it right.

'And now, old fellow, I want a chat with you for an hour, if you can spare the time,' said Herbert; and as Angela at that moment left the room, he continued: 'I want to speak to you on the subject we were discussing last evening. Have you thought over what I said?'

'Yes,' Isaac answered; 'but not much, for this other affair has put it out of my head for the time.'

'Oh, never mind this little affair,' returned Herbert; 'it is not worth troubling about. Anybody would think you were not worth forty pence to hear how you talk. And that brings me to the subject I want to speak to you about. Angela has an objection to live at your little country place, though not so great an objection as I have to her doing so. And there is no need for you to drone your lives away down there; come up to London and enjoy yourselves. You say you have about two hundred and fifty a year. Well, my sister on her marriage will come into three hundred and fifty a year or thereabouts; and she will probably have a little more whenever anything happens to aunt. The former income she inherits from mother's family, and it is to accumulate until she is married, or if single, until she reaches the age of thirty-five—now twelve years off. Until one or other of these events happen she cannot touch a penny of it. This puts her in a very peculiar and uncomfortable position; because though father left us enough to live upon, yet it is nothing more, and so whatever preparations you make for your wedding, you must make on trust of what I tell you.'

'O yes,' said Isaac; 'pray do not think—either of you—that I have not confidence in you.'

'That is very kind and generous of you,' Herbert replied, 'because we shall be compelled, under the circumstances I have told you, to test that confidence. Now what we propose is this,' he continued: 'Angela seems to have a great desire to live in the neighbourhood of London, and if you will find a suitable house and furnish it, and have it ready in three months from this time, she will be ready by then to be married. But it has occurred to us that as you are not very well acquainted with London, it may save you some trouble and expense (supposing you agree to our proposition) if you like to leave it to us to fix on the locality and find a house; more especially as I have many friends in different parts of London. But if you prefer to act on your own account, pray do not hesitate to say so.'

Isaac sat and weighed the matter in his mind. Certainly Angela's income was considerably more than he had any idea of, so he need not be so very pinching. On the other hand, he did not much relish the idea of a lavish expenditure over a house and furniture. And yet if Angela would not live at Dambourne End, it did not matter where they lived, so far as he was concerned. And again there rose up the three hundred and fifty a year, and more expectations! Much better than he had expected to do in any matrimonial speculation he had ever contemplated. In addition to these reasons he was by no means obstinate in disposition, and yielded easily to any one in whom he had confidence, and who, as the term goes, 'got the right side of him.' Angela and her brother had contrived to do this. So after a few minutes' thought, Isaac agreed to Herbert's proposal, with one amendment: that if the house were ready in time, the marriage should take place in two months instead of three.

'And,' said Isaac, when this was agreed to, 'on condition that you make all the necessary preparations for me.'

'Yes, if you really wish it,' said Herbert. 'But excuse me speaking plainly: you must advance me the money if I do.'

'Yes, I suppose I must,' Isaac answered ruefully. 'How much do you think you will want, and when will you want it?'

'I should think five hundred pounds would do, at all events for the present. Of course I will be as careful with it as I can, for your interests and Angela's are identical; but you may as well have things good at first, since they are the more economical in the long-run. The money you can let me have whenever it is convenient to you.'

'You shall have the sum you mention in about three weeks,' said Isaac.

Angela now came in dressed for a walk, so Herbert and Isaac broke up their conference, and the three went out together.

IMPORTED BEEF AND MUTTON.

A RESOLUTE attempt was made a dozen years ago to import fresh beef in various forms from Buenos Ayres; and as the meat was sold at a comparatively low price, there arose high expectations on the subject. The well-meant attempt failed. It would not do. The meat presented an unpleasant appearance. The working classes in this country did not like the flavour, even if the appearance had been good; they would not buy, although the price was low; and thus the affair died out after a few months.

Soon after the failure of Buenos Ayres, our own Australian colony of New South Wales made a bid for the favour of English beef-eaters. Mr Mort, an enterprising citizen of Sydney, introduced Nicolle's freezing process for preserving fresh meat in an untainted state. He was sanguine that the same ship might convey beef and mutton from Australia to England and emigrants from England to Australia, thereby conferring a double benefit on the colonies. Queensland and Victoria were also on the *qui vive*, ready to find a market for their surplus live-stock in the old mother-country, if events presented favourable symptoms. The freezing process was not by any means the only one tried in Australia. One was an adaptation of Appert's plan of putting fresh meat into tins and drawing out all the air; a second was to exclude warmth by packing in ice; a third was to exclude moisture in such way as to pack the meat in as dry a state as possible. A large trade was gradually formed by a Sydney Company for preserving meat for the English market—not fresh joints in bulk, but partly cooked in tins. The oxen and sheep were slaughtered in abattoirs of improved construction, skinned, boned, and cut up on large tables; the meat was scalded by steam in large open trays, put into tins, and the tins exposed to a temperature of 230° F., in a bath containing chloride of lime dissolved in the water; then sealed up, exposed to a second bath somewhat hotter, and finally to a cold bath. Not only was steamed or parboiled beef and mutton prepared in this way, but the establishment also sent out tins of roasted, cured, spiced beef, haricot of mutton, and so forth. We cannot go into particulars, and have only to say that the efforts, however meritorious, have not been a commercial success.

It may be stated as a well-known fact that the people of Great Britain will not, as a general rule, buy inferior kinds of butcher-meat. They are all glad to purchase at a low price, but the quality must be good, the look of the meat good, the smell good. We should confidently say that no people on the face of the earth are such connoisseurs in good beef and mutton as the English, down even to the humblest classes. In point of fact, the working classes, as they are called, are more fastidious as regards quality and superior cuts than persons of distinction. Laying down this as a rule, it is throwing away trouble and capital to try to serve the English with anything short of the best fresh meat, as usually obtained from butchers. Frozen meat will not do, for it will not keep. Tinned meat half-cooked, and however well spiced, is also not the thing. One may regret the prejudices often entertained on this score. But for the sake of all parties it is best to acknowledge the fact.

The only expedient likely to be successful is that of importing fresh meat from the United States, owing to the comparatively short duration of the voyage and the several fleets of fine steamers belonging to capitalists, who are never slack in throwing themselves into any trade that promises to be fairly remunerating. The proceedings, in brief, are managed as follows. Live-stock, brought to New York by rail from the central and western states of America, are conveyed to well-arranged abattoirs, where they are quickly slaughtered, skinned, &c. Several hundred carcases are put at once into a large cool chamber, where they are kept for a day or two—the period depending on the state of the weather. They are then quartered, wrapped up in coarse canvas, and conveyed to the steamer, drawn up alongside a quay or wharf. A compartment is set aside for the reception of the meat, with an ice-chamber at one end. A current of fresh air, filtered through cotton-wool, is driven over the ice by a steam-worked fan or blast, and thence over the masses of meat. About forty tons of ice are shipped for keeping cool the carcases of a hundred and fifty cattle: reduced probably to a third or quarter of this amount by melting during the voyage. According to the quantity of fresh air forced through the ice-chamber, so is the degree of temperature produced. After many experiments, an opinion has been arrived at that a freezing temperature is neither necessary nor desirable; four or five degrees above that point are preferred, the meat arriving in a pure and fresh state at Liverpool. The quantity shipped at once is sometimes very large. The *Wyoming* steamer, for instance, brought over at one time in the middle of the recent month of February two thousand three hundred quarters of beef and the carcases of four hundred sheep. In one week a million and a quarter pounds of meat were brought from New York to Liverpool.

Glasgow, as opening direct by the Clyde to the Atlantic, with its fleet of steamers and enterprising traders, bids fair to be a rival to Liverpool in the American meat-traffic. Every week there are paragraphs in the newspapers announcing fresh arrivals. We quote the following as a specimen from the *Scotsman* of March 7: 'The extension of the American meat-trade at all the larger towns in Scotland has been very marked during the past month, and the import has been quite unequal to the demand. The steamers belonging to the Anchor line of weekly mail packets, which have been bringing from eight hundred to a thousand quarters of fresh meat each voyage, have been compelled to increase their cool-meat cell accommodation by fully one-half. The State line of weekly steamers are also being fitted up with the necessary apparatus for this traffic, and the first steamer of that line with fresh meat—six hundred quarters—was reported last night at the Clyde. The Anchor Line mail-steamer *Anchoria* also arrived yesterday. The latter vessel brings the largest cargo of fresh meat yet imported into Scotland, having on board one thousand six hundred quarters beef and two hundred carcases of sheep. The two consignments (two thousand two hundred quarters) are nearly equal to any previous fortnight's supply. About one-half of this quantity of fresh meat will be sold in Glasgow market, and the other half will be despatched to Edinburgh, Newcastle, Dundee, and other large towns. In Glasgow and Greenock there has been a further extension of shops for the sale of American fresh meat. The Glasgow butchers are now pretty extensive buyers of the imported beef, and they have again had to lower their prices for home-fed meat by 1d. per lb., making a total reduction on roast and steaks of 3d. per lb., and on other sorts of 2d. per lb. The American meat, however, is still from 1d. to 2d. per lb. cheaper than the medium home sorts. During February the American meat imports at Glasgow, which may be considered as the landing-place for Scotland, amounted to the following large aggregates: 4650 quarters fresh beef, 500 sheep, 2440 tierces salted beef, 1830 barrels salted pork, 1037 barrels hams, 700 barrels tongues, 9300 boxes bacon, and 20,500 cases of tinned (preserved) meat. In the previous month (January) the fresh meat imported aggregated 3728 quarters and 620 sheep; while in December the quantity was about one-half that of January. There is nearly as great an advance in the import of corned meat, bacon, and salted beef and pork. 950 barrels of tallow and 700 barrels of lard were imported last month. Butter and cheese also form an important item in the cargoes from New York; and last month there was an aggregate of 2500 boxes of cheese and 7050 packages of butter brought in six steamers.'

While Glasgow is the source of supply to various places in Scotland, Liverpool sends consignments by railways to London, Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, and other large centres of population. Some part of the conveyance is managed by aid of Acklom's patent refrigerating wagons. These vehicles, constructed and fitted to keep always cool in the interior, are drawn up to the ship's side at the docks, laden with meat, horsed through the streets to a railway depôt, placed upon trucks, conveyed to any other station, dismounted from the trucks, and driven to warehouses and storehouses. If there be continuous rail from the quay to the final warehouse, so much the better.

What do the butchers and the public think of this beef and mutton? It is now known that the meat should be cooked and eaten as soon as possible after being landed, else it loses somewhat of its good flavour. The newspapers stated that a consignment of two hundred quarters of beef to Edinburgh became deteriorated towards the last, by remaining too long in shops or stores unprovided with cooling appliances.

A remarkable enterprise has just been commenced in London in connection with this subject. An 'Australian Meat Agency Company' has existed for several years; it imports canistered provisions of all kinds from our antipodean colonies; but as Sydney and Melbourne have not yet surmounted the difficulties of establishing a profitable transmission of fresh joints of meat to England, the Company has laid itself open to the reception of such meat from any country. Underneath the vast Cannon Street terminus of the South-eastern Railway are ranges of brick vaults which the Meat Company has just taken at an annual rental. Fresh air from the river is admitted into a refrigerating chamber, whence, after being cooled down, it passes into other chambers where the meat is placed on broad open shelves; a small steam-engine forces the air over the ice in the refrigerating chambers, and thence into the several meat chambers. A sloping road leads up from the vaulted chambers to the railway level, and there are four landing-stages from the river—thus affording considerable facilities for the arrival and departure of large consignments of meat. The expectation is that the meat will keep cool and good for several days, instead of being forced occasionally on an unwilling market to avert spoiling; and if this expectation be realised, the same plan may be adopted for poultry, fruit, and dairy produce.

The retailing at present is a puzzle. We are told from time to time that the butchers cry down the American meat in order to keep up the high price of English and Scotch beef and mutton; that they sometimes sell slightly tainted English meat under the name of American, to bring down the fair fame of the latter; and that more frequently they buy the foreign meat and sell it again as English. The butchers deny these allegations, and the public are left to find out the truth for themselves the best way they can. At the Cold Stores, as they are called, of the Meat Agency Company, above described, the price for sides, quarters, and large joints varies from about sixpence-halfpenny to ninepence per pound—small joints being higher per pound than large, and meat for roasting higher than meat for boiling. The demand for the latter being much less than that for the former, a rapid sale for the whole is found to be difficult, unless buyers are tempted by a lower price for round, brisket, and other boiling-pieces. As a small joint of the best roasting beef is tenpence per pound, the reduction below the price for English beef is certainly not considerable, especially as the sellers do not send the meat to the consumers' houses. If the trade establishes itself on a firm footing, there will probably be retail stores in various parts of London (and other large towns) for the sale of American meat; or else the regular butchers will sell American as well as English meat, each at its own proper price. One thing is certain, as already hinted, that unless the Americans send first-rate qualities of meat, they need not send it at all. Another thing they must attend to is, that in cutting up the meat it must be neatly *dressed*. On this score we have heard serious complaints. The quarters of beef are too often not properly trimmed for market, at least not sufficiently so to please English wholesale dealers.

Other nations are striving to ascertain whether they can obtain a share in this new meat-trade. A French Company has built a ship called *La Frigorifique*, to ply between Buenos Ayres and Brest; it contains cool chambers which will keep meat at any desired temperature. The process adopted is that of M. Tellier. Methylic ether, like ammonia, evaporates rapidly, and absorbs heat from neighbouring bodies in so doing; the vapour passing through tubes in a cylinder cools down the air outside the tubes; the cooled air passes into chambers in the hold, where the meat is either hung up or put on shelves. The methylic ether can be used over and over again with only little waste. The hope of the Company is to be able to stow in the ship the meat of a thousand head of cattle, bring it from Buenos Ayres to Brest in a little over a month, and sell it at about two-thirds the price of French meat. At the time we are writing, the *Frigorifique* is making her first voyage; on the principle that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' we must wait awhile to learn the result.

Some of the Liverpool steamers are, it is reported, being fitted up with refrigerating apparatus for bringing freshly killed meat from Spain. The continental railways are organising a plan to bring meat from Hungary in three days in refrigerating cars, at a freight-charge of a little over a halfpenny per pound, to Ostend or some port whence it could be shipped to England. Moscow is said to be able to buy fairly good beef at fourpence per pound, and is calculating whether London could obtain some of it at about sevenpence.

The new move certainly has some lively elements in it, and we shall watch with some interest its development. As yet, the introduction of huge cargoes of fresh meat has had no sensible effect in lowering the standard market prices. To some extent this may be explained by the suspended importation of live oxen from the continent, on account of the dreaded cattle disease. Unless, however, the importation of fresh meat from America or elsewhere attains a very gigantic scale, we do not anticipate any very marked reduction of prices. From the increasing wealth and population in the British Islands, the demand for meat will long far outrun the means of native supply. The agricultural interest may as yet keep itself tolerably at ease on the subject.

MOUNT PISGAH, LONDON, W.

It is not much of a mountain, scarcely deserving the name of a hill in fact, but the name will indicate aptly enough the character of the inhabitants; for it is here that many look longingly into the social Promised Land which they cannot enter. Mount Pisgah is the region of struggling gentility; as Saffron Hill is of organ-grinders; as Brixton is of merchants; as Westburnia is of Hebrews and Anglo-Asiatics; as Brook Street is of doctors, and Islington of City clerks. From the centre and axis of the *haut ton*, which ends at Park Lane, respectability radiates in a north-westerly and south-westerly direction; but whereas South Kensington abruptly terminates in Brompton, the region of Hyde Park, properly so called, merges into Bayswater and Westburnia, the outer circle ending in Mount Pisgah. There is a general air of neglect about the neighbourhood, and although the houses are rather pretentious-looking buildings, they are rarely troubled with the hands of the painter or plasterer. Corinthian columns and stuccoed balustrades lose much of their effect when chipped and scribbled over and used as the vehicle for the artistic displays of youth—in chalks. The door-steps are not always very clean; and in the street, if it is not dusty, it is muddy; and if scraps of paper are not flying about, orange-peel and broken crockery strew your path. But then this is also a great place for the 'slut of a servant,' who is cheap if nothing else; and for the streets, well, the vestry are not likely to be troubled with complaints from such birds of passage as the Pisgans all are—or all hope to be, I should say—for too often, alas, do they find their wings clipped and their stay involuntary. In Mount Pisgah, majors and colonels are as plentiful as blackberries; high-wranglers and ex-Indian judges jostle first classmen and 'late political residents.' Unbeneficed clergymen, who eagerly scan the *Times* advertisements each morning for pupils; unsuccessful doctors and disappointed barristers waiting for the patients and the briefs that are so long in coming; and others who are seeking to eke out a scanty income by that very poor crutch but passable walking-stick, as some one has aptly called literature—all these abound in this neighbourhood. The only prosperous people are the butchers and bakers and other trades-people. They nod familiarly their 'Good morning, Gineral,' or 'Wet day, Mister,' to the humble officer or tutor who shovels past with the weight of the remembrance of those rapidly increasing bills for inferior joints and alumed bread, which he must meet at the end of the quarter.

The commercial ethics of Mount Pisgah are not altogether peculiar to themselves; but if one rule meets with greater observance than another, it is, that as bills increase quality shall decrease; and after all, as Mr Undercut or Mr Crumpet will tell you, they are often 'took in dreadful.' How eagerly pay-day is looked forward to! the brief interval from the depressing pecuniary cares of their lives that comes to each four times a year. A 'social' then takes place. Ordinarily, old Mangosteen, of the —th Native Infantry, meeting Junglebird, C.S.I., who lived with him in the N.W.P., where they were as brothers, says 'How do?' and passes on. Each knows that the other has but one thought—his embarrassments: they respect one another's misfortunes, and avoid the hollow mockeries to which conversation must necessarily give rise. But towards the end of each quarter all this is changed; there is going to be a little dinner; or 'My womenkind are turning the house inside out for a dance;' or 'The boys are going to row us down to Richmond;' and then Junglebird and Mangosteen kill their tigers over again, and chuckle merrily over that roaring night at the —th mess; and Briefless and Exminus recall the old Combination Room jokes; and if, as they sip their cheap claret, they think with some regret of that mellow ruby nectar that the cellars of St Botolph's used sometimes to produce; they also remember how, when up last autumn for the election of a 'Silverpoker' (as the Esquire Bedel is irreverently called, from his emblem of office), they had found two fellows of their own time martyrs to gout and a nuisance to the whole college—for which that delicious 'old tawny' was doubtless responsible. The ladies in Mount Pisgah take quite a different tone too, at this eventful period. Although at other times not quite so 'solitary' in their habits as their husbands—for women find a comfort in talking over their common troubles—they have long discussions upon the chance of Charley getting a presentation to Christ's Hospital; or of Tommy's cadetship at Wellington; or how Mr Howling Hawley, the great singing-master, held out hopes of dear Amelia's voice being a fortune to her; and yet how dreadful it would be for the poor child to appear before the public; but then you know, my dear, things have altered so much since our time, and now you really find quite respectable people performing in public! But when they give their little dinners and dances and the rest, you shall see how the Pisgan ladies will rise to the occasion, and you shall not find in Grosvenor Square a more strict observance of the rules of etiquette. And if at times it is a little old-fashioned and somewhat more strict than Society demands in these loose times, it bears the right stamp, and might indeed be profitably imitated in many more pretentious houses.

Of course it is a long time since those Pisgans who have belonged to the Rag or the Oriental, or the Union or Junior, have ceased to be members of those institutions. Some have found that the seven or eight guineas required at the most critical period of the year could be spent to much better purpose; others have felt that the old associations would be too painful. But they have their clubs nevertheless. Within the last ten years clubs have become as plentiful as hotels nearly. And the enterprising City gentleman who fits up a big house with a dining and reading and smoking and morning and billiard room, and advertises the inauguration of the Pantheon Club, 'for the benefit of those gentlemen who are unable to enter the older clubs owing to their overcrowded condition,' requires names for his committee. Military Pisgans are admirably suited for this rôle. What a blessing too, that they have such a place to go to, instead of always pottering about at home, where they would be but too often in the way.

There are more troublesome things than canaries and poodles, novel-reading and invitation cards, to be attended to by the mammas and daughters of Pisgan households. Committees of ways and means; arguing with the cook who 'hasn't been accustomed' to some obviously wise little economy; softening the anger of some brow-beating creditor; twisting and turning, and 'managing,' to make old appear like new, are all matters in which the presence of a male creature is worse than useless. So there is a vague sort of tradition that papa goes to his club to write letters, and to be there if anything should turn up. And he sometimes writes a few letters, and reads all the papers, and smokes a good many pipes, and takes a sandwich and moderate tankard of beer for his lunch, and saunters down Regent Street, or drops into the British Museum Reading-room or the National Gallery—or into the India or Colonial Office, to see if 'anything is turning up.' Besides, he will give you the particulars of a review in Hyde Park, or a boat-race on the Thames, or a 'demonstration' at the 'Reformers' Tree,' just as well as the evening papers, for these are all luxuries within his reach. And in the season you will see him on the wrong side of the Row looking into the Promised Land. Time was perhaps when he too had joined a knot of laughing youths at the Corner, or seated on horseback had tapped his lackered boot with infinite self-satisfaction, or trotted along at the side of some fair creature with whom he would dance an unconscionable number of dances that same evening. He was a sub or an undergraduate at the time, and saw Fortune within his grasp; but he missed his chance, or Fortune was unkind; and gall and vinegar were his portion instead of milk and honey.

Some of the inhabitants of Mount Pisgah are fairly off, and merely live there because they find the place cheap and they are not forced into any fashionable extravagances. But this is not the case with most. Their pleasures are negative—the mere temporary absence of care. The continually recurring question, 'How shall I pay?' or 'What will it cost?' crushes every sense of comfort and ease out of them. For them is none of the happy regularity of well-to-do respectability—the wiping off of unpaid bills as regularly as Mary Jane the housemaid dusts the escritoire with its dainty pieces of Japan-work and ormolu. Not for them the pleasant little morning duties; the list for Mudie's; the tending of the conservatory; the new waltz by Godfrey; the orders for tradesmen and for dinner (the one crumpled rose-leaf perhaps, this); the afternoon shopping or visiting; the drive to Pall Mall, or the Temple, or the City, to bring papa back from his club, or his chambers, or his office; the pretty frequent theatre and concert; the weekly 'at-homes;' the friendly dances, and more elaborate balls, that are of constant occurrence when town is full. Life is very hard and ugly in Mount Pisgah. Captain Burton the great traveller, says in one of his late works that he wonders how any poor man can ever think of living in England, or any rich one out of it. If England, perhaps more so London; and it is only necessary to know a little of Mount Pisgah to learn what a fascination is exercised over some men's minds by this dear foggy, hard and tender, rich and squalid, centre of an Englishman's world, yclept London.

SPRING SHOWERS.

Sweet is the swart earth
After the April rain;
It will give the violets birth,
And quicken the grass in the plain.

The woodlands are dim—with dreams
Of the region they lately have left;
Like Man and his thoughts of Eden—
Of something of which he 's bereft.

The stars they have left their veils
On the everlasting hills;
And angels have trodden the dales,
And spirits have touched the rills.

And truths to be seen and heard,
Say Love has made all things his own;
He reigns in the breast of the bird,
And has made the earth's bosom his throne.

The pansies peep by the brook,
And the primrose is pure in the sun;
The world wears a heavenly look,
Man's spirit and Nature are one.

The cottage that glints through the trees,
And the moss-cushioned, lilac-plumed wall,
The woodland, and emerald leas
Are touched with the Spirit of all.

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'MAKING PRETEND.'

LITTLE girls play at 'Making Pretend,' often assuming some such form as this: 'I'll be a lady, and you shall be my servant.' We all of us unconsciously imitate these little folks in many of the daily proceedings of life, not from a really dishonourable motive or wishing to wrong others. 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' is a proper maxim for a witness in a court of justice, and a wholesome precept to be taught to all; but it is curious to watch among the highest and purest in the land, as among the lowest and most debased, how many are the obstacles to the absolute observance of this precept.

Court-life is full of anomalies in this direction. The 'Queen's Speech,' as we all know, is not the Queen's Speech; it is not written by Her Majesty, and for many years past has seldom been spoken by her. The prime-minister writes it, after conferring with his colleagues; the Lord Chancellor reads it, as one of three commissioners named for that special purpose. In earlier periods of our history, when the sovereign was his own prime-minister, and his officials were dismissed at his will and pleasure, his speech was really a speech; but now that the ministers are responsible for all the public proceedings of the Crown, the speech is a message, really theirs, although couched in the first person singular, and read from a written paper by other lips. Once now and then the present Queen has had to be furnished with lighted candles to enable her to read her own gracious speech on the afternoon of a foggy day! The Queen is loyally supposed to be present in every court of justice, near the colours of every regiment, and on the quarter-deck of every vessel belonging to the royal navy. To salute the colours during a march-past is to salute a symbol of sovereign power; and even on the darkest night, or when no human being sees him, a naval officer touches his cap when stepping up to the quarter-deck. It is not telling a little fib, but acting one; 'making pretend,' for a purpose sanctioned by all and injurious to none.

The 'honourable member for ——' may not be distinguished for particularly honourable conduct as a member of society; but it is felt that the House of Commons must wink at this, and treat him like the rest. The 'most reverend prelate,' the 'reverend occupants of the spiritual bench,' the 'illustrious duke on the cross benches,' the 'noble marquis,' the 'noble and learned lord,' the 'honourable and gallant member for ——,' 'my right honourable friend'—all these are intended, not as mere flatteries, but to preserve decorum and courtesy in the proceedings of the two Houses. If members mentioned one another by name, or used the second person 'you,' unseemly wrangles would almost inevitably occur; a little 'making pretend,' even if involving a somewhat cumbrous form of circumlocution, is found useful here; many a foreign Chamber of Deputies or House of Representatives suffers sadly from the absence of some such rules.

'Your obedient servant;' this is a small fib; for generally speaking, you are neither his servant nor are you obedient to him. 'Truly yours' and 'Yours faithfully' are equally departures from strict verity; in all probability your correspondent has never done anything deserving of a gush of warm sentiment on your part. 'Yours always sincerely'—well, there may be a little earnestness here; but 'always' is more than you can honestly pledge yourself to. A fair lady is sometimes a little embarrassed in this matter. She may be under the necessity of writing to decline a tender offer made to her by a gentleman. How is she to address him? 'Yours respectfully,' or 'obediently,' or 'truly'—why, this is what he wishes her to be, but what she announces in the letter her refusal to be; and 'your obedient servant' is no better; for as she refuses to be his wife, she most certainly will not be his servant. Turn the matter about how we may, there is no apparent escape from 'making pretend,' unless the subscription to the letter be limited to the mere signature. But the 'making pretend' of respect or obedience is a small courtesy which lessens the probability of giving offence. And as with the subscription, so with the superscription; the word 'dear' is a fond and affectionate one; but how often do we *really* mean 'Dear sir' when we write those words? While we write the little word we may feel ourselves hypocrites for so doing, for reasons good and sufficient; but we must keep up 'dear' for form's sake. A young spendthrift heir writes to 'My dear father' for more supplies, and may yet be willing to see 'dear father' in the grave for the sake of the inheritance. The old man may suspect this all the way along, but still he addresses 'My dear Tom.'

'Mr So-and-so is not at home.' Certainly not true this, for you happened to catch a glimpse of his features over the parlour window-blind. Apart from any supposition that he owes you money which he is not prepared to pay, he may really have a good and sufficient reason for declining an interview with you. But this degree of 'making pretend' is a little too bad; 'Mr So-and-so declines to see you' would be true, but rather discourteous; and so perhaps a compromise is hit upon, 'Mr So-and-so is engaged at present.'

'Come and take pot-luck with us to-morrow—all in the rough, just as you find us;' not quite true, for preparations are purposely made for the reception of the visitor. 'Pray don't think of going,' you politely say; although as a fact it might be convenient to you and your family that your guest should go at once. 'Always glad to see you'—most assuredly 'making pretend,' for at best you only mean 'sometimes.' When a young lady at a party declares that she positively 'can't sing,' we take the assertion with several grains of allowance. When healths are drunk and thanks returned, we may do as we like about believing 'the proudest moment of my life;' and when, as sometimes happens at men's parties, 'He's a jolly good fellow' is sung after proposing the toast, it may happen to be that the person thus honoured is neither very jolly nor very good. All the little incidents of social intercourse, if examined critically, display somewhat similar indications of the widely diffused 'making pretend.'

We thank people or praise people in various ways, beyond our real meaning, from a sense of the value of civilities. The Lord Chancellor always assures the Recorder that Her Majesty very highly approves of the selection which her faithful citizens of London have made, when the Lord Mayor elect is presented; and the civic functionary, on that occasion, invites Her Majesty's judges to the Guildhall banquet, although the invitation card has been sent to each long before. 'I bow to your ludship's superior judgment;' although it may be known to both of them, and to the bench and the bar generally, that the counsel really possesses greater knowledge and ability than the judge. 'Gentlemen of the jury' are much flattered by counsel; penetration and sagacity are imputed to them in large measure; the advocate does not mean what he says, but he hopes to wheedle a verdict out of them, in duty to the client who employs and pays him. The judge, unspotted in his impartiality (an inestimable advantage which we enjoy in this country), has no temptation to indulge in such flatteries, and is free from embarrassment in the matter. As to a counsel positively stating his belief in the innocence of the prisoner he is defending, when he knows that the man is guilty, this is a stretch of audacity on which much has been written and said, and which leaves a painful impression on conscientious minds; a skilful counsel generally manages to avoid it, while using as much whitewash as he can for the accused, and applying plentiful blackwash to the witnesses for the prosecution. The 'enlightened and independent electors' of a borough do not believe that the candidate is altogether sincere in thus addressing them, while he himself has probably the means of knowing that they are neither enlightened nor independent; but the compliment is pleasing to their vanity, and perchance they give him a few extra cheers (or votes) as his reward.

'Making pretend,' in wholesale and retail trade, is now carried to such an extent as to be a serious evil. Where woollen goods are sold as 'all wool,' despite the shoddy and cotton which enter into their composition; where calico is laden with chalk in order to augment its weight; where professed flax and silk goods have a large percentage of cotton, and alpaca goods are made of wool which was never on the back of an alpaca—we are justified in doubting whether the fib comes within the range of allowable 'making pretend;' the articles may possibly be worth the price charged, but nevertheless they are put forth under false names. The law-courts tell us that there are some millers, 'rogues in grain,' who do not scruple to mix up with their corn a cheap substance known among them by the mysterious name of 'Jonathan.' Butter is sold of which seventy per cent is *not* butter. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chicory are rendered cheap by adulterants. London beer and London gin (we will leave provincial towns to speak for themselves) are often terribly sophisticated, to give apparent strength by the addition of drugs little less than poisonous. The frauds of trade find their way into a greater and greater number of departments and branches. 'Cream of the valley gin,' the 'dew off Ben Nevis,' 'fine crusted port,' 'pure dinner sherry'—we might excuse a bit of exaggeration in the names, provided the liquids themselves were genuine. 'Solid gold chains,' made of an alloy containing only six ounces of real gold to eighteen of baser metal, are now displayed in glittering array in shop-windows; and many 'real gold' articles have only a thin film of gold to cover a substratum of cheap metal. Soon after the Abyssinian war, when some of King Theodore's golden trinkets were exhibited in England, Birmingham or London or both produced 'Abyssinian gold' chains, watches, and jewellery in which real gold was conspicuous by its absence. Following this precedent, the same or other makers introduced 'Ashanti' gold jewellery after the little war in which Sir Garnet Wolseley was engaged; and the auriferous quality of the one was about equal to that of the other.

But apart from actual roguery, other modes of attracting customers are noticeable for a kind of whimsical audacity. A hairdresser, who sells bear's grease, buys or rents a small bear, which he placards profusely, and writes up, 'Here, and at Archangel.' A furniture-dealer advertises, for twelve or eighteen months together, that he is enlarging his premises, and will sell off his stock at low prices, to prevent the articles from being injured by dust and dirt—his stock being quietly renewed from time to time, and the prices remaining pretty nearly the same as before. A draper covers half the front of his house with inscriptions relating to an alleged shipwreck or conflagration, to denote how very cheaply he can sell the salvage. 'Dreadful depression in trade,' 'bankrupt stock,' 'ruinous sacrifice,' are well-known manœuvres. We hear of 'Hampshire rabbits' that never saw Hampshire, and 'Newcastle salmon' that were certainly neither caught nor pickled at Newcastle; 'Cheshire cheese' made in other shires; 'Melton-Mowbray pies,' 'Bath buns,' and 'Banbury cakes' made in London—these we can understand as extensions in the production of certain articles at one time localised.

The artistic or fine-art world is much troubled with 'making pretend,' often involving white-lies of considerable magnitude. 'Old Roman coins' produced in an out-of-the-way workshop in London or Birmingham; 'Fine old china' fabricated within a recent period; a 'Genuine Rubens' that originated somewhere near Wardour Street; a 'Landscape after Claude' (very much after)—are sorrowfully known to purchasers endowed with more money than brains. At one of the Great Exhibitions, a French firm displayed two pearl necklaces, of which one was valued (if we remember rightly) at fifty-fold as much as the other, and yet none but a practised observer could discriminate between them. The exhibitor wished to shew, and did shew, how skilfully he could make mock-pearls imitate real—but what a temptation to 'making pretend!'

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XX.—MRS TIPPER AT HOME.

The next morning I took care to find employment for Lilian which would require the use of her mind as well as her hands. Indeed we were all as busy as bees, there being a great deal still to be done in the way of putting our little home in order. Fortunately, as it happened for us, the builder had been obliged to make the rooms larger and less formal in shape than are the generality of cottage parlours, in order to carry out the architect's design for the exterior of the building, so we had two good sitting-rooms. Our *drawing-room* gave ample opportunity for the display of taste; and Mrs Tipper had begged me to select the furniture, choose the paper for the walls, and so forth. I did my best, in the way of endeavouring to make an effective background for the by no means few works of art which had arrived from Fairview, and were now to be unpacked and arranged by Lilian and me. Mrs Tipper had been a little disappointed at my selecting sober tints such as French gray for the walls, &c.; confessing that for her part she liked plenty of colour. Indeed the dear little woman too fondly remembered the best parlour in the little cottage at Holloway, where she informed me gay plumaged birds wandered up and down the walls amidst roses and tulips, to take kindly to more sober tints. And it required some diplomacy gracefully to decline two heavy lumps of china, supposed to represent Windsor Castle, which had been carefully preserved as relics of old times, and which were now brought forth from their beds of wool and presented as Mrs Tipper's contribution in the way of fine art for the drawing-room mantel-piece, with the information that they had been purchased at Greenwich fair and brought home as a surprise by 'John.' But I contrived to make it apparent that we already had as many ornaments as we knew what to do with; and the happy thought occurred to me to suggest that perhaps she would like to have the gifts which had been presented by her husband on the mantel-piece in her own room. At which she was fain to confess that such had been her desire. 'Only I thought you wanted a little more colour in the drawing-room, you know, dears; and I should be sorry to be selfish.'

But as our work progressed she acknowledged that the effect was 'elegant;' though I knew that term did not mean the highest eulogy in her estimation. The dainty collection of Sèvres and Dresden, which had belonged to Lilian's mother, the pictures, few valuable books, and the roses and lilies of the chintz, imparted quite colour enough to the room to satisfy us two. But it gave us enough to do to arrange it all. To the portrait of Lilian's mother, a really valuable painting, the costly work of a celebrated Academician (another extravagance of Mr Farrar's, deplored by Marian), was of course assigned the place of honour. She must have been a very lovely woman, of the delicate refined type of beauty, which expresses so much to certain minds, and the artist had evidently worked *con amore*. He had seen the soul beneath, and depicted what he had seen. I could well understand the thought which had suggested the simple white flowing dress and loosened hair, with no ornament save a star above the broad white brow, and which had caused him so to pose the figure as to impart the idea that it was floating upwards.

I have heard that Mr Farrar was not a little disappointed in the picture, considering the style too severe, and that he regretted not having stipulated for velvet and diamonds. But the picture had brought fresh fame to the artist; crowds of admirers gathering round the 'Morning Star,' as it was called, when it was on view at the Academy, though it was generally believed to be an ideal rather than a portrait. To Lilian it was a priceless treasure.

Mrs Tipper was in the outset a little afraid lest Lilian should do too much for her strength; but she presently took my hint and objected no more. I kept Lilian at work with me until we were both too fairly tired out to be able to indulge in any sentimental regrets. Two or three days passed thus, hammering and nailing in the mornings, chintz-cover making in the afternoons; in a steady, methodical, business-like fashion, until it was evident that very soon there would be nothing left for us to do, if Mrs Tipper and Becky remained firm in their determination not to allow us to give them any assistance in the everyday work of the house.

When our work was at length completed, we flattered ourselves that a prettier room than the cottage parlour was not to be found in all the country round. The pictures and china, Lilian's easel and pet books and birds, the pretty chintz furniture, and the rare flowers which found their way to us, did indeed form a very charming whole—a room which looked a great deal more like the home of a gentlewoman than did any of the rooms at Fairview; the latter being too gorgeous in the way of gilding and upholstery to be fitting receptacles for works of art.

I was not a little amused at Miss Farrar's very openly expressed astonishment, when, about a fortnight after our departure from Fairview, she found time for making the promised call upon us.

'Well!' she involuntarily exclaimed; 'you *have* made it look pretty!' presently adding—'for a cottage, you know. I am sure you need not mind any one coming to see you here. I shouldn't mind living here myself, I really shouldn't! I cannot think how you have contrived to make it look so *comy fo!*'

Then she a little curiously asked to be shewn the rest of the house. And although all our art treasures had been gathered together in this one room, she found that the other part of the house was well and prettily furnished; an air of comfort if not of luxury pervading every nook and corner; nothing being wanting from garret to cellar. In fact there had been no lack of means; Mrs Tipper had money enough and to spare for the furnishing, without drawing upon Lilian's two hundred and fifty pounds received for the piano. It had turned out there were some hundreds lying in Mrs Tipper's name at the banker's. She had not taken her brother's words so literally as he intended them to be taken; drawing barely sixty or seventy pounds a year of the two hundred which had been settled upon her; and consequently it had been left to accumulate; and as she smilingly explained, Mr Markham informed her there was quite a little fortune awaiting her. 'So I've been saving up a fortune without knowing it, you see, dears: it isn't everybody that does that.' Then, in a softer tone: 'Poor Jacob would be glad to know that his generosity to me will help his child.' Then seeing Lilian's colour rise as she looked up with tear-dimmed eyes at her mother's portrait, and perhaps perceiving something of the thought which occasioned the emotion, the dear little woman went on pleadingly and in a low voice: 'Sometimes I think that *her* love will plead for him. I am sure that his love and kindness to his sister will.'

Marian peeped in everywhere, and even found a gracious word for Becky, though I am sorry to say it was most ungraciously received. I do not wish to lower Becky in the eyes of my readers, and therefore I will only say that for a few moments she returned to the manners of *court-life*, in replying to Miss Farrar's gracious little speech.

'What a deal it must have cost!' again and again ejaculated Marian. 'And how hard you must have worked to get it to look like this!'

'It has amused us,' I smilingly replied.

'And a piano too!'

'Yes; that made its appearance yesterday; a present from an unknown friend;' adding a little mischievously, for in truth I more than guessed that friend to be Robert Wentworth: 'Was it a kind thought of yours, Miss Farrar?'

She was obliged to confess that it was not; though she did not omit to imply that she considered she had already done enough, and more than enough, in the way of 'kind thoughts.' Lilian's quiet self-contained bearing seemed not a little to astonish her. She had, I fancy, expected to find her in a lachrymose state. So at a loss was she to account for it, that she presently asked me in a whisper whether we had had a visit from Mr Trafford. I replied in the negative; and in her satisfaction she was so far off her guard as to say: 'Caroline said he hadn't been.' And she turned to Lilian again more gracious than ever.

She really meant to be kind, and looked disappointed as well as surprised at Lilian's persistent refusal to go to stay at Fairview, though she had had time to feel the difference between her former home and the cottage.

'But you really must not bury yourself in this small place; and it would be so nice for you, you know, having drives and all that. And there's your horse—I won't sell it, if you would like to ride again. I wish I wasn't so frightened of horses. Caroline says I should look splendid in a habit.'

'I should not care to ride now, thank you.'

'But you must come and stay. We are going to have all sorts of gaieties by-and-by; as soon as the new servants are in training. Caroline knows lots of great people; and we will have dinners, and balls, and fêtes, and all sorts of things. Of course you must come.'

'No; you are very kind—I am sure you mean to be kind—but I could not. I do not care for such things. I prefer the cottage and cottage-life,' gently but decidedly returned Lilian.

But that was quite beyond Marian's comprehension. She was convinced that there was some other cause for the refusal. It was impossible to really prefer living in a small cottage. After a few moments' reflection, she said: 'You are not annoyed about Caroline being with me, are you? You know you all left me alone, and'——

'Annoyed? No, indeed!' very decidedly replied Lilian. 'Why should I be?'

'Well, of course it's rather awkward your having broken it off with Mr—Trafford; Caroline says you have now, quite?' with a keen questioning glance. Lilian made no reply. She had indeed done nothing towards the 'breaking off,' only tacitly submitted to it. After waiting a few moments, and waiting in vain, Marian went on: 'But if you do not care about having him now, I don't see why you should object to meeting him occasionally. Indeed I do not know how I can forbid him to come to Fairview. There can be no objection to his coming to see his sister sometimes.'

'I do not see any,' quietly returned Lilian.

Whereat Marian looked very much relieved; and became so extremely gracious and affectionate towards us, that Mrs Tipper, who had not been much noticed of late, was taken into favour again.

'And I shall expect to see you too, aunt. I know you do not care for company; but you might come on the quiet days, when we are *quite* alone. I will let you know, the first leisure'——

'You must excuse me,' put in Mrs Tipper with gentle dignity; 'I have given up visiting. I may make an occasional call; but, like Lilian, I very much prefer my present humble home to Fairview—now.'

'It's very good of you to bear it so well, I'm sure; but you can't *really* prefer it, I think. Besides, you are my real aunt now, you know; and if you don't come it will look as if'——

'You must excuse me if I sometimes forget our relationship, Miss Marian' (never could Mrs Tipper be induced to give her the name of Farrar). 'My Lilian is the only niece I have known until very recently, and my love was all given to her long ago.'

But *one* thing had put Marian into a good-humour with herself and us, and she was not to be discountenanced. I think she good-naturedly made allowance for us, as disappointed and soured people, from whom a little ungraciousness might cheerfully be borne, by one so much more fortunate. So she took leave of us in the pleasantest way, and with a pretty wonder at our philosophy under difficulties; which proved that she had already become an apt pupil of Mrs Chichester's.

Aided by a natural self-complacency and obtuseness, and disturbed by no misgiving respecting her own powers, she would probably very soon become as perfect a specimen of fine-ladyhood as she could desire to be. The difference between a fine lady and a gentlewoman would never be perceived by Miss Farrar.

One return visit we decided that it was necessary to force ourselves to pay. We felt *that* much was only right and proper, if only to evince that we harboured no unkindliness towards the new mistress of Fairview. But it was not pleasant to anticipate; and in our desire to get it over, we were as prompt as Miss Farrar could desire in returning her call, setting forth for Fairview the next day. Could she have heard us comforting and sustaining each other by the way, she would probably have been less flattered.

We were admitted and ushered into the drawing-room by a strange servant in very gorgeous livery. It was to be a greater trial for poor Lilian than I had expected. I do not think that either of us had calculated upon the possibility of finding Arthur Trafford upon familiar terms at Fairview at so early a date as this after Lilian's departure. But there he was; and as Marian was singing at the top of her voice when we were ushered into the room, we had a momentary picture of them as they certainly would not have chosen us to see them; her eyes being raised to his, and his bent upon hers, with all the *empressement* of lovers, before they became conscious of our presence. Mrs Chichester was seated at a sufficient distance, near one of the open windows, apparently deeply immersed in the subject treated in a book she was reading.

'Good gracious!' ejaculated Marian, rising hastily from the music-stool as she caught sight of us.

Lilian shrank back a moment, and for that moment I contrived to screen her from observation. Fortunately the others were too much confused at being so discovered, to notice how we bore ourselves; and Lilian very quickly recovered herself again and advanced towards Marian. Presently we were all shaking hands and saying the right thing for the occasion.

Marian was extremely effusive about our goodness in coming 'so very *soon*;' partly, I fancied, to conceal a little embarrassment which she had the grace to feel. 'We did not expect you to be *quite* so good as *this*, you know, dear!' she ejaculated, kissing Lilian.

Arthur Trafford was the least at ease. When the rest of us had contrived to assume an every-day tone and manner, he seemed to be growing still more confused and conscious. It was certainly rather embarrassing, for a man so desirous as he of others' good opinion, to be found thus—assuming the attitude of a lover towards Marian Farrar, by the girl whom he had deserted; and so soon after that desertion. The motive was too palpable to be glossed over by any amount of sophistry. To add to his misery, he still loved the girl he had deserted.

The sight of Lilian's white face and grave eyes—the traces of the storm which had swept over her—was too much for him. He stood gazing at her with miserable yearning eyes; and when she presently addressed a few words to him with reference to a book of his to which Marian had drawn her attention, thanking him for the loan of it, and asking him to excuse her having in the hurry of leaving Fairview forgotten to return it, he could endure the torture no longer.

Hurriedly thrusting aside his sister, who had perceived something of what was going on in his mind, and was coming to the rescue, he went out of one of the windows opening to the ground, and we saw him striding down one of the garden paths, as though his only object was to get out of sight as quickly as possible.

Marian looked uneasy as well as annoyed; and watched Lilian more closely, not a little astonished, I think, at her self-possession. There was an awkward silence for a few moments; until Mrs Chichester came to the rescue, and steered us into the shallows again, making talk about nothing, in easy society fashion, until we had all recovered our equilibrium.

Dear little Mrs Tipper came out grandly again; no longer attempting anything in the way of company manners, they saw her as she was, a single-minded, true-hearted woman, with a great deal of natural dignity and self-respect. Utterly disregarding Marian's shocked looks and Mrs Chichester's half-suppressed smiles, she talked about her cottage home and new life with very unmistakable thankfulness for the change which had come about, so far as she was concerned. They had led to it by their compassionate tone, and they could not doubt the sincerity of her replies.

'You mean to be kind, no doubt, ma'am;' in reply to one of Mrs Chichester's polite little speeches. 'But I assure you that as for myself I am more happy and comfortable at the cottage than I have been for many a long day. I was not brought up like gentlefolks, and their ways never came easy to me. My father was a green-grocer, and a very good father he was—I am proud of my father, Mrs Chichester—and though he could not make his children like rich people's children, he taught us not to be ashamed of being what we were. If you don't like your station in life, get out of it as soon as you like; but don't be ashamed of it while you *are* in it. That is what father used to say; and there was not a tradesman in Camberwell more respected than father was. Jacob worked his way up in the world; but by the time he had got rich it was too late to make *me* any different.' Smiling at Mrs Chichester's graceful little protest, she cheerfully went on: 'We have none of us been brought up like gentlefolks; and we can't help its shewing. Why any one might see that Lilian is a lady, like her mother before her, and different from such as us, you know;' with a confidential nod towards Marian. 'I once thought that learning French and the piano would do it; but I know better now.'

Marian drew herself up with a few murmured words to the effect that the mistress of Fairview was quite equal to the position she found herself in. But it was of no avail. She was not a gentlewoman in Mrs Tipper's eyes; and Mrs Chichester herself was but a poor imitation of one.

'It is not, I think, usual to find—Camberwell so ready to recognise the claims of birth, Mrs Tipper,' said Mrs Chichester, with the extreme softness which generally accompanied such little speeches from her lips. 'Blue blood is not supposed to reign there.'

'I was not talking about blue blood, ma'am,' returned Mrs Tipper, complacently regarding her. 'Lilian's mother was a gentlewoman;' at which Marian, who had taken offence at Mrs Chichester's remark on her own account, gave it as her opinion that 'blue' blood was all nonsense, and she had never believed in it.

I sat silent, admiring the way in which Mrs Tipper and Lilian shewed their ability to hold their own. Mrs Chichester was inclined to be loftily condescending towards me; but as I met her with smiling cheerfulness, shewing no sign of being aware of my inferiority, the conversation soon languished between us.

Marian did her very best to be kind and conciliating towards Lilian. 'Now you have broken the ice, you will come very often, I hope, dear. It is rather a fatiguing walk up the hill; but there's the carriage always at your service. Of course you will let me send you back now;' going towards the bell as we rose to take leave. 'What *I* should do without a carriage I really don't know,' she added languidly.

We hurriedly declined the carriage, each very decidedly affirming a predilection for walking exercise; and finding that we were really in earnest, she reluctantly allowed us to depart as we came.

'There; it is over; and we need not go again for ever so long, I am thankful to say!' ejaculated Mrs Tipper with a sigh of relief as we turned homewards.

SEA-SHORE RAMBLES.

'WHERE are you going this year?' is a question that meets every one just now, and is suggestive of coming holidays, when the daily work, be it what it may, is put by for a season, and the tired brain is to be rested and refreshed by more or less change of scene and fresh air. 'Where are you going?' suggests to some perhaps the aspirations of an Alpine climber; to the angler, the joys of uninterrupted days of patient watching by the side or in the middle of a limpid stream in one of our home counties, or in the rougher and more exciting rivers of Scotland and Wales. The schoolboy thinks of long rambles in the fields and woods, or a cruise on the river; whilst Pater and Mater familias consider how best to give rosy cheeks and a month's delight to the little faces clustering round their table. It is chiefly this class of holiday-makers that we have in our minds whilst we cogitate the hints in these pages.

Not that the enjoyment of a sea-side ramble is by any means confined to the young of the household. Nothing is more refreshing to the breadwinner of a family than the perfect absence of restraint and sense of freedom which every well-chosen exodus to the sea-side should produce. Instead of the daily hurried breakfast and rush to catch the train or omnibus which takes him to his office or place of business, there is the leisurely and comfortable meal by the side of the open window, through which the sea-breezes waft, bringing health and vigour with them. The voices of children from the beach, full of life and joy, as they build their castles of sand and dig moats for the water to undermine them, are music to the ears usually half-deafened by the sound of cabs and wagons and the noise of crowded thoroughfares; and we do not wonder that there are many who, though they might go farther if they chose, prefer rather the perfect repose and pure sea-breezes of one of our British sea-coast villages. Perhaps after a few days of this delicious sensation of rest and no hurry, the very want of occupation may pall on the spirit of an active man; and he may find that to sweep over the horizon with a telescope, to sail in a boat, to lounge or loll on a shingly beach, varied by trials of skill in throwing stones into the sea, cannot bear constant repetition without a suspicion of dullness, and that after all he wants something more to do.

The task we propose to ourselves is to suggest what can be done at the sea-side likely to interest and please those who, though not naturalists, are intelligent observers, and who believe in the old proverb, that 'Change of work is as good as play.' The young ones of the household soon become interested in fresh pursuits, and are eager to collect materials for an aquarium, or to commence a botanical collection; or perhaps to search for pebbles, shells, or fossils, if their quarters lie in some favourable position. We will suppose an intelligent mother and father who are not naturalists, who do not boast of any scientific letters after their name, and who belong to none of the learned societies of our land, who yet when at home read the current journals and literature of the day, occasionally attend lectures, and believe that the pursuit of science is interesting as well as useful. Perhaps they may have a medical friend or neighbour who is almost sure to possess a microscope, with which he not only is wont to make pathological investigations, but to interest and amuse his friends. He will often exhibit the circulation of sap in a fresh-water plant leaf, perhaps even the circulation of blood in a frog's foot; and many are the pretty objects afforded by the hairs of a leaf, the sections of a stem, or the wings of a beetle. But if by chance this same microscope be transported to the sea-side, with its proper arrangements for the examination of living organisms, the variety and charm to be derived from its use are endless. Almost every drop of sea-water teems with animal life; and an inch of sea-weed will produce tiny shells, animalcules, and curious forms under the microscope invisible to the naked eye. Then the very water brought from the sea and supplied fresh for the morning bath, or carried home by the little ones in their tiny pails with such delight, half-filled with sea-weed, will often afford such marvels in the shape of zoophytes, or tiny jelly-fishes, as only those can imagine who can recollect their first sight of such wonders under the microscope.

It is very possible that the young ones of such a household as we imagine, are the first to excite inquiry as to the objects around them. They are sure to make friends in their sea-side rambles. The boys will be attracted by some gray-headed old gentleman who goes 'sugaring for moths;' or some crusty old geologist who pulls down the cliffs to get at some coveted fossil, or sits on the beach cracking flints to examine their formation, and delights to give a history of their growth to a youthful audience. The little girls of a family party will to a certainty bring home sea-weeds and sea-shore plants in their baskets, and delightedly take in anything they can learn about them. Father and mother begin to think that after all there is a great deal at the sea-side they do not understand, and ignorant as they are, it is not pleasant to confess it all to the youngsters; so a visit is paid to the bookseller for certain books of reputation, such as Gosse's *Year at the Shore;* and study begins in earnest.

After a while, the superior intelligence of the elders enables them to master many minor subjects of interest, and to put them in the position of instructors to the children, who are sure to follow them up with avidity. In a little time a sort of extempore aquarium is likely to be formed in the sitting-room or on the outside balcony, if there be one. We can see the row of soup-plates and pie-dishes which serve as domestic rock-pools for their inhabitants. Paterfamilias gets much interested in these, and is found to wait more patiently than usual for the brewing of his morning cup of tea whilst he examines the curious creatures thus imported into his presence. Poking up a sluggish sea-anemone, clearing off dead bits of sea-weed, or removing some unpleasant defunct mollusc, occupies these normally irritating intervals of time. After breakfast, whilst placidly enjoying the fragrant weed, so delicious to the smoker at the sea-side, the boys, who have often seen the fun, inaugurate a battle-royal between two hermit crabs, who, being the very cuckoos of the sea, spend their lives in the shells of other creatures, and have no rightful dwelling-place of their own. The scientific name of the hermit crab is *Pagurus*, but unlike other members of his class, he has only a portion of his body incased in armour. His hind-parts are soft, covered only by a delicate membrane; but his nature is warlike; and could he not by his own ingenuity supply the wrong done him by Nature, he would fare ill in this combative world; accordingly, he selects an empty shell of convenient size, into which he pops his tender tail, fastening on by hooks on each side, and having thus secured his rear, he scuttles over the sea-bed, a grotesque but philosophic marauder. The impossibility of Pagurus living long without a covering to his extremity is taken advantage of by young and fun-loving naturalists. Selecting two nearly of a size, and removing them from their appropriated shells, they are dropped into a vase of sea-water, and one of the shells, usually a whelk-shell, is placed between them, first breaking off the point of the shell. At once the skirmish begins. One makes direct for the shell, and having first poked in an inquiring claw and found all safe, slips in his tail, and fastening on by his hooks, scuttles away rejoicing. In the case we recall, he was not left long in undisturbed possession. His rival approached with strictly dishonourable intentions, and they both walked round and round the vase, eyeing each other with malignity. No exhibition ever produced more laughter than this amusing and after all, harmless combat, which lasted a full half-hour. The skirmish only terminated when another shell more perfect than the original one was thrown into the water, and the tender tail of the inhabitant poked, so as to make him vacate and enter the new abode, leaving the dilapidated shell to shelter his enemy, who made the best of it, curled up his tail, and reposed in peace after his fatiguing campaign.

In a very short time aquariums multiply, books are read, and excursions are organised to various rock-pools and silent sea-caves, where it is said curious creatures from the deep may be found and secured. We have already in former papers said much about the inhabitants of sea-water aquaria; but the variety that can be found and retained and studied in a temporary arrangement at the sea-coast is much greater than any collection which will bear transportation and town-life. At the sea-side, if one lovely anemone should sicken and fade, it can be removed at once, thrown back into its native element to have a chance of recovery, and its place easily supplied. Queer little fishes which lurk under stones will often live for a long time in a pan of water; and one we once kept in this way had individual habits and ways which were most amusing. After swimming about for some time in an inverted propagating glass resting in a flower-pot, he would sink to the bottom, and then curling his tail round him as a cat would do when making herself comfortable, he would look up with his unabashed eyes and pant away, as if fatigued with his gambols. It was in the evening we caught him, and he was then in full black—evening costume; but next morning we found him arrayed in an entire suit of light brown—cool morning-dress. In the afternoon he again assumed his black appearance.

An excellent plan in the country or the sea-side is to persuade and encourage the children of the household to keep a diary. Everything, however humble in the scale of creation, is worth observing and watching, and is worth recording for after-reference. The motions of a beetle or a butterfly; the flight or song of a bird; the burrowing habits of the mole; the evolutions of a shoal of porpoises; or the commotion betrayed by sea-birds when the herring appear, are each and all worthy a place in the observer's diary. For by such recordings have great works on natural history been given to the world. There are several hours in the heat of the day when to be on the beach or indeed out of shelter is impossible, and we have often found it difficult to suggest employment for these hours at all consistent with the holiday spirit which pervades everything at the sea-side. Lessons are voted a nuisance and a bore; drying sea-weed and pressing plants found in the evening walks soon becomes tiring; but keeping a diary and chronicling the events of each day is something which seems to carry the interest of the holiday-time with it, and is pleasant to refer to afterwards. The capture of special sea-creatures, their habits and progress, perhaps their death, may be recorded, besides the names of other animals or plants seen or brought home. This, to be accurate, necessitates a little search in such books as may be handy; and the bodily rest so induced is often a great boon to the little folks, who fancy they never feel tired, but get hot and feverish sometimes through overdoing it. We have such a diary before us now, and the first entry is suggestive: '*August* 10.—Last night the sea was all on fire; we were just going to bed when papa called out that we might go on to the beach with him; and there were lines of bright light all along the waves. We threw handfuls of pebbles in, and the light shot out brighter, almost like fire-works. Papa called it *phosphorescence;* and to-day we saw all about it under the microscope, and read about it in Mr Gosse's book. It turns out not to be fire at all, but a curious little jelly-fish, which makes this light. I ran with my pail and got some of the water where the light was; and this morning papa put it under the microscope, and we saw one of the tiny little jelly-fishes which made the brightness.'

Of course this appearance is not uncommon on a smooth sea in hot weather, and many have been the conjectures as to its cause. Our little naturalist is right in the main; but phosphorescence is not caused solely by the presence of one species of jelly-fish, but of various kinds of decaying organisms.

A little hand-net made of muslin slung over the side of a boat will often secure numbers of these lovely transparent creatures. 'A tiny beautiful glass-drop!' cries one of the baby naturalists as she looks at a perfect little *Beroe* floating in the sea-water drawn up in her little wooden pail. 'See!' says mamma, 'how the sunshine changes its colours, and how curiously it is fringed with tiny hairs, which keep moving to and fro.' Nothing can be more graceful than the movements of this beautiful little creature. A little crystal sphere, delicately striped, and marked with two long tentacles or filaments attached to it, which are in truth its fishing apparatus, and are fringed with slender fibres, which contract and expand apparently at will, seeking for the delicate morsels of food which support the life of this ethereal-like creature.

Then on our southern coasts, in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere, we have found other forms of Medusæ, even more charming. The pretty little *Turris neglecta* was constantly caught in the muslin-net one year. It is like a tiny crystal bell, with an elegant white fringe around it and a bright red coral bead in its centre. The *Sarsia prolifera*, so funnily described by that humorous and genial naturalist, the late Professor Edward Forbes, is a remarkable instance of the way in which the young ones bud or sprout off from the parent Medusa at certain seasons of the year.

When Professor Forbes wrote his book on the Medusæ, much remained to be worked out and discovered of their nature and organism. He threw out hints of their probable nature, which have been followed up by later naturalists; and no one would have rejoiced more than himself had he lived to see that his own conclusions were not final, but merely the beginning of discoveries which had to be carried on. The whole history of their development would form an interesting subject of thought and investigation for many a long day at the sea-side.

But in seeking for materials for the diaries of our young folks, much that is new and interesting is sure to turn up. One child devotes herself to sea-weeds. She brings them home in her little basket, floats them out in a saucer of fresh-water, and gently introduces half a sheet of note-paper underneath the spray of weed. Carefully lifting it up out of the water, the sea-weed displays itself gracefully on the white paper. If any of the little fronds are out of place, they are gently arranged by means of a camel-hair pencil brush. A bit of linen is laid over the sea-weed, and it is placed between sheets of botanical drying-paper under a press or heavy weight; next day the drying-paper is changed; and in a few days the sea-weed will have dried on its sheet of note-paper and become quite fast. The piece of linen must be carefully removed and the particular specimen named, if it can be identified.

In the diary of our little sea-weed collector we find written: 'In looking for sea-weeds to-day, I found a great many things which I thought were sea-weeds at first, and I tried to dry them in the same way. They were much thicker, however, and would not dry so easily; and I was told they were zoophytes or animals, and not plants or sea-weeds at all. One of them is quite fleshy, and is like a sponge, only very small. I find in Patterson's book that very likely it is really a sponge.' Well done! little naturalist; many an older and wiser head than yours has puzzled over the plant-like appearance of a zoophyte; and surely the history of a sponge from its first stage as a little gemmule to its death and decay in the interior of a flinty sepulchre formed by its own substance, would not be a wearisome lesson. Every department of science is so dependent on another, that no one can now claim to be a good geologist, or botanist, or anatomist who does not know at least something of the other branches of natural history. The rough sketch we have given of some of the occupations and pursuits which may add to the charm of a sea-side visit, is but suggestive of much that cannot be entered upon.

The botany of the sea-coast is special and peculiar, and will repay careful attention. Nowhere else do we see the lovely tamarisk trees forming bright green hedges with their pretty white flowers. The horn-poppy too (*Glaucum luteum*), with its sea-green leaves and brilliant yellow flower; the sea-holly (*Eryngium maritimum*) bristling and prickling even through a sea-shore boot; and on the slopes and sandy downs near the sea the beautiful *Convolvulus soldenella*, with its trailing stem and pretty pink flowers; the tiny sea-shore rose (*Rosa spinosissima*), the origin of all the garden varieties of Scotch roses, its stems often not rising more than a few inches from the sand in which it grows. Then there is the jointed and fleshy *Salicornia*, so characteristic of the sea-shore; and the aromatic samphire, only seen growing dangerously on almost inaccessible cliffs. Nowhere have we ever studied the names and habits of plants with the pleasure and enthusiasm we have at the sea-side; partly perhaps, owing to the holiday sensation that must always be associated with the noise of the rushing waves over their shingly bed, in the minds of those who never hear it but when they have thrown work aside for a while. Memories never to be forgotten crowd into the heart at the sight of some well-remembered little plant, growing just where it did thirty years ago, when we were young and enthusiastic, and ready to learn all that we could of the beautiful world, which then seemed made for our delight.

If it ever were the case that the experience of one could be expected to guide others, we would say: Let your young folks read but little during their sea-side holiday; but observe much; write down what they see, and confirm and correct their observations by reference to any good recognised text-book, many of which are now published. The brain will thus get rest, or at least change of work, and will return to its ordinary duties with redoubled vigour and refreshment. The education of our children is now more than ever a puzzling question, and how best to teach them to use their hours of relaxation is involved in it. The naturalist spirit engendered, perhaps, by early rambles on the sea-shore is one to be preciously guarded and cultivated in future life; and those who have most carefully and wisely studied human nature and its tendencies agree as to its beneficial influence on the character.

The suggestions we have thrown together, imperfect as they are, may serve to shew that a sea-side ramble may be made just what the seeker for pleasure chooses it shall be. For the schoolboy and philosopher alike, there is something to be studied and much to be wondered at and admired in every rock-pool, on every mountain-side.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—CLOUD.

CHAPTER III.—TOO BAD OF MR SCAMPLIN.

TEN o'clock on the following morning found our party arrived at Dambourne station. It had been arranged that Angela and her brother should spend a long day with Isaac, and if nothing particular were found to be the matter, that he should return with them to town in the evening. On alighting from the train, they started off for Isaac's lodgings at Dambourne End, with the intention of looking at the cottages and garden-ground on their way. As they neared the entrance to the court in which Isaac's property was situated, Herbert could not but notice the sidelong glances which were bestowed upon them by the neighbouring inhabitants. He concluded they were caused by the presence of strangers. Isaac apparently did not observe them. But as the party proceeded up the court itself, the manifestations of interest in their presence became more striking. A group of children who were playing, scampered off at their approach, calling at the top of their voices: 'Ere him come.'

Herbert glanced inquiringly at Isaac, who was looking very complacent. Indeed he accepted this greeting as a sign of the welcome of his tenants on his return to them. As for Angela, she was too busily engaged in picking her way through the large amount of 'matter in the wrong place' with which the court was encumbered, to have much attention to spare for other purposes. For it must be confessed that although its owner had always been an assiduous landlord so far as the collection of rents was concerned, he had not been so assiduous in the improvement of the property either by disbursement, precept, or otherwise.

The children's shouts brought a number of slatternly women to their doors, and poor Isaac's complacency was somewhat rudely disturbed by one virago exclaiming: 'Well, you skinflint, are these some more agents come to look after your dirty cottages?' And by another following up with: 'Ah, you 'll just have to dub up some of the money you 've screwed out of us, ye ugly stingy thief!'

Isaac was thunder-struck. He had always been received by his tenants with civility, if not exactly with respect; and here was a position in which to be placed before his intended bride! But matters it seemed were not to stop here; for from every turning and from every door angry and bold-faced women emerged. And if things assumed a more hostile shape, as they appeared on the point of doing, the interior of the court would not be a good place from whence to beat a retreat; for if its owner was a Webb, this court was undoubtedly a labyrinth. So with that discretion which is the better part of valour, Isaac hastily muttering 'Let 's get away from these blackguards,' fairly turned tail and fled. And not a minute too soon; for he carried away two splashes of mud upon his back, and Angela a portion of a pailful of soap-suds upon her bonnet, as souvenirs of their (soon to be) joint estate.

Without further adventure, Mrs Clappen's shop was reached; and as soon as that lady had got over her first shock of surprise at the sight of Angela, who she imagined was Mrs Webb, and whom she addressed accordingly, she proceeded to throw some light upon the cause of Isaac's reception by his tenantry. Some of them were customers of hers, and she had heard from them all the 'particularities,' as she called them—namely, that Mr Scamplin had very soon after his arrival paid a visit to the cottagers, had announced himself as Mr Webb's agent during his absence from home, and had shewn a paper purporting to be signed by that gentleman, authorising him to act as such; said he had received instructions to give notice that from that day week all the rents were to be raised; had diligently received the rents each week up to the very day before his disappearance, sympathising apparently with the tenants in what he called their harsh treatment by his employer, and in their inability to give immediate notice to quit, owing to the scarcity of cottages in the town; and had otherwise contrived that the onus of these hard measures should fall upon Isaac's devoted head.

An inspection of the box shewed that everything had been turned out of it and the cash removed, but that fortunately the title-deeds and other documents had been replaced. A consultation was held, and it was decided that Angela and her brother should return to town, and that Isaac should remain to set matters right with his tenants. Herbert advised that the robbery should be allowed to pass, since there was no clue as to Mr Scamplin's movements on his leaving the neighbourhood, and extra trouble and expense would be caused by communicating with the police. So in the evening Isaac accompanied his friends to the railway station, carefully choosing a route as distant as possible from the obnoxious court. After their departure, he called on his friend Mr Jones, and requested that gentleman to pay another visit to the tenants and explain to them the mistake that had been made. This, after some hesitation, Mr Jones consented to do.

But Isaac's cup was not yet full. He had no sooner arrived at his lodgings than he received a visit from the sanitary officer, who pointed out to him some very necessary alterations and improvements which *must* be made in the court and without loss of time; and at Isaac's inquiry, estimating the probable cost at about a hundred pounds.

Poor Isaac! the cloud is rather heavy; but the sunlight of Angela and an income of six hundred a year and more expectations, is streaming behind it.

CHAPTER IV.—WEBB VICE ASHTON.

Isaac took no further notice of the robbery, and nothing more was heard of the thief. Mr Jones's attempts at pacification were tolerably successful, and the greater number of Isaac's tenants remained in their cottages on the old terms. At the end of three weeks, Herbert paid Isaac a visit, and received from him the five hundred pounds, for which he gave a receipt, which our hero deposited in his box.

Isaac had wondered several times about young Ashton, and whether Angela had seen or heard anything of him; so he asked Herbert about him.

'He left London,' he answered, 'immediately after he heard of Angela's engagement with you; and the ball we were going to was given up.'

'Poor young man!' exclaimed Isaac compassionately.

'Depend upon it he envies you your success,' said Herbert. 'And now what are you going to do with yourself all the time between this and the wedding?' he asked.

'I have these alterations in the court to see after; and I want to have matters straight for Jones, as I shall put the management of things in his hands when I go away for good. But get over your preparations as fast as you can, Herbert, for I shall be glad to be settled; and unless you want me for anything, I will stay here until I go up to London for the—the wedding.' Isaac brought the last word out with a jerk.

Herbert promised to make all possible haste, and said he would write to Isaac in the course of a week or so. This latter promise he fulfilled by sending Isaac word that he knew of a very desirable house at Brixton; but it could only be obtained by the purchase of the lease. He requested Isaac to let him know by return of post or the chance would be lost, and it was such a bargain. He had spent the greater part of the five hundred pounds on the furniture, which it was desirable to get into its place soon. Angela had been to see the house, and was delighted with it. To purchase the lease and fixtures, two hundred pounds more would be required, and if Isaac liked to close with the bargain, that day fortnight would be time enough for the money. While on the subject of money, he would ask Isaac to lend him a hundred pounds for Angela to make the necessary preparations for her marriage. This he asked on the strength of a remark that Isaac had once made as to his entire confidence in him.

Poor Isaac felt with many a twinge, that he was somehow getting involved. But he felt that it would be over soon, and that when he and Angela were married, and he was in possession of her jointure, he would make up for all this great expenditure by a little judicious saving; so he wrote to Herbert to strike the bargain, and said the three hundred pounds should be ready for him in a week or ten days.

When Herbert came for the money, his sister accompanied him. She told Isaac that it was such a delightful house, and that she was sure they would be so happy there. She also told him how deeply she appreciated his confidence in her brother and herself; and made on the whole so great an impression upon Isaac, that for once his heart was really touched. Before his visitors returned to town that evening, it was decided that that day month should be the happy one. On their way to the station the lovers were alone for a few minutes, when Isaac asked about having the banns published.

'Oh, I shouldn't like that a bit,' said Angela gaily. 'How should you like to hear me called spinster in church? No, no; Herbert must get a license; you need not bother about that.'

To Isaac it was a matter of so little moment, that what suited her suited him.

CHAPTER V.—WHERE IS THE LICENSE?

The time for the wedding sped quickly on. Mr Batfid's establishment was again visited, and Isaac received a suit of clothes that fitted him, their maker observed, 'like a gentleman.' Isaac received several charming letters from his betrothed. She seemed so happy in the anticipation of their approaching nuptials and their delightful home. It was arranged that the wedding should be a very quiet one. No one was to be present but the contracting parties themselves; Angela's brother and a young-lady friend; Mr Jones (Isaac's best-man); and the officials of the church. They were to spend their honeymoon in the isle much frequented by such visitations—that of Wight; and Angela wrote word that Herbert had engaged a respectable couple to take care of the house at Brixton until their return home.

A few days before the eventful one fixed for the ceremony, Isaac packed up what few things he wanted, bade good-bye to Mrs Clappen, told Mr Jones to be sure to meet him in good time at the church, and finally started off to his old lodgings—the coffee-house at Islington. The next morning he visited New West Road and accompanied Angela and her brother to Brixton. The house, as she had truly described it, was delightful, and it was, moreover, most charmingly and tastefully furnished. Isaac was surprised and pleased, though somewhat alarmed at the (to him) vastness and grandeur of his new residence. On their return, he spent the evening at New West Road, and was treated to some of Angela's songs and (as a special favour) a private view of the wedding-dress.

'There is one thing to be done, Isaac,' Herbert said, just as he was leaving; 'you have to put your name to the transfer of the lease of your house. However, that can be done when you come back here after the ceremony.'

Early on his wedding morning, Isaac was up and dressed. He could not indeed afford to be very late, for the ceremony was fixed for ten o'clock. At nine he suddenly remembered that he wanted a wedding-ring, so ran as fast as he could to the nearest jeweller's and bought one, the size of which he was obliged to chance. His ruling passion was strong even in these circumstances; for he contrived to beat the jeweller down a point in price, and made him promise to exchange the ring at any future time if it did not fit. He reached the church (which was close to Miss Faithful's residence) in good time, and found Herbert outside waiting to see him. Mr Jones was also in readiness, and the clergyman had just arrived in the vestry.

'I am glad you are come, Isaac,' said Herbert. 'I did not ask you about the license. I suppose you have it all right?'

'No; I haven't it,' answered Isaac.—'I understood that you would get it.'

'I? Why, surely you know that it must be obtained by one of the persons who are about to use it!'

Herbert was evidently vexed. 'Pray, have you only come here to make fools of us? I don't see what other interpretation is to be put on your conduct.'

'I am very sorry,' said poor Isaac meekly, 'but I didn't know about it. What can I do?'

'Do!' Herbert returned. 'The only thing you can do is for you and your friend to get a Hansom and go to Doctors' Commons as quickly as you can and get a license, and to be back here as much before twelve o'clock as possible. Meanwhile we will go back to the house and wait.'

So a cab was procured, and the bridegroom and his friend started off. Fortunately Jones had been to Doctors' Commons before, so that not much time was lost in its intricacies.

CHAPTER VI.—CHECKMATED.

On their return to the church the sexton was just about to lock the door, but seeing two gentlemen approaching, he waited till they came up; and not having seen them on their former visit there that morning, he politely asked them if they wanted to see the church.

'My friend has come here to be married,' said Jones. 'Where are the other members of the party?'

'Come to be married, has he? Who was he going to be married to?'

'Miss Angela Faithful,' said Jones.

'O come, that won't do, you know,' said the sexton, with a glance at Isaac's tall but ungainly figure; 'you're not going to gammon *me*. It's true she *was* married this morning, and a pretty young woman she is, and dressed very handsome too'——

'Yes,' Isaac broke in; 'and where did the money for it come from?'

'I didn't ask her, and she didn't tell me,' returned the man, half cross, yet half amused.

'You must have made some mistake, my friend,' said Jones. 'To whom was the young lady married?'

'I didn't hear his surname; but he was married in the name of Herbert.'

'That is her brother!' cried Isaac and Jones together.

'Ah, well; they're husband and wife too, now—a sort of double relationship, you see. But I can't wait here while you take your fun off me no longer,' the sexton continued. 'So here goes.' With that he locked the door and walked away.

'Stay!' cried Jones; 'we are not making fun of you; the matter is far too serious. Where can we find the clergyman who married them?'

'I can't tell you; he doesn't live hereabouts. He only took the duty for our gentleman, who is away for a few days. I believe his name is Smith; but I've never seen him before, and very likely shan't ever see him again.'

'Which way did the two go when they left the church?' Jones asked.

'I was inside, so didn't notice,' answered the sexton.

Isaac followed his friend down the church path, and seemed utterly bewildered. But now Jones appealed to him as to the probable destination of the pair. Isaac blankly suggested New West Road; so thither they went. Mrs Glubbs—Miss Faithful's care-taker—answered them. She knew nothing of Angela's movements, except that she understood she was gone to be married; to whom she did not know, but supposed it was to the young man she was always with—Mr Herbert. Could they see Miss Faithful? Yes; certainly, if they liked; but she would be able to give them no information; for she could scarcely speak now, and was well nigh idiotic.

The friends next proceeded to Brixton. A handsome phaeton was outside Isaac's house, and a gentleman—a stranger—was inside. He received them very urbanely, and just as though the place belonged to him.

Upon Jones asking him (for Isaac seemed as though he were in a dream) his business there, the gentleman politely returned him the same question.

'Sir,' said Jones, 'this is my friend's house: you are under some misconception.'

'Sir,' said the stranger politely, 'you are apparently labouring under the same difficulty. I bought this furniture as it stands, these fixtures, and the lease of this house, the day before yesterday, and am now legally in possession. Permit me, however, to remove any doubt by shewing you these papers. No—pardon me—not in your own hands: you can look over me.'

Yes; the documents were genuine enough; a proper lease and transfer, and all the rest of it; but no sign of the name of Isaac Webb. The stranger said the gentleman of whom he bought the lease, &c. was a Mr Herbert Ashton, whom he had not the pleasure of knowing personally; but the business had been properly conducted on both sides by respectable solicitors. He believed the last owner, Mr Ashton, had held the lease but a very short time.

The friends' next visit was to the police. They listened patiently to the tale, and calmly said they did not think much of it. Had the gentleman any witnesses or papers to prove it? No. Very well then; what could they, the police, do? The gentleman *might* be able to get a warrant; but if the story were true, the persons who had got the better of him would know how to keep out of the way of that; but it was a tale almost impossible to prove; and for their part they didn't believe a word of it. The gentleman looked as if he was insane. It may be remarked that Jones did not form a very high opinion of the penetration and intellectual capacity of the police in this matter. He next tried to persuade Isaac to go and consult a respectable solicitor; but at this he absolutely rebelled.

'No, no,' he said; 'it will only cost me a lot more money.' At that word—so dear to him—he fairly broke down and sobbed aloud. A crowd began to form; so Jones hailed a cab, and bore Isaac off to the railway station *en route* for Dambourne.

CHAPTER THE LAST.—THE MORAL.

Isaac stayed with his friend Jones until he began to get over in some measure the shock he had experienced, when he resumed his old quarters with Mrs Clappen. After he had been settled there about a week, he saw in a newspaper the following announcement: 'On the 10th instant, HERBERT ASHTON, Esq. to ANGELA, fifth daughter of the late VINCENT FAITHFUL, Esq. of London. No cards.' This was supplemented at the end of another week by the receipt of the following letter:

DEAR MR WEBB—Possibly you may think that some sort of explanation is due to you from me. I must inform you then, that Herbert Ashton (whom you have known as Herbert Faithful) and I have been attached to each other for some years. The want of a little money as capital alone prevented our union. You remember, I daresay, our introduction at the Holloway ball. On that occasion the idea first came into my mind to play the part I have. It occurred to me as I listened to your conversation with Mr Hoppe, the Master of the Ceremonies, respecting me and *my expectations.* Thanks to you, they are certainly no worse now than they were then. I mentioned my idea to Herbert, and he has well helped me to carry it into effect. The shock to your self-conceit, pride, and cunning is no doubt severe, but time will assist you to get over it; and the lesson you have learned may perhaps be of value to you some day. Meanwhile endeavour to forget us. It will be idle to remember us; for we are—when this reaches you—far from the old country. We have left it and the old name in all probability for ever—unless indeed you should ever leave us the remainder of your property, in which case we might cross the seas to claim it. And if at any time chance should cause us to meet it will be but as strangers, for Herbert was careful to re-possess himself of all the receipts and documents, that could be of no use to us where they were. They are now destroyed. And do not trouble Miss Faithful with fruitless inquiries. She is not my aunt, but a distant relation of the same name as my father. Her property I may tell you goes at her death to her sister, Mrs Glubbs. We have met with Mr Scamplin, in whom my husband recognised an old acquaintance. He is now with us, and desires to be remembered to you. If you ever think of your monetary loss—eight hundred pounds, was it not?—remember with pleasure that it has conduced to my happiness. I am aware that you intended it to do so, but in a slightly different way. And now, Mr Webb, good-bye for ever; and believe me that I shall never forget you. My dear husband desires his remembrances to you, and wishes me to say that he forgives you your rudeness to me at all times, as do I,

Yours never very truly,
ANGELA ASHTON.

AFFECTION IN BIRD-LIFE.

ANY one who will watch carefully may soon perceive that not only pigeons in the court-yard, sparrows on the roof, crows and magpies in the wood, and many other birds, always live together in inseparable pairs; but also that swallows and various other small birds, when, in the autumn, they fly about in great swarms previous to migrating, always keep together affectionately in pairs. Starlings, crows, and various others, collect together in the evenings in large numbers on bushes, high trees, and church roofs for a night's rest; but in the morning the company resolves itself into pairs, and during the entire time of flight these pairs remain together. Several species are the exceptions to this rule, inasmuch as the two sexes form into separate companies to prosecute their migratory flight; this is the case with most of our summer warblers. The males start, and also probably return, some days earlier than the females; but whenever the two sexes have returned, they mate, and the pairs then formed are supposed to be of the same individuals as in previous years.

The fidelity and affectionate intimacy of married bird-life appears most conspicuously in pairs of the Grosbeak family and in small parrots. Here is perfect harmony of will and deed. The two sweethearts appear unwilling to leave one another's company for a moment all their life; they do everything together—eating and drinking, bathing and dressing of feathers, sleeping and waking. Various degrees of affection and harmony are discernible on close observation. Among the small grosbeaks, pairs of which sit together, the intimate relation is never disturbed; even over the feeding-cup there is no quarrelling. They stand highest in this respect among birds. Love-tokens are exchanged by pressing of beaks together—a veritable kissing, accompanied with loving gestures. They are also more sociable, and even at nesting-time more peaceable, than other birds. In the case of other grosbeaks, when the male bird sits by the female in the nest, there are various demonstrations of affection, but also slight occasional disputes, especially about feeding-time. Next in order come the small parrots, which also appear almost inseparable. The male bird feeds his companion with seeds from the crop. This goes on quite regularly during the hatching, and until the young are somewhat grown. During all this time the hen-bird, which broods alone, never leaves the nest but for a few minutes, and the cock shews such affectionate care, that the whole day he seems to do nothing but take food and give it again. Yet even this loving union is marred from time to time, even during the hatching-time, with quarrels that even come to blows. Again, the male bird of a pair of chaffinches only occasionally sits on the eggs or young, but he watches the nest very carefully, singing to his mate the while, accompanies the hen in flight, and helps her in feeding the young.

The marriage unions of parrots present great differences. The long-tailed Australian parrots, beautiful in plumage, but mentally inferior, are not nearly so affectionate towards each other as the little short-tailed species. M. Russ, a careful observer, tells us that the male bird of the Australian Nymph Cockatoo generally remains by night with the female, and during the day sits much more than she does. Such parental care is rare. Many parrots, especially large species, are by no means peaceable in their sexual relations, and appear somewhat affectionate only at the time of nidification. Large parrots are commonly very excited at brooding-time, and ferocious towards other animals, and even men. All parrots shew affection by giving food out of the crop.

A quite peculiar wedlock is observable in some of the finches and other birds. 'In my aviary,' says M. Russ, 'I had a pair of saffron finches, at whose behaviour I was for some time quite astonished. The cock and the hen hunted and persecuted each other savagely for days and weeks together; it was not, as in the case of some other birds, mere sport and teasing, but a bitter strife; the end of which was that the male bird, which appeared to have the worst of it, made his escape altogether, and never returned. Yet these two birds nestled, and actually reared four young, though I could not perceive whether their hatred was laid aside, or at least abated, during the hatching.' Similar phenomena, though not so pronounced, occur amongst finches, parrots, birds of prey, &c.

We have already said that the grosbeaks express affection for one another. The male frequently also performs a dance before the object of his regard; he hops about in a droll courtesying manner, with outspread tail and nodding head, warbling at the same time a melodious ditty. The larger grosbeaks give forth peculiar sounds accompanied with a hopping movement. These love-dances are frequently to be noticed in bird-life; among the best known and most skilful in this respect are those of the black-cock, the love-making of which is exceedingly interesting to watch.

The strong pugnacity developed among birds at time of hatching is remarkable. Even the little gentle grosbeak will endeavour, by violent pecking, to drive away males of the same or closely related species from the neighbourhood of his loved one. The larger finches are often roused by the same zeal to a blind fury, which, in the case of the chaffinch, is frequently taken advantage of by the bird-catchers. The fights observed in nature between birds have most generally for their cause the emotions of love.

We come to another expression of affection in bird-life—namely, song. It is to a great extent of a purely emulative character, and not seldom is the contention so strong and persistent, that one of the two rivals, through over-exertion, falls lifeless to the ground. One may observe such rivalry in spring, in the woods and fields, between two neighbouring male finches, nightingales, and various other birds. And in the aviary it is to be observed not only among the excellent singers, such as the gray finches and red cardinals, but also in the comparatively silent grosbeaks.

But the singing of birds has of course also another aspect—it is the most potent means of wooing. And this is true not only as regards the sweet plaint of the nightingale, the melodious warbling of the finch, but also of the hoarse croaking of the crows, the ear-splitting screech of the jay, the murmur of the pigeons, and the like—doubtless the most bewitching tones they are able to produce. 'Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;' so says Shakspeare. And for what does the lark ascend and trill his cheerful lay in mid-air, but to sing in a spirit of kindness to his mate nestling on the ground within hearing of his notes; or as a versifier has pictured this delicate attention:

> The lark on high now mounts the sky,
> All hear his pipe a-ringing;
> His mate on nest whom he loves best,
> Sits listening to his singing.

It can hardly be doubted that the response awakened in the heart of female birds in these circumstances is quite as genuinely tender as the notes addressed to them. The very birds of the air might teach a lesson to man—to the wretches who, in the bosom of civilisation, kick wives to death, and leave their children to die under the accumulated miseries of want and desolation!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute last month, Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., was elected President: to the honour of the Institute, be it recorded. In his inaugural address he discussed a question on which he has bestowed much thought, namely fuel. The coal-fields of the globe, so far as at present known, comprise two hundred and seventy thousand square miles, one hundred and ninety-two thousand of which are in the United States, eighteen thousand in Nova Scotia, and eleven thousand nine hundred in Great Britain. Mr Siemens is of opinion that at our present rate of consumption, we have in this country coal enough to last eleven hundred years; and that if the consumption should tend to increase, it will be kept in check by the economical processes of heating that remain to be discovered. And in many parts of the world there are underground stores of gas that can be made available as fuel, as exemplified by the seventy furnaces at Pittsburgh, which do all their puddling and reheating by means of the gas flowing through eighteen miles of pipe from its source in Pennsylvania.

As an example of the saving that can be effected by mere mechanical contrivance, we take a new ship of the Inman line trading between Liverpool and New York, in which the old style of engine has given place to the 'modern double cylinder compound engines,' which leave a much larger space for cargo than the old engines, and burn about sixty-five tons of coal per day, instead of one hundred and fifteen tons. The saving in the article of fuel is thus seen to be very great, even for a single ship.

Of course iron and steel were prominent topics of discussion at the meeting, and the conclusion to be drawn therefrom is, that in ship-building and other mechanical operations steel will take the place of iron. The torpedo vessel *Lightning*, which steams nineteen knots an hour, is already an evidence of what can be done by the combined lightness and strength of steel; another is promised by Admiral Sartorius, which will cleave the water at the rate of twenty-four knots, and steel ships of large size are building and to be built for the government. In this way the peaceful arts become diverted to warlike purposes, and heighten the cost of war to a prodigious extent.

The future of steel, said Mr Bramwell, F.R.S., in his lecture at the Royal Institution, is to supersede iron for almost everything except the forge-work of common blacksmiths; and further, that part of the province of cast-iron, such as toothed-wheels and castings of complex form, which now, thanks to Riepe's improved construction of moulds, can be produced from molten steel.

Mr Siemens' process for the manufacture of steel leaves nothing to chance. The quality of steel is always that which was foreseen and desired; and the samples, when submitted to the severe tests imposed by the Admiralty, are never found to fail.

But Professor Barff's discovery seems to shew that iron will not be easily superseded. If iron can be produced that will not under any circumstances get rusty, iron will become more useful than ever. The discovery is this: that if hot iron is placed in a chamber of superheated steam, it takes on a black coat which is magnetic oxide, and this coat is so hard and impervious to atmospheric influences that rust will not form upon it. The hotter the steam in which the process is carried on, the harder is the coat: after an exposure of seven hours to twelve hundred degrees, it will resist a file. Consequently the strength of the iron is greatly increased, and it can never become weakened by rust. The importance of this fact can hardly be overrated in connection, for instance, with iron plates for boilers and ships, in which unlimited strength would be highly prized.

We are told that the protecting coat can be put on at small cost, and that it will probably be made use of for iron goods of every description. 'Copper vessels will no longer possess any advantages for cooking, and iron saucepans will no longer need to be tinned. Lead pipes for the conveyance of water will in all probability be entirely superseded; and there can be no doubt that new uses for incorrodible iron will every day suggest themselves. Messrs Penn of Greenwich are about to undertake a series of trials for the purpose of testing the strength of the prepared articles, so that they may become able to speak with authority upon the fitness of the protected iron for bridge girders and architectural purposes.'

How to make iron without producing slag is a question which, if any one can answer satisfactorily, his reward shall be great in fame and fortune. In Yorkshire alone, the blast-furnaces pour out more than four million tons of slag a year, from which fact the enormous quantity produced throughout the kingdom can be judged of. Sixteen million tons of refuse! What can be done with it? In some places, land has been bought or hired to provide space for the ugly heaps, and many attempts have been made to lessen the accumulation by finding uses for the slag. It has been made into blocks and bricks for paving; into slabs, pipes, brackets, and friezes; into cement; into sand for fertilising purposes; and while in the molten condition, has been blown into a substance resembling cotton-wool. But some of these attempts have failed, and not one has sufficed to diminish the heaps of slag. And now another suggestion, based on the fact that slag is vitreous, is put forth, namely to convert it into glass. A mixture of sand, soda, and slag melted in a furnace will come out as glass. The experiment would not be expensive, for slag in any quantity may be had for nothing.

If some of those ingenious individuals who write so frequently to the Admiralty or to the Royal Society announcing that they have discovered the true place of the axis of the earth, or the true explanation of the precession of the equinoxes, or the cause of compass deviation, would only turn their attention to the questions in the foregoing paragraph, they might perhaps make practical discoveries which would be capable of proof, and potential of profit.

Last session a paper on the Best Method of Propelling Steamships was read at the United Service Institution. In the discussion that followed, Admiral Selwyn said experiment had shewn that whether you divide the water by a very narrow fine bow, cleaving the fluid like an axe, or whether you put that narrow fine bow flat on the water, and drive it over the water, the resistance is for all practical purposes the same: having fine lines there is no more resistance in the one case than in the other. Experiment has shewn also that between the finest vessel of deep draught and a vessel of similar tonnage, built in the form of a segment of a sphere, there is no difference of resistance. 'But there is this remarkable difference in another way, that whereas the sharp deep-keeled vessel plunges constantly under water, and makes bad weather of it, the segment of the sphere always rides over the water with perfect ease.'

And at the meeting of Naval Architects, Mr Reed explained that a circular ironclad will float better and carry heavier weights than a ship of the ordinary shape, and yet not be deficient in speed.

At last a parliamentary committee has been appointed to collect evidence on the condition of the Thames and other rivers, on the best means of regulating them, and of economising the rainfall so that there shall be a sufficient supply of water at all seasons. This is a great question: human requirements confronting the forces of nature with a view to harmonious co-operation. According to a statement made at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, the quantity of water that flows daily over Teddington weir is 3,223,125 tons; hence the Thames will count for something in the inquiry. Besides which, we may remember that the commerce carried by the royal river amounts to nine million tons annually.

At a recent meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, there were exhibited an Odontograph for laying out the teeth of gear-wheels; an exhaust nozzle for quieting the noise of safety-valves and escape-pipes; an aspirator for ventilating millstones, and a horse-shoe intended to prevent slipping on a smoothly paved road. Readers desirous of further particulars must write to Philadelphia; but if that 'quieting nozzle' can only be made available, passengers at railway stations and on board steamboats will be spared the deafening roar that now annoys them, and will feel grateful accordingly.

The last published volume of *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Victoria contains a paper entitled, 'Is the Eucalyptus a Fever-destroying Tree?' a question which, as our readers are aware, is not less interesting here in Europe than in Australia. Baron von Mueller, government botanist at Melbourne, has described more than one hundred and thirty species of Eucalyptus: some grow into forests of great extent both on high and low table-land, others form dense desert scrub, while others are so distributed as to impart a park-like appearance to the landscape. The leaves are evergreen, and so arranged that the light and heat of the sun fall equally on each side; and the roots are dispersive and drain water largely from the soil. Besides the general constituents of a ligneous vegetation, the Eucalyptus contains a gum-resin, a volatile acid, and a peculiar volatile oil. The finest forests, *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, extend inland about one hundred miles, beyond which the scrub species prevail. When by vicissitude of season the seaward species are poor in volatile oil, then the scrub is rich, and *vice versâ*. The extent of scrub and forest in the three colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia is so great that the quantity of oil therein contained is estimated at 96,877,440,000 gallons. On this Mr Bosisto, the author of the paper above referred to, remarks: 'Considering that the same condition exists throughout the major part of Australia . . . we cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that the whole atmosphere of Australia is more or less affected by the perpetual exhalation of those volatile bodies.' The aroma thereof would be disagreeable, were it not that 'volatile oils have the power of changing oxygen into ozone while they are slowly oxidising.' It can hardly be doubted that the influence on climate must be important. 'Let,' says Mr Bosisto, 'a small quantity of any of the eucalyptus oils, but especially the oil of *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, be distributed sparingly in a sick-chamber, or over any unpleasant substance, or add a small quantity to stagnant water, and the pleasure of breathing an improved air will immediately be manifest. The application of this to the climate of Australia has great force, for it is acknowledged that we possess about us, both in bush and town, a large amount of active oxygen, made frequently doubly so by our vigorous vegetation.'

The conclusion from the whole series of facts is, that the Eucalyptus is a fever-destroying tree. Baron von Mueller states that the *Eucalyptus amygdalina* in favourable situations grows to a height of four hundred feet, that it yields more oil than any other species, and bears the climate of Europe. The species of quickest growth is the *Eucalyptus globulus*.

In a communication to the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr W. M. Williams points out that obscure heat, such as that radiated from sun-spots, is much more largely absorbed by our atmosphere than the heat from the luminous parts of the sun's surface. Consequently the obscure heat exerts an influence on terrestrial climate as well as the luminous heat: the former in preventing or modifying the formation of clouds in the upper regions, and in producing thereby meteorological results which would be an interesting study. An illustration of what is meant by this is afforded by a well-known phenomenon, namely the general clearness of the sky during full moon, the clouds having been dissipated by the obscure heat-rays *reflected from the moon's surface*.

If observations of the difference of absorption between the two kinds of heat could be made at different heights, we should have, as Mr Williams says, 'a new means of studying the constitution of the interior of the sun and its relations to the photosphere. Direct evidence of selective absorption by our atmosphere may thus be obtained, which would go far towards solving one of the crucial solar problems—whether the darker regions are hotter or cooler than the photosphere?'

St Bartholomew's Hospital Reports contain an article by Dr Hollis in which an attempt is made to clear the study of mental physics of some of its obscurity, and to shew what are the functions of the brain and the way in which they may be studied. Examples are given of the effects of disease: a letter-sorter in the Post-office had experienced a failure of memory during two years, could not continue his employment, and eventually died. A large tumour was found in the substance of the left temporal lobe of the brain, which probably accounted for the loss of memory and inability to retain a mental picture of the pigeon-holes into which the letters were to be sorted. The organs of the brain were there, but their proper action was disturbed by the growth of disease, and the man of necessity ceased to be a letter-sorter. In concluding his article, Dr Hollis warns 'students of this seductive branch of medical science not to attempt to localise in the cortex too closely the several faculties of the mind. It is preposterous,' he remarks, 'to expect that similar cells are reserved for similar functions in all human brains, knowing what we do of the great diversity in man's mental nature, his various occupations, proclivities, and talents. Beyond the fact that there exists in our brains a posterior or retentive system, and an anterior or expressive system, our knowledge of this organ will not at present permit us to go.'

The effect of ether and of chloroform as anæsthetics, is attracting considerable attention. It is alleged that with chloroform, vascular paralysis frequently precedes respiratory paralysis; and an amount of chloroform insufficient to cause paralysis of respiration will often produce vascular paralysis, accompanied by such a diminution of blood-pressure as to render artificial respiration useless, since interchange between the gases of the air and blood does not take place. In this case artificial respiration does not recall life, and respiration ceases when artificial aid is removed. Experiments made with nitrite of amyl demonstrate its value as an antidote to the dangerous effects of chloroform; for which reason an American physician remarks: 'In the light of our present knowledge, it seems to me that humanity and science alike require that, when chloroform is used as an anæsthetic, the nitrite of amyl should be at hand, as one of the remedies whose efficiency is to be tested in case of impending danger.'

Medical practitioners in Calcutta have had their attention called to a species of parasite before undescribed, which has been found in large numbers in the intestines of persons who have died of cholera. According to a description recently published in the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, it is the *Amphistoma hominis*. 'I have never seen such parasites,' writes Dr Simpson, 'and apparently they are unknown to the natives. They are of a red colour, size of a tadpole, adhering to the mucous membrane, by a circular open mouth which they have the power of dilating and contracting.' It is to be hoped that these somewhat mysterious tormentors will not make their appearance in Europe. By way of precaution, we would just hint, 'See that you drink pure water.'

Of petroleum furnaces of a small size suited for high temperatures we find Quichenot's (lately noticed in these columns) is not the first attempt made, one having been introduced some years ago by Griffin, an English manufacturer. The difficulty with all petroleum furnaces is to keep them lighted until the casing or crucible is sufficiently hot to do this itself. The special liability which petroleum furnaces have to blow out *at first*, is to a great extent if not entirely overcome in Griffin's by the use of a wick. We are told by those who are practically conversant with the subject, that there are many difficulties in the use of petroleum as a fuel for furnace-work on a small scale, which, however, may be in a measure overcome by skilful management. But for small furnace operations it is now generally admitted that there is no fuel so well adapted as gas. A gas furnace of an entirely novel construction was introduced about a year ago by Mr Fletcher, F.C.S., of Warrington, in which the gas is burnt by an arrangement similar to Giffard's Injector, and requiring no more air than an ordinary small foot blower will supply with ease. The whole arrangement is exceedingly simple; and a refractory clay crucible can be fused in less than half an hour by an apparatus which (blower included) can easily be carried in one hand. Of gas furnaces not requiring a blast, the pioneer was Gore, who made the first draft furnace, burning gas, which would fuse cast-iron; and the principle made use of by Gore—that is, the subdivision of a large flame by air-spaces—has been since made use of successfully in many forms by different makers; but the maximum temperatures obtained in Gore's furnace have never yet been exceeded by any maker without the use of a blast. The nearest approach to a draft furnace giving really intense heats is, so far as we can ascertain, the Injector furnace of Mr Fletcher, which requires only about one-fifth of the air consumed to be supplied by blowing, the remaining part of the air being drawn in from the surrounding atmosphere by the action of the furnace itself.

MORE MISSING ARTICLES.

A LARGE party of merry people, old and young, were sitting on the sands at Cromer one day, when one of the party, the youngest and brightest, began for fun to 'make faces' with her fingers, and shewing the rest how to copy her. The way in which she used her fingers and handkerchief produced the most grotesque effects imaginable. Our heroine, Mrs Reynolds, a young matron of the party, followed suit, and soon succeeded; but, said Minnie the original starter of the fun: 'Take off your rings; they spoil the effect.' Accordingly two valuable rings—emerald and pearl—were slipped off and laid within an open parasol. Soon after the party began to move, Mrs Reynolds took up her parasol, thought no more of the rings, and passed on with the rest home. Not till she reached the house and, preparing for lunch, was about to wash her hands, did it suddenly flash upon her what she had done. Alas, alas! those precious rings were lost on the sands, already crowded with excursionists and bathers. Away flew Mrs Reynolds, her hair streaming behind her (hung out to dry after bathing), her heart panting, her head aching, down to the shore again. There was the bathing woman calmly pursuing her calling all unconscious of the trouble; there too was Captain Wardell, politely concerned; there the groups of cousins warmly sympathetic; but alas! no trace of the jewels lost. How should they ever be found in such an expanse of sand?—no trace even left of the spot where the friends had sat. Still, resolved not to be baffled (the rings were not only precious but full of associative value), a place was fixed upon by Mrs Reynolds, and the hunt began. The sand, loose and fine, was turned over and over and sifted inch by inch, and the hapless owner was at length compelled to abandon the search and return home. Her weary feet had hardly turned in at the threshold when a panting voice behind caused her to turn. There stood a kindly cousin, scarlet with excitement and running, almost unable to speak, but holding up the emerald ring found by Captain Wardell's little son Gordon, a child of five years of age. As a last hope, his father had said to him: 'Come, Gordon, feel for it too in the loose sand;' and as if by magic, the child thrust in his little fat hand and pulled out the ring!

Of course this shewed they were on the right scent; and in three-quarters of an hour more the pearl ring also turned up. They had hunted in all for nearly two hours, in perfectly loose sand, on a wide shore; and as a fisherman said, it was indeed like 'hunting for a needle in a haystack.' The excitement throughout the little town of Cromer had been immense, owing to the crier having been sent round; and all the evening the story was being discussed by little groups of men and women, no doubt growing in interest by the repetition.

Another curious instance of losing and finding is worth recording. A gentleman walking along the shore of Hastings lost his ring. We think he was stretching after a dog in the water, but at anyrate the ring slipped off, and was not found again. A year after—it is even said on the very anniversary—the same gentleman was again strolling along the shore when a fisherman ran after him, and inquiring, 'Did you drop this, sir?' held up to him his own ring, lost twelve months before.

One more incident. A gentleman bought an umbrella, and taking it into his hand, put down a sovereign in payment. Presently the bill, having been made out, was presented; but when the shopman put his hand forth to take up the money, it could not be seen. The gentleman thought it extraordinary—the shopman equally so. The former was sure he had deposited the coin, the shopman equally certain that it had not reached his hands. What was to be done? It ended in the gentleman again paying the amount. Some little time after, the gentleman was again in the shop, and being there, took occasion to ask if the sovereign had ever been seen again. 'No,' said the young man; 'we never found it.' Just then the gentleman, opening his umbrella to shew what he required altered (some trifle or other), gave it a shake, when out rolled a sovereign; the very one of course so long missing. The strangest part of it is that the umbrella had been constantly used since the day it was bought.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

ONE of my pleasant recollections is that of seeing Sir Walter Scott out on a stroll with his dogs; the scene being in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1824, while as yet the gloom of misfortune had not clouded the mind of the great man. There he was limping gaily along with his pet companions amidst the rural scenes which he had toiled to secure and loved so dearly.

Scott's fondness for animals has perhaps never been sufficiently acknowledged. It was with him a kind of second nature, and appears to have been implanted when as a child he was sent on a visit to the house of his grandfather, Robert Scott, at Sandyknowe, in the neighbourhood of Dryburgh. Here, amidst flocks of sheep and lambs, talked to and fondled by shepherds and ewe-milkers, and revelling with collies, he was impressed with a degree of affectionate feeling for animals which lasted through life. At a subsequent visit to Sandyknowe, when his grandfather had passed away, and the farm operations were administered by 'Uncle Thomas,' he was provided with a Shetland pony to ride upon. The pony was little larger than many a Newfoundland dog. It walked freely into the house, and was regularly fed from the boy's hand. He soon learned to ride the little pony well, and often alarmed 'Aunt Jenny' by cantering over the rough places in the neighbourhood. Such were the beginnings of Scott's intercourse with animals. Growing up, there was something extraordinary in his attachment to his dogs, his horses, his ponies, and his cats; all of which were treated by him, each in its own sphere, as agreeable companions, and which were attached to him in return. There may have been something feudal and poetic in this kindly association with humble adherents, but there was also much of simple good-heartedness. Scott added not a little to the happiness of his existence by this genial intercourse with his domestic pets. From Lockhart's Memoirs of Sir Walter, and other works, we have occasionally bright glimpses of the great man's familiarity with his four-footed favourites. We can see that Scott did not, as is too often the case, treat them capriciously, as creatures to be made of at one time, and spoken to harshly when not in the vein for amusement. On the contrary, they were elevated to the position of friends. They possessed rights to be respected, feelings which it would be scandalous to outrage. At all times he had a soothing word, and a kind pat, for every one of them. And that, surely, is the proper way to behave towards the beings who are dependent on us.

Among Sir Walter's favourite dogs we first hear of Camp, a large bull-terrier, that was taken with him when visiting the Ellises for a week at Sunninghill in 1803. Mr and Mrs Ellis having cordially sympathised in his fondness for this animal, Scott, at parting, promised to send one of Camp's progeny in the course of the season to Sunninghill. As an officer in a troop of yeomanry cavalry, Scott proved a good horseman, and we are led to know that he was much attached to the animal which he rode. In a letter to a friend written at this period (1803), he says: 'I have, too, a hereditary attachment to the animal—not, I flatter myself, of the common jockey cast, but because I regard him as the kindest and most generous of the subordinate animals. I hardly even except the dogs; at least, they are usually so much better treated, that compassion for the steed should be thrown into the scale when we weigh their comparative merits.'

For several years Camp was the constant parlour dog. He was handsome, intelligent, and fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. At the same time, there were two greyhounds, Douglas and Percy, which were kept in the country for coursing. Scott kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that Douglas and Percy might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said—and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it; in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him a sensible and steady friend; the greyhounds, as volatile young creatures whose freaks must be borne with.

William Laidlaw, the friend and amanuensis of Scott, mentions in the *Abbotsford Notanda* a remarkable instance of Camp's fidelity and attention. It was on the occasion of a party visiting a wild cataract in Dumfriesshire, known as the Gray Mare's Tail. There was a rocky chasm to be ascended, up which Scott made his way with difficulty, on account of his lameness. 'Camp attended anxiously on his master; and when the latter came to a difficult part of the rock, Camp would jump down, look up to his master's face, then spring up, lick his master's hand and cheek, jump down again, and look upwards, as if to shew him the way and encourage him. We were greatly interested with the scene.'

The most charming part of Scott's life was, as we think, that which he spent with his family at Ashestiel, from about 1804 to 1808, part of which time he was engaged in writing *Marmion*. Ashestiel was a country mansion situated on the south bank of the Tweed, half way between Innerleithen and Galashiels, and in what would be called a solitary mountain district. There was the river for fishing, and the hills for coursing, and no other amusement. To enliven the scene, literary friends came on short visits. There was an odd character in the immediate neighbourhood, called from his parsimony Old Nippie, whose habits afforded some fun. When still at Ashestiel in 1808, there is presented a pleasant picture by Lockhart of the way in which Scott passed the Sunday. The account of it is a perfect Idyll. 'On Sunday he never rode—at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary for him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but after he had read the Church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they were all grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that preserved for the permanent use of the rising generation in his *Tales of a Grandfather*. He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days inwove the simple pathos or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as he did, in his week-day tales, the quaint Scotch of Pitscottie, or some rude romantic old rhyme from Barbour's *Bruce* or Blind Harry's *Wallace*.'

Failing from old age, Camp was taken by the family to Edinburgh, and there he died about January 1809. He was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house, No. 39 Castle Street, immediately opposite the window where Scott usually sat writing. His daughter, Mrs Lockhart, remembered 'the whole family standing round the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologised on account of "the death of a dear old friend."'

A few months later, Scott says in one of his letters: 'I have supplied the vacancy occasioned by the death of dear old Camp with a terrier puppy of the old shaggy Celtic breed,' and which he named Wallace. This new companion was taken on an excursion to the Hebrides in 1810, and in time partly compensated for the loss of Camp. There came, however, a fresh bereavement in 1812, in the death of the greyhound Percy. Scott alludes to the fact in one of his letters. 'We are going on in the old way, only poor Percy is dead. I intend to have an old stone set up by his grave, with *Cy gist li preux Percie* [Here lies the brave Percy]; and I hope future antiquaries will debate which hero of the House of Northumberland has left his bones in Teviotdale.' The two favourite greyhounds are alluded to in the Introduction to the second canto of *Marmion*—

> Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
> O'er holt or hill there never flew,
> From slip or leash there never sprang,
> More fleet of foot or sure of fang.

In a letter dated Abbotsford, 1816, written to Terry, with whom he communicated on literary and dramatic subjects, he says: 'I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer hound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion: he is quite gentle and a great favourite. Tell Will. Erskine he will eat off his plate without being at the trouble to put a paw on the table or chair. I shewed him to Matthews, who dined one day in Castle Street before I came here.'

The staghound so introduced was the famous Maida, which came upon the scene when the Waverley novels were beginning to set the world on fire. Maida was the crack dog of Scott's life, and figures at his feet in the well-known sculpture by Steell. He did not quite supersede Wallace and the other dogs, but assumed among them the most distinguished place, and might be called the canine major-domo of the establishment. On visiting Abbotsford in 1817, Washington Irving enjoyed the pleasure of a ramble with Scott and his dogs. His description of the scene is so amusing that we can scarcely abate a jot:

'As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlour favourite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail; and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, he would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say: "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters: what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"

'Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced terrier, with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. "If ever he whipped him," he said, "the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day in a lumber garret, from whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping-knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him."

'While we were discussing the humours and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed *bow wow.* It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause. "Ay, ay, old boy!" cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida," continued he, "is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready, that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first."'

Maida accompanied his master to town, where he occupied the place of the lamented Camp. In the sanctum at Castle Street, Maida lay on the hearth-rug, ready when called on to lay his head across his master's knees, and to be caressed and fondled. On the top step of a ladder for reaching down the books from the higher shelves sat a sleek and venerable Tom-cat, which Scott facetiously called by the German name Hinse of Hinsfeldt. Lockhart mentions that Hinse, 'no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity. When Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by beating the door with his huge paw; Scott rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity—and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the foot-stool, *vice* Maida absent on furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. Dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering who is, and who is not, really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.'

In letters to his eldest son, Scott seldom fails to tell him how things are going on with the domesticated animals. For example: 'Hamlet had an inflammatory attack, and I began to think he was going mad, after the example of his great namesake; but Willie Laidlaw bled him, and he recovered. Pussy is very well.' Next letter: 'Dogs all well—cat sick—supposed with eating birds in their feathers.' Shortly afterwards: 'All here send love. Dogs and cat are well. I daresay you have heard from some other correspondent that poor Lady Wallace [a favourite pony] died of an inflammation after two days' illness. Trout [a favourite pointer] has returned here several times, poor fellow, and seems to look for you; but Henry Scott is very kind to him.' In a succeeding letter we have the account of an accident to Maida: 'On Sunday, Maida walked with us, and in jumping the paling at the Greentongue park, contrived to hang himself up by the hind-leg. He howled at first, but seeing us making towards him, he stopped crying, and waved his tail, by way of signal, it was supposed, for assistance. He sustained no material injury, though his leg was strangely twisted into the bars, and he was nearly hanging by it. He shewed great gratitude, in his way, to his deliverers.'

At Abbotsford, in the autumn of 1820, when a large party, including Sir Humphry Davy, Dr Wollaston, and Henry Mackenzie were sallying out—Scott on his pony Sybyl Grey, with Maida gambolling about him—there was some commotion and laughter when it was discovered that a little black pig was frisking about and apparently resolved to be one of the party for the day. Scott tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy was sent home. 'This pig,' says Lockhart, 'had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging his pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the grey-hounds and terriers; but indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers—but such were the facts.'

Mr Adolphus, a visitor to Abbotsford in 1830, when the health of the great writer was breaking down under his honourable and terribly imposed task-work, gives us not the least striking instance of Scott's wonderful considerateness towards animals. 'In the morning's drive we crossed several fords, and after the rain they were wide and deep. A little, long, wise-looking, rough terrier, named Spice, which ran after us, had a cough, and as often as we came to a water, Spice, by the special order of his master, was let into the carriage till we had crossed. His tenderness to his brute dependants was a striking point in the benignity of his character. He seemed to consult not only their bodily welfare, but their feelings, in the human sense. He was a gentleman even to his dogs.' When too roughly frolicsome, he rebuked them gently, so as not to mortify them, or spoil the natural buoyancy of their character.

We could extend these memorabilia, but have perhaps said enough. Maida died in October 1824, and is commemorated in a sculptured figure at the doorway of Abbotsford. His attached master wrote an epitaph on him in Latin, which he thus Englished:

> Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

It was a sad pang for Scott, when quitting home to seek for health abroad, and which he did not find, to leave the pet dogs which survived Maida. His last orders were that they should be taken care of. We may be permitted to join in the noble eulogium pronounced on Scott by Willie Laidlaw, who lived to mourn his loss, that Kindness of heart was positively the reigning quality of Sir Walter's character! W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXI.—OUR EXPERIMENT.

I WATCHED Lilian very anxiously for a few days after our visit to Fairview. But although it had given her a shock to find Arthur Trafford already upon such familiar terms there, whilst there had been no call at the cottage, nor even a message sent to inquire after our well-being, she was not permanently depressed in consequence. I must do Arthur Trafford the justice to say that I think he was ashamed of sending conventional messages under the circumstances, and felt that bad as silence was, it was in better taste than meaningless words. Nevertheless, his sister might have contrived a call, had she possessed the something besides blue blood, which, in dear Mrs Tipper's estimation, constitutes a gentlewoman, sufficiently to recollect past kindness, and act up to her former rôle of being Lilian's friend. Fortunately, Lilian did not depend upon her friendship.

'Do not fear for me, Mary,' she whispered, rightly interpreting my anxious looks.

I did not fear for her—in the long-run. I knew that in time she would come to be even ashamed of having given the name of love to her infatuation for Arthur Trafford. But to attain that end, she must not be allowed to dream over the past; and I was casting about in my mind in the hope of finding some plan for employing our time which would be sufficiently interesting to absorb the attention of her mind as well as her hands. Pupils Mrs Tipper would not hear of; nor would she allow us to render any assistance in the housekeeping, insisting that Becky and she had no more to do than they could very easily get through. Indeed Becky worked with a will; Mrs Tipper and she were the best of friends; and nothing would have pleased them better than keeping Lilian and me in the parlour in state, and waiting upon us.

Fortunately we neither of us inclined for that kind of state. Lilian knew as well as I did that hers was not a nature to be nursed and petted out of a trouble. As people thoroughly in earnest generally do, we soon found a way of filling up our time—a way which had a spice of novelty and adventure in it, specially adapted to our present frame of mind.

About a mile distant, on the high-road leading from the left of the village towards the town of Grayleigh, were a few cottages, which had been erected for the accommodation of the labourers upon some fruit and hop growing grounds in the vicinity. Lilian and I had come upon them in one of our walks; and their forlorn uncared-for aspect appealed to our sympathies, and set us thinking about the possibility of a remedy. At length an idea suggested itself to us. During the daytime, at this season of the year, they were all unoccupied but one, where dwelt an old woman past work, and who was, as she proudly informed us, kept out of the workhouse by her children. Through the medium of this old woman, we applied for permission to do what we could for the absent wives and mothers, in the way of making the desolate-looking hovels more like homes. There seemed some difficulty in obtaining leave. We afterwards found that there had been grave deliberations as to the expediency of allowing us the freedom of the place, there being all sorts of doubts and speculations as to our motives. But after two or three visits to old Sally Dent, during which she sharply questioned and cross-questioned us, she gave us to understand that it was agreed that we might try what we could do; though I believe permission was given more out of curiosity to see what our intention was, than from anything else; and she was cautious enough to inform us that they reserved to themselves the right of putting a summary stop to our visits whenever it should please them so to do. For the present, Sally Dent gave us the key of the end cottage, which was to be duly returned when what she ungraciously termed our 'rummaging' was over.

'Not as you will find much to rummage at Meg Lane's,' chuckled the old woman. 'She ain't taken any pride in her home since she had to sell her bits of things when they were down with the fever.'

It did appear rather unwarrantable to unlock the door and enter the place in the absence of the inmates, before we had even made their acquaintance; but we satisfied ourselves with the hope that the end would be found to justify the means; and the very first day we contrived to leave a pleasant indication of our intentions.

The cottage contained two rooms up-stairs, and one on the ground floor opening to the road, with a little back scullery. We did not intrude into the upper regions, contenting ourselves with putting things into some sort of order in the little sitting-room. Perhaps I had better not describe how very real our work was, and how hopeless at first seemed the task we had undertaken. But we worked with a will, enjoying many a little jest at the idea of what Mrs Tipper's astonishment would be if she could see us with our sleeves tucked up sweeping out dirty corners, when we were supposed to be taking our daily constitutional as decorous gentlewomen should. Lilian devoted herself to one dirty cupboard with a pertinacity which, I gravely informed her, did equal honour to her head and heart, considering the time it would take to make any visible improvement. Four shelves filled with a heterogeneous collection of unwashed cups and saucers, bread new and stale, scraps of meat (some not too fresh), a jug coated with a thick fur of sour milk, dirty plates, mugs smelling of stale beer, bits of old pipes, and so forth—'all canopied o'er' with spiders' webs, certainly were an undertaking.

But it must not be supposed that we intended solely to employ ourselves in sweeping and cleaning: no indeed; the little we did in that way was only intended to serve as a suggestion for others to carry out. Our ambition was to induce the people to begin to feel that they had homes, and so in time to take some little pride in keeping them neat themselves.

The small amount of money which we allowed ourselves to spend was spent in a way which might not a little surprise some people. We tried to make the little room attractive, with an ornament or two, which though inexpensive, were in good taste and pretty in shape and colouring—a primitive hanging shelf with two or three neatly bound books, a clean blind, a nicely framed print for the wall, and so forth, all new and fresh and bright; a contrast with the blackened ceiling, which we hoped would in time suggest whitewash. Then we boldly challenged our hosts, as we laughingly termed them, with a clean hearth; and after persisting two or three days, we were delighted to find that the hint was taken—that our clean hearthstone had brought about a decently brushed grate.

By this time we were presented with the key of the next cottage, together with a pressing invitation to extend the field of our operations. As days went on we began to feel a little proud of our success, such as it was, though it could not be said to have been achieved without difficulty. In the outset, all sorts of obstacles were placed in our way. It took us, for instance, some days to bring a certain dirty table to reason. After cleaning away sundry marks, such as beer-stains, which offended our sense of propriety, we invariably found it as dirty as ever. A more unmanageable piece of business than this obstinate old table is not often found. It really was depressing, as Lilian said, to find our efforts so entirely ignored, not to say set at naught; though of course we did not intend to yield. We tried the effect of placing a little round waiter on the table, in the hope that its use would suggest itself; but without any good result. At length I began to perceive that this was a case in which we were contending against one of the lords of creation, and that for some reason he considered it necessary to assert his independence.

'It's old Jemmy Rodgers as lives with his darter,' explained Sally Dent, to whom I had put a question upon the point. 'He says you ain't a-doing all this for nothing—'t ain't likely; and he ain't a-going to give in to the new ways till he knows for certain what's to come of it.'

'I should think he might be sure no harm could come of it.'

'He ain't so sure, Miss. *He* says' (carefully fixing the responsibility upon Jemmy Rodgers) 'that perhaps you only wants to make us all obligated to you, so as we can't shake you off when you comes by-and-by a-worriting about'——

'About what?' I asked, seeing that she hesitated to go on.

'Well, there; he says, most like you have got hold of some newfangled way for saving souls, and you wants to try it on we. William Marther, he says there's all sorts of new ways a-being tried up in London. But we are old-fashioned folks, and we've got enough to do to read our Bibles and 'tend to what the clergyman says. He's a good kind gentleman; and if he worrits a bit about the drink and all that, we don't mind it from he, because he shews us the texts for what he says, and there's no saying nay to *them.*'

I very gravely assured her that I had no intention whatever of worriting; and that we did not, at anyrate for the present, even desire to make the acquaintance of the cottagers.

'But you must have *some* reason for doing it, Miss; at least Jemmy Rodgers ses so,' said Sally Dent, eyeing us sharply.

'Tell Jemmy Rodgers that if he attended more to what Mr Wyatt teaches, he would not be so ready to doubt others,' I replied.

And leaving that to sink into Jemmy Rodgers' heart, we cleaned away at the table again. All to no purpose; that table represented Jemmy Rodgers' independence of us and our help, and we regularly found it in the same state every morning. But we made up our minds that even Jemmy Rodgers must have a weakness somewhere; and after a few diplomatic questions to Sally Dent, we discovered it. Once his weakness discovered, Jemmy Rodgers was vanquished, though it cost us five shillings to do it, and he really did not deserve to have that much spent upon him. But by-and-by perhaps, he would understand that it was the victory only which had been paid for. A neat little bracket was placed beside the fireplace, and on it, Jemmy Rodgers one evening found a pretty stone tobacco-jar filled with good tobacco, and a nice new pipe. Not a little curiously did we open the door the next morning. There was only one mark on the table, and that a very faint one, as a sort of feeble protest that Jemmy Rodgers was not to be bought; but after that we were left to our own devices; regarded, I think, as eccentric, but eccentric in a way that no one had any right to object to—something like children who had a fancy for playing at being servants.

Be that as it may, we were beginning to be rewarded in the way we most cared for. There were unmistakable signs of a disposition to keep the little homes in a more orderly state; and the delight our modest offerings in the way of ornament gave, was very marked as well as suggestive.

The love which the poor display for some little possession in the way of ornament, is not always, I think, sufficiently considered. I can only say that I have known one little thing of beauty, or even a faint and blurred image of beauty, to have a more refining influence in a cottage home than many would suspect. Wherever a cherished bit of china or what not is found, there will be also found some tendency towards making the surroundings more worthy of it.

I found that our proceedings not a little puzzled Mr Wyatt; an earnest, anxious, good man, well known as a friend to the poor in all directions. He too for a time was under the impression that we might possibly be paving the way to introduce doctrinal matters, and felt it, I think, to be his duty to ascertain what these were. It was, I knew, not by chance he one morning made his appearance at the door of a cottage we happened to be at work in. I was busily engaged hammering in a nail for a picture, and did not turn my head when the sunlight streamed in through the open doorway, imagining that Lilian had re-entered, she having gone to borrow a broom from the next house.

'A more wrong-headed nail than this never existed! We must not forget nails the next time we go to Grayleigh, Lilian.'

'I beg your pardon.'

I turned hastily round and met the eyes of Mr Wyatt. Descending from the chair, as gracefully as might be, with due regard to its ricketiness, I offered my hand.

'How do you do, Mr Wyatt? We are not quite strangers, I think?'

'No, indeed,' he replied, looking not a little relieved. Though in the interests of his poor, he had made up his mind to find out who and what we were, he was too much a gentleman to enjoy doing it. I knew afterwards that he had feared having to do battle with some lady with objectionable views and an objectionable way of advocating them; and it was therefore natural enough he should be a great deal relieved to see one of the members of his small congregation. As I have said elsewhere, Lilian and I had, in the prosperous days, preferred attending the primitive little church on the road to Grayleigh, to going to the newly built and more highly decorated church on the hill. And as the congregation consisted mostly of labouring people and the small shopkeepers in the village, it was natural that the appearance of two strangers should attract some attention, which had led to his introducing himself, and a pleasant acquaintance springing up between us.

It was this little church which the inmates of the 'Home,' as it was gracefully designated, attended; sitting in the organ-loft, where they were out of range of curious eyes; a consideration for which I afterwards found they were indebted to Mr Wyatt. We had frequently passed them on their road to church; and I had been painfully struck by the hopeless, not to say sullen and discontented aspect of most of the women, as they filed slowly along, the matron's rich silks and velvets in too marked a contrast to the ugliness of her charge's attire, which I thought savoured unnecessarily of prison uniform for those who were supposed to be struggling to free themselves from past associations.

Then I was disappointed that my occasional smile and word, as we stood aside for them to pass into the porch, should be considered an offence by the matron, as it so evidently was. And I could not see why I should not offer a few violets I was carrying, which the eyes of one of the women seemed to ask for as we passed them one morning in the road.

'I am to give 'em back, Miss,' she exclaimed, running after me and putting them into my hand. 'It's against rules, please—that is, the mistress says I mustn't have them.'

'Well, I cannot present you with the beautiful sky, and that lark's song, and the glorious sunshine, for they are yours already; but please take my good-wishes and give me yours.'

She stood gazing at me a moment, then turned away without a word, and ran back.

'This,' continued Mr Wyatt, '*is* a surprise, Miss Haddon. I did not at all expect to find you to be one of the mysterious ladies I have of late heard so much about from the cottagers here. Is Miss'——

'Yes; Miss Maitland is the other delinquent,' I smilingly replied, as he hesitated over the name, and so shewed me that he knew something of what had occurred. At this moment Lilian came in, her skirts and sleeves tucked up, a handkerchief tied corner-wise over her hair, and a broom in her hand.

'We really must contrive to squeeze a better broom than this out of next week's allowance, Mary; it won't go into the corners a bit.' (We had agreed to restrict ourselves to spending only so much a week upon our protégées, leaving the rest to our own ingenuity.) 'We cannot make brooms, you know; and oh'——

'Mr Wyatt, Lilian.'

He gave her a low bow in return for hers, and I fancied that I understood why he was a trifle more embarrassed with her than with me. Lilian had never looked more lovely than she did thus, her refined order of beauty idealising her working dress. The clear, deep-blue eyes, hair of *unpurchasable* gold, the soft rosy cheeks, and white delicately rounded arms bared to the elbow, what a charming picture it was! I do not think I would even have dispensed with the little stray black, which had perched itself at the edge of a dimple, much more effectively than anything in the way of a patch could do it. One might have imagined her the beautiful Princess who went as serving-maid in the Ogre's castle, protected only by her goodness and innocence—all-sufficient protectors in fairy tales, and more than they are always allowed to be in real life—to obtain the release of her captive father. She was so natural too, and devoid of all attempts to attract; and only sensitive as a pure good girl, with a delicate sense of truth and honour, is sensitive.

'You have heard what we are attempting here, Mr Wyatt?' I asked.

'Yes;' slowly and awkwardly. 'But I am not altogether sure that I understand your plan.'

I gave him a little explanation of what our intentions were; and he listened gravely and politely, though I could see that I did not entirely succeed in proselytising him. He was ready enough to give us credit for good intentions; but when we were bold enough to ask his opinion as to our succeeding, he acknowledged that he had not much hope of our being able to do permanent good. And when Lilian a little triumphantly told him about our success with Jemmy Rodgers, he smilingly pointed out that that was a success which had been purchased. In truth he confessed that he belonged to the old school, and did not take kindly to innovations.

'I do not, for example, like seeing a lady doing such work as Miss Maitland is doing for people who have quite enough time to keep their own homes clean and neat, if they would only do so, instead of going down to spend their spare hours at the village ale-house.'

'But we are hoping to get them to do that, Mr Wyatt,' said Lilian. 'We are trying to make the homes more attractive than the ale-houses.'

'I can only hope you will succeed, Miss Mervyn.'

'Well, I call it a tiny bit of success to get Meg Lane, as they call her, to brighten her fire-grate and clean her window.'

'Purchased,' he replied, smilingly.

But I could see that he advanced his objections hesitatingly and doubtfully; and I felt that he would be ready enough to acknowledge that we were right, whenever we could prove that we were; and we did not despair of that in time. Moreover, he had now no fear of our attempting to disturb the faith of his flock.

We came off a great deal better with Mr Wyatt than with the district visitors at the cottages; though even they recognised the wisdom of non-interference, and kept aloof, paying their weekly visits in the afternoons when we had retired. Nevertheless, we quite understood why we were always finding certain tracts of a very decided tendency placed in our way, had old Sally Dent not informed us that we were regarded as not being quite 'safe.' We just worked on, and did not intrude ourselves upon the residents at the cottages; not even knowing them by sight, and making a *détour* on our way to church on Sundays, for the purpose of avoiding them.

CHAPTER XXII.—MORE WEAK THAN WICKED.

Robert Wentworth took good care that our time should not hang heavily upon our hands when we were at home, urging us to work, and keeping us well supplied with books, such as he had gradually got me into the habit of reading—books which required some little mental exercise for their proper appreciation. Moreover, he demanded notes, a paraphrase, or criticism, upon all we read; being very exacting about our getting thoroughly to the root of the subject treated upon, and having no mercy upon what he termed a slovenly habit of thinking.

We were much amused at the tests he gave us, and the impossibility of throwing dust in his eyes. If Lilian wrote my thoughts upon a subject, and I hers, he detected which belonged to which with an unerring readiness which proved that our minds were as open books to him. The very difference in his treatment of us when he found us flagging, bantering—not to say taunting—me, and encouraging Lilian, I now think was a proof that he knew the kind of spur we each needed. And although I believed that he was doing all this for Lilian's sake, I was none the less grateful for the benefit it was to me. At his suggestion, Lilian was doing a little French with me, for which she gave me German; whilst our sketch-books were not allowed to lie entirely unused. All this, with what dear Mrs Tipper called our long walks—she did not as yet know how our mornings were employed—sent us healthily tired each night to bed.

Robert Wentworth came down twice and sometimes three times during the week; and after we had given him a *résumé* of the work we had done in the interval, we finished the evenings with music and singing. Lilian's voice was not her least charm. Then would come some triumph of dear Mrs Tipper's skill in the way of little appetising dainties for our substantial tea, and afterwards Lilian and I went along the lanes with him as far as the stile, which separated them from the fields, in the summer moonlight, bidding him good-night there.

It was a pleasant life, though at the time I naturally could not think it *the* pleasantest; it was merely the pleasant peaceful prelude—the, so to speak, preparation for the fuller life to come. But best of all, Lilian was beginning to enter into it with real enjoyment, less as a life lived from duty than from love.

'It is what I never hoped for—to see my darling get over it so well as this!' confided dear Mrs Tipper to me.

'They cannot at anyrate call her broken-hearted at present,' was my cheerful rejoinder.

'No, indeed, dear. I shall begin now to hope that by-and-by some one more worthy of her may have a chance; and I shall yet live to see my Lilian's children about me.—And you too will be thinking of getting married presently, dear?' with what I fancied was an inquiring glance.

I murmured something to the effect that perhaps my time would come; even then shrinking a little nervously from entering into details.

'Of course it will, dear; and Lilian's too. Already there is Mr Wyatt making all sorts of excuses for finding his way to the cottage. A nice gentleman; isn't he, dear—shews what brings him so plain too; doesn't he?'

Yes, he did shew it plainly; no doubt of that. If he did not already love Lilian, he was on the very verge of it. But that was not at all in accordance with my hopes.

'You forget Mr Wentworth,' I put in smilingly. She looked up into my face for a moment; then bent over her knitting again, as I went on: 'I think you must have guessed what brings *him* so often down here, now?'

'Yes, Mary; yes, I have, dear.'

'And so have I; but I suppose it's early days for talking of it yet.'

'Very well, dear; you know best about that, of course. I will only say that Robert Wentworth is a great favourite of mine.'

'That is because he is so good, auntie,' said Lilian, who had caught the last words as she entered the room. 'He is the very best and kindest friend we have known.'

'The *very* best, dearie?' I asked.

She flushed to her temples; then, after a moment, repeated in a low clear tone: 'The very best and kindest, Mary.'

I was quite satisfied. No love-lorn damsel could talk in that way. Arthur Trafford no longer disturbed her peace. Everything was going on favourably for Robert Wentworth; and the sooner poor Mr Wyatt was allowed to perceive the real state of the case, the better for his future peace.

Two months had glided thus pleasantly away. There was now only one shadow upon Lilian's mind, though that was an abiding one. The wrong done to the innocent mother was not likely to be forgotten by her child. It was that, and *not* the loss of her lover, which caused the soft yearning regretful expression that still lingered in the beautiful blue eyes.

Fortunately, we had accustomed ourselves to think of Arthur Trafford as Miss Farrar's lover, before the news reached us that it was so; and I was very proud of Lilian's calm reception of it. After that, it was easy to get over the additional information that the marriage was arranged to take place very shortly.

Marian adopted the tone—I think I knew by whom it was suggested—of Arthur Trafford having been badly treated by Lilian, who had cruelly cast him off; and that made matters easier for us all. As Marian said, Lilian could not blame her for accepting one whom she herself had rejected. Nor had she had any misgivings about his love. Fortunately for her own peace, she did not suspect that Arthur Trafford's love for her was less than hers for him. And the readiness with which he had transferred his affections was interpreted in the same convenient way. 'The truth is, he had not seen *me* when he engaged himself to Lilian,' she confided to me in a little aside. '*You* knew he admired me from the very first; now, didn't you, Miss Haddon? I don't blame you *now* for being cross about his paying me such compliments when he was engaged to Lilian; he really couldn't help it, poor fellow! And I do believe that if Lilian had played her cards well, he would have acted honourably to her; he says he should. But you can't blame me for being glad things have turned out as they have, neither. Caroline says only *envious* people would blame me.'

I really did not much blame her. I suppose she acted up to her perception in the matter; and I know she meant now to be good-natured. I will do her the justice to say she was honestly glad to find that Lilian shewed no sign of distress at the engagement.

'If you had been miserable or disagreeable about it, I don't know what I should have done, dear,' she said with engaging confidence. 'It would be like that story in the what's-its-name, you know, two sisters in love with the same man. Though I don't think—I'm *sure* I shouldn't have poisoned you. I expect I should have joined your hands, and then died of a broken heart;' sentimentally.

At which Lilian broke into a smile, and Marian was satisfied. In truth, no one could now have imagined Lilian a love-sick damsel, so improved was she in health and spirits by our present life.

Marian was very pressing with us to be present at the wedding, which was to be a very grand one, she told us.

'But I tell Caroline, I shan't care for it a bit if Lilian won't be first bridesmaid. And it shouldn't cost you a penny, dear,' she urged. 'Everything of the very best, and made at Madame Michaud, if you will only say you will come?'

But Lilian was firm; and then Marian tried the effect of her persuasive powers upon Mrs Tipper.

'You really must, aunt. It would look worse for you to stop away than even for Lilian—my own aunt!'

But Mrs Tipper also shewed that it was not to be thought of; and Marian at length came to the conclusion that their refusal arose from their sense of the wrong done to Lilian's mother; though she was quite as much at a loss to account for that as for everything else we did.

'I don't see why you should be so put out about a thing which can't be helped. When it was thought that it was *my* Ma who had been taken in, I behaved sensibly about it; and why can't Lilian and you do the same?'

Great preparations were being made for the event; and a great deal of company—'Caroline's' friends—was constantly at Fairview. Rumours reached us that the bridegroom expectant was not in very good health; indeed it was said that the marriage was being hastened on that account, a change of climate having been recommended for a while.

I saw him once only before his marriage, and that happened by chance. Had Lilian really suffered from his desertion of her—had I felt any desire to see her avenged—I must have been satisfied. As it was I felt almost inclined to pity him, as more weak than wicked. I do not believe that any utterly bad man would be as heartily ashamed of himself as Arthur Trafford appeared to be when he saw Lilian for the first time after his approaching marriage with 'Miss Farrar' was announced.

The Fairview party were attending morning service at the little church to which Lilian and I went. I do not think that they had the slightest expectation of seeing us there; since they could not know that we should choose the long walk to that out-of-the-way little church, in preference to attending the one in the village. Most probably they went there for the drive, or perhaps to create a little sensation, which Miss Farrar was candid enough to acknowledge she had a *penchant* for doing.

They were shewn into the best pew, as befitted people who had arrived in state, the old clerk himself seeing that their wants in the way of hassocks and hymn-books were duly supplied, before signing to his subordinate to cease pulling *the* bell, and stepping back into the vestry for Mr Wyatt, whom he always carefully buttoned into his reading-desk before shutting himself up in his own square box beneath. How thankful I felt that although Arthur Trafford could see Lilian, she was so placed that she could not see him. I was glad too that he should see her thus—shewing no traces of suffering from his desertion, her face blooming with the delicate rose-tint of health, and its whole expression calm, and sweet, and pure; whilst she joined in the service in a way which betokened no wandering thoughts, unconscious of the eyes bent upon her half in shame, half in regret. He was surprised, I fancied even disagreeably so, to find his loss borne so calmly as this. And though he no doubt persuaded himself that he was glad to see that his desertion had not permanently injured her, his vanity was wounded.

It was just as well that the bride-elect had no misgivings about herself, and was too much occupied in admiring some bracelets, which I suppose she was wearing for the first time, to notice the direction of her lover's eyes. She did not perceive us where we sat, and I contrived to whisper a few words so as to draw Lilian's attention from them, as they passed down the aisle on their way out. They had driven away before she knew that they had been there, and I was rejoiced to find that her walk home was none the less enjoyed for my telling her of it.

The following evening Lilian was seated at the piano trying a new song which Robert Wentworth had brought down with him. He was standing by her side, listening attentively and critically, stopping her every now and then, to make her go over the ground again, frankly pointing out defects of style or what not, as his habit was with all we did. A glorious July evening.

The world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task has ended in the west.

I was sitting at the open window, my eyes turned towards the hill-side, bathed in the glory of departing day, my mind attuned to Lilian's music, and reflecting the *couleur de rose* of the scene outside. I was indulging myself with a peep into dreamland, though a little doubtfully, and somewhat as an interloper, liable at any time to be warned off the enchanted ground, which, in my self-consciousness, I told myself youth alone has a right to enter, when my attention was attracted towards Becky, standing at the door and beckoning me out of the room.

'A letter for you, Miss; just come by the evening post,' she whispered, slipping it into my hand when I joined her outside. I noticed that Becky always called me aside to give me the foreign letters now; as though she intuitively felt that I should prefer to receive them when alone.

I thanked her with a look; and hastily catching up my garden-hat, slipped by the window and out at the gate, unobserved; then hurried down the lane to read my precious letter at the stile, in the red glory of the sunset.

A letter from Philip—and what a letter!—'My wife—my dear wife. At last I am setting my face homewards'——

Ah, well; I think I will tell the rest in my own words. I have been chary of quoting Philip's letters hitherto, and they shall be sacred still. Enough for me to say that his affairs were definitely settled at last. He loved me—he *did* love me—in a way which it made me humble to think of; humble, and proud, and glad, with all a woman's strength and depth. Ah! Philip, for once I was satisfied for your sake; it *was* something stronger, and deeper, and more enduring than a girl's love awaiting you!

How tenderly he wrote about the pain which the long waiting had cost him! How tenderly he dwelt upon what he termed my unselfishness in acceding to the delay! How rejoiced he seemed to be at last able to claim me—'*me*,' I repeated, nodding pleasantly at a wild rose peeping round the hedge. 'You wouldn't imagine it, I daresay, but it is true, nevertheless.'

Philip had never written like this before; never until now had it been so evident how much the long waiting had cost him. Whilst I had sometimes tormented myself with fears lest the separation should at length have become a matter of course to him, he had been silently rebelling. I could only judge how much by the sudden revulsion—the contrast in his tone now that the waiting was at an end.

He had made enough to satisfy us two, without any more 'money-grubbing,' as he termed it. He would have nearly two thousand a year when he had retired from the partnership and all was settled. We could now live the life we had dreamt of in the old times, with the gratification of knowing that we had earned it. Any time after the middle of next month he might be expected. 'And you must amuse yourself in the meantime in deciding where we are to pitch our tent. Look about for a house after your own heart for us to settle down in;' and so forth, and so forth. Was ever woman so blessed! My whole being steeped in happiness, I clasped my hands upon the top bar of the stile and tried to offer up a thanksgiving. What had I done to deserve all the happiness showered upon me? What was I that I should be so blessed? But mental prayer was not enough. There was the irresistible desire to *give* as well as receive, which is experienced in all seasons of great joy. Who can love one truly without being in more sympathy with all humanity! I only know that I felt I could not bear my happiness aright until I had, so to speak, consecrated it by some act of love.

I slipped my letter into the bosom of my dress, turned down the lane which ran at right angles with that leading from the cottage, and walked swiftly on. On I went, without thinking whither; yielding to the impulse upon me, without pausing to ask myself how far I should have to go, or what I should find to do in those silent lanes. Was some subtle influence at work with me, of which at the time I was not conscious? Was some guardian spirit leading me towards an end it was not necessary for me to see? I only know that I shall never believe it was only chance which led me to a certain spot that night!

SUBMARINE CABLES.

THEIR MANUFACTURE.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago the first submarine cable was laid across the Strait of Dover. This was a single copper wire covered in gutta-percha, which parted next day; and the first practicable submarine cable was laid in 1851, on the same route. Since then the progress of ocean telegraphy has been extraordinary; no fewer than six cables spanning the Atlantic bed—five to North America (although these are not all working), and one to South America by way of Madeira and Pernambuco. And so extensive is the already existing network of foreign cables, that when Asia is united to America by cabling the Pacific, the electric girdle round the world will be complete from east to west, as it now is between north and south.

In this great development of telegraphy our countrymen have unquestionably furnished both the lion's share of the work and the capital. The cables have nearly all been manufactured in London, which is the headquarters of telegraphy.

The principal parts of a submarine cable are: the *conductor;* the *insulator;* and the *protector* or sheathing. The conductor, as its name implies, is the wire which conducts or conveys the electric current from one place to another. It corresponds to the iron wire of our ordinary open air or land lines of telegraph. Along this wire, as is well known, the current from the battery at the station from which the message is being sent travels to the station receiving the message, where it passes to the earth, and appears to return through the earth to the battery again; thus *completing its circuit.* There are two distinct parts of the circuit which the current has to traverse—namely, the outgoing part, represented by the wire or *conductor;* and the return part, represented by the earth itself; and inasmuch as these two parts must be kept distinct and apart throughout their length, the wire which is laid along the earth's surface must be kept apart from the earth, to secure which the conductor is entirely surrounded with an *insulator.* In land lines, erected on posts overhead, the wire is separated or insulated from the earth by the air, which is, when dry, the most perfect insulator known; and at the points of support, contact with the earth is prevented by the use of porcelain, stoneware, or vulcanite 'insulators,' to which the conducting wire is fastened.

An insulator is a non-conducting substance, impervious, so to speak, to electricity. It is the theoretical antipodes of a conductor. While the conductor is a substance through or over which electricity flows freely, the insulator will neither permit electricity to pass through its mass nor over its surface. It can therefore be used as a means of confining electricity to a conductor, and preventing it from escaping to other conductors in the neighbourhood. In short it can be made to insulate or isolate the particular conductor from all other conductors. Its use in a submarine cable is to confine the electric current to the conductor or wire, so that it travels along it from one station to the other without escaping to the water, and through that to the earth (which, as we have already said, is the neighbouring conductor, and the return part of the circuit) on its way. It is therefore of course important that there shall be no flaw in the insulator, and in order to protect it from strain and violence, it is covered with a strong guard or sheathing. This outer sheathing or protector, which is composed of twisted metal strands, is purely mechanical. Only the conductor and the insulator are concerned in the *electrical* requirements of the cable.

The conductor is invariably of copper wire, that metal being chosen because, next to silver, which is of course too expensive, it is the best metallic conductor of electricity. The metals, as distinguished from most other minerals, are excellent conductors of electricity; that is to say, they oppose relatively *less resistance* to the passage of the electric current through their mass. There is an economy of power in using a good conductor for the telegraphic line. The current is less weakened when the resistance to its passage along the line of wire is less, and it is therefore capable of more powerful effects throughout the route, and consequently at the other end. The conductivity or conducting power of a wire increases with the thickness of the wire; and therefore by taking a thicker wire of a more common metal than copper (such as iron), the resistance to the passage of the current may be made as small as when a thin copper wire is employed. But it is important that the conductor of a submarine cable, especially of a long one, should be of as fine dimensions as possible, in order to economise insulating material and sheathing, and reduce the total weight of the finished line. Therefore the advantages in point of price of iron wire over copper in the first place, would be greatly overbalanced by the increased cost of insulating and sheathing it. It is of the greatest importance that the copper wire of the cable should be as pure as possible, for the slightest trace of arsenic or other foreign element is sufficient to hamper, in some mysterious way, the swift course of the subtle current, and very materially to weaken the conducting power of the wire.

In a few cables the copper conductor has been made in the form of a single thick wire; but for the sake of greater flexibility and less risk of breakage, it is generally made in the form of a strand of three or more, and frequently of seven wires; six set round a central one. The wires are wound together in a spiral strand, and their interstices filled with an adhesive substance called Chatterton's Compound, a mixture of resin, gutta-percha, and Stockholm tar. This compound not only renders the strand solid, and impervious to water, but also acts as an adhesive connection between the copper conductor itself and the insulator with which it is to be coated. Bound together with this or similar pitchy compounds, the conductor and the insulator form a solid *core* expanding and contracting together.

The insulator is always either of gutta-percha or india-rubber, but most frequently the former; and it is of course essential that there shall be no flaw or defect, such as an air-bubble or steam-vesicle, or hair or thread inclosed so as to deteriorate its insulating properties. To guard against such accidents, it is usual to apply a series of coatings to make up the total thickness of the insulator. Accordingly, when one coating has cooled, a layer of Chatterton's Compound is applied to it, and another coating overlaid, and so on, until the required amount of insulating material has been put on.

Whether the insulating substance is gutta-percha or india-rubber, there is generally wound round it a serving of untarred hemp or jute yarn, which has either been tanned or soaked in brine as a preservative. This is to act as a padding or cushion for the iron sheathing or protector next to be applied. This serving is applied in the following way. A circular disc or frame, carrying on one face a series of bobbins which hold the threads of the yarn, is kept revolving. The core is made to pass through a hole in the centre of this disc, and the threads are wound spirally round it as the disc revolves.

The iron wires of the sheathing, which completely inclose and cover the served core, are wound on by the powerful 'cable machines,' whose operation is so interesting a feature in a visit to a cable factory. The great revolving disc, seven or eight feet in diameter, is set round with iron bobbins filled with the iron sheathing wires. These bobbins are *suspended* on the face of the disc, so that as the disc revolves they always preserve their fixed position with respect to the earth. In this way the wires themselves are not twisted round their own axes as they are laid on the core. These wires are generally of the best homogeneous iron wire, that is, a wire intermediate in quality between iron and steel, and uniting some of the toughness of the former to the strength of the latter. They are sometimes themselves covered with a serving of the best tarred Manilla hemp; sometimes laid on in single wires abutting against each other, so as to form a smooth and complete casing for the cable; and sometimes they are applied in strands of three wires, each abutting against each other. The composite sheathing of hemp and iron is usually applied to the deep-sea portion of a cable where, in laying, a union of lightness and strength is demanded, and where, when once laid, the cable is not likely to be molested. The single-wire sheathing is applied to cables to be laid in shallower depths, such as coast-waters; and the heavy-strand sheathing is for protecting the cable in anchorages and on sea-beaches. The light-sheathed cable is called 'main' or 'deep-sea cable;' the medium is called 'intermediate;' and the heavy-sheathed cable is called 'shore-end.' There is seldom more of the last than ten or twelve miles, to carry the cable well out of reach of the abrasion of storm-shifted boulders and coast anchorage. The intermediate usually extends until deep water has been reached, where the deep-sea portion takes its place. These three types of cable are connected together by 'taper pieces.' The core is of course uniform throughout the entire length of the cable; but the taper pieces serve to connect the different types of sheathing artistically and soundly with each other. The intermediate cable generally has its sheathing wires covered with a serving of mineral pitch, silica, and hemp of a coarse quality, in order to ward off as long as possible the dissolving action of the sea-water.

The cable being thus finished at the manufactory, it is coiled into large iron tanks, and there immersed in brine until it is shipped for transport and laying.

All the materials of a submarine cable are carefully watched and tested—the iron wire, for stretching, twisting, and breaking stress, and the core for all its electric properties. The special properties of every knot or mile of the core are chronicled, so that a complete account of every part of the cable is preserved during its progress of manufacture. And after it is made, it is tested electrically every day, to see that no change takes place in its electric qualities. These electric tests are three in number: For *resistance*—the resistance of the copper wire to the passage of the current. For *inductive capacity*—the amount of charge or quantity of electricity which the cable will take up. For *insulation resistance*—the insulating power of the gutta-percha coating.

These tests are made by direct comparison with units, just as bodies are weighed by comparison with a pound or unit of weight. The unit of electric resistance is the *ohm;* so called after the celebrated German physicist and electrician Ohm. The ohm is the resistance of a certain length of platinum-silver wire determined by a Committee of the British Association. Multiples of the ohm are readily obtained, and these are arranged and made up into what are called *resistance-boxes*—the practical tool of the electrician. A resistance-box usually contains coils of platinum-silver wire of from five thousand ohms downwards to single ohms or fractions of an ohm. It is with this finely graduated tool that the electrician compares the resistance, or in other words ascertains the conducting power of the cable.

The unit of measurement of the *insulation resistance* of the cable is a very high multiple of the ohm, called the *meg-ohm* or million-ohms; for inasmuch as the insulator is, technically speaking, a non-conductor, its office is to exercise the necessary resistance to the escape of the current. The unit for capacity is called a *micro-farad* or millionth part of the *Farad*, which derives its name from Faraday, and represents a certain *quantity* of electricity. The practical tool for the micro-farad is a contrivance called a *condenser*, a description of which, without the aid of drawings, would be too technical for our readers. A submarine cable is itself, however, a particular form of such a condenser. The copper wire is one of the opposed conductors, the sheathing, earth, and sea-water form the other, and these are separated from each other by the insulating coating of gutta-percha. It is a curious fact that when a charge of electricity is communicated to the copper wire of a cable, it *induces* a charge of an opposite kind in the earth outside. This inductive property of an insulated wire contiguous to the earth has an important bearing on practical telegraphy; for inasmuch as the communicated charge and the induced charge attract each other, the former travels less swiftly along the wire; it is held back, as it were, by the retarding influence of the earth's induced charge; or in other words has a tendency to ooze out of the cable instead of travelling uninterruptedly to the other end. It is of consequence, therefore, to ascertain the inductive capacity of a cable; as the less it is, the greater will the *speed* of signalling be.

The resistances and capacity of a cable are usually tested, according to the standards of resistance and capacity—that is, with the ohm, meg-ohm, and micro-farad—by measuring the strength of an electric current passing through the cable, by means of an instrument called the galvanometer, or current measurer. Its principle depends upon the fact, discovered by Oersted, the famous Copenhagen philosopher, that when a current is sent along a wire in the neighbourhood of a freely suspended magnetic needle, the needle will be deflected into a new position, and this position will be to right or to left according as the current of one kind or the other is sent through the wire. Moreover, the amount of deflection will be directly proportional to the *strength* of the current. This great discovery, which gave an incalculably great impetus to the progress of the telegraph, is the theoretical basis of the galvanometer. One form of this instrument, used to test submarine cables, is called the 'reflecting galvanometer,' and is the invention of Sir William Thomson. The wire through which the current to be measured is made to pass, consists of a great many turns of silk-covered or insulated copper of a very fine gauge, forming a hollow coil, in the heart of which a very diminutive magnetic needle is suspended by a gossamer-like filament of floss silk. This magnet (or magnets, for there are generally more than one) carries a tiny circular mirror, the whole arrangement of magnets and mirror being no longer than (≡). A beam of light is thrown from a lamp in front on to the mirror, and reflected back again on to a graduated pasteboard scale. When the current to be measured is sent throughout the coiled wire surrounding the magnets, they are turned horizontally on their former position, and the mirror is inclined round with them, so that the reflected beam of light is moved along the scale, the distance to which it is moved being a measure of the current strength.

Now when the current from a given battery or source of electricity is made to pass through wires of different resistances, the strength of the current which will pass through these wires can be made a measure of their resistances; and therefore, when the current from a particular battery is sent through the conductor of the cable or to test the insulator, and in each case measured by the galvanometer, and compared with the current from the same source which will flow through the units of comparison, the copper resistance and insulation resistance can be obtained.

In a somewhat similar way the capacity—the *amount* of electricity which a cable will take—is compared with the capacity of a standard condenser or measure of capacity. The opposite plates or sheets of the condenser are charged by a particular battery; and as these charges are eager to flow into each other and unite, but are held apart by the insulator, they may be allowed to do so through a wire or other conductor. The discharge of the opposite electricities into one another sets up a short powerful current in this wire, and its strength is proportional to the quantity of electricity discharged; that is, to the capacity of the condenser. If the coil of the galvanometer be substituted for this discharging wire, the strength of this discharge will be measured by the deflection of the gleam of light on the scale. By charging alternately, therefore, the condenser and the cable from the same battery, and observing their respective discharges by means of the galvanometer, the capacities of the cable and condenser are compared.

The speed of signalling through a submarine cable, that is to say the number of words per minute that can be transmitted through it, varies with the resistance of its conductor, its inductive capacity, and its length; and it is by a consideration of these properties, together with weight and cost of material, that its form and dimensions are designed; and on this interesting subject we may have a few words to say in a future paper.

LIFE IN ST KILDA.

FIRST PAPER.

For the following interesting account of the island of St Kilda, we are indebted to Mr J. Sands, a gentleman who has more than once visited the rock, and who upon one occasion was detained there for several months by stress of weather. As will be seen by his narrative—the first portion of which we now offer to our readers—he utilised his opportunities for observing not only the manners and customs of the natives, but many curious facts connected with the natural history and even the archæology of the islet. With these few words of preface, we leave Mr Sands to tell his story.

Far out in the Atlantic—forty-nine miles west from Obe in the Sound of Harris, and forty-three from Shillay in the Outer Hebrides—there is a group of islands, evidently of volcanic origin, the largest of which, called *Hirta* by the inhabitants, and St Kilda by strangers, contains a small community who speak Gaelic only, and have all Highland names. This island, which is about three miles long by two broad, is bounded on the north-east and south-west by enormous precipices that rise like walls out of the sea. These cliffs are frequented by vast numbers of sea-fowl; by puffins, cormorants, guillemots, auks, and other birds. A species of gull called the fulmar also abounds, and is of great value to the inhabitants, who salt the flesh for food in winter and sell the oil and feathers. St Kilda is the only island in Great Britain where that bird breeds. About three miles to the north-east of St Kilda is an island called Boreray, which is the great resort of solan-geese, which also frequent the *stacks* or isolated rocks adjacent.

The population of St Kilda numbers at present seventy-five souls. It was considerably larger some two centuries ago. Where the community originally came from no one knows. Their early history is lost in darkness; but it can be traced back to the fourteenth century. In 1697 Martin visited the island, and wrote a quaint but faithful account of it. At present there is no regular communication between St Kilda and any other place except by a boat called 'the smack,' which is sent out by the proprietor (MacLeod of MacLeod) twice a year—namely in summer and autumn, to collect the rents, to carry away the produce, and to furnish supplies. Some bold yachtsman generally pays the island a hurried visit about the end of summer; but as the anchorage is dangerous, he seldom or never remains more than two or three hours. Some of the natives have been as far as Lewis, Harris, and Uist, and surprise the others with tales of the wonders they have seen in those distant places; a man with a wooden leg having apparently created the greatest interest. But the majority have never been farther than Boreray. No people can be more isolated or less indebted to their neighbours for example or instruction in the ways of civilised life. Notwithstanding this, it will be difficult to find a better-behaved community—one more pious, sober, industrious, polite, and hospitable.

I had always a great desire to see this *Ultima Thule*, and in 1875 the proprietor's factor agreed to give me a passage in his smack to the island. On the 3d of June I landed, and at my own desire was left behind when the smack sailed from the bay on the 6th. I remained on St Kilda about seven weeks, and passed the time in rambling about the island, trying to learn Gaelic, making excursions to the other islands in the boats along with the natives, and in visiting them in their homes. I lived in a house by myself and cooked my own food. I had a set of bagpipes with me and a flute, and when threatened with melancholy cheered myself with a tune on these instruments. I bought some biscuits, oatmeal, &c., and a sheep or two, and the women kept me supplied gratis with turf for my fire. At the end of seven weeks the yacht *Crusader* came into the bay, the owner of which kindly gave me a passage to Greenock. Before I left St Kilda I had an opportunity of seeing how the trade was conducted—the low prices which the poor people received for their produce, and the high prices they were obliged to pay for their supplies, and I felt no little sympathy for them. Animated with a desire to better their condition and assimilate themselves with their more fortunate brethren of the mainland, they requested me several times to try to get them a boat large enough to carry a crew and cargo to Harris, where they might carry on their trade on more profitable terms than with the proprietor. On my return home I got a boat built for them, and started a subscription to pay for her. I further resolved to go out in her myself, so as to see her safely delivered to the people, and to give them a little enlightenment as to the prices of commodities in the outer world.

On the 30th May 1876 I arrived at Lochgilphead to get possession of the boat, which seemed suitable for the purpose; and by the kind assistance of Messrs Hutcheson, the well-known ship-owners, I reached Stornoway, *en route* for St Kilda, in safety.

I remained in Stornoway weather-bound until the 12th June, and whilst waiting for a fair wind to continue our voyage westward, let me narrate a mysterious occurrence, bearing on my narrative, that took place some years ago.

In the month of April 1864 a boat left St Kilda for Stornoway with a woman and seven men on board. Every man had a chest, and the woman a small box; and they took provisions with them, and some salt-fish and home-spun cloth to pay expenses. The islanders went up the hill called Oswald or *Osimhal* and watched the boat for several hours. All seemed well. The woman in the boat intended to visit some relations at Loch Inver.

On a Sunday about a month afterwards, three London smacks entered the bay and brought the news that the boat was lost near Lewis with all on board. Never doubting the truth of the intelligence, the inhabitants gave vent to their grief without restraint. The three skippers came on shore and beguiled the time by playing quoits with flat stones, and when they witnessed the agitation of the bereaved St Kildans, they jeered in mockery. There was no minister on the island at the time, but a probationer called Kennedy filled the office. Although he understood English as well as Gaelic, he never thought of taking a note of the names of the smacks. The St Kildans say the crews belonged to London, but that *one man could speak Gaelic.* Some time afterwards some of the clothes of the missing men, torn as if in a scuffle, were brought to St Kilda by the then factor, and were said to have been found in a cave at Lewis. The people got gradually resigned to their fate, although I heard them on my first visit declare that they believed the lost crew had been murdered. But I thought at the time that this was a preposterous suspicion, which could only be entertained by people living in solitude and ignorant of the world outside. But strange to relate I was told by Mr MacIver, banker in Stornoway, that a letter had been received from a firm in the Transvaal Republic, by the minister of Harris, stating that Donald MacKinnon, one of the lost crew, had just died at Pilgrim's Rest, Lydenburg Gold-fields, of a fever, and had left property to the amount of thirty-seven pounds. On my expressing a suspicion that the strange story might be untrue, Mr MacIver informed me that the money had actually been lodged with him.

Why Donald MacKinnon had never written to St Kilda to inform his father and other relatives of his fate, is a mystery that none can fathom. But if he was preserved, it is possible that some others of the missing crew may have been saved too. I may mention that Sir John MacLeod, then proprietor of St Kilda, caused an inquiry to be made at Lewis at the time the boat was lost; but without eliciting any information.

At Stornoway, I was introduced to Captain Macdonald of the fishery cruiser *Vigilant,* and hospitably entertained in that smart vessel. He seemed desirous to give me a convoy to St Kilda; but the Board, to whom I applied, declined to allow him to leave his station. On the 12th June, however, he took me on board and my boat in tow, and conveyed us to the island of Scalpa, where I abode for several days in the house of Mr Campbell, the chief man of the island, who treated me with true Highland hospitality. Mr Campbell's house stands on the site of one recently demolished, in which Prince Charlie found shelter when hiding from his enemies. A stone above the door bearing an inscription in Gaelic, records the fact. In one of the cottages in Scalpa I saw about a dozen girls thickening blankets; this they did by tossing them about upon a broad board. One of the girls sung a Gaelic song, whilst the others joined in the chorus. On my entering the room the songstress cleverly composed a verse about me. I was much interested with this ancient Highland custom.

The land in Scalpa is poor and boggy; but some of the people are fine specimens of humanity—good-looking and polite. Some of them expressed an opinion that the island was over-populated, which I am afraid is the case, although I should be sorry to see such men leave the country. On the 17th, the *Vigilant,* which had returned to Stornoway, again called at Scalpa, and took me and my boat on to Obe in the Sound of Harris. The navigation of these straits is considered very difficult; but Captain Macdonald, as if to display his seamanship, ran down the Sound and then tacked up again without fear, and in a manner that excited my admiration. I had never seen a smarter vessel or seaman.

At Obe I found the factor's smack lying weather-bound. Here also I saw two St Kildan women who had come to Harris nine months previously, and were yearning to be home again, never having heard from their husbands since they left. On the 18th the *Vigilant* returned to Stornoway.

At Obe I engaged two men to work the boat to St Kilda, agreeing to pay them eight pounds for the trip, but stipulating that when the boat reached the bay they were to have no further claim upon me. This seems a large sum; but for all I knew they might have had to live for weeks in the island without a chance of returning. However, they arranged with the smack's skipper (an old friend) for a return passage; and on the 21st, at seven in the morning, we set sail—two men and myself in the new boat, a rope connecting us with the smack. When about half-way St Kilda was descried on the western horizon—'suspected more than seen,' for though the day was bright and sunny a thick haze obscured the distance. We reached the island about five in the evening, and separating from the smack, cast our anchor near the shore. Soon a crowd began to gather on the rocks, but they did not seem in a hurry to launch their boat. I observed one of the women who had come with the smack standing on deck and holding up her infant (born during her absence from St Kilda) in a triumphant manner, although she was too distant to be seen from the shore. At length a boat is pushed off and pulls towards us; the crew stare doubtfully at me, and then, as they come alongside, repeat my name and grasp my hand. I and the two men who had come with me jump into the shore-boat, and are landed on the rocky bank amidst a crowd of men and women. But whilst I am busy shaking hands with this old friend and that, one of the Harris men suddenly discloses the story about the lost boat and Donald MacKinnon, and in a moment all is confusion, grief, and amazement. Women squat upon the ground and chant their lamentations; and men stand with open mouths and eyes and mutter observations in Gaelic on the wonderful news.

The boat goes off to the smack and brings the two women on shore, where they are received with conjugal kisses. Ten months had elapsed from the receipt in Harris of the letter from Africa until its arrival in St Kilda—although the one place is visible from the other in a clear day.

I must now try to describe the village. It is built on a comparatively level piece of ground about twenty feet above the sea, at the foot of steep hills, has a southerly exposure, and consists of nineteen cottages, arranged like a crescent. They are plainly built and roofed with zinc. They were erected about fourteen years ago. But the old huts in which the people formerly dwelt still stand, and are picturesque structures. The walls of these are double, with turf packed in between. They are built without lime, and are thatched with straw, held down by ropes of the same material attached to stones. They are said to have been very warm and comfortable. In some of them are beds in the wall, accessible by a hole like the mouth of a baker's oven. These huts are now used as cow-houses, barns, and cellars, and are similar to the houses in Lewis, Harris, and other islands of the Hebrides. I include the manse or parsonage in the above number, although it is rather better built. At the back of it stands the church, a modern and ugly building. The plan of the village was until lately like the framework of a boy's kite; but the staff is now gone, and the bow alone remains. In front of the village and between it and the sea, is a patch of arable ground of about fifteen or twenty acres in extent, divided into lots. There are also patches of arable ground behind the village. The whole is inclosed by a massive dry stone wall, to keep off cattle. But what chiefly excites the attention and wonder of the stranger is the immense number of small houses everywhere to be seen around the village and clustered all over the island, up even to the summit of the hills. These are called *clætan*, and are used as storehouses for turf and grass. They are called pyramids by Martin. In general they are built so narrow that single stones can be laid from one wall to the other to form the roof. Some of these primitive structures are said to be ancient; but I have seen others erected on exactly the same system, for architecture has not changed in St Kilda, as in other places. Behind the village the steep hills rise to a considerable height, Connagher being one thousand three hundred feet above the sea. The bay or loch is open on the south-east. It is sheltered on the south-west by a long craggy island called the Dun.

On the 24th, the factor's smack left for Dunvegan. Before going on board he presented a document to the men, who were all assembled on the shore, and requested them to sign it. He made no objection to their trying to go to Harris in the new boat; but he wanted to know if they wished the proprietor to send supplies as usual. The men seemed resolved to make use of the new boat; but were persuaded by the minister to sign the paper. I was not pleased at this transaction, for although the boat was found very useful in making trips to the other islands for birds, she was procured for the express purpose of enabling the people to trade with Harris. When they had signed the paper, which bound them still to continue their transactions with the factor, my object was in a measure frustrated, and the islanders had no alternative but that of still relying upon the smack for their autumn supply of oatmeal and other articles from the mainland.

For a few days I took lodgings in one of the cottages; but afterwards I got a house to myself, and cooked my own food.

On the 29th of June I went with a party of eighteen men and boys in the new boat to the island of Boreray. All the men but two, who were left to take charge of the boat, ascended the cliffs, and I was tempted to go along with them. With the end of a rope round my waist, held by a man who preceded me, I clambered up such paths as one may see in a nightmare. I thought it best not to look too far ahead, but to keep my attention fixed on the ground at my feet. Sometimes I was indebted to my guide for a pull up some difficult bit; and I succeeded in reaching the top. The height was probably eight hundred feet—the highest rocks on this island being over a thousand. Some of the cliffs were white with solan-geese. All the men dispersed and descended the cliffs to catch fulmars, and I was left in charge of a youth called *Callum Beag*, or Little Malcolm, who will retain the same name although he grows to six feet.

It is the custom of the St Kildans to send a party of young women to this island every year to catch puffins for the sake of the feathers. During my first visit I had gone with such a party to Boreray, and saw them at work. Rearing their young in holes in the turf, these curious birds (called *Tammie Nories* in some places) require dodging to get at, and great care in handling, as their bite is very severe. Being acquainted with their habits, the women take dogs with them, which are taught to alarm the puffins and to catch them as they flutter out of their holes. The girls also place hair-ropes on the ground, held down at the ends by stones. Nooses of horse-hair are affixed to the rope, into which the birds (which frequent this island in incredible numbers) push their feet. In this way some of the girls catch as many as four or five hundred puffins in a day. The young women remain about three weeks on the island, all alone by themselves. They work until they drop asleep. Every one takes her Gaelic Bible with her, for all can read with ease. They sleep in the clothes they wear during the day. On my second visit to this island, I took a glance at the houses in which these bird-catchers reside. They are three in number, and are covered outside with earth and turf, and look like grassy hillocks. One of them is fifteen feet long by six feet wide. It is six and a half feet high at the hearth, which is close to the door. A semicircular stone seat runs round the hearth. The rest of the floor is raised a foot higher, and is used as a bed. The door is about two and a half feet high, and has to be entered on hands and knees. These houses are built on the same plan as the *clætan*, but are covered outside with earth and turf for the sake of warmth.

A house of the bee-hive type, described by Martin and Macaulay, formerly stood on this island; but to my great regret it has been demolished within the memory of man. It was inhabited by a hermit called Stallir. The people have several traditionary tales about this house. When I had seen all that was to be seen, I grew tired sitting on the top of the cliff, and ventured to descend without assistance. Callum Beag tried to remonstrate, but I persisted, and fortunately succeeded in reaching the boat below. I had begun to be familiar with great heights, for it is all a matter of custom. In a short time all the men were seen descending the cliffs laden with fulmars; and hoisting our lugsail and jib we returned to St Kilda.

One day shortly after my arrival an old man happening to be up the hill at the back of the village descried what he imagined to be two marks cut on the turf on the top of Boreray. A party of men, it is necessary to explain, had gone to that island about a fortnight before to *pluck* the sheep which are kept there, for shears are as yet unknown in St Kilda. He came down in great distress, and communicated the intelligence to the rest of the people, who, to my surprise, were thrown into a state of consternation. The women seated themselves on the ground and chanted lamentations. On inquiring the reason, I was informed that a system of telegraphy had been long established in St Kilda, and that two marks cut in the turf in Boreray signified that one or more of the party were sick or dead, and that a boat was wanted immediately. I went up the hill, and with a glass discovered that one of the marks was a number of men building a *clat*. I explained this to some of the people who had followed me, but failed to convince them for a time. In the evening, however, when the boat returned from Boreray with the plucking-party all well, the sceptics acknowledged with joyful smiles that my glass was better than their eyes.

THE LUDICROUS.

It would appear that the human memory is more retentive of the grotesque and ludicrous, whether moral or physical, than of the sublime and beautiful in nature, the graver incidents of life or the loftier mental experiences. We recall with realistic distinctness every object whose saliency has consisted in pleasing distortion, and every event that has in any way appealed to our sense of humour; while we may reproduce but faintly the impressions received from the contemplation of the highest works of art, the most perfect landscape, or the ordinary vicissitudes of the world. In every-day language, this is largely accounted for by the force with which the exception to any given rule, the aberration from ordinary courses of action, and the departure from universally accepted principles, arrest our attention in virtue of their rarity. This of course applies to many other classes of phenomena besides the odd, the distorted, the whimsical, or the ridiculous; but the human mind, strange though it seems, has undoubtedly a greater facility for the reception and reproduction of these than of any other.

If we deliberately cast back in our minds for the images of our early playmates and school-fellows, we observe that the first to present themselves, as a rule, are those possessing some marked peculiarities, and that those peculiarities are the centre-points of the pictures. Ordinary faces and physiques, even of those near and dear to us, shew but dimly on memory's canvas; but a squint, a lisp, a burr, freckles, ungainliness, or oddity of manner, has stamped there the images of comparative strangers with indelible clearness; and the blemishes which produce these results are themselves not only plainly delineated, but frequently exaggerated. Again, if we permit the mind to revert unrestrainedly to the *events* of childhood, the earliest to suggest themselves are, almost invariably, those which have exercised our risible faculties or sense of the absurd—the laughable scrapes, odd predicaments, amusing exploits of ourselves or others, are the things remembered of our youth. The recollections of any two men of middle age with regard to their common school-days teem with whimsical anecdotes, to the almost total extinguishing of other things. This experience may be termed universal, and suggests the curious question: To what extent should we be at all able, if devoid of the sense of humour, to recall the companions and incidents of our childhood and youth?

Let us look at our subject from another point of view. What do we find on attempting to recall our knowledge of 'the men of all times,' whose biographies we have read? We cast our net, as it were, into the pool of our recollections—say, for example, regarding a Napoleon, a Newton, or a Columbus. The result is significant. Beyond an imperfect conception of the scope and lesson of their lives, nine out of ten fairly intelligent people will succeed in landing only a few trifles in the shape of anecdotes, physical peculiarities, or amusing idiosyncrasies. The first was the ambitious disturber of Europe; the second, a philosopher; the last, discovered America. In addition—what? Why, Napoleon was fond of snuff, which he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket, and was called 'the Little Corporal.' The expounder of the law of gravitation on one occasion used his sweetheart's finger as a tobacco-stopper. And the private life of Columbus is epitomised in the apocryphal story of making an egg stand on end. Popularly, the portraits of heroes and notabilities are distinct in proportion to the number and saliency of their blemishes. (Who can forget the wen on Cromwell's nose?) On the other hand, their hopes, their loves, their sorrows, their great life-purposes, their very identities, are held together in the minds of the masses by the force of association with trivial and adventitious circumstances. It is an odd but not necessarily a humiliating reflection; for the mind that can find 'good in all things' will see in it a most wise and important provision in our mental economy.

The simplest and best known rule in the so-called art of Mnemonics is, naturally enough, based upon a recognition of the facility with which anything connected with the grotesque, absurd, or whimsical may be recalled. Dates, statistics, names, &c. are taken into the memory along with some catch-word or ludicrous expression, and are by that means reproducible almost at will. We are not prepared to say in how far such a rule is in the long-run beneficial or injurious to the natural memory, nor to decide to what extent thus deliberately burdening the mind with a host of distorted conceptions goes to counterbalance the immediate advantages sought. It is sufficient for our present purpose that its application is illustrative of what we have said.

The deliberate action of the mind, dictated by this rule, in seeking the aid of whimsicalities as the milestones and finger-posts of memory, is not only sanctioned (as we have said) by the recognition of one of its inherent properties, but by the most unmistakable precedents in its own natural operation. Surnames which do not owe their origin to the professions of those who first assumed them, or to modifications of Christian names, partake largely of the humorous in their conception, as we have shewn in former articles on Names in this *Journal*. They are, in fact, epigrammatic. Doubtless, among races in which the susceptibility to humour is very subordinate to other sensibilities, these epigram-names will embody less of that element; but even amongst the gravest tribes of North American Indians, and the melancholy races of Eastern Asia, secondary titles are in common use for ordinary and familiar occasions, answering exactly to our own idea of nicknames. Amongst ourselves the coinage of surnames has long ago been completed and in full circulation, their original meanings having now no force or application to the persons bearing them. Even nicknames have almost disappeared from polite literature and society with the increasing sensitiveness of the age. The art of 'smashing' in the matter of names, however, still lingers in the nursery and the playground, as well as in the inner circles of family life generally; and if we cast an observing glance down the social scale, we shall find the practice more and more widely obtaining, until, amongst the rural population and the operatives of Lancashire and the Black Country, we find it absolutely universal. In the latter locality, indeed, the inapplicability of authorised surnames has led to their total disuse. We read some years ago a Report from an official source, in which it was circumstantially stated that many of the puddlers, nailers, and others had utterly forgotten their original or baptismal name, being invariably addressed and known by a *sobriquet*, which hit off some whimsical peculiarity of person or character. We ourselves have a lively recollection of a woman in the neighbourhood of Bilston to whom her own husband's real name was so unfamiliar that she entirely failed to recognise it when we questioned her regarding him.

Scottish literature, and that of England which in point of national progress corresponds to it, owe much of their vigour and enjoyableness to the quaintness of the counterfeit nomenclature with which they abound; and at the same time indicate the prevalence of epigrammatic humorous names in the age which produced them. One of our finest ballads indeed—The Blithesome Bridal—is little other than a catalogue of trenchant nicknames: 'Will wi' the meikle mou,' 'Bow-legged Robbie,' 'Thumbless Katie,' 'Plouckie-faced Wat i' the mill;' and so on.

If then the human mind has not only an exceptional facility for the reproduction of whimsicalities, but a significant tendency to seek for and employ these as aids to the memory of more serious but less salient things, how shall we estimate *the mnemonic value of the sense of the ludicrous?* We have no desire, even if space would permit, to treat the inquiry exhaustively; but may point out one or two of the leading facts on which so curious an investigation might be based, and one or two reflections which the subject immediately suggests.

First, then, it is a well-established truth that the barbarous races which have proved totally unsusceptible of civilisation are those which are utterly or almost utterly devoid of the sense of humour: exemplified in the aborigines of Australia and the Indians of the West; while on the other hand the Negro, endowed with the most whimsical of fancies, has, though steeped in barbarism, the latent germ of intellectual and moral progress. Secondly, among the so-called civilised branches of the human family, the Caucasian, with its rich vein of humour, its hearty power of laughter, and its deftness in extracting from every condition of things the elixir of fun, stands in unapproachable superiority. Lastly, to those whose observation of national character has been sufficiently minute and varied, it will be equally clear that those European peoples which have the finest and deepest appreciation of the quaint and ludicrous (entirely distinct from wit), have also the greatest staying power intellectually and morally, and the largest possibility of development.

It would seem a fair inference from these facts alone, had we not already indicated it, that it is man's moral nature which benefits most largely by the presence in the mental economy of a sense of the ludicrous. The saying, 'Beware of him who cannot laugh,' is a pithy but conclusive commentary. All that is fairest in human life; all that is best and brightest in our earthly lot; the tender memories of childhood; the generous ties of friendship; the various sympathies which constitute the history of our inner selves, are rendered vivid and operative for our highest culture by the action of the simple yet unique mnemonic law which we have thus imperfectly examined.

SISTERS.

The day had gone as fades a dream;
The night had come and rain fell fast;
While o'er the black and sluggish stream
Cold blew the wailing blast.

In pensive mood I idly raised
The curtain from the rain-splashed glass,
And as into the street I gazed,
I saw two women pass.

One shivering with the bitter cold,
Her garments heavy with the rain,
Limped by with features wan and old,
Deep furrowed by sharp pain.

A child in form, a child in years;
But from her piteous pallid face,
The weariness of life with tears
Had washed all childlike grace.

And as she passed me faint and weak,
I heard her slowly say, as though
With throbbing heart about to break:
'"Move on!" Where shall I go?'

The other, who on furs reclined,
In brougham was driven to the play;
No thought within her vacant mind
Of those in rags that day:

With unmoved heart and idle stare,
Passed by the beggar in the street,
Who lifted up her hands in prayer
Some charity to meet.

Both vanished in the murky night:
The outcast on a step to die;
The lady to a scene of light,
Where Joy alone did sigh.

But angels saw amid her hair
What was by human eyes unseen;
The grass that grows on graves was there,
With leaves of ghastly green.

And though her diamonds flashed the light
Upon the flatterers gathered near,
The outcast's brow had gem more bright—
An angel's pitying tear.

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THE TWELFTH RIG.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHARM SUGGESTED.

IN a certain district of Ireland, at the foot of a tall mountain, and well sheltered from the wind, stood the comfortable farm-house of Patrick Daly, who, though not much raised above that class, so numerous in Ireland, called small farmers, had by thrift and industry, aided no doubt by good fortune, attained to a position of some consideration, and was accounted a wealthy man in the neighbourhood. His farm was well stocked and his barns well filled.

The dwelling was a long low building, substantial and roomy, planted in front with some fine trees, among which the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash peeped forth, giving to the place a picturesque as well as comfortable air.

One source of Daly's wealth above others might perhaps be found in the fact that, beyond a daughter, he had no family. His wife had been dead many years; and this only daughter, now aged nineteen, ruled all within the house, not excepting her father. As the farm would be her undivided property, and it was known besides that Daly paid occasional visits to a certain bank in the nearest town, she was looked upon as a great heiress. Be that as it might, she was reckoned the loveliest girl in that part of the country.

On a mellow October afternoon, Eliza stood in the garden before her father's house engaged in lopping off branches from the mountain-ash trees. The finest and richest with berries were those she selected, as if they were destined for some festive occasion. The garden still presented a very pleasant appearance, though November was almost at hand; but the season had been a particularly mild one, and few signs of winter were yet apparent.

As Eliza stood thus, her head thrown back, the light straw-hat she wore fallen over her shoulders, and displaying the glossy coils of her raven hair, she made a charming picture. She had placed some of the crimson berries in her bosom and hair, and they became admirably her rich, sparkling brunette beauty. Had she arranged them so bewitchingly with any reference to some one who might chance to pass that way?

'Good-evening, Miss Daly,' said a voice at the gate; but it was the cracked tone of an old woman.

Eliza advanced, her arms laden with branches. An old woman, apparently about ninety years of age, stood there. Her form was bowed almost double, her face yellow and one mass of wrinkles; but the dark eyes were still keen and clear. She held a basket in her hand filled with small-wares, which she hawked about among the farm-houses in the neighbourhood, and thus earned her livelihood.

'Oh, it's you, Catty; and how are you?' she returned carelessly, while her bright black eyes darted a quick glance up the road.

'Very well, thank you kindly, Miss Daly. I see you're busy preparin' for to-morrow evenin'. If I'm not mistaken, it's the last Hallow-eve you'll spend as Miss Daly. If we may b'lieve all we hear, it's a happy bride you'll be long afore a year's over.'

She paused, as if expecting some confirmation or denial of this statement. Eliza, however, was engaged plucking off some withered leaves from the branches she held, and made no answer.

'He's a good, steady gorsoon, an' a handsome too, well worthy your choice; an' I'm sure'——

'*Who's* good and worthy my choice? Who is it you're talking about?' interrupted the girl, lifting her head quickly and speaking sharply, while the colour deepened on her cheek.

'Why, Mr Hogan, iv coorse. Sure, doesn't everybody know all about it; an' it's only waitin' they all are every Sunday to hear you an' him called in chapel.'

'Maybe then, they'll have to wait long enough. I might take it into my head to disappoint them and him, after all. Suppose I shouldn't marry at all; or suppose—suppose'—— She stopped.

'Suppose there is some one else you like better. But sure, didn't you give the go-by to all the boys in the place? an' aren't you an' Mr Hogan always constant together? at laste used to be till the last month or so, when young Mr Crofton cum home from foreign parts. But you wouldn't be so foolish as to be afther thinkin' of a gintleman like him. An' you know, besides, don't you, that he's been plighted since both were childer to his father's ward, Miss Ellen Courtney, that's come to live at the Hall?'

'I neither know nor care whether he is or whether he isn't,' returned Eliza, with a haughty little toss of her head and a touch of defiance in her tone. 'He's not married to her yet, at all events, no more than am I to Will Hogan. But tell me, Catty, have you seen Miss Courtney yet? I hear she's very beautiful.'

'Yis, I have; an' a sweeter, lovelier-lookin' craythur never lighted on this earth—so gentle an' kind to all in her manner too, an' ready to help them that's in trouble. The folks are all jist delighted to think Crofton Hall will have sich a misthress.'

'Maybe she'd never be that, after all.'

'Well, maybe not. But tell me honey, is there anythin' rale at all betune you an' Mr Crofton, or is it jist a little divarsion you're havin', to thry Will Hogan's temper?'

Eliza broke into a ringing laugh. 'Settle it whichever way you please,' she answered. 'Call a jury of twelve of your gossips, and do you state the case to them.'

The old woman shook her head, and her strangely undimmed eyes shot forth a flash of anger. She was ill accustomed to be spoken to thus pertly; for old Catty was looked upon with reverence and some awe, and considered as a kind of oracle in the neighbourhood, both on account of her extreme age and the wisdom of her sayings, which it was declared never failed to come true.

'Woe be to them that part plighted lovers! Woe be to them that break their own plight, woe an' bitter wailin'!' she exclaimed; then drawing her cloak round her, she moved on without a word of parting.

The smile instantly faded from Eliza's lips. 'That old creature sends a chill through me,' she muttered in a tone of annoyance. 'Would it be for my woe? Oh, if I could read the future!' Suddenly throwing down her boughs, she opened the gate and ran up the road after the old woman. 'Forgive me,' she said, coming up with her. 'I didn't mean to be rude. Now tell me, Catty—they say you know everything—what will be my fate? Shall I be happier next Hallow-eve than I am now? Or—or—shall I do anything to bring misfortune on me?'

'Sure, how can I tell?' returned the other.

'You are angry with me still. Come now, do tell me. You know you can, if you like. You've told others, and weren't you always right?'

'If you want to know your fate, try the charm o' the Twelfth Rig.'

'And what is that? Tell me what I must do.'

They were standing beneath a wall. The old woman seated herself on a stone, and leant her arms on her knees. As she sat thus, her red cloak drawn closely about her, her spare gray locks hanging loose, her eyes glancing restlessly about with a strange kind of motion, as if they were set in work by mechanism, she looked like some weird sibyl of ancient days. Eliza had to repeat her question before an answer came. Then, in a mysterious undertone, but so distinct that not a word was lost, the other said: 'You must go to a field wid furrows stretchin' from north to south. Go in at the western side, an' walk slowly over the ridges till you come to the twelfth, then stop in the middle, an' listen. If you hear merry music an' dancin', there's a long an' happy life afore you; but if mournful cries an' groans, you'll die afore a year's over.'

'How frightful!' murmured Eliza, shuddering. 'And should one go alone?'

'Yis, entirely alone, an' unknownst to any livin' sowl.' As she uttered these words, she rose and walked on with a rapidity astonishing in one so old and feeble.

Eliza gazed after her. She wanted to ask more questions, but fearing to do so, she too turned and walked away in the opposite direction.

The wall they had stood beside inclosed a spacious park. But behind that wall there had been a listener to their words, of whose presence they were not aware.

In the centre of the smoothly gravelled side-path a young lady stood still. She seemed to have been taking an evening saunter when the voices outside arrested her attention. As she now walked slowly on, she appeared to be sunk in deep reflection, evidently of no cheerful nature. The deep dark-blue eyes, whenever the snowy lids with their fringe of long black lashes allowed them to become visible, were full of mournful expression. It was a beautiful face, a perfect oval in contour, with features more strictly regular than those of the rustic beauty Eliza Daly; but wanting in the brilliancy and richness of colouring which made the great charm of that sparkling little brunette. The full white forehead was very thoughtful. One could see that melancholy would be at any time the characteristic of her countenance, as it indeed frequently is of thoughtful faces. But there was so much sweetness and gentleness in it, and the charm of its pensiveness was such, that you would not have wished to change it for a gayer look.

'How will it all end?' murmured the lady. 'How will things be with *me* in a year? If I believed in presentiments I would say that this weight that presses on me boded evil. Which of the two fates is to be mine? To die, or to live and be *his* wife. One or the other, I think; but which?'

Suddenly she again stopped, and listened with her head bent down. No sound seemed to break the silence of the evening; but after a few minutes, footsteps on the road without became distinctly heard, a light elastic tread, with a firmness in its fall that told it was that of a man. She listened with suspended breath, standing perfectly motionless, the colour suffusing her pale cheek, her hands clasped tightly, as if in intensest agitation and suspense. The steps came nearer and nearer, went by the park wall, reached the gate, and as they receded, the colour faded slowly from the expectant face, the hands unlocked themselves, and drooped by her side, while her breath returned with a low gasping sigh.

The next moment a thought seemed to strike her; she sprang towards the wall, and stepping on the trunk of a fallen tree, looked over it down the road. The figure of a young man was visible at a little distance, and while he walked, as if in careless mood, he passed his cane lightly through the wayside grass and flowers, striking off their heads as he went by. She watched him till he disappeared from view, taking the turn which led to Daly's farm.

'I knew it, I knew it!' she murmured; and in that passion of sorrow which seems as if it must take hold of and cling to something, she wound her arms tightly about the young elm that stood by her side, striving to choke back the sobs that rose in her throat. The evening breeze went moaning through its topmost boughs, mingling its sighs with hers. A shower of yellow leaves, shaken by her convulsive grasp, fell around her to the ground, like the faded hopes for which she lamented.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHARM TRIED.

The house of Patrick Daly was ever a favourite resort on festive occasions; he was himself much liked for his hospitality and genial manner; and wherever Eliza was, there the male portion of the population of the place were eager to go; although many amongst them had given up their claims to her hand in favour of the young farmer Hogan, they now stood by to see whether he who had defeated them would himself be defeated by any still more powerful rival.

There was a merry gathering at the farm on the eve of All-Hallows. Many bright pretty faces were present that might well have consoled the disappointed ones; but beside the radiant young hostess who, in more than usual beauty, dispensing smiles and hospitality at the head of the table, they all paled into insignificance. At least so thought Hogan, as he sat by her and watched her graceful movements, and listened with rapture to her sweet ringing laughter; the merriest and most silvery of all, it seemed to him.

On his other side a fair gentle-looking girl was seated, who divided with Eliza the duties of hostess-ship. But though her soft blue eyes rested often on his face, and she evidently listened to him with more attention than the other, he seldom turned to address her. This was Eliza's cousin, Mary Conlan, who lived at the farm. Daly had risen to his present comfort by his own efforts, but had relations who were in a very different position; and Mary's parents when living, had occupied a very poor cottage. On their death Daly brought her to reside with him. Though her attractions of person, and still more so those of fortune, could bear no comparison with Eliza's, she was still not without her admirers; but notwithstanding her gentleness, it seemed that she could be saucy too, for none had as yet succeeded in winning her. Daly, however, was not anxious for her marriage, for she was invaluable in his household. Though Eliza had decorated the room and filled the vases with autumn flowers, Mary it was who had made the cakes which the company seemed to appreciate so highly, and whose skill as a housewife had in a great measure won for the farm its reputation of always having everything of the best description. That Mary Conlan would make a model farmer's wife, everybody declared. Eliza was unusually gracious this evening, smiling upon Hogan almost as of old, and playing off a hundred arch little tricks at his expense. Daly looked on well pleased, for there was nothing he desired so much as a marriage between his daughter and the young farmer. Whispers went round that 'to be sure it was no one but Will Hogan Eliza would marry after all, and it was only nonsense to think she'd ever had any other idea in her head.'

Thus pleasantly, amidst talk and laughter, the tea and cakes were passing round, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and a young man, whose dress and bearing unmistakably stamped him as belonging to a very different class from any of those assembled, appeared on the threshold. He started as if surprised, on seeing the company; but a close observer might have noticed something a little studied in the movement, as if the intruder were not altogether so taken aback as he would have it appear. He advanced easily, however, and going up to the young hostess, apologised gracefully for his intrusion, requesting at the same time that as chance had led him there, he might not now be excluded from so pleasant a gathering. Eliza, blushingly, but with warmth, gave the desired permission that he should remain; whereupon he drew a chair to her side, heedless of one, farther removed, offered him by Daly, who did not seem by any means so flattered as might be expected by the condescension of his landlord's son in thus honouring his house.

There was a constrained pause. Charles Crofton, however, leant back in his chair, conversing with Eliza, and throwing out two or three general remarks of a nature to provoke laughter, soon contrived to restore things to their former state. But for Hogan all enjoyment was gone. He sat moody and silent, a frown knitting his usually open brow.

The two competitors for Eliza Daly's favour were as great contrasts in appearance as in rank. Hogan was the taller of the two, being above six feet, and of more powerful and vigorous, though less graceful build. Could he have settled his claim to Eliza by personal combat, it is likely that the other would have fared but ill at his hands. Both were handsome—Crofton particularly so; and it is probable that the cultivated expression of his features and the play of his handsome eyes, which he knew well how to make the best use of, would have a greater charm for Eliza than the frank sunburnt countenance and straightforward untutored orbs of her rustic lover.

'All-Hallows eve, is it not?' inquired the new-comer, bending close to Miss Daly. 'Has any one got a ring? Have you?'

'No, indeed; no one has yet, I believe.'

'Then I'm in luck, for here is one in my cake; and there, Miss Daly, why you have the other half.'

'Well now,' whispered some of those near, 'if that isn't an omen, to get a ring the same minute!'

''Tisn't the right half,' exclaimed Hogan, somewhat roughly. 'I have that.—Don't you know, Eliza,' he whispered, 'I got one before.'

'This fits exactly,' said Crofton, trying his own and Eliza's together. And so they did; but it seemed that seeing was not believing, in Hogan's case.

'No,' he persisted; 'they aren't fits at all. Let me try.' He stretched out his hand, and almost snatched the little shining crescent from the white fingers of Crofton, who relinquished it quietly, and with a provoking smile watched the other's vain efforts to make it fit.

'You see now it won't do,' he said banteringly. 'What haven't been made for each other won't go together, no matter how you may try. But cheer up; you'll find the match yet.'

The young farmer, however, returned his smile with a very black frown, and stood up. As he did so he perceived Crofton whisper to Eliza, who laughed merrily and glanced at him. He could willingly have struck the young gentleman at that moment. He determined, however, not to let him have altogether his own way if possible; and when the tea was removed and dancing begun, he went up to Eliza and requested her hand. But Eliza was engaged, and told him so.

'Dance the next with me then, won't you?' he pleaded earnestly.

'No; I won't: I don't want such a sulky partner,' answered she with a saucy laugh.

'I am not sulky, Eliza; indeed I am not. I'm only sorry and vexed that you should turn from me so, and for a stranger. It is not fair treatment.'

'Not fair treatment indeed!' returned the girl, with a queenly toss of her graceful little head and a curl of her rosy lip. 'Ah, now say no more, Will Hogan.' And away she went round and round with Crofton, while the fiddles struck up a merry tune.

Hogan stood still between two minds whether he would go away at once; but he was reluctant to let his rival see him abandon the field. When, however, the dance was finished, and the burning of nuts and other Hallow-eve rites began, he still found no opportunity of approaching Eliza; and all the omens which in other years had been favourable to his cause were against him. At last, when Eliza's nut being placed beside his, instantly bounded away and fell into the fire, there was silence for a moment, and glances were exchanged.

Dancing having recommenced, several came round Eliza requesting her hand; but she answered hurriedly that she could not take part in this dance, but would in the next. She had things to look after just now, and must leave them for a little while. Saying which, she quietly quitted the room.

A few minutes after, a slight figure wrapped in a cloak might have been seen gliding through the farm-stead. On emerging by the back-gate on the road, it stood still for a moment and looked behind. The pale moonbeams gleamed on the face; but so blanched were the features, so altered the expression, that even had any of her friends been near they might almost have failed to recognise Eliza. With a shiver, as if the chill wind pierced her after the heated room she had left, she drew the hood of her cloak closer over her face and began to speed rapidly along. Nor did she pause or again look around till, some distance from home, she at last stopped, breathless, at the gate of a potato-field. For a minute or two she stood before it, as if irresolute.

'Shall I go back without trying it after all?' she murmured. 'No; I will go on, and see what comes of it.'

She entered the field and began to walk slowly across the ridges, counting them as she went till she had numbered TWELVE; then she stood still and listened intently. The wind, which was high, swept over the wide unsheltered space around. Was that its murmur she heard? She held her breath. Low moans and sobbing sighs seemed to mingle with it. Surely no wind ever wailed with such human anguish as that. Louder and clearer it rose, swelling on the breeze, full of more piercing passionate sorrow. She remained rooted to the spot, terror-stricken, her heart almost ceasing to beat. The sounds seemed to come along the ground. As she listened, a slender figure rose up slowly, as if from off the earth, confronting her in the uncertain light, and gazing upon her with a cold sorrowful eye. Shrieking, Eliza rushed back, stumbling and sometimes falling over the ridges as she ran. How she gained the road, she scarcely knew, but she found herself flying along it, with the cry of 'Doomed, doomed!' ringing in her ears. She had heard it, low and despairing, as she left the field, as if wrung from some soul in mortal terror and anguish; now it seemed repeated by a hundred voices exclaiming: 'Doomed, doomed!' She flew before it, pressing her hands to her ears, to shut out the sound.

The farm-house was reached in a shorter time than one could have imagined possible. She wrenched open the gate, rushed up the garden-path, and with trembling hands knocked loudly at the door. The summons rang through the house, above the music and dancing, and the buzz of laughing voices. Everybody flew into the hall. On the door being opened, Eliza rushed in, and would have sunk fainting on the threshold if Hogan had not caught her in his arms. She was carried into the room and laid on the sofa, while every remedy for fainting was procured. Where had she been? was the question each asked the other. Her hair, damp and dishevelled, hung about her, her dress was torn and soiled, her hands covered with clay, and bleeding. At length the remedies had effect; consciousness began to return, and when it did, it came quickly. She opened her eyes and gazed earnestly round, as if seeking for some face. If it was Crofton she sought, he was not there, having left some time before.

'What has happened, dearest Eliza?' whispered Hogan, close by her side. 'Where have you been?'

'I went out, and was frightened,' she murmured.

'And what frightened you, mavourneen?' asked he coaxingly, as if speaking to a wayward child.

But she made no reply, nor could any questioning draw from her an explanation. The party broke up, and each went home indulging in all manner of conjectures as to what had happened. It was whispered by some that Eliza had gone to the Twelfth Rig.

VITAL FORCE.

THOUGH we have not the slightest conception of what life is in itself, and consequently could not define it, we may, for the sake of convenience, think of it in this paper as some kind of force.

'In the wonderful story,' says Professor Huxley in his *Lay Sermons*, 'of the *Peau de Chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire, the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish. Protoplasm or the physical basis of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm. Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs in its capacity of being repaired and brought back to its full size, after every exertion. For example, this present lecture is conceivably expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By-and-by I shall have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size.'

This explanation may be very philosophical, but it is only a roundabout way of saying that, within reasonable bounds, we can recover the effects of exhaustion by proper food and rest; which, as a fact, people are pretty well acquainted with. The error to be avoided is, in any shape to make such a pull on the constitution as to be beyond the reach of recovery. Life-force, or call it protoplasm, is an inherent quantity not to be heedlessly wasted; and this truth becomes more apparent the older we grow. Why is one man greater, in the sense of being more powerful than another? Because he knows how to get out of himself a greater amount of work with less waste of life-force.

We see from experience that the more men have to do the more they can do. And this paradox is only reasonable, for it is the necessity of great work that forces upon us systematic habits, and teaches us to economise the power that is in us. With the cares of an empire on their shoulders, prime-ministers can make time to write novels, Homeric studies, anti-papal pamphlets. It is the busy-idle man who never loses an opportunity of assuring you that 'he has not a moment in the day to himself, and that really he has no time to look round him.' Of course idle people have no time to spare, because they have never learned how to save the odd minutes of the day, and because their vital energy is expended in fuss rather than in work.

'He hath no leisure,' says George Herbert, 'who useth it not;' that is to say, he who does not save time for his work when he can, is always in a hurry. One of the most sublime conceptions of the Deity we can form is that He is never idle, and never in a hurry.

The following words from a newspaper description of the sublime calmness of power manifested by the huge hydraulic crane used to lift Fraser's celebrated eighty-one ton gun, we take as our type of the powerful man who knows how to economise his vital force instead of wasting it by fussing: 'Is there not something sublime in a hydraulic crane which lifts a Titanic engine of destruction weighing eighty-one tons to a considerable height above the pier, with as noiseless a calm and as much absence of apparent stress or strain as if it had been a boy-soldier's pop-gun? When we further read of the hydraulic monster holding up its terrible burden motionless in mid-air until it is photographed, and then lowering it gently and quietly on a sort of extemporised cradle without the least appearance of difficulty, one can readily understand that the mental impression produced on the bystanders must have been so solemn as to manifest itself in most eloquent silence.' With the same freedom from excitement and difficulty does the strong man who saves his force for worthy objects, raise up morally and physically depressed nations, take cities, or what is harder to do still, rule his own spirit. It is the fashion nowadays to say that people are killed or turned into lunatics by overwork, and no doubt there is much truth in the complaint. Nevertheless it would seem that vital force is wasted almost as much by the idle man as by him who overworks himself at high-pressure for the purpose of 'getting on.' It is indolence which exhausts, by allowing the entrance of fretful thoughts into the mind; not action, in which there is health and pleasure. We never knew a man without a profession who did not seem always to be busy. It may be he was occupied in worrying about the dinner or the place where he should spend his holiday—which he did not work for—in correcting his wife, in inventing pleasures, and abusing them when found, in turning the house upside down by doing little jobs foolishly supposed to be useful. And women too, when stretched on the rack of a too-easy chair, are they not forced to confess that there is as much vital force required to enable them to endure the 'pains and penalties of idleness,' as would, if rightly directed, render them useful, and therefore happy? The fact is there are far more who die of selfishness and idleness than of overwork, for where men break down by overwork it is generally from not taking care to order their lives and obey the physical laws of health.

Let us consider a few of the many ways in which we waste the stuff that life is made of. It has been well said that 'the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year;' and certainly it is a habit that must add many years to the lives of those who acquire it. Really every fit of despondency and every rage take so much out of us, that any one who indulges in either without a great struggle to prevent himself doing so should be characterised as little less than—to use an American expression —'a fearful fool.' How silly it seems even to ourselves after cooling, to have acquired a nervous headache, and to have become generally done up, stamping round the room and shewing other signs of foolish anger, because the dinner was five minutes late, or because some one's respect for us did not quite rise to the high standard measured by our egotism! As if it were not far more important that we should save our vital energy, and not get into a rage, than that the dinner should be served exactly to the moment.

One day a friend of Lord Palmerston asked him when he considered a man to be in the prime of life; his immediate reply was 'Seventy-nine. But,' he added with a playful smile, 'as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it!' How is it that such men work on vigorously to the end? Because they treasure their ever-diminishing vital force. They studiedly refrain from making a pull on the constitution. Reaching the borders of seventy years of age, they as good as say to themselves: 'We must now take care what we are about.' Of course, they make sacrifices, avoid a number of treacherous gaieties, and living simply, they perhaps give some cause of offence, for the world does not approve of singularity. But let those laugh who win. They hold the censorious observations of critics in derision, and maintain the even tenor of their way. In other words, they conserve their vital force, and try to keep above ground as long as possible. Blustering natures forgetful of the great truth, that 'power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness,' miss the ends for which they strive just because the force that is in them is not properly economised.

Then as regards temper: any man who allows that to master him wastes as much energy as would enable him to remove the cause of anger or overcome an opponent. The little boy of eight years old who in the country is often seen driving a team of four immense dray-horses, is one of the innumerable instances of the power of reason over mere brute-force, which should induce violent tempers to become calm from policy, if from no higher motive.

Many people squander their life's energy by not living enough in the present. They enjoy themselves badly and work badly, because they are either regretting mistakes committed in the past, or anticipating future sorrows. Now, certainly no waste of force is so foolish as this, because if our mistakes are curable, the same energy would counteract their bad effects as we expend in regretting; and if they are incurable, why think any more about them? None but a child cries over spilt milk. The mischief is done, and let it be forgotten, only taking care for the future. Sometimes people keep fretting about troubles that may never take place, and spend life's energy on absolutely nothing. Real worry from Torturations of various sorts is quite enough, and causes a greater draught on our vital force than hard work. Let us not, therefore, aggravate matters by anticipations of troubles that are little better than visionary.

In looking ahead, it is of immense importance not to enter into any transaction in which there are wild risks of cruel disaster. There we touch on the grand worry of the age. A violent haste to get rich! Who shall say how much the unnaturally rapid heart-beats with which rash speculators in shares in highly varnished but extremely doubtful undertakings receive telegraphic messages of bad or good fortune, must use up their life's force? Hearts beating themselves to death! Rushing to trains, jumping up-stairs, eating too fast, going to work before digestion has been completed—these are habits acquired naturally in days when it is the fashion to live at high-pressure; but such habits are surely not unavoidable, and would be avoided if we thoroughly valued our vital force.

There are persons of a nervous temperament who seem to be always upon wires. Nature has given them energy; but their physique is in many cases inadequate to supply the demands made upon it. The steam is there, but the boiler is too weak. Duke d'Alva, according to Fuller, must have been of this nature. 'He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.' The same thought was wittily expressed by Sydney Smith when he exclaimed: 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.' Now these are just the sort of people who should not kill themselves, for though wrapped in small parcels, they are good goods. They owe it as a duty to themselves and others not to allow their fiery souls 'to fret their pygmy bodies to decay'—not to throw too much zeal into trifles, in order that they may have a supply of life-force for things important. He who desires to wear well must take for his motto 'Nothing in excess.' Such a one, as we have had occasion more than once to urge, avoids dinners of many courses, goes to bed before twelve o'clock, and does not devote his energy to the endurance of overheated assemblies. When young men around him have got athletics on the brain, he keeps his head and health by exercising only moderately. He is not ambitious of being in another's place, but tries quietly to adorn his own. 'Give me innocence; make others great!' When others are killing themselves to get money, and to get it quickly, that with it they may make a show, he prays the prayer of Agur: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' for he thinks more of the substance than of the shadow. This is the truly wise and successful man, and to him shall be given, by the Divine laws of nature, riches (that is, contentment) and honour (that is, self-respect), and a long life, because he did not waste the steam by which the machine was worked. In homely proverb, he 'kept his breath to cool his porridge,' and most probably was a disciple of Izaak Walton.

At this point, perhaps the secret thoughts of some who have not yet learned how 'it is altogether a serious matter to be alive,' may take this shape. 'What after all,' they may ask, 'is the good of economising life's force? Often I hardly know what to do with myself, nor have I much purpose in life beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping.' To such thoughts we should give somewhat of the following answer: There is a work for every single person in the world, and his happiness as well as his duty lies in doing that work well. This is a consideration which should communicate a zest to our feelings about life. We should rejoice, as experience teaches us that each of us has the means of being useful, and thus of being happy. None is left out, however humble may be our position and limited our faculties, for we all can do our best; and though success may not be ours, it is enough if we have deserved it. Certainly if there be any purpose in the universe, a day will come when we shall all have to answer such questions as these: 'You were given a certain amount of life-force; what have you done with it? Where are your works? Did you try to make the little corner in which you were placed happier and better than it was before you came into it?' It is said that Queen Elizabeth when dying exclaimed: 'My kingdom for a moment;' and one day we shall all think nothing so valuable as the smallest amount of that force without which we cannot live.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—NANCY DEAN.

The moon was but just rising, and the shadows were getting deep when I drew near to a clump of trees at the end of the long lane, as it was not inaptly called. I was a little sobered by my walk, and perhaps the least bit disappointed at having come upon no living creature for whom I might do some kindness in Philip's name. I stood hesitating a moment; not liking to go on, yet still more averse to turning back with my purpose unfulfilled, when suddenly the opportunity came.

I saw something or some one moving amongst the trees; presently I became aware that it was a woman, retreating more into the shade, as though to avoid notice. Her movements appeared so mysterious that I stood silent a moment, my pulses throbbing a little quicker than usual; then I advanced a few steps, and said: 'Have you lost your way? Can I be of any service?'

No answer.

'Can I help you in any way?'

'No.'

I approached a little nearer towards the spot whence the voice issued; angry and discordant, or it sounded so to me in contrast with the solemn peaceful stillness around. 'Do not shrink from me; I am only a woman; and as you see, alone,' I said.

'What do you want here—and what do you want with me?'

She had come out from the shadow now; and stood looking at me in the soft gray evening light, defiantly, sullenly, but a little curiously too. I returned her gaze, and saw enough to know that if ever a human soul needed sympathy and help, this one did now.

'What do you want?' she repeated.

'I want you, and I think you want me. Thank God for bringing us together!'

She stared at me for a moment, then sullenly replied: 'I'm not one for thanking Him; and I'm not the one for such as do.'

'You are the one for me,' I said, answering her in her own short decided manner; perceiving that she would bear it better than anything approaching to softness.

She uttered a little defiant laugh.

'You're a lady; and I suppose you want to play at reforming me and all the rest of it. You all like to shew off your goodness that way! But it's all been tried on me over and over again. Ladies as was so good, it a most made their hair stand on end to look at me, have tried, and it was all no use; they always had to give in.'

'*I* do not mean to give in.'

'Don't be too sure;' adding with another hard laugh: 'Why, I was the very worst they had up there; and if they as was so perfect couldn't'——

'Let a woman who is not perfect be your friend.'

'Friend! What do you mean? How can you be my friend—unless'—— She shrank back a moment, then bent eagerly forward again, gazing wildly into my face. 'You must have done something wrong yourself, to make you talk like that,' she whispered hoarsely.

Of course I had done wrong many and many a time, and not at the moment perceiving her whole meaning, I quietly replied: 'Yes.'

'And that brought you here to-night!' she ejaculated, adding in a low voice a vow, which seemed almost a curse, against herself if she betrayed me. 'Tell me what it is you've done; and tell me how I can help you?'

'I will tell you about myself presently; and we shall be able to help each other; do not doubt it,' I returned, drawing her towards a fallen tree, and getting her to sit down by my side, holding her hand fast locked in mine the while.

'You can't help me, as I can see,' she musingly replied. 'I've been up there for three months and more; but nothing come of it.'

'Up there?' I asked, beginning now to apprehend her meaning. 'Do you mean at the Home for the reception of poor women who have yielded to temptation?'

'Yes; though I never heard it put *that* way before. You need not tell me you are not one of the good ones, any more. Well, I was one of the thieves they take in to reform. I'd been to jail six months; and one of the ladies on the watch for girls when they come out, got hold of me, and persuaded me to go up there for a time and be made different.'

'How'—I was going to say—'kind of her;' but I saw the time had not come for that. She did not notice my interruption, and went on.

'Well, then, I run away, and got caught again, and persuaded to go back to the Home, as they call it, once more. So I made one more try. But it was no use. To-night I run away again; and I don't mind what becomes of me now. Who cares?'

'I care.' It was no use, I thought, attempting to talk of the Eternal love until she could believe in the human. Whether the fault was her own or not, I could not at this juncture tell; but one thing was plain, being 'cared for' was what this woman craved more than anything besides. The misery of that half-defiant 'Who cares?' appealed direct to my heart.

'How can you care for me when you have never known me?'—suspiciously. 'How can that be?'

'I do not know how it can be; I only know that it *is*; and I mean to make you believe it. You are exactly the woman I was seeking to-night. I want you.'

'What for? Do you really want some one to help you?' she eagerly asked, turning her wild eyes suddenly upon me again. Even the moon, which was shedding its silvery light upon us, could not soften the wild sadness of her eyes.

'Are they after you? What is it you have done?'

I placed my fingers on her lips for a moment, to prevent her once more repeating the oath that she might be trusted.

'Tell me,' she whispered.

I reflected a moment, then replied: 'Yes, I will tell you why it was absolutely necessary to find some one like you to-night, if you will first give me a promise to be my friend afterwards, and let me be yours?'

She promised. Then with a trembling voice I told her that night had brought a letter to me from my lover abroad, whom I had not seen for nearly ten years, and that in it he told me that he had at last earned enough to make us independent for the future, and that he was on his way home to marry me.

'And your trouble is that you haven't been true to him? You have gone wrong, and want to hide away, and'——

'I have been true to him, and I have nothing to hide. But—my happiness was so much more than I deserved—it was greater than I could bear, unless I could lighten some heavy heart to-night, and I shall always believe that I was led here to you.'

'Are you mad?'—struggling to free herself.

But I held fast. 'You promised—you promised!'

'More fool me. How can I be your friend? How can you be mine? What do you mean? Let me go.'

'No.'

'You'll have to. What tie could there be between you and me?'

'Our womanhood.'

'You don't know!'—with a bitter laugh. 'And you're but a fine lady after all, talking about things you don't understand.'

'I am certainly not a *fine* lady. I am better off now; but I have lived upon bread-and-water as well as you have.'

'Without deserving it?'—eagerly.

'I cannot say as much as that. I have not the slightest doubt I did deserve it, in one way or another. At anyrate it did me no harm whatever to go into training a little. A great deal depends upon one's way of taking things, you know.'

'I can't make you out.'

'Never mind about making me out. Try to trust me; do try.'

'I've a good mind to trust you—in real earnest. There's something about you that makes me feel —— I *should* like you to know,' she said musingly. Then after a few moments, during which I left her undisturbed, she added: 'Yes, you *shall* know; though there isn't another soul I'd tell as much to. I never took that ring at all!'

'A ring you were supposed to have taken?'

'Yes; they thought I stole it. I was in service, Miss'——

'My name is Haddon—Mary Haddon.'

'And mine is Nancy Dean.'

'Go on, Nancy.'

'Well I was in service, me and another young girl who was nursemaid; and one day the mistress missed a ring. I know now that Emma had the ring, and when there was a fuss about it, she slipped it into my box. She came to worse afterwards, and told me the truth about it when I saw her after I left prison. *She* hadn't stolen the ring either. It was given her by mistress's son. But when one of the children said she saw her with it, and she was suspected of stealing it, she slipped it into my box, rather than get Master James in trouble, never believing that my box would be searched too; and meaning to tell me about it afterwards. But Master James he had a grudge against me, because I hadn't been so ready to listen to his love-talk, and I think he *meant* the ring to be found in my box. I know he told Emma to put it there, and made her think he wouldn't have anything more to do with her if she confessed the truth. Besides he threatened to deny that he had given it to her, and then she would have to go to prison instead of me. Well I didn't say much to her then; she was a poor miserable creature already, and didn't want hard words from me to beat her down any lower.'

'It was very hard for you, poor Nancy; but'—laying my hand gently on hers again—'it might have been harder. I mean if you had really done what you were believed to have done.'

'It was harder for another reason,' she replied grimly. 'Wait till I've told you all. My mother lived away down in Leicestershire, a respectable shepherd's wife, who prided herself upon bringing her girls up honest and good. The first letter I got in prison came from my married sister, to tell me that my wickedness had broke mother's heart, and saying that it was no use my ever going back there again, for not one of them would own me; and father he would never forgive me for being the death of mother. My sister had married a well-to-do farmer, and was ashamed of me before she thought I had done wrong, for being in service; so she did not spare me afterwards. A disgrace to the family, she called me, and said they one and all hoped never to see nor hear from me again. I came out of prison a desperate woman! As I just told you, when I came out of prison I was met by one of the ladies on the watch for such as me, and I was brought down to the place up there.'

'You could not at anyrate doubt *her* motive,' I said cheerfully.

A half-smile played about her lips as she went on without noticing my interruption: 'Then they begun at me. I was dressed up in them things. You've seen us parading off to church, I warrant—people never forget to stare—so you know what it is out of doors, walking along two and two with the matron in front dressed up fine to shew the difference! But indoors it's worse—worse a deal than ever prison was. Mrs Gower (that's the matron) has it all to herself, and—— There; I don't think it has ever done any good to them as are as wicked as they are thought to be, and it just drove me wild. Out of fifteen of us, there wasn't many who could say they were better for being there. The sharp ones pretend to be reformed straight off; it is the only thing to do if you want to come off easy and get sent off to a situation with a character. I gave them a great deal of trouble. I knew I wasn't quite so bad as they thought me; but I didn't care about setting up for good in the way some of them did neither. So I soon got to be thought the worst character they had in the place; and then they shewed me off as the bad one to the visitors—a sort of curiosity. Mrs Gower liked to have a wicked one to shew among the good ones, I think. So I began to feel a bit proud of it, and did little pranks on purpose to amuse them. There wasn't so very much harm in them neither, only they were against the rules. But to-day I was fetched in to be shewn to the committee. I didn't mind them; making up a face all ready for them; and they put up their glasses to look at me, and I think they was satisfied that no place could have a wickeder one nor me to shew. I was laughing to myself, when all in a moment I saw a face among them that I knew. It was my old mistress's son, who had tried so hard to make me go wrong, and then took his revenge by making me out to be a thief. The thought came into my head to tell them that he had been the cause of all my trouble. But I'd hardly begun when I was ordered to stand down as a liar as well as a thief. Of course they wasn't going to believe that a respectable gentleman like him could do anything so wicked. Besides, there was his face to look at; there wasn't a gentler and kinder-looking gentleman there than he was. And he called me "Poor thing," and said he hoped they wouldn't have me punished, for he did not mind—everybody knew *him!* Well, I managed to give them a bit of my mind before I was got out of the room. I could ha' borne the punishment and all that easy enough, if there had been anything to come of it. But I knew it was no use; I should only get more and more hardened, as they called it; so I got out of the window of the room I was locked up in and cut. That's my story, and the whole truth.'

'Poor Nancy! The story is a very sad one; all the sadder because you do not see where you, as well as others, have been to blame.'

'Do you think I stole the ring, then?'

'No; not for a moment. I believe you.' I hurriedly thought over what was the next best thing to say, so as to do justice to those who, however mistaken in their way of treating her especial case, had meant to benefit her, and at the same time be true to her. I saw what they had apparently failed to see—she *could* be touched.

'Then how have I been to blame, Miss?'

'It is a private undertaking, is it not, Nancy; almost entirely supported by one lady, although managed by a committee?'

'Yes, Miss; and the committee is managed by Mrs Gower. They all do what she tells 'em; though if they knew'——

'And costs a great deal of money; does it not? I think that I have heard this lady subscribes between fifteen and eighteen hundred a year to it.'

'Yes, Miss; I suppose she do. They say Mrs Gower the matron has two hundred a year besides lots of perquisites,' replied Nancy, a little surprised at what appeared to her the irrelevancy of the question.

'And this lady spends all that in the hope of benefiting her fellow-women! How much she must feel for them—nay, how much she must *love* them, Nancy! Think of feeling so much love for women who have done wrong as to spend all that upon the bare chance of benefiting them! In spite of their want of gratitude too!'

There was a new startled look in Nancy's eyes, as she murmured in a low voice: 'I never thought of that—I never thought about *her* caring.'

'But she must, you know; and it must be a great grief and disappointment to her to feel that all she does is in vain. It is, you say?'

'I am afeard it is—a most'—hesitatingly began Nancy. 'We've all on us been thinking about Mrs Gower, and she's'——

'A moment, Nancy! It is quite evident that Mrs Gower has not the same feeling towards you all which her employer has, or you would have experienced *some* good effects from it. But it is equally evident that those whom the benevolent lady is seeking to help have no gratitude towards *her*—not even gratitude enough to acknowledge her good-will towards them.'

'I—never thought of *her*,' repeated Nancy, more to herself than to me. 'I only saw her once; a pale thin lady, who looked so sorry—yes, she *did* look sorry, even for me, though she thought I was the worst there! If I'd only thought she cared!'—turning her eyes regretfully in the direction of the house again. Then drawing a heavy breath: 'But there; she thought it was all my wickedness! I let her think so; and—it's done now, and can't be undone. There's no hope for me now—I told you so—everything's against me.'

'Nonsense! No hope indeed! There's every hope for one with your keen sense of right and wrong, if you will only act up to it. Do you think I will ever give you up?'

'What can you do for such as me, Miss?'—I was glad to see a little anxiously.

'Lots of things. Let me think a moment.' Presently I went on: 'There are two ways to begin with, Nancy. One will require more moral strength and courage than the other; but you shall choose which you think best; and whichever course you take, I promise to hold fast to you.'

'What is it to do, Miss?'—eagerly.

'One plan I propose is, for you to come at once with me to the place where I am staying, and remain there until I am married, which I shall be shortly, when you should live with me as housemaid; none but us two knowing anything about the past, and'——

'I choose that!' she hastily began, her eyes brightening and her colour rising.

'Listen a moment, before you quite decide, Nancy. The other course is more difficult, I know; but I want you to decide fairly between the two. It is to go back to the Home, take your punishment, whatever it may be, and stay there, with me for your friend, until I am ready for you to come to live with me. I am quite aware it would require a great deal of courage and self-control to do that; but I think you could do it.'

'Which would you like me to do best, Miss?'—anxiously.

'If you succeeded in doing the more difficult thing of the two, I should of course have greater respect for you, Nancy; but I should not be less your friend for your being weak. I am not sufficiently perfect myself, to insist upon perfection in my friends.'

'That's it, Miss; that's just where it is! If Mrs Gower our matron only had some faults—ever such little ones—of her own, she might get nearer to us. It's the terrible goodness which makes it so impossible for her to understand us, and us to understand her. She seems to be always a-thinking about the great difference there is between her and us. It only makes us more spiteful against the goodness, when we see how hard it makes people. Why, the bad ones are ever so much more sorry for one another, and ready to help!'

'And you judge all others—the lady who has done so much to prove her love and unselfishness, as well as every one else—by this matron. She is probably not suited to the office; but I do not see'—— I paused, recognising that it was not just then the best moment for advancing any argument in vindication of what she termed 'goodness.' All that would be suggested by a better experience, by-and-by. So I merely added: 'Whether she feels it so or not, it is very sad for Mrs Gower to have so utterly failed in reaching your hearts, as she appears to have done. But we must not forget that it is our own defects, and not hers, which are in question just now, you know, Nancy.'

'I know what you mean, Miss; and I'm sorry as I did not'——

'Never mind about the past. There is plenty of time before us, I hope. Which is it to be, Nancy? Will you come with me now, or go back to the Home?'

'I will go back, Miss; and if you hear'——

'If I hear! Of course I shall go to see you to-morrow. You ought to know that.'

She rose, looked steadily towards the Home, now darkly and sharply defined against the moonlit sky, then turned her eyes upon my face, grasped my hand with a strong firm grip for a moment, and walked swiftly and silently away.

THE MORALE OF CRICKET.

CRICKET is a pastime so extensively and deservedly popular as to rank among the foremost of English institutions. It is physically an excellent test of wind, strength, and endurance, and is intellectually attractive from the opportunities it affords for the exercise of scientific skill. In a social respect the advantages it confers are great, because men of different grades are brought together without prejudice to the distinctions custom has created, and many genial consequences remain from such meetings. In a moral point of view cricket may be said to inculcate the cardinal virtues. And it is mainly in relation to this last aspect and the results, psychologically speaking, that we here propose to consider the game.

In the remarks we shall offer we will generally assume some knowledge of cricket on the part of readers; but still, for the benefit of the uninitiated, will here record a few brief particulars. Apart from preparing and keeping the ground in order, the material essentials of the game, as everybody knows, are simple and inexpensive, consisting of merely bats, stumps, and ball. It is usually played by two sides, each composed of eleven men, and subject to certain recognised rules. These sides alternately assume the position of the attacking and the attacked. The object of the former is to effect the fall of the wickets, which the other side defends, and to frustrate the endeavours of the latter to make or score 'runs.' It is on the superiority established in this respect that the issue of a game depends. This is a scanty and necessarily imperfect description; but taken with what we shall say incidentally as we proceed, it will be enough for the illustration of the points we have in view. Let us now observe that a member of each of the eleven is elected as captain; and by the two captains all the preliminaries of a game are arranged. Each then assumes entire control over the members of his own side. It is the captain who appoints the bowlers, assigns to the other men their different positions in the field, and settles the order in which his side are to take their innings. Throughout the game it is necessary that he should remain as watchful as a general directing the movements of a battle-field, and that he should be prepared with prompt measures to meet the varying exigences of the encounter in which he takes so prominent a part. In a word his duties are manifold and arduous. He must, according to circumstances, study and maintain the *morale* of his men under depressing prospects, or moderate their too sanguine anticipations in the face of approaching triumph, lest they beget carelessness, and so end in mortification and defeat.

A captain must at the same time infuse a spirit of contentment into his men, and also inspire them with thorough confidence in himself. It is probable there may be three or four men of tolerably equal pretensions as bowlers, or two or three equally ambitious to fill some other post in the field. The captain will have to select between these rival candidates, without condemning those he disappoints to the pangs of secret vexation and annoyance. Thus, in framing his dispositions for a game, he will have to consider each individual's special capacity for filling a particular post, not merely as it actually exists, but also in some degree as it exists in the estimation of the individual himself. He may otherwise leave room for petty heartburnings, and for the feeling that an injustice, or at least a slight, has been suffered. Should this unhappily prove the case, it will, even unconsciously to himself, mar a man's usefulness in the field, by imperceptibly or otherwise curtailing his activity of either mind or body, or both. As to the former, it is almost needless to observe that attention is the great watchword of cricket.

Now, to enable the captain to acquit himself satisfactorily on the foregoing heads, and to secure the results we have indicated, with a perfect knowledge of cricket, he should combine both a knowledge of character and the exercise of considerable tact and *Prudence*. The latter being the point with which we are immediately concerned, let us see how it is exemplified in the *rôle* the players are all successively required to perform—that of batsman. At each wicket stands a batsman, and both are obliged to keep within spaces extending four feet from the stumps, the spaces being marked by lines transverse to that in which the wickets are pitched. The 'runs' before alluded to, which it is the great object of the game to make, are obtained by the occupiers of the wickets running the distance between them as often as possible in the interval taken in returning the ball to the hands of either the bowler or wicket-keeper, after it has once left the bowler's hand, during which time it is said to be *in play*. But they cannot do so, nor indeed go out of their 'ground' at all, demarcated as described, while the ball is in play, except at the risk of the wickets being put down. This may be done by a batsman's being either 'run' out, or 'stumped' out. He necessarily exposes himself to a risk of the former contingency when making runs in the manner explained. Consequently, under such circumstances, a man has not only to be very watchful and quick in his movements, but has also to make the best use of the judgment at his command. The penalty of error in this respect is fatal, unless some fortunate accident should intervene.

Now in regard to the second of the risks referred to, the occasion is one for the exercise of both judgment and considerable prudence. In order that this point may be properly understood, it should be remembered that the balls bowled to the batsman are either 'lengths' or the reverse—that is, they are such that he can best play them either by waiting in his ground or by stepping out a little to meet them. When he should so step out and when he should forbear—for there is at all times a great temptation in the matter—is the pivot on which his prudential considerations in this connection revolve. Should he, after advancing, fail to hit or stop the ball, the wicket-keeper, who stands in readiness behind the wicket, will have most probably picked it up, and put down the wicket before the batsman can return to his ground. But with prudence in the ascendant, and a nice calculation of chances, the risk to which the batsman exposes himself becomes reduced to a minimum, or is altogether avoided. And with the same principle governing his play throughout, he delays or postpones the calamity which finally compels his retirement from the wickets until he has at least placed a fair amount of runs to his credit; or as happens in exceptional cases, he entirely averts the calamity, and achieves the honour of 'carrying' out his bat. But self-evidently, there is no honour attending this performance if a score beyond the average has not been made.

Now let us see in what respect it behoves a bowler to exercise this virtue of prudence. Many batsmen have a favourite stroke with which they succeed better than with any other. Thus a man may be able to hit effectively to 'leg' who does not succeed so well at 'off.' In cricketing parlance, he is in that case stronger on his leg than on his off-stump. But the actual circumstances in any given case may of course vary, and they may be just the reverse of the foregoing. We shall, however, suppose them to be as we have stated. Well, the respective points of strength and weakness of the batsman soon become apparent to the bowler; and ordinary consideration or prudence then naturally suggests to the bowler the advisability of avoiding the delivery of balls likely to pass to 'leg' or the near side, and of directing the ball as much as possible, consistently with the main object in view, to 'off' or the far side, of the batsman. This would both preclude the negative result of the ball being hit away, and afford a fairer prospect of the positive result of the wicket being lowered, since it would be assaulted on the weaker side. But these circumstances really represent only certain elemental conditions of the game, and are here brought forward simply for illustration's sake. Still, without a due observance of them, and of such points as varying the length of a ball, and bowling so that a catch may result—which are all to be attained by the study prudence would suggest—cricket would cease to be the scientific game that it is; and a bowler would deserve the reproach we sometimes hear applied to him of bowling only with his hand, instead of bowling with both hand and *head*, as he is invariably bound to do.

The necessity of *Temperance* for the satisfactory prosecution of cricket is altogether too obvious to call for argument. The habit itself is not only essential to the unimpaired preservation of wind and limb, but even a solitary occasion of deviation from it may be productive of baneful effects. What cricketer of experience cannot recall the incident of a good 'bat' prematurely returning to his comrades, to make their sympathising bosoms the willing repository of his confession, that the disaster by which he has just been overwhelmed is due to either the salmon or champagne he took overnight; in consequence of which he unhappily 'saw double!'

Then as to *Fortitude*, there is perhaps no other single quality adorning manhood which takes so wide and active a range in cricket. There is the fortitude which sustains the bowler as he finds his best efforts fail in making an impression upon the wicket, and teaches him to persevere with a heart that is still composed and undaunted. He in truth calms the flutter which will occasionally seize him at such a time; and despite the conviction painfully forced upon him again and again, that his bowling has been mastered, he still manfully endeavours, and frequently succeeds, in pitching the ball on the one spot which above all others serves to afford a crucial test of his opponent's mettle and prowess. But the latter meets the effort each time with unswerving steadiness and marvellous effect. With what ease and perfection he stops the ball, with what consummate grace and vigour he hits it away when a chance offers! Immense indeed is the fortitude which enables the bowler to bear up against soul-crushing vicissitudes of this kind. And fortunate, too, for him is it that in such a crisis the captain comes to his relief, and institutes a change of bowlers. This change is sometimes admittedly from good to bad. But it nevertheless often produces immediate benefits; and so well recognised is the fact, that it has almost passed into an axiom of the game.

Let us now picture to ourselves the batsman in circumstances contrary to what we have supposed above. He is confronted by a bowler who sends him, we shall suppose, a succession of 'overs,' comprising balls which are, with few exceptions, all perfectly straight and of excellent length. He occasionally plays the ball away; but it is quickly returned by a smart 'point' or active 'mid-wicket,' so that he cannot obtain a single run. Oftener he only succeeds in merely staying the progress of the ball, and his resistance does not go beyond that. Now, every time the ball rises against the body, or perhaps the shoulder, of the bat, the consciousness of a deliverance from danger rushes through the possessor's mind, which is naturally enough followed by a thrill of delight and self-congratulation; for however accomplished be a player, he for some time at least feels that his fate is not in his own hands. This is owing to the possibility of some subtlety, such as a twist or bias, being suddenly developed by the bowler in the course of a well-directed and well-maintained attack, which takes the defender of the wicket by surprise, and occasions his fall. Such an event may easily happen, and is to be reckoned among the uncertainties of the game, in regard to which we shall have a word or two to say. It will meanwhile, from the circumstances we have stated, be seen that the sensibilities of the batsman are subjected to short but severe fits of tension, as they rapidly undergo the alternate forms of a vague fear or anxiety on the one hand and of joy on the other. So decided indeed is this fact, that numbers of spectators very commonly sympathise, to judge from the expressions which spontaneously escape them, as they watch the events of the game. Fortitude alone enables the hero of the bat, with stout heart, to live through so trying an ordeal. And all honour to him when he at length succeeds in turning the tables on the foe, and finally punishes the bowling to his own satisfaction and to the admiration of the by-standers!

Now, in regard to this quality of fortitude, which is essentially heroic in its nature—consisting in the patient resolute endurance of suffering—the wicket-keeper and long-stop frequently furnish notable examples. The wicket-keeper's duties inevitably entail that condition of martyrdom as their allotted burden; while as to long-stop, the degree in which he is called on to bear the buffets of fortune and of the ball very much depends upon the precise circumstances in which he is placed. Nor, in this connection, must we omit to notice the possible case of some stout gentleman standing at 'long-field,' whom the energy of the batsman constantly despatches in pursuit of the ball. In the course of each rapid excursion he makes, with the prospect of four or five runs resulting to the striker, what is it nerves him with spirit and determination, and despite his shortness of breath and quivering limbs, impels him to struggle on, but that heroic quality of which cricket teaches us so sound and useful a lesson!

The love of *Justice* is undeniably one of the sublimest instincts of the human mind, and it is not too much to say that, so far as it goes, cricket directly tends to foster and promote it. In a primary or fundamental sense, the rules which have been instituted for the management of the game are a provision for its being conducted on fair and equitable principles; and they are, moreover, administered by umpires appointed for the purpose, who adjudge all doubtful and disputed points. The associations of the game are in general so healthy that a wrong decision wilfully given is a thing almost unknown; and one reason why the umpires should discharge their duties in a strictly scrupulous and conscientious manner is, that they themselves are very much under the cognizance of those who observe the progress of the game purely for their own pleasure, so that any glaring inaccuracy, or deviation from truth or principle on their part (allowing the last to be possible), would be at once detected, and lead to public remark and comment.

How it is that others should be so easily able to note points which it is the duty of the umpires to decide, will be apparent when it is borne in mind that, however important their effects, the casualties which occur in cricket are of a very simple nature, and are all referable to a particular condition or stage of progress of the ball. Aided by a knowledge of the rules, which are clear and explicit, the eye has therefore merely to fix itself closely on the ball. To take now an introspective view of the matter, or to look say to secondary and internal effects, the desire to do justice to one's companions, or in other words to see the fullest possible scope given to the cricketing abilities they may possess, is an essential ingredient of the spirit which animates a side. The hopes and calculations of success in a game of cricket are based on the united exertions of the eleven men who form a side, though special faith may often be placed in particular individuals who have proved themselves conspicuously good players. But in the inevitable nature of things, such 'stars' are apt to undergo a sudden eclipse when least expected, to the manifest ruin of any calculations which may have been made with exclusive reference to them. Hence policy and experience combine to indicate the above mentioned as the only course which is to be relied on as perfectly sound and safe. It is consequently a wish with every member of an eleven that every other member should do the utmost of which he is capable, both in his place in the field and in the way of making runs and contributing to the general score. This wish is bound up in the breast of each member with the personal interest he takes in the success of the side to which he belongs. But this feeling is even extended, as it is only right it should be, to the opposite eleven; to whom, collectively and individually, the opportunities of a free exercise of their powers and the chance of winning on their merits, are never grudged by any true-hearted cricketer. But it may be argued that all this indicates only an absence of selfishness and a love of fair-play. Yet what are those feelings but the concomitants or essential characteristics of that divine attribute which springs from the cultivation of cricket, and by a healthy reactionary influence, expands and purifies in the process?

Among the other advantages of the game, a moment's consideration will determine that it is directly opposed to the growth of arrogance and self-assumption. There is this to be said of it, that as the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift, so the victory in cricket does not always go to the eleven who may, on a comparative estimate with their rivals, be reasonably regarded as of superior merit. This is to be accounted for by the fact, that the forces the two elevens represent act not merely in opposition, but also in some respects in correlation with each other. Therefore the result of a game of cricket, though in the main due to the relative strength of the sides engaged, is somewhat *eccentric* in its nature; like the direction a movable body assumes when operated on by forces acting from separate quarters. And this affects not only the collective fortune of a side, but also the individual fortune of each player. Accordingly in other games and sports the expert may revel in the proud consciousness of superiority, and in weak moments betray that fact in his demeanour; but the cricketer can venture on no such dangerous exhibition of conceit. He may in the early stage of his career, but experience soon teaches him the folly of his conduct. The reverses he meets with, often when least expected, induce in him an air of becoming humility, or at least of modesty, under all circumstances.

This then, in plain language, is the consequence of those uncertainties of cricket which have been spoken of before; and so it arises that when the contending sides are tolerably well matched—a condition embodied in the framework of the several propositions we have advanced—even the greatest and surest run-getters approach the wickets with a secret sense of diffidence, and with their minds already troubled by that vague sense of apprehension to which allusion has elsewhere been made. Probably so eminent and successful a batsman as Mr W. G. Grace may be exempt from the influence of these feelings; but he is certainly not exempt from the operation of that law of contingencies which produces them in less gifted individuals. In order to prove this we have only to compare some of the enormous scores made last season by him with his failure at other times. But not to strain the comparison too far, it will be enough to state that in the match, Gentlemen *versus* Players, played in the beginning of July, Mr Grace was caught for ninety in his second innings; while in his first he was bowled by Emmet for the traditional duck's-egg (0)!

Indeed, taken in the aggregate, the uncertainty of cricket equals, if it does not surpass, the uncertainty which alike proverbially characterises love and war. But so far from that being in any way a drawback, it gives a special zest and charm to the game, as it is impossible to predicate the issue in any case in the light of a foregone conclusion. Despite the blankest prospects consequently, the hope of a possible turn of events, or at least of luck, and with it the hope of winning, always continues till the last. From this arises an expression current in cricketing circles, that a game is never lost till it is won.

No doubt, too, it is owing to this uncertainty which attends the game that cricket has hitherto afforded so little encouragement to the vicious practice of betting, which would only have the effect, if it existed to any greater extent than it does, of detracting from its beauties and pleasing sensations. All genuine lovers of the game will therefore here cordially unite with us in the wish that gambling may never, like an evil spirit, further obtrude its presence in the sanctuary, where honour and probity dwell in peaceful union with generous emulation and manly love and sympathy.

HINTS TO BEE-KEEPERS.

Though great progress has been made during the last five-and-twenty years in the pursuit of apiculture, much remains to be done, particularly in spreading far and wide a knowledge of recent discoveries, and attempting to induce a more general adoption of this most profitable and interesting occupation. It would be difficult to refer to a pursuit in which larger returns are yielded, considering the limited outlay; and as profit is a consideration with the majority of those who have bees, we propose to keep it chiefly in view in the present paper.

It cannot be too often impressed upon beginners that bees require attention. Many people seem to think that they have only to purchase a few hives and place their bees in them, and that a large yield of surplus honey will be the natural result, without rendering the little workers any assistance at all. It is not by this happy-go-lucky method that profits are made by apiculture. It is certainly true that in spite of neglect bees often do answer remarkably well; but the skilful apiarian, by means of certain acts, to which we shall presently allude, performed in the proper manner and at the right time, will *command* success.

Our remarks will be founded on the assumption that the pernicious custom of 'smothering' bees is extinct. Those acquainted with the rural districts know, however, that the agricultural labourers, and others who ought to know better, do continue to burn their bees; but the practice has long been abandoned by every one worthy of the name of apiarian.

Many people are bewildered in commencing apiculture by the large number of hives whose particular merits are forced upon their attention. There is only one golden rule in this matter, carefully to consider the habits and requirements of the bee, and decide whether pleasure or profit is the *desideratum*. For example, observatory hives, as they are termed, are all very well as a means of studying the habits of the insect, but are not to be recommended when 'supers' of surplus honey are the result aimed at.

In order to take advantage, however, of the various methods perfected by distinguished apiarians for obtaining complete control over the denizens of a hive, we strongly recommend the adoption of hives on the *movable-comb* system, invented by Francis Huber, perfected by Langstroth in America, and by Woodbury, Abbott, Jackson, Raynor, and others in England. By means of the various hives made on this principle, perfect command may be obtained at any time over the bees, and the most difficult operations may be conducted with an ease and certainty marvellous to the uninitiated. For example, natural swarming need not occur, and thus the frequent loss of swarms will be prevented; stocks which have lost their queen from any cause may have one at once supplied without the delay consequent upon waiting for the bees to rear one; and the interior of the hive may be examined frequently, to ascertain if the colony is healthy and in good working order.

For this reason we reject straw hives; but if these are used, let them be large. There cannot be a greater mistake than to use the small straw *skeps* one sees in cottage gardens. Years ago, when people did not understand the enormous egg-producing power of the queen, this was allowable; but when modern researches have proved that her majesty can, and will if she has room, lay more than two thousand eggs a day, the absurdity of preventing her from doing so is inexcusable.

Mr Pettigrew, whose father was one of the largest bee-keepers in Scotland, uses *large* straw hives only, and speaks of hives weighing from one hundred to one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. He observes, in his *Handy-book of Bees* (1875), that 'it would take three ordinary English hives, if not more, to hold as much honey as one of these hives—it would take three or more of them to hold bees enough to gather as much in the same space of time.' His chief objection to wooden hives appears to be their liability to dampness. This evil has, however, been neutralised in the best varieties of the movable comb or bar-frame hives by the adoption of an almost perfect system of ventilation.

Mr Pettigrew goes on to say that his father once realised twenty pounds profit from two hives in one season, and nine pounds twelve shillings from another. The profits came from the honey gathered by the bees, and not from swarms sold at large prices. He continues: 'The adoption of large hives by many of the bee-keepers of Aberdeenshire and Banffshire put them last year in the van of the advancing hosts. In a private letter which lies before us it is stated that the first swarms, obtained last year about the middle of July, rose to great weights. One belonging to Mr Gordon rose to one hundred and sixty-four pounds. Swarms belonging to other bee-keepers rose to one hundred and twenty-eight, one hundred and twenty-six, one hundred and twenty, one hundred and nine, and one hundred and four pounds. Mr G. Campbell got four swarms from one hive; their united weight (including the mother-hive, which was ninety-three pounds) was three hundred and seventy-three pounds. The profit from this hive must have been very great. Three sizes have been recommended: the first, twenty inches wide by twelve inches deep, inside measure; the second, eighteen inches by twelve inches deep; and the third size sixteen inches by twelve inches. The first size contains about three thousand cubic inches; the second size, about two thousand seven hundred cubic inches; and the third size about two thousand cubic inches.' He advises the use of the three sizes according to the extent of the swarms and the return of the season, and after detailing the profits from his bees in a village in Lanarkshire he adds, that for 'gaining great profits in a favourable season, and for continued prosperity for a succession of years, the system of having strong hives and early swarms is far before all the other systems of managing bees.'

If we were asked to name the most important desideratum in apiculture, we should say feeding. Judicious feeding at a proper time will save many stocks. We have not only to contend against the absolute destruction during winter of a feeble or ill-supplied stock, but the principle always before the eye of the apiarian should be to be able to commence the season with strong stocks, able to take due advantage of the honey season directly it arrives. By having this always before him, he can easily double the working power of his colonies. It will readily be seen that in a short or inclement honey-gathering season it is important to make the most of every opportunity of collecting stores, and this can only be done if the workers are in a fit condition to do so.

Feeding not only consists in giving them honey, sugar, sugar-candy, or like sweet substances, if they need it, but in supplying them with water, salt, and rye or wheat meal. Let us briefly notice these in detail. Mr Langstroth, an American apiarian, who has written an excellent work on the bee, quotes the following remarks by Mr Kleine in the *Bienenzeitung:* 'The use of sugar-candy for feeding bees gives to bee-keeping a security which it did not possess before. Still we must not base over-sanguine calculations on it, or attempt to winter very weak stocks, which a provident apiarian would at once unite with a stronger colony. I have used sugar-candy for feeding for the last five years, and made many experiments with it, which satisfy me that it cannot be too strongly recommended. Sugar-candy dissolved in a small quantity of water may be safely given to bees late in the autumn, and even in winter if absolutely necessary. It is prepared by dissolving two pounds of candy in a quart of boiling water, and allowing about half a pint of the solution to evaporate; then skimming and straining through a hair-sieve.'

It is astonishing what may be done with bees when they are in a good humour. In order to produce this desirable state it is only necessary to sprinkle them with sugar and water. This peculiarity is taken advantage of by the wise apiarian when he wishes to conduct the process of artificial swarming, taking away young queens for other hives, removing honey, &c. Bees when swarming rarely sting, and the reason is this: when they leave their hives they naturally think it prudent to take a supply of honey with them, and accordingly pocket all they can. In this state they are very peaceable. In order to make them take honey and produce the desired state, apiarians puff smoke into the hives; the bees gorge themselves, thinking their honey is to be taken from them, and pass to the upper part of the hive. This method is pursued when it is considered desirable to make an examination of the interior of a colony.

Bees will freely take salt during the early part of the breeding season; but water is absolutely necessary for them, and should be regularly supplied in troughs near the entrance, with straws floating in it, so that the bees may drink without fear of drowning. To ascertain whether bees are sustaining injury from want of water, it is only necessary to examine the bottom of the hive. If candied grains of honey appear, no time must be lost in supplying water, *for the bees are eating up their honey in order to obtain it.* This is one cause of the starvation of bees; for lack of water they have too rapidly consumed their stores. Bees work in the dark because the admission of light would candy the honey, and they could not seal it up in its proper liquid state. Glass hives, in which they are made to work in the glare of light, are therefore unnatural. An indication of their dislike to light appears in the attempts they make to obscure the small windows often placed in hives for purposes of examination.

Some people think it possible to overstock a district with bees; but we do not think it ever has occurred in Great Britain. Think of the square miles of orchards, fields of clover and beans, and tracts of heather and other honey-producing plants this country contains, and of the thousands of tons of that substance which must pass from them into the atmosphere, much of which might be gathered for the use of man! How many agricultural labourers and railway porters in country districts might double their earnings by keeping bees! Farmers who grow clovers for seed would find that the multiplication of bees around them would be of immense advantage, for these plants depend to a great extent upon the visits of the bee for fertilisation and consequent production of seed. This simple fact ought to be generally known.

It is a good plan to grow borage, thyme, mignonette, heliotrope, heather, and other honey-containing flowers in the neighbourhood of the apiary; infirm or young bees will not then have to fly far in search of honey. Fields of beans contain large quantities of honey. Mr Pettigrew estimates that a twenty-acre field of grass well sprinkled with the flowers of white clover, yields to bees every fine day at least one hundred pounds of honey; and that twenty acres of heather in flower yield two hundred pounds of honey per day. White clover has been called the queen of honey-plants. Heather is more appreciated for bees in Scotland than in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, where it also abounds. Bees will not fly more than four miles in search of honey, but a circle with a radius of that extent will almost everywhere yield abundant pasturage. If there are cultivated fields within two miles it will be all the better.

We think there can be no doubt that the variety of bee called *Ligurian* will enable the apiarian to obtain more profit than if he kept the common kind. These bees may be readily purchased now at about two pounds a swarm, or twelve shillings a queen, to Ligurianise a colony. (See *The British Bee Journal*, published by Messrs Abbott, Fairlawn, Southall, W.) To Ligurianise an apiary of common bees, it is only necessary to remove the queens and introduce those of the new kind, after a proper interval. This species, which is also called the Italian bee, was introduced into England from Tamin-by-Chur in the canton of Grisons, Switzerland.

Another quality in which the Ligurian bee exceeds the English variety is in its peacefulness of disposition. Respecting the purity of race, Dzierzon says: 'It has been questioned even by experienced and expert apiarians whether the Italian race can be preserved in its purity in countries where the common kind prevail. There need be no uneasiness on this score. Their preservation could be accomplished even if natural swarming had to be relied on, because they swarm earlier in the season than the common kind, and also more frequently.' Even if the breed is not kept pure, little harm is done; indeed we know one skilful apiarian who thinks that a cross between the common and Ligurian varieties is a decided advantage.

The fact that Ligurian bees are less sensitive to cold has been pointed out by the Baron Berlepsch; but he also noticed that they are more inclined to rob the hives of other bees than the common variety. He succeeded in obtaining one hundred and thirty-nine fertile young queens from one Italian queen. Ligurian bees begin work earlier in the morning and leave off later than the common bees.

If the apiarian decides to manage his bees on the swarming or natural method, he must be prepared to give a good deal of attention to his bees, or employ a person to do it for him. Many swarms are lost when the apiarian is away for any length of time, particularly if he possesses an extensive apiary. Besides this, two or more swarms sometimes come out of the hive at the same time and cluster together. In such a case it has been found advantageous to hive them together in a large hive, as it is a somewhat delicate operation to divide the aggregated swarms and hive them separately.

Occasionally a swarm alights on the high branch of a tree, and can only be secured with difficulty. Some apiarians place an old hat or black stocking in a low bush near at hand, and this is said to induce the bees to alight. We have heard of one ingenious gentleman who never lost a swarm, by making a large ball of bees by stringing dead ones together, and placing this upon a string, in its turn affixed to a stick, which he placed in front in a conspicuous situation.

The old queen quits with the first swarm, leaving royal cells ready to supply another after her departure. The second swarm will depart about sixteen days after the first swarm. Bees, however, do not always think it desirable to send out a second swarm. To ascertain this, the apiarian should place his ear at the hive occasionally during that period, in order to ascertain if the young queens are *piping*. When the old queen has left with the first swarm, the first hatched queen is allowed to kill all the embryo queens in the royal cells, if the bees have decided not to send out another swarm. If an exodus is, however, arranged, the bees prevent the queen from killing the young ones in the cells. These begin to pipe after a certain interval; and hence if the apiarian hears the curious notes, he knows that a second swarm may be expected.

The uncertainties of natural swarming have induced many apiarians to dispense with it altogether. The facilities for examination afforded by hives on the principles we have before described, render it easy to ascertain when a hive is ripe for swarming. By contracting the entrance of the hive the exit of the queen may be arrested; and this is a capital plan to pursue when the apiarian is unable to watch his colonies, but does not want to take the swarm from the hive before it is necessary. Our limits will not allow us to go into detail respecting the various processes of artificial swarming. One simple method, after the necessity for taking the swarm has been ascertained, is to puff some smoke (that made by burning a piece of corduroy rolled up, is the best) into the hive, take the top off, after stopping up the entrance, and getting the surplus bees into an empty box or hive placed on the top, by drumming on the hive. In nine cases out of ten the queen goes with them. In that case the parent stock will require another queen, which may be supplied from another hive with a great saving of time. If the queen has remained below, the forced swarm must have a queen supplied in the same manner; or if this is not practicable, the bees will soon rear one themselves.

The advantage of giving a fertile young queen to the mother-stock is thus detailed by Mr Langstroth: 'It sometimes happens that the mother-stock when deprived of its queen perishes, either because it takes no steps to supply her loss, or because it fails in the attempt. If the mother-stock has not been supplied with a fertile queen, it cannot for a long time part with another colony without being seriously weakened. Second swarming—as is well known—often very much injures the parent stock, although its queens are rapidly maturing; but the forced mother-stock may have to start theirs almost from the egg. By giving it a fertile queen and retaining enough adhering bees to develop the brood, a moderate swarm may be safely taken away in ten or twelve days, and the mother-stock left in a far better condition than if it had parted with two natural swarms. In favourable seasons and localities this process may be repeated four or five times, at intervals of ten days; and if no combs are removed, the mother-stock will still be well supplied with brood and mature bees. Indeed the judicious removal of bees at proper intervals often leaves it at the close of the summer better supplied than non-swarming stocks with maturing bees.'

We trust that the observations we have made in the present paper may induce some persons to commence this interesting pursuit who have hitherto been strangers to it. Those who feel inclined to do so, we advise to purchase one of the numerous manuals on the subject, and to begin with a few hives at first. The best cheap work on bees with which we are acquainted is *Practical Bee-keeping*, by Frank Cheshire, Editor of the Apiary Department of *The Country*. (*Bazaar* Office, 32 Wellington Street, Strand.) Price 2s. 6d.

VOYAGING AND STUDYING ROUND THE WORLD.

At the present moment two notable schemes of travel are before the world, to which we will briefly advert. One is simply and purely a pleasure excursion of a somewhat luxurious nature, announced as a 'Yachting Voyage Round the World.' It is proposed, 'should sufficient inducement offer,' to despatch from London, on August 15th, *a large and fast steamer* (*Sumatra*, 2400 tons), fitted with every comfort, to all the principal seaports of the world. After calling at Southampton, Bordeaux, Corunna, and Lisbon, the passengers are to *do* the Mediterranean ports in the most thorough manner, and then Egypt, India, Ceylon, Burmah, the Straits' Settlements, and Manila. From Hong-kong the steamer is to proceed to Amoy on the Chinese coast, to enable the travellers to visit Nanking and Peking: at least so the programme has it; but either its author or printer has made a slip here, for of course it must be intended that these very interesting trips should be made from Shanghai, the next port of call. Having thus skirted the Celestial Empire, the travellers will be spirited across the Yellow Sea to Japan, there to behold the wonders of a budding civilisation. Then after a three weeks' voyage across the Pacific, they will commence their experience of the New World at San Francisco; and calling here and there at places of interest on their southward voyage, they will be taken through the Straits of Magellan to the Falkland Islands; after leaving which they will visit successively Monte Video, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Trinidad, Havana, and New York. The fare for this pleasure excursion will be five hundred pounds with extras; which, considering the promised accommodation of every description set forth in the prospectus, does not appear very excessive for a voyage calculated to last ten months or thereabouts. We recommend the idea to the attention of those who want something more exciting and novel in the way of travel than can otherwise be got within a thousand miles of St Paul's. One objection only occurs to our mind in regard to the route proposed, and that is the fact of our great colonies being entirely ignored. Full information may be had by applying to Messrs Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament Street, London, S.W.; or of the Hon. Secretaries of the Association, Messrs Hide & Thompson, 4 Cullum Street, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

The other scheme to which we would allude is one put forward by the *Société des Voyages d'étude autour du Monde*, which has been formed at Paris with the avowed object of organising annual steam-voyages round the world. The Society aims higher than the promoters of the 'Yachting' Cruise, and desires to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to provide for respectably connected young men who have finished their ordinary studies a still more complete finish in the shape of '*un complément d'instruction supérieur.*' The Society states that its plan has met with the approval of the Geographical Societies of Paris and London and several learned bodies in France; and it has appointed a Council of Administration to carry it out, as well as a committee of *savants* to organise the courses of study which are to form a special feature of the expeditions, and are to embrace scientific, economic, and commercial subjects. After a considerable period of incubation, the views of the Society have just been enunciated in some detail in a pamphlet entitled *Le Tour du Monde en 320 Jours* (Round the World in three hundred and twenty Days), (Paris: Ch. Delagrave). From this we learn that the itinerary of the 'Yachting' Cruise will, broadly speaking, be reversed, and that some additional places will be visited, notably Auckland, Melbourne, and Sydney; which in our humble opinion is a great improvement from an educational point of view. Our readers would hardly thank us for diving into all the minutiæ of the scheme, which, with the usual fondness of the French for petty detail, are laid down in the pamphlet at considerable length under the four heads: *Organisation générale du prémier voyage*, *Organisation matérielle*, *Organisation morale*, and *Conditions du passage*.

The arrangements made under the third head of those just noted (*Organisation morale*) constitute the distinguishing feature of the expedition. They include a large library of all descriptions of works on foreign countries, and a collection of the most interesting of their products, especially those which are or can be turned to an account from an industrial point of view. Atlases and charts will be provided, to enable the passengers to make themselves acquainted with the various countries and to follow with exactness the course of the ship. In order to provide an educational staff, the Society offers free passages to three professors, who will be charged with the superintendence of the following branches of study and the delivery of lectures thereon: Economic science, including the commercial products of the various countries visited, their manners and customs, historical sketches, &c.; Natural sciences, under which will come the race of the inhabitants, animal life, plants, geology, mining, &c.; and Physical science and climatology, in which category meteorology, winds and currents, geographical details, seasons, &c. will be dealt with. We have said sufficient, we think, to shew the peculiar features of this proposed series of annual voyages round the world for educational purposes; and we shall watch the result with much interest, though, from our own personal experience of long voyages in hot climates, on board even comfortable steamers, we should have thought that they were the last places in which serious studies on a large scale could be conducted with advantage.

Full particulars may be had from the *Société*, 8 Place Vendôme, Paris; or from Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, London. June 30th is the day fixed for sailing; but, strange to say, '*les dames ne seront pas admises à prendre part au voyage.*' (No ladies allowed to accompany the expedition!)

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CHARLEY ROSS.

On the 1st of July 1874, two little boys, brothers, were playing on the side of a public road near some villas at Germantown, a few miles from Philadelphia. The elder of the two, Walter Ross, was nearly six years of age; the younger, Charley Ross, was aged four years and two months. They were the sons of Christian K. Ross, a gentleman in business in Philadelphia, who lived in one of the villas at this pleasant part of the environs. His wife and some other children were at the time residing at Atlantic City on the sea-shore of New Jersey. Charley was a charming little boy, with a round full face, broad forehead, bright brown eyes, and light flaxen hair, curling in ringlets to the neck. Like all American children whom we have ever seen, Charley and his brother Walter were fond of candy, a sweetmeat of the barley-sugar species, the taste for which led in the present case to a serious misadventure.

For several days in their outdoor sports, the two boys had been presented with a present of candy by two men who were driving in a kind of wagon or drosky, and who stopped for a moment to talk to them. These interviews produced a slight acquaintance with the men. When they drove past on the 1st of July, and as usual gave them candy, Charley asked them for a ride, and also whether they would not buy him some crackers, which they promised to do. The crackers were meant to be used as fireworks on the 4th July, the annual fête commemorative of American Independence. After driving on for a certain distance, the men returned and took them for a ride into the wagon. Walter asked them to go to Main Street to get the fire-crackers, but was told that he and his brother would be taken to Aunt Susie's store. This was a place which had no existence. So onward the two boys were driven, amused with talk, and supplied with fresh doles of candy. By-and-by, as Charley thought the men were driving rather far, he began to cry, and begged to be taken home. To pacify him, the men gave Walter some money to go into a cigar-store which had crackers exhibited in the window; he was to buy two packages of crackers and one of torpedoes, and come back to the wagon. While he was gone on this deceitful mission, the wagon drove off with Charley. When Walter came out of the store with his hands full of fireworks, he was not a little surprised to find that the wagon had disappeared. He looked about in all directions, but could not see or hear anything of it. Finding himself deserted he cried loudly; a crowd gathered round him, and a kindly disposed person took him home.

On returning to his house in the evening, Mr Ross was distressed at the absence of little Charley, and alarmed from what Walter had to tell of the two men in the wagon. The only reasonable conjecture he could form was that the child had been stolen, though for what purpose he could not divine. Assisted by a nephew, he went off to make inquiries at different police stations; at none, however, could he hear any tidings to allay his anxiety. In the account given by Walter, he described the appearance of the two men, one of whom had rings on his fingers and wore gold spectacles; the horse and wagon were also described. Strange to say, no one knew who these men were. At taverns and livery-stables they and their equipments were unknown. The officers of police were at a loss what to make of the affair. For days Mr Ross continued the search for the child and his abductors. With his nephew he scoured the neighbourhood, telegraphed to various quarters, and advertised the loss in the newspapers. Hearing that there had been a band of gipsies in the neighbourhood, he supposed that they might have been concerned in the theft. Detectives were employed to visit the gipsy camp and make a rigorous search for the boy. The search was unavailing. The gipsies were apparently innocent of the crime.

Much public sympathy was felt for the father of the lost boy, and all were amazed at the possibility of a child being carried off in a manner so totally inexplicable. Where could little Charley be? He and his captors had seemingly vanished from the face of the earth. The only rational supposition that could be formed was that Charley had been stolen by two scoundrels in the hope of getting a heavy ransom on his restoration. Yet, a crime of this kind, though common enough in Sicily, where the laws meet with no sort of respect, was next to unknown in Pennsylvania or any other northern part of the United States. If Charley Ross had been abducted for the sake of a ransom, it was the beginning of a new crime in this part of the world, and as such would send a shiver through society; for no child of any man in good circumstances would be safe.

The conjecture that little Charley was stolen with a view to being held in ransom, proved to be the right one. The abductors had the audacity to write to Mr Ross, July 3, that he might keep his mind easy about Charley; but that no powers on earth would get him unless good payment was offered for him. The letter was in affectedly bad writing and spelling, and was not dated from any place. Strange to say, it must, from the short time between posting and delivery, have been written in Philadelphia, in which city, by a reasonable inference, the two thieves were concealed. The authorities now made a more minute and vigorous search, and a watch was put on all the railway dépôts day and night. Barns, stables, sheds, and unoccupied houses were looked into, and the police went through all known haunts of vice and professional beggars and vagrants. The search was not confined to the town and suburbs, but was extended up and down the Delaware and into the neighbouring states. Every canal-boat was carefully examined. To do the local authorities justice, they spared no pains to unravel this extraordinary mystery. The crime, as it now stood revealed, did not alone concern the bereaved father and his child; it concerned the whole community, and if allowed to go undetected, there might be no end to the felonious abduction of children.

On the day after receiving the letter of the 3d July, Mr Ross advertised that he would give a reward of three hundred dollars to any person returning his lost child. To this there came a startling response in a letter dated Philadelphia, 6th. It was as badly written and badly spelled as the preceding, and plainly intimated that the ransom to be paid for restoration of the boy was twenty thousand dollars—not a dollar less would be taken, and all the powers in the universe would fail to find out where he was. If Mr Ross was ready to negotiate, he was to say so by advertisement in the *Public Ledger*. On the 7th Mr Ross advertised that he would negotiate. At two o'clock the same day a letter in reply was received. What was now demanded was that Mr Ross should advertise in the *Evening Star* as follows: either, 'Will come to terms,' or 'Will not come to terms.' If the former, it would be understood that twenty thousand dollars would be given; if the latter, the negotiation was at an end, and Charley's blood be on his father's head. Here was an explicit and horrible threat that if the full ransom were not forthcoming the unfortunate child would be murdered. It being conclusive that this, like the preceding letter, had been posted at Philadelphia, a watch was put on the letter-boxes, to discover who were the senders. This effort failed in effect. The thieves were evidently assisted by some unknown confederate, who posted the letters, and whom it was impossible to identify.

We have not space to go into the numerous details of what ensued, as given by Mr Ross in a volume which has lately made its appearance.* Referring persons deeply interested in the matter to the book itself, which will reward perusal, we proceed to say that the intercourse by letter and advertisement between the abductors and the bereaved father came to nothing. There were difficulties as regards the kind of notes in which the ransom should be paid; there were worse difficulties as to how the thieves could make the exchange of the boy for the money. In Sicily, where a brigand leaves his card with the superior magistrate of the district, things of this kind encounter no serious obstacle. It is different in the United States, as it is in England. In these countries, brigands are not on visiting terms with public authorities. The two rascals who stole Charley Ross could make nothing of him after they had got him. He was concealed with an extraordinary degree of skill, somewhere about Philadelphia; but the ingenuity which was displayed by his captors met with no recompense. It was evident from the universal clamour, that a repetition of tricks of this kind could not be carried on with any prospect of profit or security. The whole newspaper world was up. Thousands of presses from New Orleans to the Saskatchewan, from New York to San Francisco, were flaming with stories and conjectures about the abduction of Charley Ross. In time, the newspapers of England caught up the theme. The hearts of parents in every part of the English reading world were acutely interested. What will strike every one as marvellous, is the impenetrable secrecy which shrouded the spot where Charley Ross was secluded. It was tantalisingly near at hand, yet nobody could find it out.

It may amuse our readers to know that from the universal excitement that was created, there sprung up a crop of pretended discoverers of the lost child. All that was needed to restore him to the arms of his loving parents was a little money. Some of the announcements were hoaxes. Some were barefaced attempts at extortion. The effect of these despicable communications was to add poignancy to the sorrow that was already endured by the father and mother of little Charley. The credulity of the family was also painfully tried by information alleged to have been obtained through the medium of spirits. Unfortunately, no two mediums gave the same direction in which to look for the child. Their revelations were simply a piece of nonsense, though imparted with prodigious gravity.

Annoyed with pretenders of various classes, Ross and his nephew did not relax endeavours to unravel the mystery. They travelled about over the northern states, led on by communications from the two thieves, who had quitted Philadelphia, and taken up new ground. It at length appeared to be conclusive that Charley's captors had gone to New York, and from rigorous investigations at the several hotels, it was almost certain that their names were Mosher and Douglas. They had, however, no child with them. Where he was stowed away, if still in life, no one knew. Going with professional zest into the affair, the New York police, greatly to their credit, under Superintendent Walling, made every effort to track the windings of the two desperadoes, who, from newspaper advertisements and bills stuck on the walls, saw that they were momentarily in risk of capture. New York, however, has about it holes and corners in which felons find temporary lurking-places, and when pursuit is keen there is water on two sides, with boats, in some of which there is a refuge from justice equal to that of the old Alsatia in Whitefriars. On the opposite side of the narrow channel on the east, lies Long Island, hilly and picturesque, and which, besides Brooklyn, possesses a large number of villas of wealthy citizens scattered about among gardens and pleasure-grounds. To this island, as charming a retreat of families from New York, as are the Highland borders of the Clyde for the citizens of Glasgow, we have to follow Mosher and Douglas, the reputed abductors of Charley Ross.

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* *Charley Ross: the Story of his Abduction*. By C. K. Ross. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.

The two villains had exhausted their means. They had made nothing of the cruel capture we have been describing, and had indeed lost money by the transaction. Driven to their last shifts, they resolved to begin a career of house-breaking. As a commencement, they broke into the villa of Judge Van Brunt of the Supreme Court of New York, situated near the water's edge, at a picturesque part of Long Island. The judge and his family were absent for the season, and the house being shut up, offered, as was thought, a good chance of effecting a burglary. In laying their plans, Mosher and Douglas were not possibly aware, that before closing his house, the judge furnished it with 'a burglar alarm telegraph, which conveys information of the slightest interference with any of its doors or windows into the bedroom of his brother,' who resided permanently in a house near at hand. The account of the attack may be given in the words of Mr Ross:

'On the morning of December 14, at two o'clock, this alarm-bell rang violently. Mr Van Brunt was at once awakened, and immediately called his son Albert, who was asleep. When Albert came down stairs the father said: "Go over and see what has sounded that alarm; I think the wind has blown open one of those blinds again;" an occurrence which had more than once before caused the bell to ring. The young man went, first taking the precaution to put a pistol in his pocket. Approaching his uncle's house, he noticed a flickering light through the blinds of one of the windows; he returned and told his father about the light, procured a lantern for himself, and went to arouse William Scott, the judge's gardener, who lived in a cottage close by, and who had the keys of the judge's house. On their way back, Scott and Albert ascertained that more than one man was in the house with the light. They then awoke Herman Frank, a hired man; and after placing one man in front and another behind the judge's house, Albert returned to his father and reported what he had seen and done. His father, although seriously suffering from illness, after getting together the arms in the house, joined his son, and calling the gardener and hired man to him, said: "Now, boys, we have work to do, and must understand each other; we must capture those fellows if we can without killing them; but if they resist, we shall have to defend ourselves. Albert, you and Scott stand before the front door; Frank and I will take the rear; and whatever happens afterward, let us remain in the positions we first take up; because if we move around, we shall be certain in the dark to shoot one another instead of the thieves. Whichever way they come, let the two who meet them take care of them as best they can; if they come out and scatter both ways, then we will all have a chance to work." The party took their respective places; the night was pitch dark, cold, and wet. The watchers waited patiently for nearly an hour, while the burglars went through every room in the house, with the rays from their dark-lanterns flashing now and then through the chinks in the shutters. At length they came down to the basement floor and into the pantry. Through the window of this little apartment Mr Van Brunt could see distinctly the faces of the two burglars. He could have shot them down there and then in perfect safety to himself and his companions; but he wished to refrain from taking life until he could be certain that the robbers would shew resistance. He did not wish to kill them in the house, nor in any other way than in self-defence.

'The elder Van Brunt, finding he was growing numb and weak from the effects of the cold damp air of the inclement night, determined "to push things," and standing in front of the back door, ordered the hired man to open it quickly. In trying to get the key into the keyhole, he made a noise which the quick-eared burglars heard. Their light went out immediately, and their footsteps were heard ascending the cellar stairs. Mr Van Brunt and his man moved towards the trap-door of the cellar, the lock of which had been broken. This was soon opened, and the body of a man started up, followed by the head of another. Mr Van Brunt cried out "Halt!" in response to which two pistol-shots from the cellar door flashed almost in his face, but without injuring him. He then fired his shot-gun at the foremost man, and a cry of agony followed. The other man fired at him a second time, and then ran towards the front of the house. There he dashed almost into the arms of the younger Van Brunt, at whom he fired two more shots, luckily missing him also; and before the pistol could be fired again his arm was struck down by a blow from Mr Van Brunt's shot-gun, which was shattered. Uttering a terrible cry the burglar now retreated; but before he had gone many rods, Mr Van Brunt sent a bullet into the would-be murderer's back. The desperate house-breaker staggered for an instant, and then fell dead.

'Meanwhile the other burglar, although mortally wounded from the elder Van Brunt's first fire, continued to shoot in the dark until he was exhausted. The firing now ceased; the only thing positively known, after the second or third shot, being the gratifying fact that while none of the defenders of the judge's property was hurt, the two burglars were literally riddled with shot and bullets. One was stone dead, with his empty revolver under his head; the other lived until five o'clock—only about two hours. Several neighbours, aroused by the firing, came rushing to the place, and got there by the time the fight was over; one of whom was asked by the wounded man to give him some whisky. After tasting it, he pushed it away, and called for water, which he drank eagerly. He was then asked who they were, and where they came from. He replied : "Men, I won't lie to you ; my name is Joseph Douglas, and that man over there is William Mosher." He spelled M-o-s-h-e-r-'s name, adding : "Mosher lives in the city (New York), and I have no home. I am a single man, and have no relatives except a brother and sister, whom I have not seen for twelve or fifteen years. Mosher is a married man, and has five children." Believing himself to be mortally wounded, he continued : "I have forty dollars in my pocket ; I wish to be buried with it ; I made it honestly." Then he said : "*It's no use lying now : Mosher and I stole* CHARLEY ROSS *from Germantown.*" When asked why they stole him, he replied : "To make money." He was then asked who had charge of the child ; to which he replied : "Mosher knows all about the child ; ask him." He was then told that Mosher was dead, and was raised up so that he could see the dead body of his partner in guilt. He exclaimed : "God help his poor wife and family." To the question, "Could he tell where the child was?" he answered : "God knows I tell you the truth ; I don't know where he is ; Mosher knew." The same question was repeated a number of times to him ; but he gave no further information, but said : "Superintendent Walling knows all about us, and was after us, and now he shall have us. Send him word. The child will be returned home safe and sound in a few days." He told his inquirers that they had come over in a sloop which was lying in the cove, and begged them not to question him any more, and not to move him, as it hurt him to talk or move. He remained conscious until about fifteen minutes before his death. Thus writhing in agony, lying on the spot where he had fallen, drenched with the descending rain, ended the purposeless and miserable life of one who aided in rending the heart-strings of a family unknown to him, and in outraging the feelings of the civilised world. So swiftly did retribution come upon his companion, that not one word escaped his lips : no message to his family—no confession of his terrible crimes—no prayer was he permitted to utter : suddenly, as by the stroke of lightning, was his soul ushered into eternity. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard."'

That there might be no doubt about the identity of the two bodies, Walter Ross was sent for. He recognised one as having been the man who drove the wagon, and the other as having given him money to buy the crackers. Others identified them as the men who had been seen driving away with the children. There could therefore be no doubt that William Mosher and Joseph Douglas were the real abductors of Charley Ross. The discovery was so far satisfactory ; but where was the lost child? Mosher's wife was hunted up and questioned on the subject. 'She said her husband had told her that the child had been placed with an old man and woman, and was well cared for, but she did not know who were his keepers, or where he lived.' Disappointed in getting any useful information in this quarter, Mrs Ross's brothers offered by advertisement a reward of five thousand dollars for the return of the child within ten days. The child was not returned, and instead of any useful information on the subject, there was a repetition of miserable attempts at fraudulent extortion. At the same time, circumstances were elicited regarding the career of the deceased culprits Mosher and Douglas. It was ascertained that a person named William Westervelt, a brother of Mosher's wife, and a notorious associate of thieves, was concerned in the abduction. He, in fact, had been the confederate who posted the letters and otherwise assisted the two thieves. In September 1875, he was tried for being engaged with others in abducting and concealing the child ; and being found guilty, he was sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar, the cost of the prosecution, and to undergo an imprisonment of solitary confinement for the term of seven years.

In the course of the trial, no fact was elicited respecting the place of detention of the child. From the day he was stolen, July 1, 1874, till the present time, not a word has been heard of him. His distressed parents exist only in hope that he is still in the land of the living, and may yet be restored to them. If alive, he will now be about seven years of age. It would afford us immeasurable satisfaction if *Chambers's Journal*, which penetrates into all English-speaking quarters in the American continent, should happily help to recover the child who was lost, the helpless little boy, CHARLEY ROSS. W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A DEATH-BLOW.

I STOOD for a few moments watching my strange new acquaintance, rapidly widening the distance between us, then turned thoughtfully homewards again. The story I had just heard had given me something to think of besides my own happiness. Although poor Nancy might be a little too ready to rebel, how hard things had been for her ! How much did I, and all women blessed as I, owe to such as Nancy. Well, there would be Philip to help me by-and-by. Surely we two might be able to do something, I thought, my cheeks uncomfortably hot with the consciousness that the existence I had been dreaming of savoured too much of ease and sunshine for two people who professed to desire the highest life. Robert Wentworth would tell me that, and so of course would Philip ; and I was glad also to realise, as I did just then, that continued ease and sunshine would pall quite as much upon me as upon either of them. 'I was not to the manner born.'

I had reached the stile, and was absently stepping down on the other side of it, as I afterwards found, stepping so wide of the lower step as to involve an ignominious descent, when I was gently lifted on to *terra firma* by two strong arms.

'What makes you so careless to-night?' said Robert Wentworth.

'It was stupid,' I replied, realising the position ; and adding : 'In truth, my thoughts were wool-gathering ; and I had forgotten where I was.'

'Rather an awkward moment for forgetting where you were ; wasn't it?'

'No ; yes—yes ; of course it was stupid,' I repeated.

'You are not generally so ready to plead guilty as that,' he replied smilingly. 'What makes you so preternaturally meek to-night? Have you just come off second-best in a wordy war with old Jemmy Rodgers?' Bending down to get a better look into my face, he went on with quite another tone and manner : 'What has happened, Mary?'

'Happened?' I repeated, hesitatingly. But why should I not tell him? I presently asked myself. He knew that Philip was expected, and that we were to be married; he knew that I loved Philip; and why should I any longer act like a foolish girl about it? So after a moment or two, I went on: 'That which you asked to be allowed to speak of in three months may be spoken now, if you will.'

'Now!' As he echoed the word, bending to look at me again, I noticed a swift change of expression in his face—an eager, startled, yet not altogether assured look.

'Yes; I have had a letter this evening, telling me that Philip expected to be able to sail within a week or so of sending it, and he may be here any time during the next month.'

'Philip!'

'Mr Dallas you know. We are to be married.'

He was silent; and after waiting a moment for a reply which came not, I grew a little conscious of the awkwardness of talking about my lover to him, and not the more pleased with him for making me feel so. A little confusedly, I murmured something about having hoped that they would be friends; so many Philip had known must be scattered and lost to him during his long absence, and he was a man of all others to appreciate a friend.

Nettled by his continued silence, I went on: 'If I have expected too much, you yourself are a little to blame for my doing so. You have always made me feel that I might expect something more from you than from other people.'

I saw his hand tighten on the bar of the stile it rested on with a pressure which made the veins look like cords. He threw up his head, and seemed to take counsel with the stars. Was it the pale moonlight which made him look so white and rigid? Had I offended him? *What* was it? Then arose a new and terrible fear in my mind. Had I misunderstood him—had he misunderstood *me*—all this time? Had I unwittingly led him to believe me a free woman, and—— Was it possible that he loved me—Robert Wentworth?

Deeply pained as well as ashamed, had I not always believed and asserted that such complications are not brought about by single-minded women? I bowed my head, covering my face with my trembling hands in the bitterness of humiliation. My love for Philip had made all men seem as brothers to me, and it had never for a moment entered my head that my bearing towards them might be misconstrued. Then it must be remembered I was not like a young and attractive girl; nor had I been accustomed to receive lover-like attention. Bewildered and miserable—God forgive me if I had wronged Robert Wentworth in my blindness—I was confusedly trying to recollect what I had last said, so that I might be able to add a few words which would serve as an excuse for leaving him not too abruptly, when he at length spoke. Clear and firm his voice sounded in the stillness, though the words came slowly: 'You have not expected too much, Mary.' I could not say a word; and in my anxiety for him, still lingered. 'You have not expected too much,' he gently repeated. Then seeing that was not enough, he added, in the same low measured tone: 'God helping me, I will be your husband's friend, Mary.'

I put out my hands, involuntarily clasping them together. I think he interpreted the gesture aright. With the old grave smile, he said: 'You must not forget you have a brother as well as a husband, you know.'

'I will not; God bless you, Robert!'—laying my hand for a moment on his.

He waved his hand, and without a word turned away. I tried to gather comfort from his quiet tone; tried to persuade myself that it was but a passing fancy for me, which he would very quickly get over, now he knew the truth; using all sorts of arguments to quiet my conscience. But in my inmost heart I knew that Robert Wentworth was not the man to be shaken in that way merely by a passing fancy. Beyond measure depressed and dissatisfied with myself, I slowly and wearily made my way back towards the cottage again. Ah me! how changed was the aspect of things already! How different this still grayness, to the *couleur de rose* in which I had read Philip's letter, and how different was my mental state! Was I the same person who only an hour or so previously had been telling herself that her happiness was almost too great to be borne? All my pretty pictures of the future, in which Lilian and Robert Wentworth had figured so charmingly, were destroyed. I had fully intended to take Lilian and dear old Mrs Tipper into my confidence respecting Philip's expected arrival and my future prospects, as soon as I reached the cottage; but how could I do so now? How could I talk about Philip as he ought to be talked about, with the remembrance of that set white face upturned in the moonlight, fresh upon me! Impossible! My heart sank at the bare thought of parading my love just then. It would be like dancing over a grave.

I could better turn my thoughts upon poor Nancy than upon my coming marriage, just now. I found Lilian and her aunt at a loss to know what had become of me, and it was some little relief to be able to talk about my adventure with Nancy.

They were full of interest and sympathy, entering into my feelings upon the subject at once, and only differing from me about my allowing her to return to the Home, thinking that this was too much to expect from her. But I still thought that it was her best course; and it did me a little good to argue the point with them in the way of obliging me to use my wits.

'She was not entirely blameless,' I replied. 'I think she recognised that, in deciding to return to the Home, when I left it to her to choose.'

'But I am very glad you promised to procure a situation for her as soon as you can, Mary,' said Lilian. 'It seems almost too much to expect her to remain there for any length of time.'

'I have no fear of being able to do that when the right time comes,' I rejoined.

I was not able to be quite as candid as I wished to be, because I would not now touch upon the subject of my approaching marriage. I was consequently obliged to speak more indefinitely than I felt about obtaining a situation for Nancy.

'May I go with you to the Home, Mary? I too should like to say a cheering word to poor Nancy.'

I very gladly acquiesced, and we agreed to set forth the following morning. I did not, as I had always hitherto done with Philip's letters, sit gloating over the contents of this last and most precious of all half through the night, finding a new delicious meaning in every word. The remembrance of Robert Wentworth came between me and my happiness; and my letter was put away with a sigh. Disturbed and ashamed, the possibility of Philip's wife being supposed a free woman, was humiliating to me. My thoughts were reflected in my dreams. I appeared to be all night wandering in hopeless search of an intangible something:

> A form without substance,
> A mental mirage,
> Which kindled a thirst
> That it could not assuage.

I awoke feverish and unrefreshed. But Lilian and I set forth in good time to do our errand before the heat of the day; and a walk in the fresh morning air, through the prettiest of Kentish scenery, proved a very good remedy for a disturbed mind. Then I had a special reason for exerting myself to keep Lilian's thoughts from straying that morning. Her exclamation, 'Already!' when we found ourselves before the gates of the Home, seemed to shew that my efforts had not been thrown away. As the estate had been sold piecemeal, and very little ground had been purchased with the house, it had been thought necessary to build a wall round it. The aspect of the grand old house, surrounded thus by a mean-looking new wall, was almost pathetic, as well as out of character. And the great gates, which had once graced the entrance to a beautiful old park, looked specially out of place, let into a wall some feet lower than themselves, and with their fine iron-work boarded up. We saw too that all the windows in view were boarded up so high as to prevent the inmates looking out.

'I really do not see how it could hurt the people to see the beautiful country,' ejaculated Lilian, as we stood waiting for admittance after ringing the hanging bell. 'No prison could look more dismal.'

'Yes; Nancy Dean is one of the inmates here,' in answer to my query, said a sullen-looking woman, in the ugliest of dresses in shape, and make, and colour; and with her hair tucked away entirely out of sight beneath a cap uglier if possible than her dress. 'But you can't see her. This isn't visiting day. Wednesdays, second and last in the month, two till four o'clock.' Wherewith the small door let into the wall by the side of the gates, which she had opened to inquire our errand, was unceremoniously slammed to.

I did not hesitate to ring again. This was Thursday, and not one of the visiting weeks. Nancy must not be left until the following Wednesday without the knowledge that I had kept my word. It was of the gravest importance that she should know that I had made inquiries, even though I could not obtain an interview with her. But I saw now that I had made a mistake in first asking for her. I hurriedly tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and pencilled a few lines upon it, to the effect that 'a lady much interested in the Home hoped Mrs Gower would accord her a short interview;' and had it ready by the time the woman once more opened the door.

'I wish to see Mrs Gower the lady-superintendent, if you please.'

'Have you got an appointment with her?' she asked.

'If you give this to her, it will explain,' I returned, putting the folded paper into her hand.

She coolly unfolded it, read it through, and after a moment's hesitation, ungraciously made way for us to enter. Then, after relocking the gate, she left us standing just within, whilst she went into the house to do my bidding.

'Not a very courteous reception,' said Lilian.

'We ought to have inquired for the matron at first; but we can do without courtesy, if we succeed in getting our way,' I returned.

It seemed that we were to get our way. The woman came towards us again. 'I was to say that it is not usual for ladies to come at this time; Mrs Gower is always very much engaged until two o'clock; but she will see you, if you will step this way.'

We followed her into the house through a great hall, cold and forlorn-looking enough even at this season, divested as it was of everything in the way of furniture, and with its stone floor distressingly whitened. Then she pushed open a swing-door, led the way down a small well-carpeted passage, and ushered us into one of the cosiest of little rooms, luxuriously furnished. I had just a momentary glimpse of a lady lying back in an easy-chair, with her feet upon a hassock, reading a newspaper, a dainty luncheon with wine, &c. on the low table at her elbow, when at the words, 'The committee room, the committee room, of course, Downs,' we were hurriedly hustled out of the room again.

'This way, if you please,' said our conductress, leading us across the forlorn-looking hall again.

But the room we were now ushered into was to my eyes more forlorn still—a long room of noble proportions, with five windows, which had once commanded the view of a beautifully wooded undulating park, but which were now faced by a brick wall only four or five feet distant. The only flowers now to be seen were the marble ones festooned about the high old-fashioned fireplaces at each end of the room. It was now used as a committee room; a long baize-covered table, a dozen or so of heavy chairs, with ink and papers and one book, representing the furniture.

I was busily altering the aspect of things, telling myself that even the committee must feel the depressing effects of such a room as this; pulling down the offending wall, training rose-trees round the windows, and so forth, when the door opened, and Mrs Gower entered. A stout large-boned woman, between fifty and sixty years of age; severe of countenance, and expensively attired—too elaborately, I thought, for a gentlewoman's morning-dress.

'One of our lady patronesses, I presume?' she said, with a little half-bend as she advanced. 'It is not usual for ladies to come at this early hour; but we are always prepared for inspection, and happy to shew the Home, and explain our system, to ladies who may be desirous of co-operating with us.'

'I am very much interested, Mrs Gower. I do not think anything can be of more interest and importance to women than is such work as this. But I came as the friend of one of the inmates—Nancy Dean—to ask your permission for me to see her.'

'Are you a subscriber to the institution, may I ask, madam?'

'No.'

'Do you bring an introduction from any one who is a subscriber?'

'No; unfortunately I know no one in any way connected with the Home.'

There was a very marked change in Mrs Gower's bearing, as she coldly observed: 'In that case, you did not, I presume, state your errand to the portress; and she was neglectful of her duty in not inquiring what it was, and giving you to understand that visitors to the inmates are only admitted upon certain days and at certain hours.'

'No; she was not to blame. She told me that I could not see Nancy until the usual visiting day.'

'Then I am quite at a loss to understand'——

'I should not have ventured to trespass upon your time if it were an ordinary case, and I could wait until the next visiting day to communicate with Nancy, Mrs Gower. I know, for the proper management of a place like this, it must be necessary to make rules and enforce them. But I hope you will make an exception in this case. It is of the greatest importance to her as well as to me that she should know a friend came here to see her to-day.'

'A friend! That means, I presume, that you have taken up her case? I cannot suppose that you belong to her own class?'

I made a little bow serve for reply; and she very gravely went on: 'If it be so, I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that you couldn't have taken up a worse case. Dean is one of the most incorrigible characters I have had to deal with during a long experience. You are probably not aware that she is at present under discipline for bad conduct?'

'Bad conduct?' I repeated interrogatively, a little curious to hear *her* version of the story.

'Yesterday, she conducted herself in the most disgraceful way before the committee. Afterwards she got through the window of the room in which she was confined, and ran away. Then, I suppose in consequence of not being able to find any place of refuge, she presented herself at the gates again late last night, saying that she had returned to take the punishment for what she had done, and to try to reform. Of course the true reason is, she prefers staying here until her plans are more matured, and she can leave at her own convenience.'

'May she not be sincere in her desire for reform, Mrs Gower?'

'That is perfectly hopeless. A very short residence here would teach you the hopelessness of expecting any thorough reform in such as Dean.'

'It must be very painful to you to feel that of any human creature, Mrs Gower.'

'Of course it is painful'—a trifle snappishly; 'but such knowledge as, I am sorry to say, is gained here does not increase one's faith in human nature, madam. We have to face a great many unpleasant facts, and one of them is, that such women as Nancy Dean are altogether incorrigible.'

'It must be very discouraging to think so.'

'Nothing discourages us from doing our duty.' And here Mrs Gower very decidedly touched a hand-bell on the table.

Not appearing to notice the hint, I quietly rejoined: 'But great mistakes may be made in such cases; and I hope you will excuse my saying that I think you have been mistaken with respect to Nancy Dean, and taken her incorrigibility too much for granted.'

Mrs Gower drew herself up; if she thought it possible that she could make mistakes, she was evidently not in the habit of being told that she could. It was probably all the more unpardonable from the fact that the portress, who had noiselessly obeyed her summons, heard what passed. I had not of course intended her to hear it; but she must have entered so very quickly after the bell sounded, and moved so noiselessly, that I was quite unaware of her presence, until the direction which Mrs Gower's eyes took informed me of it.

Mrs Gower's colour was a little raised, as she begged to decline any further discussion upon so painful a subject with one who evidently had had no experience, and therefore could not understand it.

'But you will, I hope, oblige me so far as to let Nancy Dean know that her friend Miss Haddon came to see her, and will come again on the first visiting day?' I pleaded, seeing that it was no use to press for an interview.

'I cannot promise anything of the kind,' loftily returned Mrs Gower. 'Dean is under discipline; and the course of treatment I adopt will entirely depend upon her conduct while under that discipline.'

'I beg'——

'I cannot promise anything.' Then somewhat irrelevantly, as it appeared to me at the moment, but as I now think, for the purpose of pointing out to me that the fault lay with Nancy Dean, and not with the system, she added, glancing for a moment towards the woman, who stood with downcast eyes, waiting for further orders: 'This is one of our successes.'

'This' appeared to my eyes but a very poor success—a very doubtful one indeed, if the low narrow brows and heavy mouth and chin expressed anything of the character. She appeared to be quite accustomed to be so alluded to, no change in her face shewing that she was in any way impressed by it. There she stood, a success, make what you choose of it, she seemed to say, eyeing us with stolid indifference. I could not help contrasting her face with that of the 'incorrigible' whom I had seen the night previously, so open and honest even in its passionate anger. Nevertheless, in my anxiety upon Nancy's account, I ventured to make an indirect appeal to 'This.'

'I am glad to hear it. Her own reformation doubtlessly makes her more desirous to help her fellow-women, and poor Nancy Dean so terribly needs a friend just now.' Then turning again towards Mrs Gower, I added: 'I trust that you will allow Nancy Dean to be informed that I called, madam?'

I think she perceived my motive for repeating the request before the woman. She very decidedly replied: 'As I informed you just now, I cannot give any promise of the kind; and Downs knows her duty. And I must remind you that my time is valuable; I have already given you more than I can spare. Good-morning, Miss Haddon.—The gate, Downs.' And with a very slight inclination of the head, Mrs Gower gave us our dismissal.

Lilian and I followed the woman to the gate, where I paused a moment, trying to gather from the expression of her face whether it would be of any avail to make a more direct appeal to her. It seemed useless to attempt it; one might as well hope to influence a wooden figure. As I stood hesitating, unwilling to go without making one more effort, I said a few words to Lilian, more to give myself time than anything else, but which served the end I had in view: 'I would give a great deal to get a message conveyed to poor Nancy.'

A new and altogether different expression dwelt for a moment in Down's eyes, fixed straight before her; an expression which suggested an idea to me that I had not had in using the words. In a moment I had my purse out of my pocket, and a half-sovereign between my fingers; taking care, as I noticed she did, to turn towards the open gate and away from the house.

Brighter and brighter grew the expression of her face as she said in a low voice: 'I might perhaps just mention to Nancy Dean that you called this morning, ma'am—if that's all you want done?'

'That is all I want you to do; just to tell her that her friend Miss Haddon called, and intends to come again next visiting day.'

'Very well, ma'am; I don't mind telling her that,' she returned, looking wooden and dull again, as her fingers closed over the money; once more the same sullen, unimpressionable woman we had at first seen, as she closed the gates upon us.

'O Mary, what a dreadful place! How could any one be expected to be better for living there!' ejaculated Lilian. 'How could they select a woman like Mrs Gower to influence her fellow-creatures!'

'There certainly appears to have been a great mistake somewhere,' I thoughtfully replied. 'So benevolent a scheme might surely be better carried out.'

I may as well state here what came to my knowledge later—respecting the Home and its management. Mrs Osborne, the founder, had commenced her work of benevolence without sufficient experience and knowledge of the class she wished to benefit. Like many other benevolent people, she believed that love was all that was needed for the work; and the lady she had at first engaged to act as superintendent was as enthusiastic and non-executive as herself. The consequences were disastrous; and it told much in Mrs Osborne's favour that she had the courage to try again. Unfortunately, in her anxiety to avoid her former error, she ran into the opposite extreme. Mrs Gower was selected from numerous other applicants on account of her having previously held office as matron of a prison, and possessing testimonials as to her special fitness for the executive department.

Accustomed to deal with the worst side of human nature, and to the enforcement of the necessarily rigid rules of prison-life, in which all must pass through one routine, Mrs Gower had become a mere disciplinarian, treating those under her charge in the Home as though their minds were all of precisely the same pattern, and that a very bad one.

If half the stories which reached me respecting her luxurious self-indulgent life were true, the effect upon those to whom she was supposed to be an example was undoubtedly bad. And if there were good grounds for the statement that her appointment to the office of prison matron had been to her a rise in life, it quite sufficiently accounted for the want of refinement in thought and habit, which occasioned her to live too luxuriously, and deck herself in too rich clothing for one living amongst women supposed to be endeavouring to strengthen themselves against yielding to temptation.

Again, good as he undoubtedly was, Mr Wyatt, upon whom Mrs Osborne depended for spiritual help, was not fitted for the task. He was too young, as well as too naturally timid and shy, to manage a number of women, who deceived him with the pretence of reformation when it suited their purpose better than openly laughing at him. Long afterwards, he told me how terribly he used to dread his visits to the Home, and how much he was troubled at the little effect of his teachings. It took him a long time to understand that the best natures might appear to be the worst under such training as Mrs Gower's.

That Mrs Osborne herself was quite satisfied with the new management, is too much to say. But although Mrs Gower was not a woman after her heart, past failures had rendered Mrs Osborne distrustful of her own judgment; and she could not deny that there at least appeared to be better effects produced now than during the former management. Although there were occasional failures, which nothing could gloss over, Mrs Gower could point to the fact that a certain number of the inmates were annually drafted into service, and whatever became of them, they did not reappear at the Home.

LIFE IN ST KILDA.

SECOND PAPER.

THE men of St Kilda are in the habit of congregating in front of one of the houses almost every morning for the discussion of business. I called this assembly the Parliament, and, with a laugh, they adopted the name. When the subject is exciting, the members talk with loud voices and all at one time; but when the question is once settled, they work together in perfect harmony. Shall we go to catch solan-geese, or ling, or mend the boat today? are examples of the subjects that occupy the House. Sometimes disputes are settled by drawing lots. A system of mutual insurance has existed from time immemorial. A large number of sheep are annually lost by falling over the cliffs, and the owners are indemnified by the other members of the community, whose contributions are in proportion to the number of sheep they possess, and the consequent risk. As the calculations are all performed mentally, I think this shews no small arithmetical power. Parliament, besides being necessary to the conduct of business, has, I think, a salutary effect on the minds of the people, and helps to keep them cheerful in spite of their isolated position and excessive religious exercises. Man is a gregarious animal, and there are no people more so than the St Kildans. In work every one follows his neighbour. If one puts a new thatch on his barn, a man is to be seen on the top of every barn in the village. If the voice of praise is heard at the door of one house, all, you may be sure, are engaged in worship; and so on.

The St Kildans are remarkable for their piety. They are all members of the Free Church, and contribute somewhere about ten pounds annually to the Sustentation Fund of that body. They go three times to church on Sunday, and hold a prayer-meeting every Wednesday. They have also service on the first Tuesday of every month to return thanks for the preservation of Captain Otter and his crew, whose ship was nearly lost on the island about thirteen years ago. This was instituted at the request of the (now deceased) captain, who brought them supplies in a season of dearth, and attempted some improvements; which have all proved abortive. The minister is one who commands attention—every eye fastened on him throughout the discourse; and if any one happens to drop asleep, he or she is immediately aroused by a stinging remonstrance from the pulpit! Such, for instance, as saying in Gaelic: 'Arouse your wife, Lachlin—she won't sleep much in Tophet, I think, eh?' which causes Lachlin to poke his elbow in his wife's side immediately. The church is a miserable place, with no floor but mother earth, and with damp sticking to the walls like hoar-frost or feathers. The seats are rude benches, many of them bored and grooved by the ship-worm. Here all the women sit for about six and a half hours every Sunday with bare feet and legs, even in winter. Family worship is held in every house morning and evening; and when parties of men or women reside in the other islands they 'make their worship,' as they phrase it, just as they do at home. Every meal is preceded by a grace, nor will they take a drink of milk or water without uncovering the head.

The St Kildans are quite as industrious as they are pious. Every family has a croft of ground, which they carefully cultivate, although their method of husbandry admits of improvement. They grow oats, barley, and potatoes, all of which are planted too thickly. The ground is manured with the carcases of puffins. But there is a great waste of this valuable manure, many thousands of these birds being left after the plucking season, to rot in the island of Boreray every year! The grain is ground into meal by handmills. In the beginning of summer the rocks are scaled, and the neighbouring islets visited, for old solan-geese and eggs. They fish for ling in summer and pluck instead of clipping their sheep. The wool is spun by the women, and woven by the men into cloth and blankets, which, after providing clothes for themselves, are sold to the factor. In August they catch the young fulmars, and in September the young solan-geese. In winter the spinning-wheels and looms are busy from the dawn of day until two or three next morning. Their diligence and endurance are astonishing.

The belted plaid (the original kilt) was the dress worn by the St Kildans when Martin visited the island in 1697. Previous to that they wore sheep-skins. But leg-garments wide and open at the knees were beginning to be introduced. Now the men wear trousers and vests of coarse blue cloth with blanket shirts. On Sundays they wear jackets in addition. The *brog tiondadh* or turned shoe, so called because it is sewed on the wrong side and then turned inside out, was in vogue until quite recently, and specimens are still to be seen. It is made to fit either foot, and is sewed with thongs of sheep-skin. They buy the leather from the factor. The sheep-skins are still tanned by themselves with, according to my informants, a kind of bark found under the turf.

The dress of the women consists of a cotton handkerchief on the head—Turkey-red being preferred—which is tied under the chin, and a gown (made by the men) of strong blue cloth, or blue with a thin purple stripe, fastened at the breast with a large pin made from a fish-hook. The skirt is girdled below the waist with a sash of divers colours, and is worn very short, their muscular limbs being visible to near the knee. They wear neither shoes nor stockings in summer, and very seldom in winter. They go barefoot even to church, and on that occasion don a dark plaid, which is fastened with a copper brooch made from an old penny. Formerly the heads and necks of solan-geese were used by the fair sex as shoes; but these have gone out of fashion. The men too are generally to be seen without shoes. Sheep-skin caps were once common, and are yet worn by a few.

Both sexes look strong and healthy, have bright eyes, teeth like new ivory, and are capable of long-continued exertion. There are only six surnames on the island—namely Gillies, Ferguson, Macdonald, MacKinnon, MacQueen, and MacCrimmen. The average height of the men is about five feet six inches. The tallest man is five feet nine inches, the shortest four feet ten and a half. I measured twenty-one male adults. They are tough and hardy, and know nothing of the diseases which are common in other places. There is one old man of weak intellect, who is quiet and peaceable when not contradicted. He lives in a smoky thatched old hovel by himself. He has a sister afflicted with epilepsy. Another old man is blind from cataract.

The most extraordinary complaint that visits St Kilda is called the Stranger's Cold. The natives firmly believe that the arrival of a boat communicates this disease. They say that the illness is more severe when the ship or boat comes from Harris, and that they suffer less when the vessel comes from Glasgow or London. It is curious that every one caught this distemper immediately after the arrival of the smack and boat in 1876, and again on the landing of the Austrians this year. Not one St Kildan escaped. No one was ill during the intervening six or seven months. The symptoms are a severe headache, and pain and stiffness in the muscles of the jaw, a deep rough cough, discharge from the nose, and rapid pulse. But the great scourge of St Kilda is a distemper to which the infants are subject. This keeps down the population, and has prevailed for at least one hundred and twenty years. Medical men call it Tetanus and the Irish 'Nine-day fits.' Doctors differ as to the cause: some say that it arises from the mothers living on sea-fowl; others to weakening of the blood from long-continued intermarriage; some that an operation necessary at birth is not properly performed; others that the infant is smothered with peat-smoke; whilst some aver that the child is killed by improper feeding; and I am now inclined to believe that the last is the true reason. Comparatively few of the children born on the rock survive for more than a few days; they are seized with convulsions and lockjaw, and soon become exhausted. Those who escape grow up into fine men and women—sound as a general rule in mind and body; but it is a significant fact that intending mothers often go to Harris if they can, to be confined, that they may escape the curse that seems to hang over the child that is born in St Kilda.

The people of St Kilda and Harris have no great esteem for each other. Mothers in Harris threaten to send their children when naughty to St Kilda; Harris men call the St Kildans *gougan* (young solan-geese). The St Kildans again never mention Harris but in terms of contempt: A poor place—dirty, shabby, greedy, &c.

The St Kildans talk Gaelic, and nothing but Gaelic. The minister and a woman who is a relation of his know English as well; but both are from the mainland. All are very polite in their own way. When they meet one of a morning they lift their bonnets with the left hand, and hold out the right, and never fail to ask for one's health and how one has slept.

When I had acquired some little knowledge of the language, I made inquiries about Lady Grange, who had been forcibly sent to St Kilda in 1734, and kept there for seven years. Her name was familiar to all the old people and to some of the young. Tradition says that she slept during the day and got up at night. She never learned Gaelic. The house in which she lived was demolished a few years ago. It belonged to the steward, and was exactly like the old houses still standing, but a little larger. A dearth happened to prevail during the whole time she remained on the island; but she got an ample share of what little food there was. The best turf was provided for her fire, and the spot where it was got is still called the Lady's Pool. She was much beloved; and the people presented her with a straw-chair, as a token of respect, when she was carried off to Harris. I heard nothing of her violent temper. Perhaps she had some reason to be violent when at home!

The churchyard, small and elliptical in form, is at the back of the village. The door is kept carefully shut. None of the tombstones bears an inscription, except one erected by a minister. I brought two sculptor's chisels with me, intending to carve a stone as a pattern, but could not find one soft enough to cut. Some of the men seemed eager to erect monuments to their friends, and brought me slabs; but none was found suitable. The ruins of an ancient chapel stood in the middle of the churchyard. The walls, I was informed, were about sixteen feet high; but this ruin was removed a few years ago, the stones being adapted for building. One is to be seen built into the wall of a cottage, and has a cross incised upon it. It must have been a good bit of steel that cut it, as the stone is like granite.

Close to the churchyard is a stone called the Stone of Knowledge, which is said to have possessed magical properties. He who stood upon it on the first day of the quarter became gifted with the second-sight, and was able to foresee all the events that were to occur during that quarter. I tried it on the first day (old style) of the present spring, but saw nothing except three or four women laden with peats, and smiling at my affected credulity. It does not seem to be much venerated in these sceptical times.

At the back of the village is an old cellar, said to have been erected by one man in a single day. It is built of huge stones, some of them too ponderous to be lifted by any two men of these degenerate times. The people refer to this cellar as a proof of the superior strength of their ancestors. The builder had very nearly stumbled on the principle of the arch, which is as yet unknown in St Kilda. I shewed the men (who are all experienced masons in their own way) the photograph of an old bridge, and they looked at it with much interest and thorough understanding.

There were formerly three chapels on St Kilda, dedicated respectively to Christ, Columba, and Brendon. They still existed in 1759, but not a vestige of them now remains.

But the most extraordinary relic of antiquity in the village is a subterranean house. I had heard of it on my first visit; and on the 13th July 1876 determined to have it opened and examined. A crop of potatoes grew on the top, and the owner at first refused to allow this to be disturbed. But by dint of raillery, persuasion, and a promise to pay the damage, he at length acceded to my request. This underground dwelling was discovered about thirty-two years ago by a man who was digging the ground above it, and was generally called the House of the Fairies. The aperture on the top was filled up again, and it had never been opened since. But after a little search the hole was found and an entrance made. Two or three men volunteered to clear out the stones and soil that had accumulated on the floor to a depth of several feet, and worked with a will. The house was found to be twenty-five feet long by three feet eight inches wide, and about four feet in height. The walls consisted of three or four ranges of stones, a roof of slabs resting on the sides. This house runs due north and south, and curiously enough there is a drain under the floor. Amongst the *débris* on the floor I found numerous stone axes, knives, and fragments of a lamp, as well as pieces of rude pottery. As there was no tradition concerning this house, and as it is assigned to the fairies, it may be very old; but I am inclined to think that the stone period extended to a very recent date in St Kilda. I have some satisfaction in believing that I am the discoverer of stone implements in St Kilda, and that my claim has been recognised by the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

One day I went to the islet called The Dun, which stands opposite the village, and forms the south or south-west side of the bay. It is separated from St Kilda by a narrow channel. I went along with three men and three boys, who for want of better work tried to catch puffins. This business being easy, is generally left to the women. Although the sea was covered with these birds, they were uncommonly shy on shore and difficult to catch; about forty-five was the average bag. The Dun, although the crags are comparatively low, affords some grand bits of rock-scenery. The site of an ancient altar is still to be seen. The stones which formed it have, however, been removed. At the southern extremity of the island is a mount on which great blocks of stone are piled up in wild disorder. These blocks have been spoken of as being the relics of a fort; but this is open to doubt. The St Kildans probably trusted to hiding themselves in times of danger. There is not a single weapon of war in the island; but bows and arrows are mentioned in the traditions. The Dun, comparatively tame on the side next the bay, is wild and picturesque where it faces the ocean. Some of the crags are crowned by pinnacles and fantastic protuberances, and the base is perforated with caves, into which the foaming billows rush and rage for ever.

On my return from The Dun I found a boat at the shore laden with puffins. She had come from Boreray, and had brought a cargo of birds to be plucked at home, so as to assist the young women, who were suffering from the 'Stranger's Cold,' combined with swollen throats—and no wonder! for the weather had been bad, and these unprotected females had never changed their clothes, but slept in the garments that they wore during the day; and although accustomed to severe exercise in the open air, had sat exposed to the cold, plucking feathers from morning till night. They suffered great hardships, and only get the pittance of six shillings a St Kilda stone (twenty-four pounds) for the feathers, which are of excellent quality. At that time the few people left in the village were also busy plucking feathers; and the smell of roasted puffins—'a very ancient and fish-like smell'—came from every door. These birds also furnish a feast for all the dogs and hooded crows that haunt the village. I ate a puffin by way of experiment, and found it tasted like a kippered herring, with a flavour of the dog-fish. Custom would no doubt make it more palatable. On the 3d of August a boat went to Boreray and brought back a cargo of puffins and *gougan* or young solan-geese. On the 6th two boats went again to that island, and brought back the twelve young women who had been catching puffins, together with the feathers. Some of the women caught as many as six hundred puffins a day. I calculate that eighty-nine thousand six hundred puffins must have been killed by both sexes. The fingers of the girls had become so sore from plucking the feathers that they were obliged to use their teeth in drawing the tail and pinions!

There was a debate whether it would be advisable to begin to catch the young fulmars, or to delay for a day or two, in the hope that the weather would improve. It was decided to delay, but meanwhile to bring out and test the ropes used for going down the cliffs. Some of the ropes were made from hair cut from St Kilda horses, and were forty years old. One of them gave way. Old men remember when there were ponies on the island; but many under forty have never seen a horse except in pictures. Ropes of manilla hemp are now used, and fewer accidents occur than in the olden time, when ropes of hair and even straw were employed. Some of the men made me feel the bumps and scars upon their scalps caused by the falling of stones from the cliffs above, whilst they were dangling below.

At length fulmar-catching began in earnest. I went in the morning with a party of men in a small boat to the islet of Soa, which is close to St Kilda. It is exceedingly difficult to land on that small island in any weather, from the swell of the sea and the steepness of the shore; but I determined to go to the top. We landed on the south side. With the end of a rope around my waist, the other end being held by a man on shore, I leaped on the rocks and climbed up the cliffs at the base, assisted by a pull when needful from a man, who now preceded me. At a short distance up, the rocks became less regular. Great masses of stone spring tower-like out of the ground, and blocks of all sizes are crowded together on the steep acclivity. An old man called *MacRuaridh* or the Son of Rory acts as my guide; and although he totters on level ground, he goes up the hill without any difficulty. About half way up, amongst masses of huge blocks of stone, he shews me an old house which tradition says was made by one Duncan in ancient times. Close to this antique bothy are three houses equally primitive, in which the women pluck and store the feathers. Farther up, the steep ground is covered with a rich crop of grass, which affords sustenance to a flock of sheep of a peculiar breed. They are of a fawn colour, and are very wild. They run like deer; and are only caught to be plucked. They belong to the proprietor of the island. By means of a gentle ascent, I reached the highest part of the island, which terminates abruptly in a cliff one thousand and thirty-one feet in height. Far down I could just distinguish two of our crew, who were busy catching fulmars on the rocks, and the boat floating like a tiny mussel-shell at the base. These afforded a kind of standard by which to estimate the height of this stupendous crag. MacRuaridh and I sat and rested for a little on the verge of the cliff; but he soon grew tired of doing nothing, and began to peer over the edge in search of young fulmars, some of which he saw on a cliff adjacent, and caught.

Having caught as many fulmars as he could carry, we descended to the rocks where we had landed. The sea had risen considerably since that time. After waiting for about two hours, the boat came round the island heavily laden with fulmars. Some of the crew (there were twelve in all) had got into her on the other side. But four or five came down the rocks to where I was, and cast anxious looks at the boat and at the waves, that came sweeping along from the west at a right angle with the shore. Two young men sat on the top of the cliff, each holding a rope, by the help of which the others slid into the boat. Then came my turn. A line was fastened around my waist, and a hair-rope put into my hand. I was peremptorily requested to take off my shoes; and as I descended, I pushed my toes into any crevice or cranny that offered, until the rock became so smooth that I could find no hold for my feet. Then I was obliged to be passive, and allowed myself to be lowered like a sack until I reached a small limpet-covered shelf on which the waves rose about knee-deep. 'Jump! Jump!' shout the crew; and when the boat mounts on the wave, I leap, and fall in a heap amongst the fulmars—all right. The air was quite calm, but the sea continued to rise, and the boat was in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces against the wall. At one time she became altogether unmanageable, and was forced by the sea into a place where the rocks were under her bottom, and caused several hard bumps. The water too began to pour over the gunnel, and I thought that every wave would send us to the bottom. It being impossible to get the two men on board at that spot, the boat was rowed along to a cliff farther south. The waves were quite as wild there; but a double line having been passed around a projecting stone, and the ends held firmly in the boat, the two men slid down and pulled the rope after them. A few strokes of the oars carried us out of danger. In the excursion I experienced no little exhaustion. A morsel of cheese and a bit of oat-cake was all I had tasted during the day, as I had hurried off without breakfast. It was dark when we reached the village.

THE TWELFTH RIG.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—THE FLIGHT.

All next day Eliza was paler than her wont; her face wore a restless troubled expression, and she went about the house in an absent preoccupied manner, very different from usual.

Mary Conlan, who watched her face all day, thought that the omens of the night before, which seemed to indicate some dire misfortune, had roused her to serious reflection, and that she was making up her mind to abandon all thoughts of Crofton for ever, and return to her allegiance to Hogan, hoping it might yet be possible to avert the threatened evil.

Yet whatever her thoughts may have been, that evening found Eliza in the garden as usual, glancing up and down the road; and twilight saw her leaning over the gate engaged in earnest conversation with Crofton. Thus on each succeeding evening she might be seen. Those who had known her from a child came to her with advice and warnings. But some stood aloof and shook their heads. 'Sure, it's no use,' they said. 'She can't help the doom that's on her, poor thing; best leave her alone.'

Her father, too, seriously remonstrated with her. He did not indeed know how frequent her meetings with Crofton were, for he, worthy man, was generally napping in his chair after his day's labour when the interviews at the garden-gate took place; still, he had heard and seen enough to make him very uneasy. Even supposing that Crofton were in earnest and wished to marry Eliza, he felt sure that such an unequal marriage would not bring happiness to her in any way. And besides, he had set his heart on her wedding Hogan, whom he cordially liked, with whom he could trust her; and everything would be open and straightforward, she living on the spot, and among the people with whom she had been brought up. He tried to represent the thing clearly to Eliza, how Charles Crofton's family would be offended, and how he would needs break his engagement to Miss Courtney. He tried to shew her all the unpleasantness that must result.

She heard him in a silence that seemed dogged, pouting her lips when he spoke of the advantage she would have in always remaining amongst them as Hogan's wife. In the same manner she listened to all the rest who spoke to her on this subject; but no promise could be extracted from her to discontinue her meetings with Crofton. From that time, however, the garden interviews were given up, but only, as it appeared, for a more secret meeting-place.

One evening after dusk, as Hogan was walking along a path between some fields, he heard voices behind the hedge. He stood still a moment. He could not mistake that tone, with its accent of refinement. It was certainly Crofton and Eliza. They seemed as if taking leave of each other. He could not overhear their words, save a few disconnected ones.

'To-morrow morning,' Crofton was saying, 'before any one'—— The remainder of the sentence was lost.

Then came Eliza's voice, low and somewhat tremulous; and Crofton again, in tender impassioned tones. Then there was a few moments' silence, and they seemed to part. But the footsteps returned, and again he heard their voices, as if they could not bear to tear themselves from each other without more last fond words and (Hogan clenched his hand as the suggestion arose) caresses. A low murmur only reached him now, followed by another short silence. How was it filled up? he wondered; and he ground his teeth in anger, and the hot blood mounted to his forehead. Steps now came along by the hedge. He walked on. He knew Crofton was behind him. In a few minutes the latter came up, and as he passed, looked at Hogan sharply, with an expression of annoyance on his handsome face; but he said gaily, though with a touch of insolence in his tone: 'Wandering absorbed in thoughts of love,' Hogan; or only considering what crops you will sow this year? Which, may I inquire?'

'It doesn't concern any one but myself, I think, sir; but my thoughts are honest at anyrate.'

'Which means that somebody else's aren't, and I suppose I am that somebody. But I assure you, my good fellow, I haven't the slightest intention of filching anything from your barns, or committing other depredation upon you.'

'I don't know,' muttered Hogan, as the other passed on whistling an air.

'She must pass just now,' he said to himself, and stopping, leaned on part of a broken wall, half concealed from view. In a little while he heard the rustle of a dress and a light tread. Eliza came by, a bright flush on her cheek. She started a little on seeing him; then with a nod and a careless 'Good-evening,' was going on, when he detained her.

'You've just parted from Mr Crofton?' he said.

'Well,' she answered, looking full at him; 'and what then?'

'Eliza!' he burst out passionately, 'is it all over between us? Tell me at once, and crush me with one word. I would rather know. This suspense is more than I can bear. It is killing me.'

She hesitated. 'Well, Will, I suppose so.'

'You suppose so! You can say it thus coolly, and call me by the name you used to speak so tenderly once, and not so long ago either. O Eliza!' His voice fairly broke down, and he covered his face with his hand.

She stood by, her cheeks a deep crimson, her eyes cast down, beating her palm with a flower she held, a rare hot-house flower. Hogan knew well who had given it to her.

'And will he marry you?' he asked.

She ceased the restless movement and looked up quickly.

'Will he marry me?' she repeated indignantly. 'Will I marry him? Ask that, rather. *He* thinks the compliment's there.'

'He is so much above you, Eliza. Take care you are not making your own misery. I speak now only as a friend, one interested in your welfare. Oh, take care; I warn you before it is too late!'

She stamped her foot on the ground in sudden anger, and her eyes flashed.

'I am sick of these warnings!' she exclaimed. 'I'm not bound to stand here and listen to them from you; and what's more, I won't either!' She darted past him and sped swiftly along the path.

'Good-bye, then, Eliza,' called he after her. 'And may you never feel the sorrow and desolation that I do this evening.'

But she neither stopped nor glanced round at him. He walked on, sighing as he went. The chill November wind whistled drearily over the fields; it was November too in his heart. All that night he lay sleepless, tossing about, unable to find rest for body or mind. At one instant he was cursing him who had alienated the heart that had once been wholly his own, vowing vengeance, and resolving to wrest Eliza from him by some means, before it was too late. The next moment, he bitterly reproached her for her faithlessness, called her vain, worldly, worthless, undeserving of serious love; half hoped she might suffer for her treatment of him, and proudly resolved to think no more of her; then groaning, and covering his face with his hands, as the thought of all she had been to him rushed overwhelmingly over his mind, and he felt how impossible it would be to forget her.

Next morning it was later than usual when he rose, for about daybreak he had slumbered a little. On going out, whether by accident or design, his steps turned in the direction of Daly's farm, and his eyes sought the window of Eliza's apartment. It seemed to him that there was an unusual commotion in the house. Figures moved hurriedly about the rooms and flitted past the windows. As he gazed up, the house-door was suddenly thrown open, and some of the farm-servants, who slept in the house, rushed out and ran down the garden. At the same instant, Daly appeared, his face pale and full of distress and agitation. Hogan hurried forward, some half-formed fear and alarm in his mind, to ask what was the matter. On seeing him, Daly exclaimed: 'She's gone, gone from us for ever! disappeared during the night!'

'Who?' cried Hogan. 'Not Eliza? It can't have come to that so soon! You don't mean that she has fled, fled with *him?*' He asked the question in a kind of desperation, hoping against hope and probability, for what else could the words he had heard mean?

'Yes; fled, and of a certainty with Mr Crofton,' answered Daly.

'But they may be overtaken. Let us try to save her before it is too late.'

'It is too late, I'm afraid. From what I am told, she must have left about four o'clock this morning. Mary says she heard a slight stir in the house about that time, but didn't mind it then.'

Hogan turned away, and walked to a little distance. 'Gone!' he murmured in accents of deep despair.

At that moment Mary Conlan ran up to her uncle. She held a letter in her hand. 'See!' she exclaimed. 'We found this on the floor, under the table. It must have fallen down, and no one saw it till now.'

Daly seized it eagerly, and tearing it open, began to read. It seemed short, for after a minute or two he called to Hogan, and handed it to him.

It was from Eliza, addressed to her father. She began by saying that when he read it she would be the wife of Charles Crofton. As she saw that they would all be against her marriage with him—though why, she did not know, unless some didn't wish to see her in a position so different from their own; and as there would be so many obstacles from Mr Crofton's family, they thought it best to take this step, and avoid useless remonstrances. She then mentioned the church where they had been married that morning and the name of the clergyman. She hoped her father would not be angry. He oughtn't to be; for should he not be glad of her happiness and rejoice in her social elevation. 'Now good-bye, dear old dad,' she concluded. 'I know Mary will take good care of you; and believe that I am still your affectionate daughter, ELIZA.—To-morrow, I may sign myself Eliza Crofton. Tell Will Hogan not to be fretting after me.'

'Careless and cold enough; isn't it?' said Daly sadly, as the other handed back Eliza's letter to him. 'I'm afraid she doesn't mind much what either of us feels, thinking of the grand life that's before her. I'll go to town at once and see if it's as she says.'

Hogan made no reply. He walked away; and when he had gone a little distance, threw himself down on the ground and groaned aloud in agony of spirit.

Daly's inquiries proved that the marriage had actually taken place that morning in the church Eliza mentioned. He was even shewn her signature in the book; and there remained not a doubt that she was actually the lawful wife of Charles Crofton. Daly felt a certain pride in his daughter's position; but he sorely missed her bright face and laughing teasing ways. He felt that he had lost his daughter for ever, and it sometimes almost seemed to him as if she had died.

As time went on, an occasional letter came, dated at first from London, afterwards from the continent; but they were as brief as they were far between, and told almost nothing. She hoped he was in good health. She was well, and seeing many things she had never even heard of before, and going into a great deal of gay society. This was usually their substance.

From the time of Eliza's departure, a great change came over Hogan. He grew so gloomy and irritable, that those with whom he had formerly been a favourite began gradually to shrink from him. Few will take misery as an excuse for broken spirits, and all steal away from the stricken one—

As the ancients shunned the token
Of a lightning-blasted tree.

But there was one who never avoided Hogan. Mary Conlan was often by his side, always ready with smiles and cheering words. She never alluded to his grief; but he saw by her actions and her sympathetic eyes how she felt for him in his sorrow. And though it seemed sometimes, when he turned from her with a dark brow and monosyllabic answer, that her task was an ungracious one, yet he blessed her in his heart that she still did not forsake him, and cherished the kind and gentle words she spoke as the only thing that made life not utterly a burden.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GLAMOUR FADES.

In an elegantly furnished apartment of one of the most fashionable hotels of Paris, a young lady sat alone. The rich sunshine of a warm July afternoon streamed through the room. Now and then a gentle breeze strayed in at the open window beside which she was seated, and sounds of life, careless, outwardly happy life, floated upwards.

It was a brilliant and varied scene to look on: the handsome equipages dashing by, the gaily attired ladies, the city itself, of which the window commanded a fine view, with its sungilt trees and white glittering domes; a scene that might well attract the eye.

But this gazer, though beautiful and young, not more apparently than twenty years of age, one for whom it might be supposed to have every attraction, appeared indifferent to it. Her attitude, as she leaned back in her chair, her head resting on its cushioned top, betokened weariness; and the beautiful large black eyes fixed so wistfully, appeared to look far away and beyond what lay before her. It might be that it was a scene she was well accustomed to from childhood—that she was worn out after last night's gaiety. Yet she did not look like a born Parisian. There was a light in those eyes that seemed as if reflected from limpid, rippling streams, a something about that form which told of mountains and heath-covered paths. She roused herself from her reverie with a deep sigh and sat upright in her chair.

'Oh, if I could see it once again!' she murmured, 'the dear old place, and my father and all the familiar faces! It is a long time since I wrote to him. I never care to do it, because I can tell him nothing. Yet why should I not? What a relief it would be if I might freely unburden my heart to some one! I must do it.'

She rose, and walking to a small writing-table, unlocked the desk that stood on it and took out a letter. It was written in a large masculine hand. She read it over with fond brimming eyes, then seated herself at the table, and taking a sheet of paper, began to write rapidly, seldom pausing for consideration, as if she wrote straight down the thoughts that were in her mind. The letter abounded in fond expressions of love and interest, that seemed as if wrung from a sad home-sick heart.

'I sometimes think,' she wrote, 'in the morning when I awake, that I am at home, and fancy I hear the loud chirping of the birds among the ivy round my window, the lowing of the cattle, your voice in the yard talking to the labourers, and all the sounds that used to rouse me. Shall I never, never hear any of these again? I left them heedlessly, thinking only of *him* and the life of enjoyment I was going to. I do not think I cast one parting glance on the hills and fields that last evening, nor pressed a warmer kiss than usual on your cheek at night. There seemed some glamour over me that I could not resist, and that made me cold and unfeeling to all but the one. It is a just retribution that I should pine to return now, when I never can. He may tell me that I shall yet be there as mistress of Crofton Hall; but shall I? Something in my heart tells me that I shall see it never, nevermore! Would you know me now, I wonder, if you saw me? I am changed, I think, but the change within is the greatest of all. I can hardly recognise myself sometimes, as the same lively, thoughtless Eliza Daly.'

She then went on to tell how she had at first enjoyed her entrance into society. It was plain that she had been greatly admired, and that she had been able to adapt herself quickly to her new sphere in life. But as her triumph became less new, spots began to tarnish its brightness. With the murmurs of admiration and praise that reached her ears, scornful reflections on her humble birth were mingled; and she began to notice a tinge of condescension in the manner of many towards her, which at first, when absorbed in delight at the novelty and grandeur of everything, had not struck her. It was not possible even that with all her native quickness and tact, the humble farmer's daughter could at once be transformed into the polished lady, and so occasionally slight breaches of etiquette were observable, which did not fail to excite criticism. She would have thought much less about all this, only she saw how her husband was annoyed by it. She found too that remarks which she made in conversation frequently displeased him. He would accuse her of being too *naïve*, and of allowing her ignorance of some things with which she should be familiar, and her familiarity with others of which she ought to be ignorant, to appear. At first he would reprove her laughingly; but gradually, whenever she offended, with more and more displeasure. She soon learned to seal her lips on such subjects, and appear to know no more of the ways among which she had been brought up than any of them—learned even to deny all knowledge of the familiar spot itself.

But the gloss had gone from her pleasure, and she saw that it was also fading from something more valued still—her husband's love. She feared that he was becoming tired of her. She had amused him for a while, and he had lavished the most passionate fondness on her; but that was past now. She thought he repented, and was ashamed of the unequal match he had made; and she resolved that her presence by his side should no longer remind people of it and wound his pride. She absented herself from every gaiety. At first he would ask her to accompany him as usual, and seem surprised when she refused; but he never pressed her. He thought, or feigned to think, it was because of delicate health she would not go; but she knew that he was glad.

Withdrawn from the excitement in which she had lately lived, her spirits sank, and as they did so, her husband grew more and more careless and indifferent. Still, he was never unkind. He brought her presents and indulged every fancy; but she could not be content with the light good-nature that prompted this. She was dependent on him only, and he left her alone and unhappy, scarcely seeming to know that she was so, or betraying impatience at it.

As she finished her letter, the outpouring of a sad disappointed heart, which has found in the reality so mournful a contrast to the bright ideal, her tears fell heavily one by one. When she wrote the direction on the envelope, she sobbed aloud, and buried her face in her hands. In a few minutes she composed herself to read over what she had written. Having done so, she paused and seemed to consider.

'No; I will not send it,' she said aloud. 'It would be a comfort to me to get the affectionate reply I know I should from him, but it would grieve him too much to think I was unhappy. It must not go.'

She was about to tear it across; but a sudden thought stayed her hand. She folded it up and placed it in the envelope. 'If I die, let them send it to him. And stay! I will put a little piece of my hair in it.' She took up a pair of scissors, and going to the glass, severed a glossy curl. She folded it in a piece of paper, and wrote, 'With Eliza's love;' then laid it within the letter, which she sealed with black wax, and instantly locked her desk.

As she did so the door opened, and her husband entered. He threw himself on one of the couches with some commonplace remark, such as people make when they think it incumbent on them to say something, but are urged by no impulse from the heart.

'Paris is beginning to shew signs of getting thin,' he continued lazily. 'We must leave it soon. I think of Rome for the winter. What do you say?'

'I have no objection,' she answered, trying to speak cheerfully; but there was a tremble in her voice, and something that seemed to strike him as unusual, for he turned round and looked at her.

'What is the matter?' he asked.

'Nothing; there is nothing the matter with me.'

'Very well; that's all right.' He closed his eyes.

She stood looking at him wistfully. Though her own love had grown dim and faint as his for her, and another face—that of him whom she had turned from in her infatuation—was ever before her, yet the change pained her. She went to him, and taking his hand, said gently, but with a thrill in her voice that told of deep emotion: 'Do you remember that evening—it is nearly a year ago now—when you first told me that you loved me, and asked me to be your wife? I was frightened, and said it was impossible the thing could ever be; but you knelt at my feet, and declared that the happiness of your life depended on me.'

'Well, of course. And what then?' he answered, somewhat impatiently.

'It does not now, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, do not talk such nonsense, dear. I was courting you then; but now such raptures and declarations would be ridiculous. *You* are altered. You always meet me with a sad face now. It is not very pleasant, I assure you.' He spoke peevishly, and getting up, walked to the window, and stood looking out with a discontented brow.

She followed him and laid her hand on his arm. 'Oh, do not—do not withdraw your love altogether from me!' she said pleadingly. 'You are all I have. Think of all I left to go with you.'

'All you left!' he repeated. 'And did I leave nothing, give up nothing for your sake?' There was a bitterness in his tone as he asked the question, and she perceived it.

'Oh, yes, yes; I know you did,' she answered. 'Much; and that is what grieves me; because I fear,' she added in a lower tone, 'that if it were to do again you might act differently.'

'Oh, don't bother yourself and me with such fancies. Of course I do not, and never can regret that step. There; let us say no more about it. I'm going to the Opera to-night. Will you come? You are moping yourself to death.'

She hesitated. She felt no inclination to go, but she thought it might be some real concern for her that made him ask, instead of the careless good-nature, more than half selfishness perhaps, which disliked to see sorrow on any face near him, because it made things less bright for him. She consented to go.

'Very well,' he said. 'It is time for you to get ready; and don't let me see red circles round your eyes again. You do not look so pretty when you cry, Eliza.' He bent down, and pressed a light kiss on her cheek.

RING LORE.

To Mr W. Jones' book on *Finger Ring Lore*, Historical, Legendary, Anecdotal, just published by Chatto and Windus (price 7s. 6d.), we are indebted for the following gossip, which may interest our readers.

In speaking of wedding-rings, we learn that these important symbols have not always been manufactured from the precious metal, gold. We are told that in lieu of a ring the church key has often been used; and Walpole tells of an instance where a curtain-ring was employed. The Duke of Hamilton fell so violently in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning at a party in Lord Chesterfield's house, that two days after he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony; but as the Duke had neither license nor ring, the clergyman refused to act. Nothing daunted, Hamilton declared 'he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour past twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel.' Forgetful bridegrooms have been reduced to greater straits than this even; in one instance a leather ring had, on the spur of the moment, to be cut out of a piece of kid from the bride's glove. A tragic story of a forgotten wedding-ring is told in the *Lives of the Lindsays*. When he should have been at church, Colin Lindsay, the young Earl of Balcarres, was quietly eating his breakfast in night-gown and slippers; when reminded that Mauritia of Nassau was waiting for him at the altar, he hurried to church, but forgot the ring; a friend present gave him one, which he, without looking at, placed on the bride's finger. After the ceremony was over, the countess glanced at her hand and beheld a grinning Death's-head on her ring. She fainted away; and the omen made such an impression on her, that on recovering, she declared she was destined to die within the year; a presentiment that probably brought about its own fulfilment, for in a few months the careless Colin was a widower.

In medieval annals and ballads we find very frequent allusions to 'token'-rings; that is, rings given to prove identity; as knightly gages, like the ring of the 'Fair Queen of France' that James wore at Flodden; as pledges, &c. Many examples might be given of these uses of rings. Perhaps as good as any are the two memorable instances in Queen Elizabeth's life. She was peculiarly unfortunate in her token-rings. When Essex was in her favour she gave him a ring, saying that if ever he forfeited her esteem, and sent back this signet, the sight of it would insure her forgiveness. The story is well known how, when Essex lay in prison, doomed to death, he sent the ring to the Queen; but Lady Nottingham intercepted it, and Essex was allowed to die. Recent documents tend to prove the truth of the romantic ending of this story, that when the dying and repentant Countess told the Queen how she had kept back the ring, the effect on Elizabeth was so overpowering that she died three days afterwards. The Virgin Queen's other historical token-ring was one of the many gems that passed between her and Mary Queen of Scots. She sent Mary part of a ring, with a promise similar to that in the case of Essex; but though Mary, previous to her fatal journey into England, wrote reminding Elizabeth of her promise, we all know how little effect it had.

Bequests of rings in wills, as memorials, were frequent in the middle ages as well as now. The sapphire ring that Mary sent from Fotheringay, just before her execution, to Lord Claude Hamilton is still in Hamilton palace; M'Gowan the antiquary had another of the rings she distributed among her faithful attendants, which the *Times* in 1857 traced to Broadstairs. Sir Henry Halford gave Sir Walter Scott a lock of Charles I.'s hair, which Scott wore in a virgin gold setting with 'Remember' embossed upon it. Instances could easily be multiplied, but one deserves special mention. The metal of the ball that slew Nelson was divided into three and set in gold; on the lead in each was cut a basso-relievo half-bust of the great admiral. Many special memorial rings of Nelson were made about Trafalgar-time, but none so interesting as these.

Besides other curious matter, Mr Jones gives us notices of the customs and incidents in connection with rings, and many anecdotes of remarkable rings, amongst the more remarkable of which were 'the wedding of the Adriatic' by the Doge dropping a ring into the bosom of the sea; the 'death-rings' of Borgia and the medieval Italian poisoners; the part rings have played in identifying the living and the dead, as when Cœur-de-Lion, returning from Palestine in disguise, was recognised at Gazara in Slavonia by his ring. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, cast up after a storm on the rocks of Scilly in 1707, was identified by his emerald ring, and was removed to Westminster Abbey. Rings have saved life, have promoted diplomatic relations with semi-civilised nations, have been used as bribes; in short, have played an important part on many different occasions. The *refusal* of a bribe-ring was the first step on the ladder by which the herdsman's son climbed up to be Earl Godwin and the father of a king.

Rings have been lost and found in many strange ways: a matron of East Lulworth lost her ring one day; two years afterwards she found it inside a potato! A calf sucked off the ring of Mrs Mountjoy of Brechin: she kept the calf for three years, and when it became veal, or rather beef, the ring was found in its inside. Moore tells us, in his *Life of Byron*, of the interesting recovery of the ring his lordship's mother had lost many years before, and which the gardener brought in just as Byron got the letter containing Miss Millbanke's answer to his proposal of marriage. 'If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring,' exclaimed Byron, before reading the lady's acceptance of his offer. Solomon's ring, and the story Herodotus gives us of the recovery of Polycrates' ring from the inside of a fish, are the first examples of a great array of like legends. Glasgow got the salmon and the ring in her city arms from a recovery of this kind, of which, however, there are several conflicting accounts. In former pages of this *Journal* we have noticed curious losses and subsequent recoveries of rings; and those who are further interested in the subject will find much entertaining matter in the volume before us.

MOTHER GOOSE.

THIS, it seems, is no fanciful name got up to please children. There was a real Mrs Goose, or as she was familiarly called, Mother Goose, who signalised herself by her literature for the nursery. We learn this rather curious fact from an American newspaper, the *Congregationalist*, which, in describing a Christmas festival at the Old South Street Church, Boston, enters pretty largely into a biography of the lady. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born at Charlestown, where she resided until her marriage with Isaac Goose, when she became step-mother to ten children. As if that was not a sufficient family to look after, she by-and-by added six children of her own to the number, making sixteen 'goslings' in all. It was rather a heavy handful, and we do not wonder that she poured out her feelings in the celebrated lines—

> There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
> She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

To entertain her young flock, Mrs Goose was in the habit of telling little stories in prose and verse, and singing songs, which were highly relished. Though tasked, she spent on the whole an agreeable existence. Her children having grown up, she was very much at her ease. Her daughter Elizabeth became the wife of Thomas Fleet, a printer in a small way in Boston. With this daughter, Mrs Goose, now a widow, went to live, and had the satisfaction of singing her old songs to an infant grandson. Now begins the literary history of Mother Goose. Fleet, the son-in-law, was a shrewd fellow, and, as a printer, he thought he might turn the penny by noting down granny's nursery songs, and selling them in a cheap and attractive form. They were issued in a book under the title, 'Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers.' This title-page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide open mouth, shewing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. We are told that old Mother Goose did not resent the pictorial illustration, but took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials of life. Possessing her soul in patience, and gladdening the hearts of grandchildren, she lived until 1757, dying at the advanced age of ninety-two. There, then, as we are assured, is the true history of Mother Goose. How the little books which she originated have spread over the world, need not be specified.

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SUNNY DAYS ON THE THAMES.

WHEN city folk, weary of heat and dust, are beginning to think of distant flights—to Switzerland and its eternal snows; to the romantic legendary Rhine; perhaps even farther afield, across the great Atlantic to wondrous Niagara; or farther yet, to that new old world on the shores of the Pacific—I too tire of the closeness and turmoil of the town, and turn my steps towards the pleasant country. I am not going very far, scarcely more than a few miles, but I doubt if any of the travellers on their long journeys will see a lovelier spot.

It is late on an afternoon in early June as I drive along the shady green lanes from the quiet country station, and stop before the gate of a dear old red brick house, which I know and love well. The door stands hospitably open, and in the porch I see kind and friendly faces framed in a wealth of glorious roses and many-tinted creepers, which cling lovingly to the time-stained walls. Good old 'Belle' the black retriever comes to meet me, wagging her tail affectionately; and looking up in my face, seems to ask me what I have done with the curly black puppy I ruthlessly stole from her the last time I was here.

How pleasant the sunny garden looks! How sweet the flowers smell! How delightful does everything appear after the bricks and mortar I have left behind me; and yet here are bricks and mortar too, but ah! not town bricks and town mortar. Time touches the old house with tender hands, and mellows it year by year into richer tints.

A queer old house it is, with odd bits added on to it here and there, in defiance of all the laws of architecture, and startling you with unexpected corners and angles; with quaint tall chimneys springing from the moss-grown roof, out of which the smoke curls lazily in blue-gray clouds, and round which twine the Virginia creeper and purple clematis, trying curiously to peep in at the top of them; with ivy-framed windows flashing in the sun, and overhanging eaves, beneath which the sparrows chirp merrily. The rooms are low, but *so* comfortable; whether great Christmas logs crackle on the hearth, throwing sparkles of light here and there, and leaving the distant corners all dim and shadowy; or whether, as now, the windows stand open to the summer air, and the rooms are invaded by the sweet country scents and the perfume of the mignonette borders outside.

But better than all else of beauty here do I love old Father Thames, and I run rapidly through the house on to the lawn on the other side. There the river wanders at the foot of it, lying across the verdant fields like a silver ribbon on green velvet.

'Let us go to our drawing-room,' says one of the girls who has followed me. 'We shall just have time to do that before dinner.' So we jump into the boat and scull into a neighbouring back-water, where we have christened by the name of 'our drawing-room' a little creek which runs into the bank, and is fringed with pollard willows, making a pleasant shade overhead. We chat cosily there for half an hour, the water licking the sides of the boat with a refreshing sound. A dear little brown water-rat comes and sits near us, and looks curiously at us out of his bright eyes; a kingfisher flashes by us like a sapphire; then the midges come and dance gaily round us, singing a song of which the 'refrain' is ever, 'It will be fine to-morrow!'

To-morrow has come, and the midges have foretold aright! The sun pours a brilliant flood of light into my room, calling me to come to the royal feast he has spread for me (poor weary citizen), of flowers and sweet perfumes and soft balmy breezes. I open the window with welcoming hands as he streams in, and stand there a moment listening to the birds chanting their joyous matins, to the rooks clamouring cheerfully in the tall elms, and to the busy sparrows who twitter noisily just above my casement. Roses have climbed the wall, and are peeping in at me, some still shyly folding their petals around them in virgin modesty, others already baring their glowing hearts to the kisses of the amorous air. The beds of scarlet geranium make brilliant spots of flame on the diamond-studded grass; and the river is no longer a silver ribbon, for it has caught the sun's reflection, and flows like molten gold between the meadows. It is still early when I betake myself with a book to my favourite seat on the lawn. But I cannot read. The great book of Nature lies open before me, and dwarfs all other literature into insignificance.

After breakfast (even on such a morning as this we must breakfast), as is our wont, we load the boat with books, work, sketching materials, and lastly with ourselves. Two of us take the oars, and to their lazy cadence we glide down the sunlit river in the direction of one of our favourite haunts. The boys, as we still call them, stalwart young Britons though they are, have already disappeared with their fishing-tackle in their canoes; but we shall very likely meet by-and-by, as they know all our pet nooks and corners.

We take our way past the green banks, on which the wild-flowers make delicate jewelled mosaics; by tall beds of graceful wandlike reeds, beneath the shadows made by hanging woods bending to kiss their own reflections in the stream, until we come to a cool and shady retreat, hiding itself away modestly from the sun's bold and ardent eyes. Here we fasten the boat to a willow-stump and prepare to spend our morning happily in this sanctuary of Nature's own making. Some of us begin to sketch a gnarled old tree crowned with a diadem of feathery foliage; others take out their work; and one among us lays hands on a book, as an excuse for silent enjoyment.

Though what silence is there here? The merry insects hum and whirl around us, saying: 'Summer has come, summer has come;' the weary winds, faint with their long winter's strife, sigh softly in the tall tree-tops; a moor-hen calls shrilly from her nest among the rushes; a lark pours from the stainless heavens a rain of melody; and the silence overflows with music. The bright motes dance in the still air, trying to get into our shadowy abode.

Sol is in his kindliest humour to-day; not harsh and fierce, as he will be later in the year, smiting with cruel hands the tender flowers, until they droop their sad heads beneath his hot anger; but wooing them with warm and genial smiles from their gentle mother's breast, beneath which they have been sleeping safely through the chill winter. All things beneath his beams rejoice. The river; the fields in their delicate green robes, which, as they grow bolder under his gaze, they will change for sweeping kirtles of ruddy gold; the silver clouds cradled in the sky's fair arms; even the modest river-buds which scarcely lift their shy eyes above the water. Around us float the pure cups of the water-lilies. The banks by which we sit are fringed with pale forget-me-not; and delicate ferns push their tender fronds through their beds of last year's fallen leaves—life springing from death. The pale pink water-grasses rear their heads above the ripples, and the sun stares them out of countenance, until by-and-by they blush a celestial rosy red; kingfishers gleam by, their blue wings flashing streaks of turquoise.

How sharp and clear the shadows lie in the embrace of the soft stream! Which is the real world, I wonder? The one shining so joyously around and beyond us, or that other lying cool and still beneath our keel? How I should like to plunge down and see! But perhaps if I did, the water-pixies might throw their spells around me, and I might never return to the world above, which after all is fair enough for me.

As I make this reflection, we see the bow of a canoe peeping into our watery bower; and I am brought back to earth by hearing a merry young voice inquiring if we have any lunch to spare. So we unpack our baskets, and landing, spread our sweet country fare on the sward—crisp home-made bread, pats of golden butter, fragrant honey, and fresh creamy milk. Then the talk, which has languished before, becomes brisk; and many a gay jest is bandied round the fallen moss-clad tree which forms our rustic table.

'Read us something,' says one of the merry group—'something suited to the scene.' So a book is taken up by willing hands, and a voice we all love reads us fair thoughts which have arisen in poet-minds while gazing on Nature's lovely works. High and noble thoughts they are, and to me they are dear familiar friends; but to-day, my eyes wander to the poetry in God's creations round me, and I whisper to myself;

> Ye are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead.

So the bright afternoon wears away, pleasant talk alternating with snatches of luxurious silence, and the evening draws on apace. The shadows begin to lengthen, and lie like swartly-clad giants along the grass. The birds hush their song, and here and there the curious fishes spring from their cool bed to take a last look at the dying day. Reluctantly we turn our faces homewards.

Right before us the sun is sinking with passionate glowing cheeks into the murky arms of Night. The gates of heaven open to let Phœbus pass through, and from out them streams a sea of wondrous light, in which pearl and opal clouds float in a lake of delicate green and amber. The trees look inky black against the sky's pure spiritual face. An owl hoots mournfully from yonder stately poplar; the silent bat flits by on noiseless wing; here and there a glow-worm is lighting its tiny lamp; and the frogs croak us a cheery 'Good-night!' as our boat glides softly by the rushes. But not yet do we return it. We say: 'We will come out again when the moon is up.'

And so we do. In defiance of any rheumatic or neuralgic future which our elders prophesy for us, evening after evening we come out to watch the fair Night lighting her beacon-fires overhead.

The mist-wreathed elms stand by the water like rows of ghostly sentinel monks with gray cowls drawn over their heads; the willows look like silver trees transplanted from some far Peruvian garden; and the water drops from the wet blades of the oars in little showers of diamond dew. Above our heads the nightingale is pouring his liquid melody over the land. We listen, still and hushed. Surely our hearts grow purified, and the cares and sorrows of the world drop from us unheeded as we listen.

Philomela's song makes the silence round us seem deeper and more calm. The flowers have folded their delicate robes more closely around them, and have lain down to dream beneath the stars; even the river seems asleep, and the dark shadows clasped so tightly to his breast. Slowly the pale moon climbs the purple vault of heaven, casts from her her gauzy veil, and looks down on us with her pure and vestal eyes. The stars awaken one by one, and come forth to do her homage. The gold-hearted cups of the water-lilies drink long draughts of silver dew. The willows, like Narcissus of old, gaze wistfully at their own fair faces in the stream; and the aspens quiver with eerie thoughts unknown to us. Surely, riding on the moonbeam which rests on yonder ripple, I see a water-pixie; and resting beneath the shadow of the dock-leaves, I spy a wood-elf! But some one speaks, and they are gone. We drift silently homewards; silently, for our enjoyment has become too deep for words. Silently we land, and still silently I seek my chamber, and opening my window, gaze into the moonlit garden beyond.

The flowers have folded their leaves beneath the soft kisses of the night, and lie sleeping placidly in the dim and tender light; the air is laden with their fragrant breath, which is always sweetest when they lie dreaming beneath the summer stars. The flame-coloured geraniums, the white and wand-like lilies, and the many-tinted roses, are all alike, misty and indistinct; and the sinuous and mossy paths, touched here and there by the soft light, lose themselves in darkness beneath the dusky hedges. Beyond them lies my beloved river, on which the starry river-buds float tremulously. The earth is all at rest, and above it the moon hangs like a silver lamp in the star-lit sky; and overhead one nightingale, the last, for the rest have sunk into silence, trills forth his Elysian chant, and mingles with the dreams of the sleeping flowers.

What a fair world! Is it possible that sorrow exists, that these, God's ineffable works, can ever be defaced by sin?

Such are the days and nights I spend when I make holiday in the old house by the river. Alas! that ever the day should dawn when turning my back on its poetry, I return once more to the prose of our work-a-day world.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXV.—IN THE LANE.

I HAD had a motive, which I fancied she did not perceive, in asking Lilian to accompany me on my errand to the Home that morning. It was Arthur Trafford's wedding-day. Mrs Tipper and I had done our best to keep the knowledge of it from her until it was over, and flattered ourselves that we had succeeded.

As we drew nearer home the sound of bells ringing merrily in the distance reached my ears; and in the hope of diverting her attention I talked on, apropos of anything or nothing. I fancied she was heeding, until she said gently: 'It is fortunate they have so fine a day, Mary.'

'I suppose it is,' I replied ungraciously. Then I presently added more pleasantly: 'But it is even more fortunate that you can say so.'

'Dear Mary, what did you expect me to say?'

I took the sweet face between my hands, and looked into the clear eyes, which did not flinch under my gaze, as she added in a low voice: 'I am not in love with another woman's husband, Mary.'

No; I came to the happy conclusion that she was not. There was no cause for further anxiety upon that score. Had I only been right in my fancy about Robert Wentworth, how pleasantly might things now have arranged themselves!

Again I felt obliged to postpone telling Lilian about my coming happiness. It had seemed difficult to talk of my engagement the night before, how much more so now—on Arthur Trafford's wedding-day. I must still wait for a more fitting season, I told myself.

Mrs Tipper had done her best to make the little parlour appear as cheerful and home-like as possible; and I saw that she watched Lilian with loving anxiety. She had prepared quite a feast for our favourite meal that day. If hot cakes and everything else the dear little woman could think of in the way of dainties had been remedies for disappointed love, Lilian might have owed her recovery to them, so plentifully were they provided. She had the comfort of seeing her niece partake of the good things with an appetite which quite set her mind at rest.

If it really cost Lilian something so to gratify her aunt, I believe it was very little. She shewed too that her thoughts had not been absent during our morning's work, by joining very earnestly in my narration of what had taken place, and giving a very decided opinion about Mrs Gower. Before we bade each other good-night, Lilian had succeeded in satisfying Mrs Tipper, as she had satisfied me, that she was 'not in love with another woman's husband.'

As days passed on my news remained still untold. Something seemed always to be intervening to cause me to put off the telling it until the morrow. Looking back, I see how very slight were some of the causes which I allowed to prevent me from opening my heart to my companions; although at the time they appeared sufficient.

Meantime we were occupied from morning till night, Lilian and I working together as with one mind. But we presently began to miss our master, as Lilian laughingly termed him, and I grew more than anxious as the days he had accustomed us to expect him passed without our seeing him. Not once had we heard from or seen him since that never-to-be-forgotten night. Did he really blame me? Could he not forgive me? I tormented myself with all sorts of doubts and fears, in my heart of hearts dreading something even worse than his blame or anger. Robert Wentworth was not the man either to judge harshly or to be unforgiving.

It was nearly a fortnight since we had seen him, when one evening Becky mysteriously beckoned me out of the room. Lilian was playing one of our favourite sonatas, and I made my escape unobserved.

'Another letter, Becky?' I asked, putting out my hand for it with a smile.

'No, Miss; it's a woman this time,' returned Becky. 'She says that she wants to see you alone, and she won't come in. I was to tell you she's waiting down at the end of the lane, and to be sure to say you are to go by yourself.'

'What kind of woman is she, Becky?' I asked, my thoughts at once reverting to Nancy Dean.

'A more disagreeable one I never see,' very decidedly returned Becky. 'And as to behaviour, she seemed just ready to snap my nose off when I asked what name I should tell you. "No name at all," she said.'

'I will go, Becky.'

'Poor Nancy!' was my mental ejaculation; 'she has got into trouble again. It was perhaps too much to expect her to remain with people who believe her to be so much worse than she really is, just when she needs to be encouraged and strengthened.' I was stepping from the porch, when Becky earnestly pleaded for permission to accompany me.

'Do, please, let me come too, Miss Haddon, dear!' she whispered. 'I could stand a little way off, so as not to hear; and if she touches you'——

'She will not hurt me, Becky. Do not fear it. I know who she is.'

Becky stood aside, silenced if not convinced. I went out into the summer-scented air, and just pausing by the way to gather a rose for Nancy, passed on down the lane.

Not the slightest doubt as to whom I should see for a moment crossed my mind. My surprise was all the greater when I came in sight of a woman standing erect by the stile with her arms folded across her chest; who, a moment's glance told me, was not at all like Nancy—a tall thin woman, dressed in a long old-fashioned cloak, and what used to be termed a coal-scuttle bonnet.

Quite taken by surprise, I paused a moment to reconnoitre before advancing. She turned her face towards me, and although I did not immediately recognise who she was, I knew that I had seen her before.

'Do you wish to speak to me? I am Miss Haddon.'

'Yes; I know you are.'

Then it flashed upon me who she was.

'You are Mr Wentworth's housekeeper?'

'Yes.'

My heart sank with a foreboding of some evil, and for a moment I could not utter a word. Then screwing up my courage, I asked in as matter-of-course a tone as I could assume: 'He is quite well, I hope?'

'Nobody cares whether he's ill or well, I expect.'

'You are very much mistaken!' I replied, in some agitation. 'Every one who knows him would care a great deal! You ought to know that they would.'

I suppose my face and tone satisfied her that I was so far saying what I thought, though she only shifted her ground of offence in consequence.

'If he was ill he wouldn't be wanting people's pity.'

'But I hope—— Is he ill?'

'Why should he be ill?' she rejoined angrily. Then endeavouring to command herself, she went on: 'But I haven't come here to talk about that. Ill or well, he doesn't know I've come here, and would be very angry if he did. You must please to recollect that. I should have been here before, but it took me two days, putting this and that together, to find out where you live. You are living with the ladies at the cottage down there?'.

'Yes.'

'Well, that can't be much of a place; but I suppose situations are not so plentiful, and anything is better than'——

'What is it you have come to say to me?' I asked shortly.

'You are very masterful, and know how to get your way when you want it. You two are a match for each other; and I knew you would find that out. I knew no good would come of it when I let you get the better of me that day; and I'd sooner do anything than come to you now. You may be sure of that.'

'I know that for some foolish reason you took a prejudice against me; but being disliked *before* one is known, ought not to distress one, though I should prefer not being disliked.'

'If you're not hurt you needn't complain,' she replied, as though determined not to yield an inch.

'What have you come to say to me?' I repeated. 'I suppose you did not come all this way to remind me that you are prejudiced against me?'

'No.' She looked over the hedge and around in all directions before continuing; then said in a low voice: 'You thought my master's looked but a poor place for a gentleman born to live in, that day. I saw how sharp you was to notice, and how poor and shabby you thought it all was.'

'You are too ready to ascribe thoughts to me,' I replied.

'But you did now; didn't you? You can't say that you didn't think things looked a bit poor?'

'Mr Wentworth can afford to be more careless about appearances than can most people,' I said, not in the least comprehending her drift. 'It was all well enough for a bachelor's home.'

'Ay, well enough for a bachelor's home perhaps; but not for a married couple, eh?'

'Really!'

'Try to keep your temper for another five minutes, if *you* please, Miss. I know there's no love lost between us two; but I've come here because I've got something to say; and proud and masterful as you are, I know you are the sort to be trusted, and I'm going to trust you. I carried Master Robert in my arms when he was a baby, and I know him and love him more than any fine madam ever can. He was left very poor, and he worked very hard, and a better master or kinder gentleman—— But that's not what I've come to say; nobody will ever know his goodness as I do'—jealously. 'He was poor, and I was poor, and I've had some ado to keep things together for him. But about three years ago my brother died, and things changed for me. He was a small farmer down in Gloucestershire, and everybody called him a miser; but it is not for me to complain of his scraping and saving, for he left all he had to me, and a nice little nest-egg it turned out to be. It's been down in my will for Master Robert from the first day I had it; and it has been 'cumulating ever since; not a penny of it have I ever touched. The pleasure has been to think that there it was all ready for him, though I was too proud to see how much he liked working his way up in the world, to tell him about it before he wanted it.'

'I am sincerely glad to know he has so faithful a friend,' I said, holding out my hand to her.

'Wait a bit, Miss; let me say my say. To-morrow morning that money will be made over to Master Robert, and he will be told that he'll never see no more of me if he won't take it; and the lawyer he says it brings in pretty nigh ninety pounds a year, now!' Pausing a moment to give me time to recover that.

What could I say? Growing hot and confused and pained as her meaning began to dawn upon me, I murmured: 'It is a good sum—and'——

'And that's not all,' she said eagerly. 'You must remember Master Robert is getting on now and being talked about. I've brought this paper down with me that you may see his name in it for yourself;' taking a newspaper from her pocket, hastily unfolding it and pointing out with trembling finger a short but eulogistic notice of a pamphlet by R. Wentworth. 'There's no gainsaying that, you know.' Slipping it into her pocket again, she earnestly went on, laying her hand upon my arm, and seeing only him in her increased anxiety: 'I don't say that prudence isn't a good thing; I'm not for foolish marriages when there's nothing to depend on; but there's the ninety pounds a year, and what he earns, besides a house to live in, and my services for nothing; and master says my bark's worse than my bite; bless you, *his* wife's no call to be afraid of me!'

'Hush, pray hush!' I murmured, seeing all her meaning now. 'Do you think any one who loved Robert Wentworth would care about all that!'

'Then it is that he isn't loved? God help him!' The cold, hard, set look came into her face again—though she would seem cold and hard now to me never again—and she folded her cloak about her.

'Will you tell me how Mr Wentworth is?' I could not help asking.

'Oh, he's well enough; nobody need think he's going to die of a broken heart. And you must please to remember that he knows nothing about my coming here, ma'am. And perhaps it isn't *too* much to ask you not to mention what a foolish old woman has been talking about?'

'I should be as much grieved as you could possibly be for him to know anything about it, Hester,' I replied in all sincerity.

'Then I wish you good-night, Miss.'

'Will not you shake hands with me?'

'I'm never much for shaking hands, Miss, thank you'—stiffly, both hands folded in her cloak.

'Not for your master's sake? Mr Wentworth is my friend, and I think he would be sorry'——

'He can't be sorry about what he doesn't know.'

'Well, you cannot prevent my respecting you, and that I shall do as long as I live.'

She went on down the lane, and I turned away, burying my face in my hands. Could I ever forgive myself!

Something—for a moment I thought it was a falling leaf—lightly touched my arm, and looking round I saw a large bony hand put from behind. I clasped it without a word; without a word it was withdrawn, and I presently found myself alone. I turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully homewards. How completely though unconsciously she had shewn me her motive for seeking an interview with me! She had divined that her master had had a disappointment, and must have drawn the conclusion that he had been refused solely from prudential motives. Consequently she had come for the purpose of giving me a better knowledge of his prospects than he himself could have done, and was ready for his sake to try to overcome her prejudice against me. Nevertheless, my interview with old Hester tended to make me more rather than less anxious respecting her master.

SEA-EGGS.

The visitor to the sea-side must frequently in his rambles along the beach have picked up specimens of the curious animals which are popularly known as 'Sea-eggs' and 'Sea-urchins.' The former name is applied to these creatures when they are found cast upon the shore and present the appearance of rounded or ball-shaped objects, each inclosed within a hard but brittle limy shell. Whilst the term 'urchin' is given to the same objects when they are seen in their more natural and perfect state, and when the outside of the shell literally bristles with spines. The name 'urchin,' in fact originally applied to the hedgehog, has been extended to denominate the sea-eggs, from their presenting the spiny appearance so familiarly seen in the common tenant of our woods and hedgerows. Thus the sea-egg is the sea-urchin with its spines detached and rubbed off by the unkindly force of the waves; and the animal thus popularly designated is the *Echinus* of the zoologist, and belongs to the large class of animals of which the Star-fishes are well-known representatives.

The entire history of the sea-egg is of so curious a nature that the most casual reader may well feel interested in the account of the animal's present and past life; whilst the feeling of mere curiosity to know something of one of the most 'common objects of the shore,' should prompt every sea-side visitor to make the closer acquaintance of the Echinus.

Suppose that we begin our examination by looking at the hard case or 'shell' in which the soft parts of the animal are inclosed. We find on referring to the development of the animal, that this 'shell' actually represents the hardened skin of the animal, and that viewed in this light, it closely corresponds to the shell of the lobster or crab. The shell is flattened at each pole, and we can readily perceive that it is composed of rows of little limy plates, which are disposed in a regular manner from pole to pole, or after the fashion of the meridian lines on a globe. Counting the series of plates, we find the shell to be composed of twenty rows; but we may also perceive a difference between certain of the plates of which the rows are composed. Thus we find two adjoining rows of plates, which are perforated with holes. The next two rows are not so perforated; whilst the third two rows possess holes like the first rows. We may, in fact, proceed round the shell, and come back to the point at which our examination began, with the result of finding that we may group the whole of the twenty rows of plates of this curious limy box into two sets—those with holes and those without; and we may further discover that there are five double rows of perforated plates, and that these alternate with other five double rows which do not possess holes.

Each little plate of the sea-egg's shell may be most accurately described as being hexagonal or six-sided in form; but this shape may be more or less modified in certain regions of the shell.

The five double rows of the shell which are perforated with holes, it may be remarked, are those through the apertures in which the small 'tube-feet' of the animal are protruded. And it may also be noted that in some of the sea-eggs these perforated rows do not extend from pole to pole of the shell, as in the common species, but are limited so as to form a rosette-like figure, on the upper surface or at the upper pole of the shell. This modification is well seen in a group of sea-eggs, not uncommon round our coasts, and which are popularly named 'Heart-urchins' from their peculiar shape.

The outside of the shell presents us with some curious features; the zoologist's study leading him thus to carefully note points which an ordinary observer would hardly deem worthy his attention. When we examine the outer surface of the shell, we find it to be thickly studded over with little rounded knobs or 'tubercles,' which are, if anything, most numerous on those parts or rows of plates which are not perforated. And if we carefully study one of the spines we shall find that it is hollowed out or is concave at its base. Clearly then, the spines are meant to articulate by means of these hollowed or cup-shaped bases with the rounded knobs on the outside of the shell, and in each case a true ball-and-socket joint is thus formed. The spines are thus intended to be moved, and they are not only firmly attached by a ligament or band of fibres to the surfaces of their tubercles, but appear to be moved by special muscles, which form a thin investing layer on the outer surface of the shell. The spines undoubtedly serve as organs of defence, but in some species they are employed as boring-organs to scoop out holes in the sand or shallow beds in rocks, in which their possessors lie snugly ensconced.

The outer surface of the shell also bears certain very peculiar appendages, known as 'Pedicellariæ.' These little organisms also occur on the outer surface of Star-fishes and other members of the sea-egg's class; but regarding their exact nature and functions, zoologists are still in doubt. The form of one of these pedicellarians may be best imagined by figuring to one's self a small or minute stalk attached to the shell, and bearing at its free extremity two or three little jaws, which move actively upon one another, with a quick snapping motion. These little jaws can be seen to seize particles of food, and there is no doubt whatever that they possess a life and vitality independently of the sea-egg or other organism upon which they reside; since their movements are seen to continue after the death of the animal which affords them lodgment. Some naturalists have regarded them as 'peculiarly modified spines;' but the reasons or grounds for this belief are anything but clear, since it is difficult to imagine any reasonable explanation of the means whereby a spine could acquire an active living and independent nature. By good authorities, who have not ventured to theorise so boldly, the pedicellariæ have been regarded as *parasites* of some kind or other; and they may also possibly represent stages in the as yet unknown development of some organisms. Whilst, assuming them to be fully-grown beings, their function, as they exist on the shell of our sea-egg, has been supposed to be that of seizing particles of food, and of removing waste or effete matters.

The internal structure of the sea-egg shews its near relationship with the Star-fishes and Sea-cucumbers. The mouth is the large orifice opening at the lower pole of the shell; so that as our sea-egg crawls slowly and mouth downwards over the bed of the sea, or over the floor of its native pools, it can procure food without any very great trouble as regards its conveyance to the mouth. The internal furnishings of the body include a stomach and complete digestive system, along with a very peculiar set of jaws or teeth, lying just within the mouth, the points or tips of the jaws being usually protruded from the mouth-opening. This arrangement of teeth is named the 'Lantern of Aristotle,' and comprises five conical pieces, so arranged together and so provided with muscles, as to be perfectly adapted for bruising the sea-weeds and other forms of nutriment on which the sea-eggs subsist. Their near neighbours the Star-fishes do not possess any teeth; although curiously enough, the unarmed sea-stars prefer a richer dietary than that which contents their sea-egg neighbours, since they devour large quantities of oysters and other molluscs. Our sea-egg possesses a heart for circulating its blood, in the form of a simple tube; and although no distinct breathing-organs are developed, naturalists believe that the blood may be purified by being circulated through a delicate membrane which is named the 'mesentery,' and which serves to suspend and support the digestive organs to the wall of the shell. The fact that this membrane is richly provided with the delicate vibratile filaments known as 'cilia,' and that it is bathed in the sea-water—necessarily containing oxygen—and which is admitted within the shell, would seem to favour the idea that it constitutes the breathing-organ of these animals.

The sea-egg is not destitute of means for obtaining some degree of knowledge regarding its surroundings; and it obtains its *quantum* of information through the same channel by which man is brought into relation with the world in which he lives—namely the nervous system. The sea-urchin possesses no structure corresponding to a brain—indeed in all animals of its nature, the nervous system exists in a comparatively low and unspecialised condition. We do not find, in other words, that development and concentration of the parts of the nervous system seen in the highest groups of animals, and which enables these latter to form definite ideas regarding their surroundings and respecting the world at large. A cord of nervous matter surrounds the gullet of the sea-egg, and from this central portion five great nerves are given off; one nerve-trunk passing along the inner surface of each of the perforated double rows of plates of the shell, to terminate at the upper pole of the body. The only organs of sense developed in the sea-eggs appear to consist of five little 'eyes' of rudimentary nature, each consisting of a little spot of colouring matter and a lens. These eyes are situated on five special plates of the shell, developed at the upper pole or extremity of that structure. We thus remark that the parts of the nervous system, along with other portions of the sea-egg's structure, are developed in a kind of five-membered symmetry—if we may so express it. And it is a singular fact that not only throughout the sea-egg's class do we find the number five to represent the typical arrangement of parts and organs—as is well exemplified in the five rays of the common star-fish—but we also discover that this number is one exceedingly common in the symmetry of flowers. This fact apparently struck an old writer—Sir Thomas Browne—as being a curious and noteworthy feature of the Star-fishes and their allies, since we find him inquiring 'Why, among Sea-stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points?'—although to this suggestive query, the learned and eccentric author of the *Religio Medici* gives no exact or satisfactory reply.

The movements of our sea-egg are effected by means of an apparatus, which forms one of the most noteworthy parts of its structure. If a star-fish be dropped into a rock-pool, it may be seen to glide slowly but easily over the bottom of the miniature sea in which we have placed it. When we examine the lower surface of this animal's body, we at once perceive the means whereby its movements are performed; for existing in hundreds, in the deep groove which runs along the under surface of each ray, we see the little tube-feet or *ambulacra*, each consisting of a little muscular tube, terminated in a sucker-like tip. By means of an apparatus of essentially similar kind, the sea-egg is enabled to crawl slowly over the floor of the sea. The tube-feet existing to the number of many hundreds in the sea-egg, are protruded, as has already been remarked, through the holes existing in each of the five double rows of perforated plates of the shell. The mechanism of their protrusion depends on the presence of a special system of vessels, known as the 'ambulacral' vessels, which carry water to the little feet, for the purpose of their inflation and distension.

Thus on the upper surface of the shell we find a single large plate perforated with holes like the lid of a pepper-box. This plate opens into a long tube called the 'sand-canal'—a name which is decidedly a misnomer, since the function of the plate resembling the pepper-box lid is to allow water to enter this tube, but at the same time to exclude particles of sand and like matters. The sand-canal terminates in a circular vessel, which, like the nerve-cord, surrounds the gullet; and from this central ring a great vessel, like a main water-pipe, runs up each of the five rows of perforated plates in company with the nerve-cord. At the base of each little tube-foot is a little muscular sac or bag, and into these sacs the water admitted by the sand-canal ultimately passes. When therefore the sea-egg wishes to distend its feet for the purpose of protruding them through the shell-pores, and of thus walking by applying their sucker-like tips to fixed objects, the water in the little sacs is forced into the feet, which are thus distended. Whilst conversely, when the feet are to be withdrawn, the water is forced back, by the contraction of the feet into the sacs, or may be allowed to escape from the perforated tips of the feet, so as to admit of a fresh supply being brought in from the interior.

The development of the sea-egg may be briefly glanced at by way of conclusion, along with a few points in its economic history. The animal, solid as it appears in its adult state, is developed from a small egg, which gives origin to a little body, usually named the 'larva,' but which, from its resemblance in form to a painter's easel, has received the name of *Pluteus*. This little body does not in the least resemble the sea-egg; possesses a mouth and digestive system of its own, and swims freely through the sea. Sooner or later, however, a second body begins to be formed within and at the expense of this Pluteus-larva; whilst as development proceeds and ends, the sea-egg appears as the result of this secondary development, and the now useless remainder of the first-formed being is cast off and simply perishes. Thus the development of the sea-egg is by no means the least curious part of the animal's history, and presents a singular resemblance to the production of the Star-fishes and their neighbours.

The mere mention of the economic or rather gastronomic relations of the sea-eggs may appropriately form a concluding remark to our gossiping remarks concerning these animals. With our British prejudices in favour of eating only what our forefathers were accustomed to consider wholesome, it is not likely that the sea-eggs will appeal with success to be included as culinary dainties. Yet on the continent these animals are much esteemed as articles of dietary and even of luxury. The Corsicans and Algerians eat one species, whilst the Neapolitans relish another kind; and in classic times, when variety rather than quantity or quality was the chief feature of high-class entertainments, the *Echini* were esteemed morsels at the tables of the Greeks and Romans. Here then is an opportunity for another Soyer to tempt the modern cultivated appetite with a new and wholesome dish. Considering that crabs and lobsters are so highly esteemed, the sea-eggs but wait a suitable introduction to become, it may be, the favourite tit-bits of future generations.

A wise philosopher—the great Newton himself—remarked concerning the limitation of our knowledge, that we were but as children, picking up at most a few stray grains of sand on the sea-shore, whilst around us lies the great region of the unknown. Our present study may not inaptly be related to Newton's comparison, since it serves to shew that even the brief and imperfect history of a stray shell picked up on the sea-beach may teem with features so curious and with problems so deep, that the furthest science may be unequal to the explanation of the one or the elucidation of the other. Whilst the subject no less powerfully pleads for the wider extension of the knowledge of this world and its living tenants—knowledge which in every aspect reveals things which are not only wondrously grand, but also 'fair to see.'

THE TWELFTH RIG.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.—THE WORKING OF THE CHARM.

The theatre was crowded with an assemblage of fashion and beauty, and many were the glances directed towards the boxes, and numerous the comments of those who came to see rather than to hear, on the beauties who shone there like so many stars striving to outsparkle each other.

In one of the side-boxes Eliza was seated with her husband. Passionately fond of music, she seemed to have forgotten her sorrows, till, on turning to Charles to make some observation, she perceived that some young men, acquaintances of his, had entered and were conversing with him. One of them was directing his attention to a particular box. Following their eyes, she observed a young lady, all in fleecy white and pale blue, with pearls glimmering in her dark hair. A most radiant beauty, her eyes sparkling with extraordinary brilliancy, and seeming to far outshine the lustre of the diamonds that gleamed around; the rich damask of her cheek putting to shame the roses she held in her hand. Several gentlemen stood around her, attentive to every word and look, each striving to win her special regard. She appeared in buoyant spirits, and conversed with great animation, smiling often with singular sweetness. But her smiles, though so bewitching, were distributed carelessly, and she never distinguished any one of those about her above the rest.

Eliza, struck with admiration, gazed at her earnestly. The young lady looked in that direction. Their eyes met. A thrill passed through Eliza's frame. All at once the gay assemblage seemed to vanish from her sight, the lights burned dim and lurid, and the air grew heavy as if with death. The voices of the singers retreated far away. She heard the murmur of mountain rivulets, and the soughing of the wind over a wide space. Before her eyes uprose a lonely field, with the moonbeams shimmering over its dark ridges. She saw herself, and fronting her a shadowy white face and form, like the dim reflection in a stream, of a human figure. Then, mingling with the distant music, the words 'Doomed, doomed!' smote on her ears like a wailing cry of agony, or the scornful laugh of a mocking fiend.

With this scene before her, with these words ringing around her, she sat on, as if in a dream. Had she looked towards her husband, she would have seen a dark cloud on his forehead and a moody look in his eye. Could she have seen into his mind, it would have troubled her more.

'How lovely!' he thought. 'What grace, what ease and animation! And she might have been my wife. What a fool I was! Eliza is pretty enough still, but compared to her'—he turned, that he might make the comparison, but she was unconscious of it. 'Ah! mere country prettiness, which loses half its charm out of its place. Vivacity was her attraction, and that gone, what has she? She looks now as if she did not know what was going on around her. And for her I gave up the beauty that brings all Paris to its feet, lost a handsome fortune, alienated my family, and endangered my prospects from them. Yet that is not the worst. I see now that my marriage with Eliza was a mistake in every way. I was mad to throw away my prospects and happiness thus; to forsake her whom I really loved, and who loved me—then at least. Blind fool that I was!'

There was a stir in that box towards which so many glances were directed. The young lady had risen, and pale as death, leaning heavily on the arm of a middle-aged lady, prepared to leave the theatre. 'She is fainting; the heat is too much for her,' was whispered around. A dozen gentlemen sprang forward to wrap her in her mantle and call her carriage; she thanked them with a faint sweet smile, but uttered no word. When the carriage had driven away and all were out of sight, she cast herself sobbing on her companion's breast, and trembled from head to foot.

'Oh, do not bring me to these scenes any more!' she cried; 'I cannot bear it; indeed I cannot; they are torture to me. I know you meant it kindly, dear friend—thought to rouse and cheer me; but it will not do; I cannot be gay like others while my heart is breaking. Oh, take me far away to some quiet spot, where I may pass the short time that remains to me in peace and seclusion!'

'Darling, we shall leave Paris to-morrow, if you really wish it,' returned the middle-aged lady; and her tone betrayed alarm, as if she feared for the result of so much emotion.

'Eliza!' said Charles, somewhat roughly; 'don't you see all is over and everybody is going away? Are you dreaming?'

She started and looked up with a bewildered air; then she saw how dark his brow was, and the cause puzzled her.

All that night Eliza lay awake tossing feverishly; she made an effort to dispel the thoughts that distracted her and compose herself to sleep; but when she closed her eyes, faces seemed to press close up to hers, familiar faces, that she used to see every day. It was useless to think of sleep, and she lay watching wearily till dawn.

In the morning, Eliza was so feverish and ill that she felt unable to rise. A doctor was sent for. Before he arrived, she had become delirious, and raved pitifully about her old home and her father. Another name too was often on her lips. The doctor, who was an Englishman, as he stood by her bedside, supposed it might be that of her husband. 'Will! Will!' she repeated over and over, sometimes in tender loving accents, then in tones of wild despair. When the physician took her hand she seemed to become conscious of who he was and of her own illness.

'I shall die,' she said in a sad quiet tone. 'I know I shall. There's no use in your coming to me. You may be the greatest doctor in Europe, but all your skill won't save me. I am doomed, doomed!'

He thought her still raving, in spite of her calm tone; but in reality she was not so now. Her youth and beauty, joined to her piteous look and tones, moved him. Some of her wanderings seemed to shew that she had once been accustomed to a sphere of life far beneath that in which he found her. He thought some sorrow or trouble weighed on her mind, and tried to discover if such were the case. But in answer to his kind questioning she only shook her head or moaned feebly.

On leaving his patient, the doctor sought Crofton. He found him lounging, with a very gloomy brow, over a late breakfast.

'I have seen Mrs Crofton,' he said. 'I do not apprehend any danger at present. It is a touch of fever, which will pass. But I wish to mention that change of air and scene are absolutely necessary for her. I was told by her maid that she has been in the habit of remaining very much within doors of late, and that she has been depressed in spirits.'

'She need not have remained within doors if she did not choose,' returned Charles coldly; 'and if she was depressed, it was totally without cause.'

The other looked at him. It was a strange tone for the husband of one so young and beautiful; and not long wedded, as he had been given to understand.

'Well,' he replied after a pause, 'I recommend that she should be removed to a quiet country place as soon as possible—to-morrow, if she is able to bear the journey.'

'As you say so, of course it shall be done. My own arrangements do not permit of my leaving Paris at present, but that need make no difference; Mrs Crofton can go accompanied by her maid.'

Again the doctor looked at him, the tone was so indifferent, as if he wished to dispose of the matter at once, and be troubled no more. Merely mentioning the place he thought most suitable for his patient, a quiet little town in the south of France, he bowed coldly, and withdrew.

Charles rose and sauntered to the mantel-piece. 'She acts the fine lady well,' he muttered to himself. 'Ill and out of spirits! *She* has no cause to be so. As much as I lost she has gained. Yet she acts and speaks sometimes as if she had made a sacrifice for me. I could almost fancy that she regrets that clodhopping fellow. It is a pity, after all, she was so ready to jilt him. She can't expect that I will coop myself up in a wretched dreary place. We are not so very devoted now, either of us, that we require no other company than that of the other.'

In the evening Eliza was better; the feverishness had passed, and it was thought she would be able to leave next day; so Charles went to her room to inform her of the doctor's command, and the fact that the journey was to be made without him.

'I have arranged to remain here yet, and can't alter my plans,' he said. 'But my presence could do you no good; and when you are better you can join me; that is, if you wish to do so.'

If she wished to do so! He would not then care if she did not join him! His words and manner implied that she had become a burden to him, which he would willingly cast off, were it possible; since it was not possible, absent himself from her as much as he could. She turned, sighing, away; and Charles left the room without another word, without a kiss.

It had come now that he was actually estranged from her! He could let her go from him alone, ill as she was, and in a foreign land, the land he had brought her to! It was not with any wild passionate pang, such as she would have felt had she loved him, that she thought this; but a dead cold weight pressed on her heart, and a sense of utter desolation came over her.

'Alone, alone!' she murmured. 'Father, lover, friends, home—I abandoned them all, and for what?—for what?'

CHAPTER VI.—THE CHARM DISSOLVED.

Next day Eliza set out, accompanied only by her maid. No one, to see her, would have fancied she was not yet one year a wife.

In the sweet quiet spot to which she went her illness passed away; but she was weaker than before, and her health precarious. Her spirits too sank daily, and the rich glow of her cheek, dimmer during the last few months than it used to be, faded more and more. The sparkling smile of other days, or the discontented pout which had always betrayed any little 'temper,' never dwelt on her lips now. A softened subdued shade settled on her countenance. In her sadness and loneliness, forsaken by him to whom she would still have clung even when love was gone, she turned, in her sorrow, to thoughts which had never occupied her before, to religion, the one source of consolation that remains to the disappointed and unfortunate; fortunate if they can embrace it, and find peace and full satisfaction somewhere at last.

In a peaceful nook, embosomed among a grove of beech-trees, there was a lonely little chapel. Thither Eliza went every evening, and kneeling among the few quiet worshippers, lifted her eyes to the sculptured form above the altar, whose mild angelic face and outstretched arms seemed to speak of pity and sympathy with human woe.

One evening she lingered till dusk began to gather in the quaint old place. It was now again the eve of All-Hallows, and her thoughts reverted to the past and all that had happened during one short year. Looking up at last, she found that the others had gone and she was alone. The pale spectral rays of a rising moon, broken and intercepted by the fluttering trees without, stole in at the windows and crept with a kind of stealthy motion across the floor. The silence was tomb-like. It smote on Eliza's heart. Part of the chapel, where the moonbeams did not pierce, was veiled in gloom, and in the darkness the draperies about the altar seemed to stir and take strange form. Indistinct masses, which looked as if they might at any moment become endowed with animation, filled the corners. Eliza could almost fancy that the dim dead who slept in the vaults beneath were rising round her. She turned to leave the place, and then perceived that she was *not* alone.

A female figure knelt at a little distance, the face buried in the hands. As Eliza moved down the aisle it rose slowly and turned round. With a low shuddering cry she sprang back, and almost sank to the ground. She gasped for breath. She tried to speak, but for some moments in vain. At last, in a loud cry, her voice broke forth: 'In the name of the blessed God and by this holy sign!' (crossing herself rapidly), 'speak! Who and what are you, that twice before have crossed my path? In the lonely field; in the crowded theatre, suddenly changing from an aspect of light and beauty to a ghastly corpse-like image; and now again!'

The figure approached a few steps, the lips moved, but no sound came. Eliza shrank back to the wall, pressing against it as if she would force herself through the stone. A low sigh sounded, a faint tremulous voice spoke: 'Twice before have *you* started up to bewilder and affright me: in the lonely field, when the night-wind was sighing; in the gay assemblage; and here again, the third time. Who and what are *you*, let *me* ask?'

Eliza rose. 'One who is lonely and unhappy,' she answered; 'who, having deserted others, is herself left alone now. If you would know my name, it is Eliza Crofton.'

There was a pause, then in low, awestruck tones, the last word was repeated: 'Crofton! And I am Ellen Courtney.'

'And we meet thus, for the first time knowing each other, though I have often heard your name, and you mine! Did you too, then, go to the Twelfth Rig last Hallow-eve night?'

'Listen, and I will tell you. He did not come home that evening—he, I mean, who is now your husband. There was company at the house, and he was expected. There was dancing and music, but I could not join in it. I stole away to my own room, and afterwards wandered out into the fields. I had heard of the charm of the Twelfth Rig, but it was not with any settled intention of trying it that I went out. When I got to the field, overcome with sorrow and weariness, for I had walked a long distance, I sank down; and thinking that nothing stirred in that lonely spot but the night-wind, gave loose to the grief and despair that filled my heart. When at last I rose up, I saw a figure wrapped in a cloak standing motionless in the centre of one of the ridges, pale, with wild eyes, and black dishevelled hair. As I gazed, it uttered a dreadful scream, and turning, fled. I had heard stories of the banshee, and I thought this must be it, or some spirit of doom, that had appeared to warn me of my approaching death. I believe I sank down again on the ground. My senses seemed to leave me. I know not what I did, but I heard a voice crying "Doomed, doomed!" and I think it was myself that uttered the words.'

'I heard it,' said Eliza. 'It pursued me as I fled, repeated, I suppose, by the mountain echoes. Ah! how it has haunted me. I tried to crush back the thought; but it was there still, though I wouldn't face it, and I felt in my heart that my days were numbered. Has the clearing up come too late? I have suffered so much, I scarcely feel fit for life now.'

'It comes too late for *me*. Though it was no spirit that stood in the midst of the Twelfth Rig, the charm will work still. I was ill after that night, very ill, else we might have met before you left, and recognised each other. Then came the shock that tore up by the roots the last hopes that lingered in my heart. You know to what I allude. I may speak of it now with calmness, standing as I do on the brink of the grave.—Why do you look so shocked? Have you never heard that Ellen Courtney was dying—dying of a broken heart?'

'No, no! I never heard it, never dreamt of it. O heaven!'—wringing her hands, and raising them above her head, with a despairing gesture—'then I am a murderess! The punishment has descended in full force now. A curse could not but attend my marriage. Did not friends warn me again and again? and yet I persisted—persisted, though faith had to be broken on both sides, a heart cast aside, and trampled on. It was an unholy marriage, and the blessing of heaven could not sanctify it. It was that which made my husband cease to love me, shrivelled up my own heart, and made everything become valueless in my eyes. I was content to suffer myself; it was only reaping what I had sowed. But that *you* should suffer—suffer and die; you, who never injured any one, who must be gentle and good as an angel. But oh!' she pursued, dropping on her knees, and raising her dark eyes pleadingly, as sinner might to saint, 'remove the curse before you die—if heaven so wills—before *I* die, as perhaps I shall, and give me back my husband's love, the only thing that remains to me now.' The last words were uttered in a piteous moan.

'Do not speak so wildly,' entreated Ellen, sitting down on one of the seats, and raising her hand (Eliza marked its transparency) to her damp white forehead. 'You are not so much to blame. Life and happiness could never have been mine, even had you not intervened. If he ceased to love me, as he must have done soon, for he never loved me truly, I could not have borne it. My heart would have broke, and I should have died all the same. You have my forgiveness fully and entirely—and he has too. Do not fret yourself for the lover you forsook. His wound is healed. He has found happiness with one who long loved him in secret. This was the appointed day for his marriage with your cousin, Mary Conlan.'

Eliza started, and the blood rushed to her face. He then had forgotten her; and the thought sent a bitter pang through her heart; yet she thanked heaven that it was so.

'Part of the weight is lifted from my soul,' she said. 'And I have your forgiveness too. Lay your hand on my head, and say again that you forgive me, and breathe a blessing on me.'

The shadowy white hand was raised. It lay like a spotless lily, emblem of heaven's pity and forgiveness, on the dark bowed head.

'I forgive you from my heart. If my earnest wishes can make you happy, be so.—Now I must go.' She rose, but tottered as she attempted to walk.

'You are weak,' exclaimed Eliza. 'Let me go with you.'

'No, no; there is no need. I have not far to go.'

'But still, let me walk with you, and lean on me. I shall think you cannot bear my presence near you, if you refuse.'

'Be it so then.'

They left the chapel together. Not a word was spoken as they walked slowly on till Ellen paused before the gate of a villa.

'Good-bye, Eliza. We shall never meet again on earth. This third meeting, in which each first knows the other, is the last. Even if I lived, we could not be friends, our paths should lie far asunder; though your words, and still more your looks, tell me how it is with you, that we are sisters in disappointment and misfortune. But there'—she lifted her eyes, calm and serene, to the sky, where the moon, now fully risen, gleamed fair and radiant—'there we may meet and be friends for ever. Farewell, Eliza.'

Overcome with emotion, Eliza cast herself, weeping, on the other's breast. For a few moments they mingled their tears together. 'Farewell, Eliza;' 'Farewell, Ellen.' A faint breeze swept through the beechen wood. It came wandering by them, and seemed to murmur in unknown tongue some sentence or benediction over their heads.

There was silence. Eliza felt her companion lean heavily on her. She grew alarmed. At last she said: 'It is not well for you to linger in the night-air. Will you not go into the house now?'

Ellen replied not. Heavier and heavier she leant, with a helpless weight that almost overpowered the other. Eliza raised the drooping head. A white, white face, a dim fast-glazing eye, met her gaze. It was the dead that lay on her bosom.

That night Eliza was very ill, so ill that a telegram was despatched in haste to her husband to come at once, if he wished to see her alive. He arrived next day, but only in time to gaze on a sweet marble face, that changed not even in the presence of the dread remorse that then awoke in his heart, and to clasp in his arms a fair but lifeless child, whose tender eyes had never opened on this world's light—whose only baptism was tears.

A few days after Hallow-eve, Daly received a black-sealed letter. It was that which Eliza had written to him, but never sent.

So they both slept. The remains of Ellen Courtney were conveyed to her own land; and on a dark November morning, when all nature seemed in mourning for the young and beautiful that had passed with the summer flowers, she was laid with her kindred, amidst streaming eyes and voices that blessed her name—

Poor victim of love and changeless faith.

But Eliza lay in a foreign soil, where the myrtle waved above her head, instead of her own mountain-ash—an exile even in death, from friends and home.

LIFE IN ST KILDA.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

On the 16th August I ascended the hill called Connaghar, where all the men had gone to catch and the women to carry home fulmars, leaving the village deserted. The weather was very warm, and although I carried my coat over my arm, I was fain to stop on my way up and cool myself in the light sea-breeze. About half-way up I saw my old friend Tormad, with his ruddy face and large white beard, seated on the edge of the cliff, with his attention fixed on the rope he held in his hands. 'Who is below?' I asked as I sat down beside him. 'Neil,' he answered. 'Is he far down?' 'Far—far,' he replied. Neil's voice could be heard calling from the abyss. In a little a crash sounds from below. Tormad looks anxious, and with craning head listens with deep attention; whilst two girls who had joined us, step with their bare feet to the very verge of the precipice and peer below. One of them, who has a light graceful figure, looks very picturesque as she stands poised on that stupendous cliff. She has a Turkey-red handkerchief on her head, and wears a coarse blue gown of a quaint shape, girdled at the waist, and only reaching to her knees. Her limbs are muscular and browned with the sun. She is engaged to Neil, and naturally feels anxious on his account. A shower of large stones had fallen, any one of which would have knocked his brains out had it chanced to hit; but fortunately a projecting crag above his head saves him. Tormad shifts his position to where he thinks the rock is less frangible. I leave him, and climb to where the cliffs form a lofty head or promontory which commands a view of the face of Connaghar. This hill rises one thousand two hundred and twenty feet above the sea, and is a precipice almost to the summit. The bottom of this tremendous cliff had been cleared of fulmars the previous day by men who had ascended from boats. Now the work had to be done from above.

It is a dreadful trade. A sound like the crack of a musket is occasionally heard, and one sees a huge stone bound and rattle with great leaps into the sea below. Parties of two or three men, laden with birds on their shoulders, are seen climbing by steep and perilous paths to the summit. From the spot where I lie basking in the sun, a path leads downwards to a steep grassy *brae* bounded by a cliff. This is considered a safe road for women, and a number of them go by it to where the men can bring them fulmars. Some of the girls can carry about two hundred pounds' weight, and seem rather proud of their strength; but as they toil up the dangerous path to where I recline, I hear them breathing heavily and in apparent distress; but in a few minutes they are all right again.

In the intervals of work a number of them sit around me and offer me a share of their oat-cakes and cheese, and hand me the little tub covered with raw sheepskin in which they carry milk: 'Drink, drink! you have taken none!' A number of the men also come up the path with coils of ropes and bundles of inflated gannets' craws on their backs. They are all barefooted and stripped to their underclothing. A pile of fulmars has been collected beside us, and the men whilst they rest economise time by extracting the oil. The receptacle for holding the oil is the stomach of a solan-goose, which is held open by one man, while another takes a fulmar, and squeezing the body, forces the oil in a stream from its gaping bill. When the fulmars and oil are carried home they are equally divided. The birds are plucked, and the feathers are sold to the factor for six shillings a St Kilda stone of twenty-four pounds. The flesh is pickled and used as food in winter and spring. The oil is sold to the factor for one shilling a St Kilda pint, which is equal to about five English pints. Over nine hundred St Kilda pints were exported in 1875. I ought to mention that it is the young fulmars that are caught in autumn. No art is required to capture them, as they are unable to fly; but they offer all the resistance in their power by spitting their oil in the faces of the men. The oil has a disagreeable odour. The old fulmars are caught in summer when hatching; a noose tied to the end of a rod being slipped over their heads. About the end of August all the fulmars leave St Kilda and take the young to sea for their education. They are absent for about two months and a half, and return lean and worthless.

On the 1st of September I began to be slightly alarmed that I might be detained on the island until the succeeding summer. No vessel had called since my arrival on the 21st of June. My stock of provisions had become exhausted, and I had to give up tea and coffee, and subsequently bread. The people began to pluck up their little crops, neither sickle nor scythe being used. The oatmeal supplied by the factor being done, the islanders had to depend on the grain grown on the island. The oats are thrashed with a flail; are scorched in a pot or in a straw basket containing hot stones, previous to being ground. The grain is then ground with hand-mills by the women, who work like furies.

On the 7th the new boat went to Stack Lee for *gougan* or young solan-geese, and returned in the evening with a few—about forty to each man. As at the Bass and other fowling stations, so also here are the gougan killed by blows on the head with a stick. The flesh of the gougan is wild and fishy in flavour; but when baked is an article of food. Every morning when I went up the village the usual salutation included expressions of fear that no ship would arrive. But my anxiety about the arrival of a ship was naturally less than theirs, for they were burning to receive further intelligence about the boat that was supposed to have been lost fourteen years ago. 'Is my poor wife alive? Is my mother, my brother, my son, my father, living or dead? Was my husband saved in some mysterious way, like Donald MacKinnon? Is he married again? Are all the women black in Africa?' Such were the agitating questions that passed through the minds of the people, and often found expression. Every time I went up the hill with my glass I would be questioned by some one on my return whether any vessel was visible, and my answer that there was not, was shouted from one end of the village to the other. The poor people were straitened for oatmeal, which was anxiously expected from the factor.

On the 5th of October in the evening, whilst I was sitting alone in a cloud of peat-smoke, gazing at nothing by the dull light of an iron lamp, my door was suddenly thrown open, and a woman in a state of alarm bawled out that there were strangers in the glen. I suggested that they were probably shipwrecked sailors, whom it would not be right to leave in the glen all night, cold, hungry, and without shelter. This seemed to move the women; and it was arranged that five men armed with staves should go to the top of the hill that separates the village from the glen and shout. In an hour or two the five men returned wet to the skin, and reported that, although they had whistled and shouted loudly, they had got no reply, and that they were sure there must be a mistake. But the woman still insisted that there were strangers in the glen. Next day a steamer was seen bearing away from the island, and it was no doubt her fog-whistle which had created the alarm.

In October, when the nights were getting long, spinning-wheels began to be busy in every house, making the thread which the men afterwards wove into cloth; and I spent the evening in one or other of the cottages, chatting with the people, and endeavouring to improve my Gaelic, and penetrate into their unsophisticated minds. I tried to tell them stories—such as *Blue Beard*—in which they seemed to feel a deep interest; the women sometimes improving my grammar, and helping me out of any difficulty. They would also tell me *sgeulachdan* or tales.

On the 21st October and for many days afterwards all the inhabitants went down the cliffs to pluck grass for their cattle. I saw the women lying on the narrow sloping ledges on the face of the rocks. A false step, and they would have fallen into the sea, hundreds of feet below, or been mangled on the projecting crags. About this time I gave up all hope of getting off the island until the following summer. My oatmeal was done, and after that I was obliged to depend on the people for a share of theirs. But I never wanted, although I put myself on short allowance.

On the 7th November a meeting was held in the church to return thanks for the harvest. A sudden change occurred in the weather: the sky became charged with thick vapour, and there was a heavy fall of hail accompanied by thunder and lightning. On the 8th December I went to the top of the hills, and notwithstanding my light diet, felt remarkably well; but slipping when twenty yards from home, I sprained my ankle, and lay for some time in torture. I crawled into the house, and after a time succeeded in cooking my dinner. I slept none; and next day my room was filled with sympathising male friends and ministering angels. Some brought me presents of potatoes and salt mutton, turf and fulmar-oil. On the 10th I held a levee, the whole people coming to see me between fore and afternoon services. The men about this time began to weave the thread which the women had spun. Both sexes worked from dawn of day until an hour or two after midnight. Their industry astonished me. I soon began to limp about in the evening; and when the nights were dark I got a live peat stuck on the end of a stick, to let me see the road home. At this time I made a miniature ship and put a letter in the hold, in the hope that she might reach the mainland. I was anxious that my friends should know that I was alive. Shortly afterwards I made a lantern out of a piece of copper that had come off a ship's bottom. A large limpet-shell filled with fulmar-oil served for a lamp inside. This lantern, a clumsy affair, was more admired than my sketches. On the 12th of January, which is New-year's-day in St Kilda, service was held in the church; and to celebrate the occasion, the minister preached a sermon.

On the 17th the most remarkable event occurred that had happened in St Kilda for many years. The people had just gone to church when, happening to look out at my door, I was startled to observe a boat in the bay. I had been nearly seven months on the island, and had never seen any ship or strange boat near it all that time. Robinson Crusoe scarcely felt more surprised when he saw the foot-print on the sand, than I did on beholding this apparition. I ran to the shore, where there was a heavy sea rolling, and shouted to the people in the boat; but my voice was drowned by the roar of the waves. A woman who had followed me gave notice to the congregation, and all poured out of the church. The St Kildans ran round the rocks to a spot where there seemed to be less surf, and waved on the boat to follow. I went with the others. When we arrived at the place indicated, the islanders threw ropes from the low cliffs to the men in the boat; but the latter declined to be drawn up, the captain bawling 'Mooch better dere,' pointing to the shore before the village, and putting about the boat. All ran back; but before we got to the shore the strange boat had run through the surf. Instantly all the men in her leaped into the sea and swam to the land, where they were grasped by the St Kildans. In a few minutes their boat was knocked to pieces on the rocks.

The strangers were invited into the minister's house and dry clothes given them. They proved to be the captain and eight of the crew of the Austrian ship *Peti Dabrovacki*, eight hundred and eighty tons, which had left Glasgow for New York five days before. The vessel had encountered bad weather; her ballast had shifted, and she lay on her beam-ends about eight miles west of St Kilda. Seven men had remained in her, and no doubt perished. The ship was not to be seen next day. When the survivors had got their clothes shifted, they were distributed amongst the sixteen families that compose the community, the minister keeping the captain, and every two families taking charge of one man, and providing him with a bed and board and clean clothes. I myself saw one man (Tormad Gillies) take a new jacket out of the box in which it had been carefully packed, and give it to the mate to wear during his stay, the young man having no coat but an oilskin. The oatmeal being done, the islanders took the grain they had kept for seed and ground it to feed the shipwrecked men. The hospitable conduct of the St Kildans was all the more commendable when one considers that their guests were all foreigners. But long before the five weeks had elapsed during which the Austrians lived on the island, they had by their good behaviour removed the prejudice that had prevailed against them at first. They were polite and obliging to the women, and went from house to house to assist in grinding the grain.

On the 28th January 1877 the wind blew violently from the north-west with heavy showers of sleet. It was the worst day I had seen in St Kilda. The huge waves came rolling into the bay against the wind, which caught them as they fell on the shore and carried them off in spin-drift. Yet many of the women went to church barefoot.

On the 29th the captain and sailors called on me and felt interested in seeing a canoe I had hewn out of a log. They helped me to rig her and to put the ballast right; but we had to wait until the wind was favourable. We put two bottles in her hold containing letters, which we hoped would find their way to the mainland and be posted.

This canoe carried a small sail, and was despatched on the 5th of February, the wind being in the north-west, and continuing so for some days. I thought she would reach Uist; but the Gulf Stream was stronger than I calculated on, and she went to Poolewe in Ross-shire, where she was found lying on a sandbank on the 27th by a Mr John Mackenzie, who posted the letters. Five days previous to the date when we launched the canoe, we sent off a life-buoy belonging to the lost ship. I suggested that a bottle containing a letter should be lashed to it and a small sail put up. This was done; but no one had much hope that this circular vessel would be of service. She was sent off on the 30th January, and strange to relate, drifted to Birsay in Orkney, and was forwarded to Lloyd's agent in Stromness on the 8th February, having performed the passage in nine days. During my residence in St Kilda, several canes that the Gulf Stream had brought from some tropical clime were picked up by the men. One was hollow and several inches in diameter. The St Kildans split these canes and make them into reeds for their looms.

On 17th February the Austrian skipper offered ten pounds for a passage to Harris in the new boat, for himself and men. The St Kildans accepted the offer, and arranged to send seven of their own men to bring her back. They would not allow the Austrians to go alone, being afraid that they (the St Kildans) might be left without a boat, and have no means of getting seed-corn and provisions. They drew lots who were to go, and it was stipulated that I was to be one of them. All was settled except the weather. We were waiting for a promising day, when, on the 22d, about seven in the morning, as I was lying in bed and thinking of getting up to make my breakfast, I was startled by hearing the sound of a steam-whistle. I lay back again muttering: 'It was the wind;' when hark! the whistle is repeated. I leaped up, ran to the door, and saw, sure enough, a steamer in the bay! Huddling on my clothes, I rushed barefoot up the village, rattling at every door, and shouting 'Steamer—strangers!' In a few minutes all the people were astir and hurrying to the shore. I had just time to throw the articles that lay handy into my trunk and to get on board the steamer's boat, which I saw belonged to Her Majesty. Then I discovered that I had left my purse and other property in the house; but the surf was too great to allow me to land again. I got on board the steamer, which I found to be the *Jackal*. 'How did you know we were here?' I inquired of one of the officers who stood on the quarter-deck. 'From the letter you wrote and put into the bottle lashed to the life-buoy.' I ran to the side of the ship muttering to myself: 'There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will;' and bawled to the St Kildans in the boat alongside: 'It was the life-buoy brought this steamer here, you incredulous people;' for they had smiled, although good-humouredly, at my efforts to send a letter home. A small supply of biscuits and oatmeal was given to them; and waving an adieu to my good St Kildan friends, we were speedily receding from the island.

I found all the officers extremely friendly and agreeable, and here beg to return my hearty thanks. I was made to feel quite at home. The shipwrecked captain and I were accommodated in the cabin. The Austrian sailors were well taken care of forward, and seemed particularly delighted at again having as much tobacco as they could use. We had been all smoking dried moss.

The wind had risen and the sea become rough; and if the *Jackal* had been half an hour later, she would have been obliged to return with her errand unexecuted; for it would have been impossible for a boat to approach the shore. We reached Harris the same evening, and anchored in the Sound all night. But as this part of the journey has appeared in the newspapers, I need not repeat it. Suffice it that I arrived barefoot and penniless, but in good health and spirits, in Greenock on the 26th. Here my narrative ends.

[Many of the facts related in the foregoing narrative were published in various newspapers in the early part of the present year, and led to considerable discussion. Stormy seasons, as we have seen, may set in, and communication with the proprietor or his factor be rendered impossible; the most anxious efforts to transmit provisions may be rendered abortive, and famine, if not actual starvation, be the result. Various hints for the melioration of the poor St Kildans have been thrown out, amongst others that those isolated beings should quit the island for good, and seek a new home in the more civilised Hebrides or elsewhere. One thing is sufficiently obvious, if the people are to remain on the island, they should be taught to speak and write English. Their adherence to Gaelic condemns them to innumerable privations, above all it excludes them from communication with the outer world, on whose sympathy they are forced to rely. Half a century ago, Dr John Macculloch lamented this exclusive use of Gaelic; and we echo all he said on the subject. We have no objection to Gaelic being made a philological study, but its continuance as a spoken language is in all respects to be regretted.—ED.]

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE 'season' is at its busiest: crowds of sightseers are looking at the pictures in the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and in other resorts, and painting and sculpture are everywhere talked about; while fine art rejoices in its annual holiday, and 'art sales' (which are too often artful) draw throngs of competing buyers. The debates in parliament on reform of our universities have revived the education question; and sanguine talkers who believe that education can do everything, have had to be reminded once more that endowments however ample cannot create genius; that our greatest achievements in science, art, or literature have been wrought by unendowed men, and that nature will not produce a larger proportion of highest quality brain even though schools be multiplied. Meanwhile the experiment for the promotion of scientific research initiated by government has advanced a stage, and the investigators recommended by the Council of the Royal Society have received grants of money from the Paymaster-general to enable them to carry on their work. As this experiment is to be continued for five years, we may reasonably expect that it will assist in resolving the endowment question.

The cost of the expeditions sent out by this country in 1875 to observe the transit of Venus has been ascertained: it is forty thousand pounds; the estimate was twenty thousand pounds. As will be remembered, other nations engaged in the work as well as ourselves; and we have it on the authority of the Astronomer-royal that the total expenditure 'may amount to two hundred thousand pounds.' This is a large sum to pay for the endeavour to solve the problem of the earth's distance from the sun; but the problem is one of essential importance in astronomical science, and there is reason to hope that when all the computations are completed the true answer will appear. Remembering as we do the eclipse expeditions assisted by the Treasury and the Admiralty, and the expensive and abortive Arctic expedition, we agree with the learned functionary above referred to that 'the government has been very liberal.'

By a method known to astronomers, observations of the planet Mars can be made available for determining our distance from the sun. Sir George Airy speaks of this method as 'the best of all;' and as Mars is this year in the most favourable position for these special observations, a private expedition is to be sent to St Helena or to Ascension to make them. The expense will be about five hundred pounds; and this is to be provided by gifts from scientific men, and by a contribution from the Royal Astronomical Society.

The formation of meteorites is a question which has long been discussed by mineralogists and physicists. Professor Tschermak, after much study, has come to the conclusion that the active agent in the process is volcanic. He points out that the meteorites which fall to the earth are angular in form, that they have no concentric structure even in their interior, that their external crust is not an original characteristic, and that they are evidently fragmentary. Examination of the crust has shewn that during the later stages of flight, disruption of the meteorite itself sometimes takes place; and it is a fact worth record, that guided by the appearance of the crust and peculiarity of shape, Professor Maskelyne once succeeded in reconstructing a meteorite from fragments which had fallen miles apart.

From much evidence of this character Professor Tschermak has been confirmed in his views. He argues that 'the finding of hydrogen in meteoric iron is a proof that permanent gases and perhaps vapours, which are the great agents in transmitting volcanic energy, have played some part in the formation of meteorites; and although it may ever be impossible to obtain direct evidence of the volcanic activity which is supposed to have hurled these mysterious masses of stone and metal into space, yet such evidence as the violent gaseous upheavals on the solar surface; the action of our terrestrial volcanoes; and the stupendous eruptive phenomena of which the lunar craters tell the history, lend powerful support to any theory which assumes that meteorites owe their formation to volcanic agency.'

Professor Boyd Dawkins in giving an account to the Manchester Geological Society of his visit to the crater of Vesuvius said: 'A coating of yellow sulphur about three inches thick covered the lip, and beneath this the loose gray ashes gave out aqueous vapour at every pore, which deposited on them in some places white powdery sulphate of lime, in others common salt, sal ammoniac, green chloride of copper, and specular iron ore, which looked like little pieces of shattered mirrors scattered through their substance. It was obvious that here we had a striking proof of the mode in which water, in passing through heated rock, can carry minerals in solution and ultimately deposit them. In these deposits we could easily recognise the mode in which the various metals were brought up from deep down in the earth's crust, and deposited in holes and crannies in the rocks which are accessible to man as mineral veins.' In this description we seem to have an approach towards an answer to the oft-repeated question—Where do metals come from?

Further particulars, which will be regarded as surprising, have been published concerning the Pennsylvania oil-wells. The Delameter well, sixteen hundred feet deep, sends forth gas at such a vehement pressure that a plummet-line weighing sixteen hundred pounds can be pulled out of the bore-hole by hand. The ascending speed of the gas is seventeen hundred feet per second; the quantity amounts to one million cubic feet per hour, or more than fourteen hundred tons a day; and the heating power is twenty-five per cent. greater than that of good bituminous coal. After this explanation it is easy to understand that the well, situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, furnishes heat and light to the whole neighbourhood. From one of its pipes, three inches in diameter, a flame rushes, 'the noise of which shakes the hills, and is heard at a distance of fifteen miles. For a distance of fifty feet around the earth is burnt; but farther off, the vegetation is tropical, and enjoys a perpetual summer.'

It is known to chemists that turpentine when oxidised in a current of air in presence of water, yields peroxide of hydrogen, camphoric acid, acetic acid, camphor, and certain other less defined substances. The progress of the oxidation is an interesting study, and the solution produced is found to have great power as an antiseptic and disinfectant. White of egg, milk, and beer treated therewith are kept fresh for some time. 'From a series of experiments undertaken with the view of ascertaining to which constituents of the solution the antiseptic and disinfecting property is to be ascribed, the power was found to be distributed between the peroxide of hydrogen and camphoric acid; but the former of these is able to evolve large quantities of oxygen, which in this state is nascent, and of a powerful oxidising nature.'

A curious case of glass-making is published in the Proceedings of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society. A large mass of esparto grass was burnt by accident. Lumps which might be called grass clinkers were found among the ashes; and these on being properly treated in a kiln produced glass which is described as 'a very good sample of bottle-glass.' From this it is easy to understand that in past ages some great bonfire of vegetable matter may have led to the discovery of glass. Farmers who are unfortunate enough to have their stack-yards burned, might possibly find straw clinkers among the débris. This would be worth noting, for silica enters largely into the composition of all grasses and cereals.

In South Russia, Hungary, parts of Italy, in Egypt, India, and other parts of the world where no coal is to be had, different kinds of vegetable refuse are used as fuel for steam-engines. In a paper read at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers a table is given of the heating value of the refuse as compared with coal. It has been found in Russia that a little more than four acres can be cultivated with the waste straw of one acre, which when compared with the results of steam-plough trials at Wolverhampton shews that one pound of coal is equivalent to four and one-sixth pounds of straw. An engine to burn vegetable waste requires a greater heating surface than an ordinary engine; and those of the most improved construction are self-feeding. In Egypt the stalks of the cotton-plant and megass, or waste sugar-cane, are the principal fuel; and the equivalent quantity of these to one pound of coal is less than of straw. But there are engines in England which burn vegetable waste; and the author of the paper above mentioned is of opinion that 'as the demand for mechanical appliances increases, so will the difficulties increase of obtaining the best qualities of fuel for steam-boilers in rural districts.' And he suggests that the only method of rendering the use of steam-power universal, particularly for agriculture, would be to construct the boiler of the engine so as to utilise the local supplies of combustible material of every kind.'

Among scientific novelties worthy of notice are the Harmonograph, an instrument constructed by Messrs Tisley and Spiller. It combines a series of pendulums, susceptible of motion in every direction, one of which carrying a pen, traces curves of remarkable forms on a sheet of paper. Some of these curves represent waves of sound as given off by a musical instrument, and certain waves of light. Thus the invisible is, so to speak, made visible, with manifest advantage to natural philosophy.—Next, the Otheoscope, a modification of the radiometer designed by Mr Crookes. In this little instrument the vanes do not rotate, but are fixed near a horizontal disc free to move. The influence acting on the vanes is thrown from them upon the disc, and the disc spins round with great rapidity. The useful applications of this novelty have yet to be discovered.—And Mr N. J. Holmes has invented a flaring projectile or shell which when fired from a ship at sea falls into the water at a distance of two miles if required; floats for an hour, and throws out a powerful light, which in dark nights would be useful in detecting the position and watching the movements of a hostile fleet.

The Registrar-general pursuing the even tenor of his way amid the world's excitements, has just published his Report on the public health of 1876. He tells us that the area of London (taking the registration division) is one hundred and twenty-two square miles, with fifteen hundred miles of streets, about two thousand miles of sewers, and 417,767 inhabited houses. The population numbered nearly three millions and a half; but taking in the outlying districts, 'greater London' as the Registrar calls it, contains 4,286,607 inhabitants, among whom the births were 153,192, and the deaths 91,171. Some of these inhabitants live in the Plumstead Marshes, eleven feet below, while the dwellers at Hampstead are 429 feet above high-water mark. These differences of level imply different conditions of health; but the death-rate was not more than 21·3 per thousand; which contrasts favourably with the death-rate in other towns and cities within the kingdom and in other parts of the world.

Economy is an important element in the maintenance of health, and Dr Farr points out what looks like a waste of resources. He says: 'The capital engaged in the gas and water companies of London is L.22,492,157, which realised in the year ending April 1876, a profit of not less than L.1,676,542, or seven and a half per cent. all round. Now, if this amount of capital were required to construct all the works necessary to supply London with the best gas and pure soft water at high-pressure, it could probably be raised at four, or certainly three and a half per cent. less than is now paid in dividends. If the capital were raised at four per cent. L.776,856 would be set free; out of which, after the companies were adequately compensated, there would be a large revenue for education and many municipal purposes.' The facts set forth in this paragraph should be taken into serious consideration by all concerned.

A paper on the Climate of Scarborough in the *Quarterly Journal* of the Meteorological Society is worth attention, as it sets forth the atmospheric movements to which that fashionable watering-place owes the amenity of its summer climate. The highest summer temperature, we are informed, is seventy degrees; and the temperature of the sea is commonly five degrees below the temperature of the air. 'Another noticeable fact is, that in hot weather, with a tolerably clear sky and a temperature between eight and nine A.M. of about sixty degrees, rising to a maximum during the day of nearly seventy, the wind, which in the morning is blowing from south-west or west-south-west, generally backs to the south-south-east by the middle of the day, bringing in a cool refreshing breeze from the sea. This backward movement of the wind is easily accounted for, when it is remembered that with such a high temperature and an almost cloudless sky, the ground becomes much heated, causing the lower stratum of warm and rarefied air to ascend, while the cooler and heavier air is then drawn in from the sea to supply its place;' and the moisture in this sea-breeze by tempering the sunshine renders outdoor life the more agreeable.

As Fiji is now one of our colonial possessions, enterprising emigrants will perhaps resort thither. They may find information concerning the productions and weather of the group of islands in a paper by Mr R. L. Holmes, published in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Meteorological Society. The first quarter of the year comprehends the 'hurricane months;' from January 1 to March 28, 1875, ninety inches of rain fell; an inch a day. The driest month is July; the south-east trade-winds are then strong; so strong indeed as to blow away the cotton, which then 'breaks out with a rush,' unless it be quickly gathered. The climate generally is described as healthy; fevers, liver-complaints, and cholera, diseases almost always fatal in a tropical country, being almost unknown. But a painful disease of the eyes is common; and small wounds, even mosquito bites, have a tendency to become serious sores, very difficult to heal. The natives are a decidedly healthy race, notwithstanding that they prefer to build their villages on swampy ground. That no harmful consequences ensue may be due to the position of the islands in the region of the trade-winds, whereby breezes always prevail. Emigrants from Europe soon lose much of their fresh ruddy appearance, their blood gets thin, and they probably lose in weight; but if they will abstain from indulgence in ardent spirits they may become acclimatised with but little risk of health.

SICILIAN BRIGANDAGE.

A WRITER on this subject in the *Edinburgh Review* for April more than confirms all that we stated on Italian Brigandage in an article last January. We have in particular from this writer a clear account of that system of organised iniquity known as the *Mafia*, with its kindred associations the *Camorras*. The Mafia, in fact, has an endless ramification of spontaneous and illegal societies, and it comes pretty much to this, that society in Sicily, high and low, official and non-official, is one great confederacy to rob and murder at will, and otherwise defy or circumvent the law in any way that seems best. The curious thing is how any show of orderly civilised usages can be maintained. Externally, in Palermo and other places, there is an aspect of peacefulness and honesty; but beneath the surface nearly all proceedings are regulated by force and deceit. The very attempt to seek protection from the law brings down vengeance so remorseless that well-disposed persons are fain to be silent under extortion. There are three hundred and sixty communes in Sicily, and every one of them, says this writer, 'has its own Mafia, of which the character varies according to local tendencies and interests. In one place its energies are devoted to the conduct of the elections and the manipulations of the ballot-box; in another, to directing, by means of a *Camorra*, the sale of church and crown lands; in a third, to the apportionment of contracts for public works. . . . By a singular anomaly, the middle class—that very class of which the absence is deplored in the rest of Sicily as the absence of an element of order—forms in Palermo the chief strength of the Mafia. Its proverbial virtues of prudence, industry, and foresight are here exercised in the calling of crime. The so-called *Capi*-mafia are men of substance and education. To them is due the consummate ability with which the affairs of their association are managed—the unity of direction, precision of purpose, and fatality of stroke. They determine with unerring tact all the nice points of their profession; in what cases life may be taken, and in what others the end in view can be attained by mere destruction of property; when an important capture is to be effected; when a threatening letter sent, or a shot of persuasion fired; when it is advisable to suspend operations, and when to inspire terror by increased ferocity. By them, relations are maintained with government offices in Rome, whose intrigues are generally successful in obtaining the dismissal or removal of obnoxious officials; so that complicity with crime is an almost necessary condition of permanence in any responsible position.'

For this state of affairs, which violates all our conceptions of a civilised community, the reviewer offers no practical scheme for redress. Reform, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, seems impracticable. Society is leagued to maintain a universal terrorism. Judges, magistrates, police-officers are incorporated in the gang of evil-doers. The military sent to preserve order are inefficient. Whether from fear or favour, brigandage is triumphant. Evidently the Italian government is powerless to cure the disorderly condition of Sicily. The very members of the government labour under suspicion of complicity. More probably, they are afraid to give offence by acting with persistent vigour. Constitutionalism carried to excess in a region wholly unprepared for it, even in a moderate degree, might be described as the bane of the country. It is in vain to appoint new native magistrates and new police, for all are bad together. The feeble military force sent to support the law is out-manœuvred or laughed at. Without denying that things may mend in the course of ages, we should say, that what Italy wants is a Cromwell with his Ironsides to stamp out by military execution the ingrained villainy which now afflicts one of the finest and most productive islands in the world. As there is, however, no chance of a soldier of the Cromwell type casting up, Sicily, we presume, must continue to be a disgrace to Italy and as great a scandal to Europe as Turkey.

W. C.

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WINDOW WILLIE

A TWEEDSIDE TRADITION, BY W. CHAMBERS, LL.D.

Crossing the tall and narrow old bridge of several arches which spans the Tweed at Peebles, is seen an aged gentleman riding composedly on a small white pony. His head is bent droopingly down, as if meditating on some important mission. From his general aspect, he may be a gentleman-farmer, disposed to take things easily at his time of life; or he may be some retired public official who keeps a pony, and in good weather pops about for amusement. His dress has nothing particular about it. He wears a blue coat with metal buttons and capacious outside pockets. His legs are endued in buff breeches, white rig-and-fur woollen stockings, and black spats, a kind of short gaiters, over the ankles. Any one may observe that he is no common person. At the end of his watch-chain dangle a gold seal, a Queen Anne sixpence, a small and very pretty shell, and a flexible watch-key. Instead of using a riding-whip, he has in his right hand a perfectly respectable gold-headed cane, with which he occasionally gives a gentle pat on the side of the pony. Altogether a creditable affair, as things went towards the end of last century.

This imposing personage, according to tradition, was proceeding in a southerly direction across the bridge from his residence at Cabbage Hall, on Tweed Green, in order to pursue his way down the right bank of the river to the mansion of Traquair. It is a pleasant ride of seven to eight miles; and looking to the leisurely progress of the little nag, it is not unlikely he may reach his destination in an hour and a half. So far well. But who is this venerable gentleman? His proper designation is of no consequence. Locally, and somewhat irreverently, he is known as Window Willie, a man of genial temperament, but who professionally commands a degree of respect in the neighbourhood; for he is the district inspector in relation to the tax on window-lights, and it is not surprising that with all his good humour people are a little afraid of him.

Is Window Willie going to inspect windows in that old weather-beaten château of the Earl of Traquair? Not at all. He is a chum of the old Earl, and what his particular business happens to be on the present occasion will afterwards appear. In the meantime, as paving the way for Window Willie's interview, we may run over a few particulars concerning the Traquair family. There need be the less ceremony in speaking of them, as all have gone to their rest. The family is extinct, leaving not a shred behind.

The Stewarts of Traquair come first prominently into notice in the reign of Charles I., 1628, when Sir John Stewart of Traquair, Knight, was raised to the peerage as Lord Stewart of Traquair, and shortly afterwards elevated to the dignity of Earl of Traquair, Lord Linton, and Caberston. In looking into history, we cannot discover that this gentleman had a single good quality. Like too many at that period, he was a time-server, devoid of anything like settled principle. In politics and religion he discreetly sided with the uppermost—a Puritan or an Anglican of the Laud type, whichever seemed to promise to pay best.

There is a very curious old book, which few know anything about, called the '*Staggering State of Scots Statesmen, for one hundred years from* 1550 *to* 1650, by Sir John Scot of Scotstarvit.' It was printed from a manuscript in 1754, and is exceedingly rare. This little book is full of amusing gossip about the wretchedly struggling noblemen and officers of state at that unhappy period of Scottish history, during a large portion of which the central ruling authority was in London, and only a delegation of subordinates, who domineered at will, in Edinburgh. These subordinates were needy Scotsmen, of whom for more than a century hardly a good word can be said.

They did as they liked, plundered and tyrannised without mercy. The *Staggering State* gives an awful account of them. Among the whole, none was such an adept at looking to his own interest as the newly created Earl of Traquair. Appointed Lord High Treasurer, he 'managed matters so nimbly' that in a short time he was able, by purchase, to vastly extend the possessions of the family. He also enlarged the old mansion at Traquair, and made a handsome avenue lined with trees as an approach.

When Charles I. got into trouble, the Earl of Traquair for a time stuck to his cause, which in a half-hearted way he afterwards thought fit to desert. The Commonwealth under Cromwell proved a sore trial to every class of home-rulers in Scotland. A stern system of honesty and justice was introduced, at which the native nobility and judges stood aghast. Monopolies were abolished. Free trade was established between England and Scotland. Very hard all this on those who had been pocketing the public money, thriving on monopolies, and selling justice to the highest bidder. Turned out of office, and his estate being sequestrated, the Earl of Traquair was ruined. By some manœuvre, his son Lord Linton had the address to save for himself and his heirs at least a portion of the family property, and was able to keep house at Traquair, while the Earl was exposed to vicissitudes, uncheered by public respect or sympathy. Lord Linton can hardly be acquitted of having acted an unnatural part towards his father. He allowed him to drop into such extreme poverty that he was fain to accept an alms from an old friend, and to dine on a salt herring and an onion. Broken in spirit, he died in 1659; and as evidencing the meanness of his circumstances, it is recorded that at his burial there was no pall, but only a black apron over the coffin.

So ended the first Earl, who though not without the faults common to the period, was at least an historical personage. His son, the second Earl, was noted only for scandalous irregularities, and by him Roman Catholicism was introduced into the family, through his marriage with Lady Anne Seton. He was succeeded by his elder son, William, as third Earl; and he was succeeded by his brother, Charles, as fourth Earl, who married Lady Mary Maxwell, daughter of the fourth Earl of Nithsdale. We need say nothing of the fifth Earl. In the sixth Earl we begin to have a living interest. He had a son, Charles, and three daughters, Christiana, Mary, and Lucy. Lady Christiana caused serious trouble in the family by what was deemed a mésalliance. The story is that she fell in love with a young man named Griffiths, who as a lawyer's clerk had visited Traquair on some piece of business, married him—and was disowned. There is no doubt of the marriage, whatever might have been the position of Mr Griffiths; for it is recorded in the *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas. Descendants of Lady Christiana are still living, we believe, in America.

The Ladies Mary and Lucy do not appear to have been married. As genteel spinsters they lived in the Canongate, Edinburgh, which even in their time had not been entirely deserted by noble families. Charles, their brother, who succeeded as seventh Earl in 1779, and was already married, dwelt for a time in Edinburgh. There to him was born a daughter, Louisa, 20th March 1776; and a son, Charles, 31st January 1781. After the birth of the two children, the Earl and his Countess spent most of their time at Traquair House. Here, for a number of years the Earl flourished, if it can be called flourishing, the more appropriate term being vegetating, at the period when Windows Willie was in his glory.

There lingered some traditions of the Countess of Traquair in our young days. She was an invalid. The rumour in Peebles was that she had been afflicted with an 'eating cancer in her great toe.' Whether there was any truth in the report we cannot tell. All we know is, that the ailment of her Ladyship gave rise to a droll and popular myth. The cancer being an 'eating' cancer, required something to eat. If it was not properly provided with food, it would eat off her Ladyship's foot, and finally eat her up bodily. To avert this calamity, it was customary—so ran the legend in Peebles—to provide the cancer every morning regularly with a fresh pigeon, which it devoured with a relish in the course of the day, and so the foot of the Countess was luckily saved. The gossip about the daily consumption of a pigeon was possibly a piece of nonsense. At anyrate, the Countess having been much of an invalid, the old Earl her husband sought to amuse himself in a way, immediately to be specified.

We are now ready for the interview with Windows Willie, who has been jogging on his way to Traquair. For the last hour the Earl had been expecting him, and now and then looks out from a small apartment with a low ceiling to see his approach down a side avenue. There at length he comes on his little white pony; and giving the animal to a groom, he enters the antiquated mansion.

'Glad to see you,' said the Earl. 'I've been out of work for a week; at least hardly anything to do. I hope you have brought something. How many have you got?'

'Well, my Lord,' replied Willie, 'I think I have made a pretty good haul. I have just returned from my circuit in the western district of the county, and have managed to pick up a round dozen.'

'That will do capitally. Lay them out carefully in a row, and tell me to whom they belong.'

So requested, Windows Willie disburdened himself by drawing from his pockets a dozen razors in their respective cases, some of them having a very common appearance, and he proceeded to arrange and specify them as follows:

'There's one from Dickson of Hartree; one from Loch of Rachan; one from Murray at Drachal;

one from Kerr, minister of Stobo; one from Marshall, minister of Manor; and one from Bowed Davie; it's sair lippit, but it will stand grunden. That makes six. Then comes one from Mr Findlater, the minister of Newlands; next one from Sir James Naesmyth; one from Robbie Symington at Edston; one from Mr Alexander at Easter Happrew; one from Toll Tammie at the Neidpath, which I got yesterday in passing; and last of all, one from your lordship's friend and adviser, Commissary Robertson, at Peebles. That makes the dozen.'

The row of razors made a splendid array, and put the Earl in high spirits. Window Willie must stay to dinner to talk over his adventures in securing the razors, for each has its story, which will furnish some amusement. Willie, of course, as he had expected, dines with the Earl, and pops home to Cabbage Hall in the evening.

Not to keep the reader in suspense: The Earl of Traquair had a profound passion for sharpening razors. Thankfully and gratuitously his Lordship sharpened not only all the razors of his tenants and their servants, but of all the landed gentlemen, farmers, and traders throughout the county who would favour him with a commission of the kind. In his time, no one in Peeblesshire needed to torture himself by shaving with a blunt razor. Of course, the razors were not sent for sharpening in a business fashion. Window Willie's professional rounds gave him an excellent opportunity of collecting razors for the Earl, and of returning them properly cuttled to their proprietors. When he brought one batch he took away another. It was a satisfactory arrangement all round. The Earl was delighted to be kept working at his favourite pursuit; people were glad to get their razors on all occasions sharpened for nothing; and Window Willie was pleased to have an employment which made him everywhere an acceptable guest, and afforded opportunities of visiting at Traquair. I happen to have an agreeable remembrance of various persons in Peebles telling me several of the foregoing particulars, and of how Window Willie used to call to ask if their razors did not want a little touching up, as he was going next day to visit the Earl.

The world was not then constituted exactly as it now is. Nobody thought there was anything particularly strange in an Earl sharpening razors as a recreation. It was a harmless hobby; and, besides, there was a gratification in thinking that your razor was put in trim by a nobleman. The Earl of Traquair was a general benefactor. He was a sort of artist. He should have been born and bred a cutler, in which capacity he excelled; but as he had the misfortune to be born an heir to an earldom, he had just to make the best of it. As for Window Willie, he seemed to have been born to be the Earl's provider with blunt razors to be sharpened; in which line he acquitted himself admirably. Working to each other's hands, they in their time kept the county well and comfortably shaved, and that is saying a good deal in the way of eulogium.

The Earl had another eccentricity. He did not patronise London or Edinburgh tailors. After some experience, he had a firm belief that no man could make clothes for him that would thoroughly fit but Thorburn, a tailor at Eddleston, a small village of forty to fifty houses, close to Darnhall, the residence of Lord Elibank. We have never heard how the Earl discovered Thorburn; in all likelihood he heard of him through his factotum, Window Willie, who knew something of everybody. Having tried, he stuck to Thorburn. One thing materially guided this selection. Thorburn was exactly his own shape, body, legs, and arms. That was a great point. The Earl had an invincible hatred of putting on new-made clothes, which required some time to settle down into the required figure, and were at first a little awkward. Thorburn was an accommodating fellow. He volunteered to wear the Earl's new clothes for a day or two, to give them a set. The obliging offer was accepted. When the Earl wanted a new pair of black velvet breeches, Thorburn took care to wear them for a Sunday at church, which gave the legs the appropriately round baggy form, and then they were ready for use. By the agency of Window Willie and his little pony, the garment safely reached Traquair House.

Dear old Earl, and dear good-hearted Window Willie! Both have long since passed away. The beards of the county are said to have been sensibly affected by their decease. Charles, the eighth Earl, had unfortunately none of his father's aptitude for razor-sharpening. As a bachelor and a recluse, he was mainly noted for effecting improvements on his various farm-steadings, which was by no means a bad hobby for a nobleman. Partly perhaps on account of a stammering in his speech, he shrank from general society, and vegetated till the last in the queer antiquated mansion of his forefathers, in the society of his only sister, Lady Louisa Stuart. We had the honour of several interviews with him in relation to railways for the district, and could not help feeling pained with that distressing stammer. A very curious fact afterwards came to our knowledge. The Earl having spent a number of his early years abroad, acquired a proficiency in speaking French, which he ever afterwards retained. When he spoke French, he never stammered! At his decease in 1861, the male line and peerage became extinct; and on the death of Lady Louisa Stuart in 1875, in the hundredth year of her age, all the family had departed, the property devolving by will on a distant relative. Traquair House, which looks like two ancient feudal keeps rolled into one, remains embosomed in trees almost as it was left by the Lord High Treasurer upwards of two hundred years ago, and as it used to be visited of old by Window Willie.

W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXVI.—PREPARATION.

Great was my relief the next day when, on Lilian and I returning from a ramble in our beloved woods, we heard Robert Wentworth talking to Mrs Tipper in the parlour. But at first sight of him, I shrank back. How altered he looked, how terribly altered since we had last met! The kind little lady's hurried explanation as we entered the room, that illness had kept him away, gave me another blow, and he saw that it did.

'Only a sort of cold,' he cheerfully explained, extending his hand towards me with a smile. 'How do you do, Mary?'

My own hand shook; but he kept it long enough in his own to steady it, giving me a reassuring look before releasing it.

But Lilian could not get over the shock which the first sight of him had given her, involuntarily exclaiming: 'But I fear you have been ill—very ill; and it has made you quite'—— She paused, not liking to go on; but he lightly replied: 'Gray, do you mean? My dear Lilian, the gray season had set in long ago, only you saw me too frequently to notice it.'

Mrs Tipper laid her hand for a moment on his shoulder as she passed him on her way out of the room to prepare some special dainty to tempt him at tea-time; and I noticed that she was looking much graver than usual.

'And how have you been going on with your work during my absence?' he asked; 'not carelessly, I hope? I am in the humour to be very exacting and critical to-night; so you must not expect me to treat sins of omission or commission with my usual amiability.'

'Amiability, indeed!' ejaculated Lilian. 'The idea of your setting up for being amiable! I do not consider you at all considerate and good-natured to failure, sir.'

He smiled. 'I certainly have not much sympathy with failure; it would not be orthodox, you know. But get out your work, and let me find a safe outlet for my savage propensity.'

He saw that it did me good to be taken to task in the old fashion; and was quite as unsparing as I could desire, when he came upon any error. Whatever it cost him, Robert Wentworth succeeded in setting my heart as well as theirs at rest before he took his departure that night. If Mrs Tipper saw something of the truth, she shewed her consideration for me by carefully avoiding to give any expression to her thoughts. Lilian evidently guessed nothing. She openly expressed her surprise and regret at the alteration which she perceived in him.

'I really felt quite shocked for the first few moments,' she said. 'Even serious illness does not seem quite to account for such an alteration as there is in him. He looks as though he had suddenly grown old. Do not you think so, auntie?—Don't you, Mary?'

Mrs Tipper was silent, leaving me to reply, though I knew that she was watching me somewhat closely the while. It required all the nerve and self-command I could muster to make something like a suitable reply; but I did make it; and Lilian at anyrate remained in ignorance of the true state of the case, although her ignorance occasioned me almost as much pain as her knowledge of it would have done, so very closely did she sometimes approach to the truth, in her speculations as to the possible and probable cause of the change which had taken place in Robert Wentworth.

I was becoming restless and anxious from more causes than one. The time of Philip's expected arrival was drawing near, and my news remained still untold. Whilst I was ashamed of my reticence with two such friends, the difficulty of approaching the subject seemed rather to increase than diminish. My uneasiness was becoming apparent too; even Lilian and Mrs Tipper were beginning to notice a difference in me, which they could not account for.

The dear little lady once ventured a few words to me to the effect that no good man could be the worse for loving a woman, though she could not return his love; fancying, I believe, that possibly I was uneasy upon Robert Wentworth's account. I could only kiss the hand laid so lovingly upon mine.

It so happened that just at this juncture Mrs Tipper required sundry little housekeeping errands done in town; and partly to be alone a few hours, partly to do a little shopping for myself, I volunteered to go for her.

'Are you sure you would prefer going, dear Mary?' said Mrs Tipper anxiously; 'the days are so hot, and the things could be sent down, if we write, you know.'

I murmured something about wanting to replenish my wardrobe a little, and she easily acquiesced: 'To tell the truth, my dear, I *should* prefer your choosing the patty-pans,' she candidly allowed, when she found I really wished to go. 'Becky and I will think over all we require, and make a list,' she added, trotting off in high-feather to compare notes with Becky in the kitchen. If we were proud of our 'drawing-room,' Mrs Tipper was quite as proud of her kitchen. 'There is a place for everything and everything in its place, my dear, clean and ready to hand.' Becky in the evening, seated in state, surrounded by her brilliantly burnished tins, was a sight to behold. Nothing would have delighted her mistress and herself more than a sudden invasion of company as a test of their resources. Lilian and I were sometimes taxed beyond our powers, in our endeavours to shew our appreciation of the little dainty cakes, patties, &c. set before us. Indeed we had more than once consulted together upon the advisability of suggesting a party of children from the village to relieve us.

Lilian looked, I thought, a little surprised at not being invited to accompany me on my expedition to town. But if she was surprised, she was not offended; sensitive as she was, there was as little self-love in Lilian as it is possible for any human being to have. Hers was not fine-weather friendship. She was content to stand quietly aside until I should need her, without any complaints about being neglected, or what not, which half-hearted people are so apt to make at a fancied slight. She knew that I loved her, and I knew that she loved me, and we could trust each other, without the repeated assurance of it, which some people seem to require.

She was only a shade or two more tender and loving in bidding me good-bye, when I set forth in the morning, anxious to make me feel that my return would be eagerly looked for; and whispering a little jest about the necessity for bringing back a good appetite. 'Auntie and Becky will be sure to be busily engaged in preparing treats all day, you know; so you must come home hungry, whatever you do. And do not forget your promise to buy a pretty bonnet, Mary, and leave off that old dowdy thing; it makes you look as though nobody loved you, which is not fair to your sister Lilian. And oh, Mary, I had almost forgotten; if you bring any of this back, I shall say you don't care for me in real earnest;' pressing a little roll of paper into my hand.

I knew that she was genuinely disappointed when I proved to her that I had as much as five-and-twenty pounds in hand; and so I was obliged to promise to take from her store for my next need. 'Or else one may just as well not be a sister,' she said, with a discontented little shake of the head.

How cheering it was—how precious the knowledge that I was cared for in this way! And there was dear old Mrs Tipper too! I thought I knew why she was desirous just at that season to make me feel that my presence was so much required at the cottage.

'I wanted to ask you to cut out the little pinafores for Mercy Green's child, Mary; but they must wait till to-morrow, I suppose. And there's the curtains for my bed, dear; nobody would fit them to please me but you;' and so forth, and so forth, until the last moment, when Lilian accompanied me as far as the stile.

As I walked across the fields in that lovely August morning, while the bright sun was

> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,

my thoughts attuned themselves to the summer sights and sounds, and I shook off the morbid doubts and fears which had so beset me of late. I resolved to be no longer so weak and unfriendly as to keep the truth from Mrs Tipper and Lilian. It really was unfriendly not to tell them what I knew they would both be glad to hear! That very evening my secret should be told, and I would at once begin brushing up for Philip, making up my mind to overcome my shyness for finery, and render myself as attractive as possible within the compass of—five-and-twenty pounds. It appeared to me a very large sum to spend at once upon finery, and I could only hope the end would justify the means. As it chanced, I really knew very little about Philip's taste in such matters. The selection of the modest outfit which was purchased for me nine years ago, I had been only too glad to leave to my dear mother's judgment, and we had been neither of us inclined to trouble Philip with *chiffon* talk.

But I told myself that I really must make a beginning now, as I stood in the milliner's showroom, somewhat dolefully contrasting my appearance with that of the elegant-looking beings around me; wondering whether Philip would wish me to look like them, and in that case, whether it would be possible to make me do so.

I had been striving so earnestly and anxiously to make myself worthy to be his companion, and it had seemed of so little consequence what I looked like during his absence, beyond being attired with the dainty neatness befitting a gentlewoman, that I now appeared quite behind the times. I suddenly began to realise that I had carried my disregard of pretty things too far; and was seized with a desire to try what extraneous aid could do for me.

I anxiously studied my face and figure in the large glass, and then those of the obliging shopwoman, who displayed an endless assortment of pretty things for my selection. She was about my own age, and possessed no greater natural advantages than I myself could boast of; and yet how very different was the general effect of her appearance; how dowdy I looked beside her. Yes; Lilian was quite right; 'dowdy' was the proper word for me, from head to foot.

A little shyly and consciously, I ventured out of my shell, and appealed to the shopwoman for assistance, taking her so far into my confidence as to confess a desire to be modernised and made more attractive.

She displayed more interest in the matter than I had ventured to hope for; and we gravely discussed my capability of improvement. But I found that the complications would be so many, and the changes in the way of adaptation of hair, figure, &c. so endless, that I presently began to grow very impatient; and when she said something about the possibility of the present fashion only lasting another two months, I gave it up in despair. If I were quite sure it would serve for the rest of my life, I would go through it all; but for the fashion of an hour; no! I would be content with a simply made dress or two, and depend upon my own taste for the finishing touches. Some of my mother's old point, and a crimson bow or two for the pretty gray dress, and amber with the black silk, and such like, I trusted might please Philip's artistic taste as well as though I were in the latest fashion. And I pleased myself with the remembrance that he used to admire my method of dressing my hair in large coils round a comb; saying that it suited my head and Spanish style of face. 'Spanish! Yes; that certainly was the word,' I told myself, dwelling pleasantly upon the one only compliment I could recollect having received from Philip.

I tried to satisfy myself this way; nevertheless I was a little out of spirits at finding myself so different from other women whom I met as I walked through the park on my way to the railway station, and whom I scanned with curious critical eyes, trying to understand the intricacies of their toilets, and failing to obtain anything more than a general impression that the *tout ensemble* was very effective. The home dress might be compassed; but how if it turned out that Philip wished his wife to look picturesque and attractive out of doors—not in Mrs Trafford's style, but in Lilian's more refined way of being in the mode? I would take Lilian into my confidence at once, and she would help me. That very night I had determined to make the truth known to her and to Mrs Tipper; and after it was once known, the dress question could be entered upon.

THE STORY OF THE PRISM.

When we see the brilliant colours reflected by the glass lustres and chandeliers which are now so commonly used for decorative purposes, we seldom bestow a thought upon them, regarding them as things too common, perhaps too trivial to be worthy of any particular attention. We are content to know that a triangular piece of glass will exhibit certain bright colours—they look very pretty, and it does not matter much how they happen to be there. This is the common way of dealing with the natural phenomena which meet us at every turn in this wonderful world in which we live. The progress of civilisation, with all its triumphs of Science and Art, would indeed have been slow, if not altogether at a dead-lock, if every one had been content to treat such matters in this summary fashion. But happily, this has not been the case, for certain intellectual giants have from time to time arisen, who have grappled with these things, and have devoted their lives to their investigation.

Such a one was Sir Isaac Newton, who just about two centuries ago, with rough appliances fashioned by his own hands, inquired into the meaning of the colours to which we have just alluded. We cannot do better than quote his own words, from a letter which he addressed to the Royal Society in 1672; for his statement is so clear that a child can easily understand what he means. 'I procured me a triangular glass prisme,' writes he, 'to try therewith the celebrated phenomena of colours. And in order thereto having darkened my chamber and made a small hole in my window-shuts to let in a convenient quantity of the sun's light, I placed my prisme at his entrance, that it might be thereby refracted to the opposite wall.'

He goes on to say how surprised he was to find that the ray of light, after passing through the prism, instead of being thrown upon the wall in the form of a round spot, was spread out into a beautiful coloured ribbon; this ribbon being red at one end, and passing through orange yellow green and blue, to violet at its other extremity. Upon this experiment is founded the theory of colour, which with few modifications, still remains unquestioned.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that this experiment of Newton's (repeated as it had doubtless been in the meantime by many philosophers) was found by Dr Wollaston to possess certain peculiarities which defied all explanation. He found that, by substituting a *slit* in the shutter of the darkened room for the round hole which Newton had used, the ribbon of colour, or spectrum as it is now called, was intersected by certain dark lines. This announcement, although at the time it did not excite much attention, led to further experiments by different investigators, who, however, vainly endeavoured to solve the meaning of these bands of darkness. It was first observed by an optician of Munich that they never varied, but always occupied a certain fixed position in the spectrum; moreover he succeeded in mapping them to the number of nearly six hundred, for which reason they have been identified with his name, as 'Frauenhofer's lines.'

In 1830, when improved apparatus came into use, it was found that the number of these lines could be reckoned by thousands rather than hundreds; but their meaning still remained a puzzle to all. By this time Newton's darkened room with the hole in the 'window-shuts' had been, as we have just said, greatly improved upon. The prism was now placed in a tube, at one end of which was a slit to admit the light, while the retina of the observer's eye received the impression of the spectrum at the other end. This is the simplest form of the instrument now known as the spectroscope, and which is, as we have shewn, a copy in miniature of Newton's arrangement for the decomposition of white light into its constituent colours.

We must now go back a few years to record some experiments carried out by Herschel, which, quite independent of the spectroscope, helped others to solve the problem connected with the dark lines. He pointed out that metals, when rendered incandescent under the flame of the blow-pipe, exhibited various tints. He further suggested that as the colour thus shewn was distinctive for each metal, it might be possible by these means to work out a new system of analysis. A familiar instance of this property in certain metals may be seen in the red and green fire which is burned so lavishly during the pantomime season at our theatres; the red owing its colour to a preparation of the metal strontium, and the green in like manner to barium. Pyrotechnists also depend for their tints not only upon the two metals just named, but also upon sodium, antimony, copper, potassium, and magnesium. Wheatstone also noticed the same phenomena when he subjected metals to the intense heat of the electric current; but it was reserved for others to examine these colours by means of the spectroscope. This was done by Bunsen and Kirchhoff in 1860, who by their researches in this direction, laid the foundation of a totally new branch of science. They discovered that each metal when in an incandescent state exhibited through the prism certain distinctive brilliant lines. They also found that these brilliant lines were identical in position with many of Frauenhofer's dark lines; or to put it more clearly, each bright line given by a burning metal found its exact counterpart in a dark line on the solar spectrum. It thus became evident that there was some subtle connection between these brilliant lines and the dark bands which had puzzled observers for so many years. Having this clue, experiments were pushed on with renewed vigour, until by some happy chance, the *vapours* of the burning metals were examined through the agency of the electric light. That is to say, the light from the electric lamp was permitted to shine through the vapour of the burning metal under examination, forming, so to speak, a background for the expected lines. It was now seen that what before were bright bands on a dark ground, were now dark bands on a bright ground. This discovery of the reversal of the lines peculiar to a burning metal, when such metal was examined in the form of vapour, led to the enunciation of the great principle, that 'vapours of metals at a lower temperature absorb exactly those rays which they emit at a higher.'

To make this important fact more clear, we will suppose that upon the red-hot cinders in an ordinary fire-grate is thrown a handful of saltpetre. (This salt is, as many of our readers will know, a chemical combination of the metal potassium with nitric acid—hence called nitrate of potash, or more commonly nitre.) On looking through the spectroscope at the dazzling molten mass thus produced, we should find that (instead of the coloured ribbon which the sunlight gives) all was black, with the exception of a brilliant violet line at the one end of the spectrum, and an equally brilliant red line at the other end. This is the spectrum peculiar to potassium; so that, had we not been previously cognisant of the presence of that metal, and had been requested to name the source of the flame produced, the spectroscope would have enabled us to do so without difficulty. We will now suppose that we again examine this burning saltpetre under altered conditions. We will place the red-hot cinders in a shovel, and remove them to the open air, throwing upon them a fresh supply of the nitre. We can now examine its vapour, whilst the sunlight forms a background to it; when we shall see that the two bright coloured lines have given place to dark ones. This experiment will prove the truth of Kirchhoff's law so far as potassium is concerned, for the molten mass first gave us the bright lines, and afterwards by examining the cooler vapour we saw that they were transformed to bands of darkness; in other words they were absorbed. (In describing the foregoing experiment, we have purposely chosen a well-known substance, such as saltpetre, for illustration; but in practice, for reasons of a technical nature, a different form of potassium would be employed.) Kirchhoff's discovery forms by far the most important incident in the history of the spectroscope, for upon it are based the new sciences of Solar and Stellar Chemistry, to which we will now direct our readers' attention.

The examination of the heavenly bodies by means of the spectroscope has not only corroborated in a very marvellous manner the discoveries of various astronomers, but it has also been instrumental in correcting certain theories and giving rise to new ones. The existence of a feebly luminous envelope extending for hundreds of thousands of miles beyond the actual surface of the sun, has been made evident whenever an eclipse has shut off the greater light, and so permitted it to be viewed. The prism has shewn this envelope, or chromosphere as it is called, to consist of a vast sea of hydrogen gas, into which enormous flames of magnesium are occasionally injected with great force. (We need hardly remark that these facts are arrived at analogously by identifying the absorption lines with those given by the same elements when prepared artificially in the laboratory.) This chromosphere can, by the peculiar lines which it exhibits in the spectroscope, be made manifest whenever the sun itself is shining.

The foregoing discovery has given astronomers the advantage—during a transit of Venus—of viewing the position of the planet both before and after its passage across the sun's disc; for it is evident that the presence of an opaque body in front of the chromosphere will cut off the spectral lines in the path which it follows; so that although the planet is invisible its exact place can be noted. From a comparison of these lines with those that can be produced in the laboratory, it is rendered probable that no less than thirteen different metals are in active combustion in the body of the sun. From certain geological appearances, it is conjectured that our own earth was once in this state of igneous fusion, and although our atmosphere is now reduced to a few simple elements, it must once have possessed a composition as varied as that of the sun. As it is, the air which we breathe gives certain spectral lines. These are much increased in number when the sun is low, and when therefore it is viewed through a thicker medium. In this case the blue and green rays are quickly absorbed, while the red pass without difficulty through the denser mass of air, thus giving the setting sun his blood-red colour. It will now be readily understood how, by means of the spectroscope, the existence of atmosphere in the superior planets can be verified. What a world of conjecture is thus opened out to us! for the existence of atmosphere in the planets argues that there are seas, lakes, and rivers there subject to the same laws of evaporation as those upon our own earth. And if this is so, what kind of beings are they who inhabit these worlds? The moon shews no trace of atmosphere, so that we may assume that if there be living beings there, they must exist without air and without water. The lines given by the *moon* and *planets* being in number and position identical with those belonging to the solar spectrum, is a further proof, if any were needed, that *their light is borrowed from the sun.*

The varied colours of the fixed stars may be assumed to be due (from what we have already stated with regard to metallic combustion) to their chemical composition; and the spectroscope, by the distinctive lines which it registers, renders this still more certain. Their distance from us is so vast, so immeasurably beyond any conception of space that we can command, that the detection of their composition is indeed a triumph of scientific knowledge. It has been calculated that if a model of the universe were made in which our earth were depicted as the size of a pea, the earth itself would not be one-fifth large enough to contain that universe.

If we marvel at the extraordinary skill which has brought these distant spheres under command of an analytical instrument, we must wonder still more when we are told that the spectra of these bodies can be brought within range of the photographic camera. This has lately been done by the aid of the most complicated and delicate mechanism; the difficulty of keeping the image stationary on the sensitive collodion film during the apparent motion of the stars from east to west, having only just been surmounted. This power of photographing the spectrum is (as we hinted in a recent paper on Photographic Progress) likely to lead to very great results, for the records thus obtained are absolutely correct, and far surpass in accuracy the efforts of the most skilful draughtsman. It must be understood that in all these researches the spectroscope is allied with the telescope, otherwise the small amount of light furnished by some of the bodies under examination would not be enough to yield any practical result.

The clusters of matter which are called nebulæ, and which the most powerful telescopes have resolved into stars, are shewn by the prism to be nothing but patches of luminous gas, possibly the first beginnings of uncreated worlds. Comet-tails are of the same nature, a doubt existing as to whether their nuclei borrow their light from the sun or emit light of themselves. We may close a necessarily brief outline of this part of our subject by stating that it is possible that the spectroscope may some day supplant the barometer, more than one observer having stated that he has discovered by its aid signs of coming rain, when the latter instrument told a flattering tale of continued fine weather.

We have merely shewn hitherto how the spectroscope is capable of identifying a metal; but its powers are not limited to this; for by a careful measurement of the length of the absorption lines, a very exact estimate of the *quantity* present can be arrived at. This method of analysis is so delicate that in experiments carried on at the Royal Mint, a difference of one ten-thousandth part in an alloy has been recognised. Neither must it be supposed that the services of the spectroscope are confined to metals, for nearly all coloured matter can also be subjected to its scrutiny. Even the most minute substances, when examined by the microscope in conjunction with the prism, shew a particular spectrum by which they can always be identified. Nor does the form of the substance present any difficulty in its examination, for a solution will shew the necessary absorption bands. Blood, for instance, can be discovered when in a most diluted form. To the physician the detection of the vital fluid in any of the secretions is obviously a great help to the diagnosis of an obscure case. But in forensic medicine (where it might be assumed that this test would be of value in the detection of crime) the microscope can identify blood-stains in a more ready manner.

The simple glass prism as used by Newton, although it is the parent of the modern spectroscope, bears very little resemblance to its gifted successor. The complicated and costly instrument now used consists of a train of several prisms, through which the ray of light under examination can be passed by reflection more than once. By these means greater dispersion is gained; that is to say, the resulting spectrum is longer, and consequently far easier of examination. A detailed description of the instrument would be impossible without diagrams, but enough has been said to enable the reader to understand theoretically its construction and application.

It will be understood that we have but lightly touched upon a phase of science which is at present quite in its infancy. It is probable that many more remarkable discoveries will in course of time be due to the prism. Already, within the past twenty years, four new metals have by its aid been separated from the substances with which they were before confounded; and although they have not at present any commercial value, we may feel sure that they have been created for some good purpose not yet revealed to us. There are signs that the spectroscope will some day become a recognised adjunct to our educational appliances. It is even now included under the head of Chemistry in the examination of candidates for university honours, and there is no doubt that it will gradually have a more extended use. Many years hence, when generations of School-Boards have banished ignorance from the land, the spectroscope may become a common toy in the hands of children, enabling them to lisp:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
We know exactly what you are.

THE ROMANCE OF A LODGING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WHERE to, ma'am?' inquired cabby as he opened the door of his vehicle to a lady and her son who had just arrived by the evening train at Victoria Station.

'I want apartments somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chelsea; drive on until you find them: they are procurable, I suppose?' the lady replied as she took her seat.

'I do hope we may find a lodging,' she remarked to her companion, after they had been driving what appeared to her a very long time. The lad made no reply, being of a phlegmatic temperament, that finds speech an exertion unless distinctly necessary.

The lateness of the hour together with the influx of visitors, owing to the London season being then in full swing, made the search a difficult one; they were about to give up its continuance and go to an hotel, when the cabman good-naturedly proposed making one more attempt, and drove down a fresh street. Stopping at a baker's shop on the way, he invited the assistance of those serving, as it was growing too dark to discern the cards of advertisement.

They directed him to a private house in a street adjoining, but added: 'The chances are they are let; still you might just as well try, as Mrs Griffiths has a yearly lodger who allows her to sublet sometimes; perhaps he is away now.'

'Shall we chance it, ma'am?' inquired the cabman.

'Do; I am so weary. She may be able to give us a corner for the night at least.'

When they reached the house, Mrs Griffiths—late cook in a nobleman's family, who had married the footman—appeared, and in answer to the appeal, asked hesitatingly: 'For how long?'

'We should take them for a week of course,' said the lady.

'I cannot let for so long,' she replied, after a brief calculation; 'but I can accommodate you for a couple of days, if you please; that will give you time to find other rooms.'

'Thank you very much,' said the wearied traveller gratefully, as she followed the landlady into a good-sized room on the right of the entrance-hall, and begged for lights and tea as soon as Mrs Griffiths could make it convenient to send them.

'How very fortunate we are to have found a night's lodging,' she said to the lad, who now joined her. 'I think I see an easy-chair in that corner; what a comfort!' and she sat down to rest, removing some of her heavy wraps as she spoke. 'Now at least we shall have breathing-time to consider what is best to be done after your examinations are over. I can go in search of rooms to-morrow while you are at them. I wish she would hasten with the light and tea; this darkness is oppressive. Where are you, Fred?'

'Here,' he replied, from the opposite side of the room. 'Can I do anything for you? I've seen to the luggage and paid the cabman, and now am quite ready to do justice to some tea.'

They were soon put out of their discomfort by the entrance of the landlady, bearing a handsome lamp which gave a brilliant light.

'I've brought you my gentleman's lamp, ma'am; he is away just now; that is why I have been able to accommodate you; for he's most obliging, and don't mind my letting his rooms—this one and the one inside behind the folding-doors, together with the one I have given the young gentleman upstairs, which belongs to his man-servant. May I ask what name, ma'am?'

'Mrs Arlington; and the young gentleman is my son.'

Mrs Griffiths glanced at the tall elegant woman in widow's weeds, and thought to herself: 'She looks more fit to be his sister than his mother; and is a sweet-looking lady anyway, whoever she is;' and she was glad she had taken her in and her son, if such he were. And then she bustled out of the room to prepare their meal.

As soon as they were alone, Mrs Arlington gazed around the room indifferently. It was of the usual stamp of lodging-house apartment, furnished according to the taste and means of those who take to letting for a livelihood. A dismal horse-hair suite were the chief articles of furniture, supplemented by others which stood out in contrast against the horse-hair background—a good piano, an harmonium, a bookcase with glass doors filled with a choice selection of the best works, and an easel. On the walls hung several good paintings, one of which was the portrait of a beautiful young girl.

'Some artist must live here, I imagine,' said the lad, as he went from picture to picture examining them, finally stopping before the portrait of the young girl, that hung immediately over the chair in which Mrs Arlington sat.

'I daresay,' she replied weariedly, as though it were a speculation which could not possibly concern her; and too glad of repose to be roused to any sense of curiosity upon the subject.

'Just look at this, mother; it is so pretty.'

'I cannot, Fred; I am too exhausted to turn round. I cannot possibly think of or look at any thing until I have had a cup of tea.—Ah! here it comes. Go and pour it out for me, and never mind the picture. But I forget. I am unfeeling and unnatural to tell you not to mind, for you are just at an age when young girls are beginning to possess a powerful attraction for you; but you must put the pleasing delusions out of your head until you have passed your examination for Sandhurst; that is the move-in-chief towards which all your energies must now be directed. I long to see your poor father's wishes fulfilled; and shall not feel quite contented until you are gazetted into the army; then my trust will have been accomplished. How many years is it now, Fred, since you first became my child?'

'Ten.'

'Yes; you were a little fellow when I first took you in hand as your governess, and you learnt to love me so well that your father asked me to be your mother.'

'Was that why you married him?' inquired the lad, as he brought her a cup of tea. 'Didn't you care for him for his own sake? You always seemed to.'

'Yes, since you could observe; but not at first, Fred—not at first. I had no heart for any one or anything just at that time but mayhap for a little child like yourself, who was motherless and needed tenderness. It was just such an uncared-for flower which alone could have saved me then, for I had gone through a bitter sorrow, born of my own caprice and foolishness; and through it I lost what could never be mine again. I must have died of despair, had I not set myself the task of working out my wrong-doing in atonement, if not to the person—that was impossible—at least to some one of God's creatures who might need me; and it was at that very time I took up the paper containing your father's advertisement for a governess. It served me for a suggestion and a field wherein I might find that for which I sought. I had never been a governess; but I determined to become one, notwithstanding the opposition of my family, who could not comprehend, and strongly disapproved of my taking such a step; but I carried my point through our doctor telling my mother she was wrong to oppose me, as my mind needed distraction after all I had gone through; and that my choice, so far from being reproved, ought rather to be commended, since I had preferred it to the injurious remedy of a round of amusements, so invariably prescribed for distraught spirits; which need instead the healthy medicine of some reasonable duty to restore them to their former mental composure. Thus I became free to answer your poor father's advertisement, and was accepted by him for the post, oddly enough. And that is how I became your mother, Fred. I have tried to fulfil my trust; perhaps that has atoned.'

'Atoned for what?'

'Ah, never mind! I was only a young girl then, vain and imperious, because I found I possessed a most dangerous power—the power of making whom I would love me—a precious gift, which I did not know how to value rightly until —— But never mind. I hate recalling by-gones. Life is such a perpetual stumbling up hill with most of us, it is no use retarding our journey by useless retrospection; so when I am inclined to indulge in vain regrets, I always think of that heart-stirring line of the poet's, "Act, act in the *living* present;" and therefore, Fred, please to cut me another slice of bread and butter and give me another cup of tea, my child;' and she laughed at the application she had given to her words, which was commonplace enough to destroy all their poetry.

The way in which the boy watched and waited on her, and the look of quiet amusement and interest on his face as she spoke, shewed how thoroughly she had won his heart, and was indeed his mother, sister, friend, all in one. Yes; whatever might have been the fault of her girlhood, her subsequent years had fully atoned for it; she had used her gifts rightly in the case of her stepson, and his father, who had died about a year ago, blessing her for her unwearied devotion, and the happiness she had given him, leaving her the undisputed guardianship of his only child.

As soon as their meal was concluded she went into the adjoining room, divided by folding-doors from the one in which they had been sitting. It bore no traces of a previous occupant like the other, save for a few perfectly executed pictures which hung above the mantel-piece. She had her travelling bag in her hand as she entered, which she was about to deposit upon a table, when her eye caught sight of one of the pictures, and the bag fell to the ground as she started forward to examine the pencil-sketch.

'Impossible!' she exclaimed; and she gazed around the room helplessly, to see if she could by any means find aught therein that would throw a light upon the mystery before her; but all was void: tables, chairs, wardrobe, and dressing appliances were what met her gaze; while, like one fascinated, she continued standing before the sketch as if spell-bound.

'Are you coming soon?' inquired Fred, knocking, who, notwithstanding his disinclination to free converse, could never bear her long out of his sight when they were together.

'I will be with you in a moment,' she returned, recalling herself with no slight effort.

'What is the matter?' he exclaimed as soon as she joined him. 'You look as white as a ghost; you are over-tired, I suspect: had you not better get to sleep as soon as you can?' he inquired with concern, as he noticed that she was suffering from an amount of nervous exhaustion that alarmed him.

'It is nothing,' she returned: 'the journey was fatiguing;' and then her eye stole round the room with suppressed interest.

'Is that the pretty girl you wanted me to admire, Fred, just now when I was too hungry to oblige you?'

'Yes. Is she not a picture? What I should call a "stunner!"'

'When shall I ever knock the school-boy out of you, Fred?' she cried, laughing. 'You are a long way off from that refined phraseology I am labouring to inculcate. But you are right in this case. It is a beautiful picture, of what I should call a detestable character. She is, as you remark, a "stunner." There is not the least soul in her face; nothing but proud self-consciousness, as if she were saying: "I am a beauty, and I know it." Poor thing! she is to be pitied, if that is a true picture, and it looks as if it were.'

'How is she to be pitied? I don't see that at all.'

'Because you can't see yet, Fred, from your brief study of her face, that a girl like that may learn to *feel* at some time or another; and when she does, the lesson is generally such a painful one that few have the courage to rise above it. The artist who drew her was in no lenient mood; he could detect nothing in her but the stern facts which possibly made him suffer,' she added in an undertone, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh.—'I wish we had a book to read; try the bookcase; it may be unlocked.'

He did as she bade him; and shook his head negatively as he went first to the bookcase and then to the piano.

'"The gentleman," as our landlady calls him, is a cautious man evidently,' said Mrs Arlington. 'Well, we must not find fault with him, for his amiability towards his landlady has secured us a night's repose. I wonder if he is the artist of these pictures? I am ashamed of my curiosity, but I have a wish to know. Could you be diplomatic, Fred, and find out for me?'

'Why not ask the landlady straight out?'

'I dislike to appear so inquisitive, as it is of no moment to us who he is.'

'I don't know that. If he is an artist, he would no doubt be much obliged to us for asking. Act on that presumption. You admire the pictures, and may possibly wish to order some, or to sit for your portrait.'

'How magnificent you are, Fred! We look a likely pair—don't we?—to order pictures or sit for portraits! A hundred guineas or so are nothing to us; are they, my poor boy? Rein in your fancy. I am afraid of you in this respect, when you are once fairly launched on your own resources, as I cannot always be at your elbow, to control your lavish ideas, and our means are not large.'

'Well, I was only suggesting, you know, a ready mode of solving your difficulty about finding out who is the artist of these pictures,' said the boy as he wished her good-night.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs Arlington went cautiously round the room making a minute survey of every article, with a look of intense interest in her face, as though she were searching for a clue she could not find. Every vase on the mantel-piece she subjected to a close scrutiny, to see if possibly a card or old envelope lay concealed therein. But everything was dumb, and refused to bear the least witness as to the name or calling of the previous occupant. Quite foiled, she sat down and fell into a profound reverie, which continued until the landlady knocked at the door, and entered to inquire if there was anything more she wanted, and when she would like her breakfast in the morning.

'Thank you; nothing more to-night; and breakfast at nine. By the way, have you any other lodgers in the house?'

'Yes, ma'am; the first floors are taken by a lady and gentleman for a month, leastways so they told me when they came; but the lady has got a maid who is that vexing I can't abear her; and I would be glad to give them notice to go if I could be sure of another party for the same time; but you see, ma'am, we who live by letting can't afford to have our rooms empty.'

'You cannot let me have these rooms, you say, beyond a couple of days?'

'No, ma'am. Mr Meredith—the gentleman—takes them by the year on the condition that they are always to be ready for him when he writes; and only this afternoon he sent me a letter to say he would be here on Wednesday.'

'Mr Meredith, did you say, was his name? An artist, I suppose? if I may judge by the pictures and the easel.'

'Dear, no, ma'am!' exclaimed the landlady, as if a discreditable imputation had been cast upon the character of her lodger by the question. '*He's* got no call to earn his living, not he! He's got a place in the country, which he has let for I don't know how many years, and he keeps himself free to come and go as he likes. Such a fine noble-looking gentleman as he is! He took these rooms of me some eight years back, when I first married and set up housekeeping, because he said he liked the quiet of the place; and he keeps them by the year; but he lets me take in lodgers when he is away, so long as I don't bring children into the rooms. He has been here for a whole year at a spell; and then again he is off, and maybe we won't see him for months at a time. He is a most excellent lodger as ever was; and his man a nice civil, handy fellow, with none of them airs and graces as these minxes of girls give themselves; but then, "Like master, like man," say I, and I've always found it so.'

'And your first floors, you tell me, you would be glad to re-let, were you sure of another tenant?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Very well then; as I have no maid likely to disturb you, I will take them for a month certain, if I can have them on Wednesday morning; and I will further pay you the week's rent you will have to forfeit by giving the present lodgers notice to quit summarily; but remember I only take them on this one condition. It is now Monday night, and I must move in on Wednesday morning.'

'I'll manage it for you, ma'am, even if I get a summons for it.'

'You shall be no loser in any case; I will pay all expenses;' and she drew out her purse to deposit a week's rent in advance.

'Never mind it, ma'am; you look a lady as one may trust, and I'll see that you are in the rooms on Wednesday morning. I can easily put the blame on Mr Meredith, if they become very unpleasant, by saying he takes the rooms by the year; they are not to know whether he may not want the first floors this time.'

Mutually satisfied with their bargain, landlady and lodger parted for the night. On the face of the latter could be discerned a compression of the lips, which bespoke a sudden resolve she was bent upon carrying out, even though it failed in the end to prove successful.

MYSTICAL PLANTS.

HUMAN cunning and human credulity have dowered with mystery certain plants which are worthy of being considered the most beautiful and passive of created objects. One plant at least has been said to utter shrieks on being torn from the earth, and to have avenged the violence by causing the death of him who removed it. This plant was the mandragora of the poets, the mandrake of Scripture, a species of the *Solanæ* or Nightshade tribe; the belief in whose qualities as a sedative or a charm was as old as the days of the childless Rachel. Indigenous to the East, where probably its uses as an anodyne and soporific were early known to the initiated, it may be that in order to enhance the wonder of its effects, and prevent the extirpation of the root by its too common use, miraculous powers were imputed to it, and superstition hedged it round with fabled terrors.

The evil reputation of the plant procured it subsequently the name of *Atropa mandragora*, by which our oldest botanists distinguish it; a name borrowed from the most terrible of the Fates, *Atropos*, and since transferred to its relative *Atropa belladonna* (*Dwale*, or 'Deadly Nightshade'). So potent and valuable were the medical uses of the root at a time when few anodynes were known, that the ancient Romans made it the subject of a weird ritual, without which they would have deemed it impious to have taken it from the earth. The operator stood with his back to the wind, drew three circles round the root with the point of a sword, poured a libation on the ground, and turning to the west, began to dig it up.

The root of the mandrake, a plant with a tap-root, frequently forked, as we see that of the radish, and covered with fibrous rootlets, was easily convertible into a grotesque likeness of the human form. In the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, little images made of mandrake roots, called *abrunes*, were imported in large numbers from Germany, and found a ready sale in England. The fable of the wondrous powers of these vegetable idols was easily accepted by our superstitious ancestors; and the pedlers who travelled about from place to place with cases of them drove a brisk trade. Sir Francis Bacon had them in his mind's eye when he wrote: 'Some plants there are, but rare, that have a mossy or downy root, and likewise that have a number of thread-like beards, as the mandrake, whereof witches and impostors make an ugly image, giving it the form of a face at top of the root, and leave those strings to make a broad beard to the foot.' It is to the credit of the old herbalists Gerard and Turner, that they both essayed, without fear of consequences, to dig up and examine for themselves the dreaded mandrake, and lost no time in publishing the fallacy of the weird stories told of it.

Saturnine and poisonous plants were those most affected by necromancers and witches—plants dwelling in shady groves like that described by Dryden in *Œdipus:*

> Nor tree nor plant
> Grows here but what is fed with magic juices,
> All full of human souls, that cleave the bark
> To dance at midnight by the moon's pale beams;

or on wild heaths, like the potent moonwort, which opened locks and unshoed horses; or amidst solitary churchyards and old ruins, like the deadly nightshade and fetid henbane, hound's-tongue, and digitalis. Plants with dusky or sad-green leaves, and lurid-coloured flowers for the most part, and an ill-favoured soporific scent. Nature herself distinguishes hemlock from all others of the umbelliferous tribe by the pink or purplish spots with which its tall smooth stem is variegated. It grows by hedgerows and in waste places; its large-winged, finely-cut leaves and white umbels of flowers give no indication of its dangerous nature; but its speckled cuticle betrays it, and prevents its being rashly meddled with by rustic herb-gatherers and children.

Wolf's-bane or monk's-hood, a herb of Saturn, sacred to Hecate, and which has since figured in the floral calendar of witchcraft, had its first name from the use the Anglo-Saxons made of the juice, in which they dipped their arrows, and literally kept the wolf from the doors of their wattled huts. It was and is a brave herb for all evil purposes. Its root resembles the tail of a scorpion; its flowers, of lurid purple, have the form of a helmet; features sufficiently significant for those who sought such dangerous simples. The very scent of the flowers on some sensitive persons has produced swooning and loss of sight for several days; others it has deprived of speech; and there are instances on record of persons who have eaten of the root being seized with all the symptoms of mania. Imagine such powers in the hands of a reputed witch, malevolent enough to exercise them for reward or malice, in days when medical science itself was not without faith in magic! Dreadful as are its proved effects, the monk's-hood is a common plant in cottage gardens, where we have seen it flourishing three feet in height, crowned with its handsome spikes of purplish flowers, and little children playing with them.

Black hellebore had also a place in the category of mystical plants; the Romans removed the root with the same ceremonies as were observed in taking up the mandrake, with this distinction, that prayers were humbly offered to Apollo and Æsculapius for permission, and the operator turned to the east instead of to the west, on commencing to dig it up.

No wayside plant is more simple in appearance than the vervain, the 'holy herb' of so many nations. Its pale lilac spike of minute flowers scarcely attracts attention, except from those who know its ancient history and uses. In the sun-worship of the ancient Persians, their magi carried branches of vervain in their hands when approaching the altar. So did the pagan priests of ancient Greece and Rome; and ages subsequently, the Druids in the forest temples of Gaul and Britain. With the Greeks and Romans, it was never absent from their religious rites. The plant was long considered to be good against witchcraft and the bites of venomous creatures; and being under the dominion of Venus, was a great beautifier; and when used in the baths of delicate women, made a fair face and took away freckles. It were 'perhaps well,' as Lord Bacon would say, to notice the agreement between various writers as to the cephalic virtues of the plant, and its remedial efficacy in taking away headache, and the 'pin and web,' or clouds and mists which darken the optic nerve. From medical to magical uses was but a step in those days, sometimes a very short one; and accordingly we find a spray of vervain used as a charm to keep houses and persons from harm, and especially from evil spirits and witchcraft. A relic of the later superstition lingers in the rhyme—

Vervain and dill hinder witches of their will.

St John's wort, by virtue of its dedication to the saint, whose birthday, according to the religious calendar, is the anniversary of the summer solstice, was said to have the power of putting to flight ghosts, demons, and even Satan himself. Jeremy Taylor, in his *Dissuasions from Popery*, enumerating certain specifics used by the priests to discover the presence of the evil one, adds, 'and specially St John's wort, which therefore they call "Devil's Flight,"' which is an anglicised rendering of the old pagan name *Fuga Demonium*, which Pliny tells us it received from its property of scaring demons; and retained in more modern times in allusion to its supposed virtues in the cure of distraction and melancholy. The Irish peasant at the present day firmly believes in the powers of St John's wort which his Church originally endorsed; and on the vigil of the saint's day, gathers bunches of the bright yellow, starry, almost scintillating flowers, and after sprinkling them with holy water, hangs them at the bed's head, and over the door, with a firm faith in the potency of the plant to preserve him and his household from evil spirits, fairies, and witchcraft. Armed with this floral charm, the wanderer through the most solitary places is as safe as on the fire-lit hill, amidst the youth of a whole village, who are dancing and making merry, and leaping through the fire to Moloch—without an idea that the revels of the sainted summer's night once meant the worship of the sun-god Belus. In days when the occult powers of certain plants were universally believed, it made part of the champion's oath, that he carried not about him any *herb*, spell, or enchantment, by which he might procure the victory.

Nowadays, the mistletoe generally affects old crab and apple trees, and the boughs of beech and ash; but in so-called Druidical times it appears to have flourished in the oak-groves, which these strange worshippers are said to have made their temples, and under the name of the 'All-heal plant,' was, we are told, severed from these trees with solemn ceremonies. The mystery of its appearance—its aërial place of growth—the pale green antlered branches putting forth their pearly berries in honour, as it were, of the high festival of the winter solstice, 'the mother of the nights'—probably conduced to render it a miraculous plant. Long after Druidism was but a name, the plant retained its healing and protective properties for the populace, whose teachers strengthened their superstitious reverence for it, by calling it *Lignum Sanctæ Crucis* (wood of the holy cross). Amulets were made of it, and worn round the neck, to defend the wearer from enchantment and other dangers; and in more modern times, as a charm against the falling-sickness and the plague.

The yew, like the oak, was sacred to the Druids. Branches of it were anciently carried by the mourners at funeral processions, and were thrown into the grave before the coffin was lowered. The awe in which it was originally held is traceable in the traditions yet extant of its dangerous and even deadly properties. The beautiful crimson drupes scattered amongst its dark-green linear leaves were reputed poisonous if eaten. In clipping the tree, the greatest care was necessary that the operator might not inhale its dangerous fumes; while to sleep under the shade of its widespread branches, ragged and dusky as a raven's wing, was to risk sickness and even death.

The mountain-ash or rowan-tree has for ages been endowed with mystical properties in Scotland. The custom of carrying sprigs of it in the pocket still obtains in the Isle of Man, where it is extensively grown and cherished for warding off demons, witchcraft, and the evil-eye. There, on St John's Eve, crosses are made of it and hung upon the cattle, and placed over the doors, and in the eaves of barns and houses, to avert the evil influences supposed to be perternaturally active on that night. Not such the reputation of the *Lunaria*, described by Chaucer, Spenser, and Drayton as one of the most powerful of vegetable charms, and an ingredient in the most subtle spells of night-hags and enchanters. This, the homely 'Honesty' of the cottage garden, the satin flower that our grandmothers cherished, is a plant than which none more apparently harmless is to be found in the floral calendars of herbmen and gardeners. But in days when plants were supposed to bear witness in many instances to their own attributes, when certain features were sought for and believed in, as affording a key to the sympathies and properties of herbs, its round flat silvery frond shewed it to be under the dominion of the moon, and endowed with magic influences.

After all, a child's hand might have clasped the plants that were under the ban of our ancestors. Amongst the most potent of these herbal talismans were the trefoil and the wood-sorrel, the triple leaves of which symbolised the Trinity, and were on that account noisome to witches. Hence arose the custom in Ireland for the lord of the soil as well as the peasant to wear the shamrock as a preservative from evil influences, a custom annually returned to, without distinction of creed or rank, by all true Irishmen on the anniversary of St Patrick's Day—a saint it will be remembered so pure that all venomous things fled before him.

In that country, as in this, there still lingers in shady, rustic places an aged moribund belief in the occult power of plants in the hands of weird women who know how to use them.

MEMORY.

It is maintained by many psychologists that if an impression is once made upon the memory, it remains for ever. And it is undoubted that there are certain seasons of life or certain circumstances when memory is peculiarly susceptible, and when the impressions made are deep and sharp and definite. The objects familiar in childhood and youth, the texts, the hymns, and lessons then mastered become a lifelong bequest; the memory has petrified them on its tablet for ever. Sometimes the memory is in a state of spontaneous receptivity, and without any trouble on the part of the subject, the mind retains its interesting objects for years, perhaps through the whole life.

Memory develops in every sound mind almost as early as the powers of observation; and the objects about which it is employed in the earlier stage are much alike in all individuals. But very early we discern a difference in the natural affinities: one youthful reminiscent evinces a talent in finding his way to the infant school; whilst a bewildered companion of the same class uses leading-strings.

In glancing through the records of all ages and all nations, we meet with certain individuals who have been celebrated for their extraordinary powers of memory; and some of these would appear to us so wonderful, that we are tempted to disbelieve them, and place them in the list of human impossibilities. But it cannot be denied that there are numberless instances upon record, both ancient and modern, and also in our own day, of persons retaining an almost incredible recollection of a great diversity of matters, consisting in some cases of long lists of dates and names, or in others, countenances and circumstances, long since forgotten by the majority of mankind, through a lapse of time intervening.

We propose in this paper to submit to the reader a few of the many most authentic examples of retentive memory on record.

Within the range of their own experience, many of our readers must have noticed examples of quick or retentive memory. Frequently, however, these powerful memories are filled with matters of questionable value. Of such we may mention an individual well known in London by the name of 'Memory-Corner Thompson,' who was remarkable for an astonishing local memory. In the space of twenty-four hours and at two sittings, he drew from memory a correct plan of the whole parish of St James. This plan contained all the squares, streets, lanes, courts, passages, markets, churches, chapels, houses, stables, angles of houses; and a great number of other objects, as wells, parapets, stones, trees, &c., and an exact plan of Carlton House and St James's Palace. He made out also an exact plan of the parish of St Andrew; and he offered to do the same with that of St Giles, St Paul, Covent Garden, St Clement, and Newchurch. If a particular house in any given street was mentioned, he would tell at once what trade was carried on in it, the position and appearance of the shop, and its contents. In going through a large hotel completely furnished, he was able to retain everything and make an inventory from memory. He possessed a most mechanical memory; and he could, by reading a newspaper overnight, repeat the whole of it next morning. He died in February 1843, at the age of eighty-six. Mr Paxton Hood knew a man in London who could repeat the whole of Josephus; and William Lyon, like Thompson, could read the *Daily Advertiser* overnight, and repeat it word for word next morning.

As a contrast to this, on the other hand we know an individual who travelled through a considerable extent of country, and passed through several towns he hàd visited before, yet was ignorant of the fact until informed of it by another traveller!

Pliny, in the seventh book of his Natural History, makes mention of one Charmidas or Charmadas, a native of Greece, who was the possessor of so singular a memory that he was able to deliver word for word the entire contents of any book which might be called out of a library, *without having read it*. This, however, we should be inclined to take *cum grano salis*.

Some cases are quoted of persons having a remarkable gift of learning any number of foreign languages in an incredibly short time. Mithridates king of Pontus had an empire in which two-and-twenty languages were spoken; yet it is asserted that he had not a subject with whom he could not converse in his own dialect. But in later times the royal linguist has been eclipsed by the late Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died in 1849. He had a wonderful memory for the retention of words, and with a grammatical intuition which has never been properly explained, he went on acquiring languages, till at the age of seventy he could converse in upwards of fifty, besides having an acquaintance with at least twenty more. He was at home in both of the dialects of the Basque language, the most difficult in Europe; also in the different dialects of German; with Englishmen he never misapplied the sign of a tense. Besides the foregoing, he was so far master of at least one Chinese dialect that he delivered a set speech to Chinese students at the Vatican. So conversant was he with all the dialects of each tongue that he could at once detect the particular county, province, or district to which a speaker belonged. He himself was upon several occasions mistaken for a native of totally different countries. According to his own words, as related to his friend Cardinal Wiseman, his method of studying a new language was to read straight through the grammar, and when he had arrived at the end he was master of the whole. He never forgot anything he had once heard or read.

Sir William Jones, in spite of his many duties as a legal student, had before his death acquired so intimate a knowledge of fourteen languages, that he translated from the most difficult and obscure. Dr Alexander Murray, the learned author of *The History of European Languages*, was another of Britain's greatest linguists, who remembered every word he ever read; he had the whole of Milton by heart. The Emperor Claudius was another great memorist, also repeating by heart the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

It is recorded of Dr Leyden the distinguished oriental scholar, that when at Calcutta, a case occurred in which it was necessary, before deciding the issue, to know the exact wording of an act of parliament, of which, however, a copy could not be found in the Presidency. Leyden had had occasion before leaving home to read the act, and undertook to supply it from memory; and when nearly a year afterwards a printed copy was obtained from England, it was found to be identical with what Leyden had dictated.

Richard Porson had a remarkable memory. Being one day in the shop of Priestly the bookseller, a gentleman came in and asked for a particular edition of Demosthenes. Priestly did not possess it; and as the gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, Porson inquired if he wished to consult any particular passage. The gentleman mentioned a quotation of which he was in search, when Porson opened the Aldine edition of Demosthenes, and after turning over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage. On another occasion he happened to be in a stage-coach; presently there entered into it a young undergraduate with two ladies. This young gentleman endeavoured to make himself seem very learned; presently quoting a Greek passage, which he said was from Euripides. The great Greek scholar, who was dozing at the other end of the coach, awoke at the familiar sounds, and drawing a copy of Euripides from the folds of his cloak, politely asked him to favour him with the passage. The student could not; and the ladies began to titter. Reddening, the youth said that on second thoughts, the passage he was sure was in Sophocles. Porson thereupon produced a copy of Sophocles, and again asked him to favour him with the passage. The undergraduate again failed; the ladies tittered greatly. 'Catch me!' said he, 'if ever I quote Greek in a coach again.' Stung by the laughter of his fellow-passengers, he said: 'I recollect now, sir; I perfectly recollect that the passage is in Æschylus.' His inexorable tormentor, diving again in the capacious folds of his cloak, produced a copy of Æschylus, and again asked him to favour him with the passage. The boiling-point was now reached. 'Stop! stop!' shouted he to the coachman. 'Let me out! There is a man inside who has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket!' On another occasion, calling upon a friend, Porson found him reading Thucydides. Being asked casually the meaning of some word, he immediately repeated the context. 'But how do you know that it was this passage I was reading?' asked his friend. 'Because,' replied Porson, 'the word only occurs twice in Thucydides; once on the right-hand page in the edition which you are now using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly I knew to which passage you referred.'

Once when in the house of Dr Burney at Hammersmith, with some friends, examining some old newspapers which detailed the execution of Charles I., he came across various particulars thought by some of them to have been overlooked by Rapin and Hume; but Porson instantly repeated a long passage from Rapin in which these circumstances were all recounted. Upon one occasion he undertook to learn by heart the entire contents of the *Morning Chronicle* in a week; and he used to say he could repeat *Roderick Random* from beginning to end. His stupendous memory, however, on account of his excesses, failed at last.

Dr Thomas Fuller, the worthy historian and divine, was said to have been able to repeat five hundred and nine strange names correctly after having twice heard them; and he was known to make use of a sermon verbatim if he once heard it. He once undertook to name exactly backwards and forwards every shop-sign from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, on both sides of the way—a feat of no ordinary magnitude, when we consider that in his day every house had its sign.

'Memory' Thompson boasted he could remember every shop from Ludgate Hill to the end of Piccadilly; and another person who had earned for himself the prefix of 'Memory' was William Woodfall, the printer of the famous Letters of Junius, who used to relate how he could put a speech away upon a shelf in his mind for future reference; and he was known to be able to remember a debate for a fortnight, after many nights' speaking upon other matters.

Dr Johnson was in the habit of writing abridged reports of debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine* from memory.

Two noted frequenters of the Chapter Coffee-House in Paternoster Row, in the last century, were Murray and Hammond. Murray had read through every morning and evening paper published in London for thirty years, and his memory was such that he was always applied to for dates and facts by literary men and others.

Jedediah Buxton, who resided for some weeks at St John's Gate Clerkenwell, in 1754, had such a memory that 'he could conduct the most intricate calculations by his memory alone, and such was his power of abstraction that no noise could disturb him.' Singular to relate, he never learned to read or write, though he was the son of a schoolmaster.

Eugenia Jullian, a precocious child, well known to the writer of this, at the age of five years had a book given her to read; and looking through it, she at length read a poem of several hundred lines (it must be mentioned she knew her alphabet at eleven months old, and could read at three years of age) once through; and being asked what she had read, she handed her mother the book, and repeated the whole without a mistake. Unfortunately, like most precocious children, her mind proved too powerful for a delicate constitution, and she died at an early age.

Among other possessors of very retentive memories may be mentioned the learned Pope Clement VI.; Dr Monsey, who died at Chelsea at the age of ninety-five; and Mozart, who almost in every case composed his pieces before he committed them to paper.

At the present time, Elihu Burritt possesses a remarkable memory. Born in America in 1811, he had, at the age of twenty-seven, and while working at his trade, learned fifty languages. In 1846 he came to England, and was for some time United States consul at Birmingham. Gustave Doré is the owner of a good memory; and we have it from a reliable authority, that Thomas Carlyle, 'the philosopher of Chelsea,' lays a book aside when he has read it, it being of no more use to him, having abstracted and stored up in his mind all the contents which he deems worthy of retention.

Every one has a memory, but every one has not the same natural affinities, and therefore every one does not retain with equal facility the same sort of thing. One man, from taking a glance at an object, will sketch it correctly; another could not give a correct representation were he to labour for a month. The mind of another is more for living objects, and like Cuvier or Knox, he carries in his memory the names and forms of hundreds of plants and animals. A third has a propensity for the faces of his fellow-creatures, and like Themistocles, he can name each of the twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens; or like Cyrus, he could remember the name of every soldier in his army; the like being related of L. Scipio and the Romans. The day following the arrival of Cinaes, ambassador of King Pyrrhus, in Rome, he saluted by name all the senate and the gentlemen of the city. Our own George III. had an extraordinary power of recollecting faces. The taste of a fourth is for languages, and like Mezzofanti or Alexander Murray, every word he hears or reads in a foreign tongue becomes a lifelong heritage. Another retains mathematics, the symbols of which require a peculiar cast of memory. Such a mind is generally destitute of love of colour, music, &c.; it wrestles with the artificial symbols that express the most extensively important truths of the world. The natural history memory has to do with artificial symbols, but with these it mixes the consideration of actual appearances to the senses. The taste of another is for choice, emphatic, and sublime diction; like Wakefield, he can repeat the whole of Virgil and Horace, Homer and Pindar.

The faculty of recollecting places is very large in some of the inferior animals; pigeons and some sorts of dogs have it very prominently. The falcon of Iceland returns to its native spot from a distance of several thousands of miles. And it seems likely that this has at least something to do with reference to those birds which migrate from one country to another. It seems indispensable to a successful traveller. Columbus, Cook, Park, and Livingstone must have been largely endowed with this faculty. These diversities have not been sufficiently kept in view in the important business of education, and the principle of cramming the same things into every sort of memory still too extensively prevails.

The memory may be strong where the intellect is weak; but without the former faculty there can be no intellectual growth; for is not memory the power of the mind by which it retains its possessions? If Sensation, Perception, and Attention are the collecting faculties, Memory is 'the conservative faculty'—the retainer of the collected treasures.

With the power of throwing our whole mental vigour into any given act for the time being, a strong will can generally insure a strong memory; and for understanding then and retaining afterwards, half an hour of such absorption and concentration is worth more than the longest day of day-dreaming—though day-dreaming, as an occasional relaxation, is not to be despised.

Nowadays we are not at all surprised to see placarded about our towns large announcements of an 'eminent professor' about to arrive, under whose tuition we may be initiated into the 'Art of Memory,' whereby we may be taught to remember at will the heights of mountains, rows of dates, chronological events, and all things coming within the range of memory. It may be interesting to learn that this is no new art, for by reference to Pliny we find that the Art of Memory was invented by Simonides des Melicus, and afterwards perfected by Metrodorus Sepsius, 'by which a man might learne to rehearse againe the same words of any discourse whatsoever after once hearing.'

It does not fall within the scope of this paper to enter upon the merits or demerits of this art; but we may conveniently bring our subject to a close by relating a couple of anecdotes that bear upon it.

Upon one occasion, Fuller said: 'None alive ever heard me pretend to the *art* of memory, who in my book have decried it as a trick, no art; and indeed, is more fancy than memory. I confess, some years since, when I came out of the pulpit of St Dunstan's East, one (who since wrote a book thereof) told me in the vestry, before credible people, that he, in Sidney College, had taught me *the art of memory*. I returned unto him: *That it was not so*, for I could not remember *that I had ever seen him before!* which I conceive was a real refutation.'

Not very long ago, a lecturer upon the art of memory, whilst dining at an hotel in one of our provincial towns, was inquired for and called away suddenly; upon which he immediately finished his repast and hurried from the room. A moment or two afterwards, the waiter coming round to the chair lately occupied by the professor, held up his hands and exclaimed in astonishment: 'Goodness gracious, the memory man has forgotten his umbrella!'

GOSSIP ABOUT TAILS.

Everybody knows that tails serve a great variety of purposes. To mention a few: The horse and ox use their tail to drive off troublesome insects. Some kinds of apes have long prehensile tails with which they swing themselves from branches or reach distant fruit. The kangaroo's tail forms a kind of extra leg, and is also serviceable in jumping. The beaver is said to beat with its tail the mud of which its house or dam is built, as well as to use the organ in swimming. The tails of fishes act like rudders, and in whales, for example, they are powerful propellers, as also a means of attack or defence. Birds of high flight have their tail feathers adapted as a steering apparatus; while the tails of parrots, toucans, and climbers generally, incline downwards, and aid in laying hold of trees. The tail in some reptiles is important for locomotion. Scorpions have in their tail a formidable weapon; and the noise made by the rattlesnake when roused is given from its tail.

There is a good deal of expression in tails. A cat when unexcited has her tail bent towards the ground and quiet; but when the animal is under lively emotion, the tail shews movements which are not of chance character, but predetermined by nature—such and such an emotion causing such and such a movement. When the cat feels afraid when seized, for example by the neck, the tail goes down between her legs. On sight of an agreeable morsel of meat, the tail is raised straight up. When angry, the cat bends her tail into two curves of opposite direction—the greater curve at the base, the lesser at the extremity—while the fur is erect throughout. When on the alert for prey, she lashes her tail from side to side. On the other hand, the dog wags his tail to testify joy; while (as with the cat) fear sends it down between his legs. We are all familiar, again, with the comical appearance of a herd of cattle, driven to despair by insects, rushing about a field on a hot day with their tufted tails erect as posts. Dr John Brown, in one of his racy sketches, tells of a dog of his whose tail had rather a peculiar kind of expressiveness. This tail of Toby's was 'a tail *per se;* it was of immense girth, and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler. When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding mighty stroke, which shook the house. This, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door with a sudden and vigorous stroke. It was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative having been as masterly and telling as his last.'

There seems to be good reason for believing that rats sometimes use their tails for feeding purposes where the food to be eaten is contained in vessels too narrow to admit the entire body of the animal. A rat will push down his tail into the tall-shaped bottle of preserves, and lick it after he has pulled it out. A gentleman put two such jars of preserves covered with a bladder, in a place frequented by rats; and afterwards found the jelly reduced in each to the same extent, and a small aperture gnawed in the bladder just sufficient to admit the tail. Another experiment was more decisive. Having refilled the jars to about half an inch above the level left by the rats, he put some moist paper over the jelly and let it stand in a place where there were no rats or mice, till the paper got covered by mould. Then he covered the jars with a bladder and put them where the rats were numerous; as before, next morning the bladder had again been eaten through, and on the mould there were numerous distinct tracings of rats' tails, evidently caused by the animals sweeping these appendages about, in the fruitless endeavour to find a hole in the circle of paper which covered the jelly.

An example of the practice of vivisection (which is happily less common in this country than on the continent) is presented in an experiment made lately by an eminent French physiologist with the tail of a young rat. Readers are doubtless aware of the curious results that may be obtained by skin-grafting. The experimenter referred to skinned a little portion of the tip of the rat's tail, made an incision in the back of the animal, inserted the skinned tip in this hole, and fixed it there. In course of time the wound healed, and the animal went about with its tail thus transformed into something like the handle of a teapot. After eight months the savant cut the handle in two; then on pinching the end of the part left in the back, the rat appeared to feel pain, and tried to escape. It was thus shewn that the sensitive nerves in the end of the tail had formed a true connection with the nerves in the back issuing from the spinal cord; and that they conveyed an excitation in an opposite direction to that in which they convey it normally.

The trick which came under the notice of the French correctional police will perhaps here recur to recollection. A person complained that he had been imposed upon by the purchase of an animal represented to be 'an elephant rat;' that is, a rat with a trunk and tusks resembling those of an elephant. The trunk was nothing more than part of a rat's tail stuck into the snout of the animal, where it grew as if natural. As for the tusks, they were two of the teeth in the upper jaw which had been suffered to grow by removing the two corresponding teeth in the lower jaw against which they used to grind and be kept short. More ingenious than honest, the fraud was duly punished.

Crocodiles have enormous tails; of sixty vertebræ there are more than forty which are caudal. The organ is rather cumbrous to them on land, and this fact affords an opportunity of escaping from them by making quick turns, which they do not readily follow. But their powerful tail must be of immense value to them in swimming.

There is strong probability that the tail of some animals covered with fur serves the purpose of a protection to the air-passages of mouth and nose during sleep, as also the retention of heat. This will be apparent to any one who observes the position into which the tail is curled in such cases, and the face brought into contact with it.

Frogs have no proper tails, but in the tadpole stage they have, and their locomotion by means of them is familiar to everybody. A similar mode of locomotion is observable in the minute animals termed Flagellata, which advance by lashing their tails from side to side. The motions of several of those microscopic organisms known as *Bacteria*, found in putrefying infusions of organic matter, are at present somewhat enigmatical. But they are to a certain extent explained by an interesting observation made lately by MM. Cohn and Warming. With sufficient magnifying power these naturalists have found tails in several of the Bacteria. They vary in number from one to three, are situated at one end of the axis of length, and capable of rapid motion; by which the movements of these minute creatures may fairly be accounted for.

The last thing we have to say on the subject is to express our gratification at the change which has taken place in treating the tails of horses. The odious and cruel practice of docking them, once so prevalent, has been happily abandoned, and the horse's tail is now left to attain its natural graceful dimensions.

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THE BOARDING-OUT SYSTEM.

FORTY years ago or thereabouts, we happened to make a visit to an hospital for pauper orphan children in a large city. It was a dismal spectacle. The little creatures, seated on forms, and dressed in a poor garb, had a woe-begone appearance. Their faces were pallid, and a number of them had sore eyes. The sentiment which arose in our mind was that the whole affair was unnatural, and morally and physically unwholesome. Here was a spacious mansion kept up for the accommodation of some hundreds of poor children whom destiny had deprived of their parents. Treated well, as it was thought, according to regulations, they were evidently unhappy, and pined for that species of freedom which is only to be obtained by children brought up within the domestic circle.

Since that time, so far as Scotland is concerned, there has been a considerable revolution in the matter of juvenile pauper management. The plan of immuring a horde of orphan pauper children in large buildings under the charge of nurses and teachers is pretty generally abandoned, not so much on the score of economy as of common-sense. Nature has clearly ordained that children are to be reared, instructed, and familiarised with the world under the direct charge and responsibility of their parents. That has been the way since the beginning, and it will be so till the end of time. The family system is the foundation of everything that is valued in our institutions. Our whole structure of society rests on it. Any attempt to rear children artificially on a wholesale principle, is necessarily defective, will prove abortive, and be attended, one way and another, with bad effects.

Unfortunately there are exceptions to a sweeping rule. There can be no family system where parents are removed by death, or what is more dreadful, where the parents are so grossly dissolute as to be unfitted for their appropriate duties. In either case arises the question as to what is to be done with children who are so haplessly thrown on public charity. An answer to this brings us to the root of the matter. If at all possible, we must find foster-parents who will do the duty of real ones to the children assigned under proper precautions to their custody. We are aware that this may not be always practicable, and where it is not, the grouping of children in some kind of asylum must still be perpetuated. Some countries appear to be more favourable than others to the plan of boarding out children with foster-parents. For the plan to have a chance of success, there must be a prevalent intelligence, with a sense of moral responsibilities, and that special condition as concerns means of livelihood which would induce a family to board a child alien to them in name and birth.

In certain parts of Scotland, the plan of boarding out pauper children has been so peculiarly successful, that we purpose to give some account of it. The children so treated are not all orphans; some are children deserted by worthless parents; some are the children of sick, infirm, or lunatic parents; some are the children of parents who are in prison or are convicts. In all cases, deep considerations of humanity have guided the poor-law authorities in dealing with them. Throughout Scotland at 1st January 1875, the number of pauper children boarded out was 4512, among whom there was nearly an equality of boys and girls. The cost of each did not exceed ten pounds per annum; that is to say, for the sum of about four shillings a week a child is respectably brought up in the house of a foster-parent. This sum covers cost of bed and board, school fees, and extras of all kinds. The child participates in the ordinary meals of the family; it goes to the nearest school with its companions, plays about with them, and acquires a knowledge of country life along with a love of natural scenery. Instead of being confined in a dull mansion under a dismal routine of discipline, with the chance of acquiring bad or at least narrow notions, the boarded-out child grows up a stout country lad or lass, and is endued with such general intelligence as is likely to pertain to the class amidst whom he or she moves. By these means, the boarded-out pauper children cease to be paupers. Forgetting their unfortunate origin, they drop insensibly into the general population. The catastrophe of orphanism or deserted infancy is robbed of its horrors. Surely, this must be deemed one of the greatest triumphs of humanity.

Of course, the thing could not be done unless under a scrupulous system of management and general supervision. The parochial board, with whom rests the administration, needs to exercise the greatest vigilance in selecting families to whom children may be assigned. Agricultural labourers and small shopkeepers in country villages are, we believe, considered to be eligible, should character and everything else bear investigation. Nor, though boarded out, are the children lost sight of by the poor-law authorities. They are subject to the visits of Inspectors, who report on their condition. In a number of cases, the children are boarded with relatives, who may be supposed to take some special interest in them, and are not disinclined to accept a lesser board than would have to be paid to strangers. Yet the parochial boards do not appear to view with favour the practice of boarding children with relatives who are perhaps aged and infirm, or are in receipt of parochial relief on their own account. The person thoroughly suitable should be in middle life, engaged in active duties, and fit to act the part of a foster-parent. For the success of his endeavours he should be aided in every reasonable way. The child put under his charge must not wear clothes bearing the pauper stamp, but be dressed like the other children in the place. An Inspector reports on the good effects produced by the removal of pauper uniform. 'The hang-dog look of pauperism gradually disappeared from the faces of the children—they saw themselves treated as other children, and soon became as others.'

In the Reports of the Inspectors generally, we have many pleasing instances of the social value of the boarding-out system. The significant fact strongly brought out is that the children do not return to pauperism. 'When they leave school, the boys learn trades or become farm-servants, and the girls go to service like other country girls, and many of them get respectably married. When the children go to service, the family relationship is still kept up, and they return to their foster-parents as other children do to their homes, bringing at term-times, when they get their wages, presents of tea and sugar, articles of clothing, and other tokens of affectionate regard.' We learn that in some cases the children adopt the name of the family with whom they are boarded, and as a rule they are not distinguishable from the younger members of the family. Did our space permit, many valuable particulars could be added. Those who take an interest in this important question in social economics may be referred to an able and handy digest, 'Pauperism and the Boarding-out of Pauper Children in Scotland, by John Skelton, Advocate' (Blackwood and Sons, 1877). The system, it is to be observed, bears no resemblance to that vicious practice of farming-out children, which has been productive of so much demoralisation and infant mortality. In the boarding-out of pauper children as described in the work of Mr Skelton, and now very general in Scotland, the care that is taken in selecting foster-parents, and the constant supervision to which they are subjected, give to the system its peculiar value. Whether such a system would be applicable to all parts of the United Kingdom is perhaps doubtful. It is at anyrate important to know that in Scotland it has been eminently successful, and is the theme of praise by authorities on the subject. The Inspector of the poor of Glasgow tells us that it has been in use in that city for upwards of a hundred years. How suggestive is this remarkable fact—how curious to find that in this as in some other valued public institutions, a thing may flourish and be spoken of approvingly for upwards of a century in one end of Great Britain, and yet be hardly known in another, or if known, be only treated with scepticism and indifference.

W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—PHILIP.

I ARRIVED at the Grayleigh Station about seven o'clock in the evening, and walked slowly and enjoyably across the fields, altogether forgetting my dress-troubles as I watched the effects of the red sunset, a more than usually beautiful one. 'I must treat myself to just one look at the dear old beeches, in this light,' I murmured; forgetting fatigue and every other discomfort as I turned from the stile and went down the lane towards the woods. I was standing in mute contemplation of the sunset effects upon the different trees. The air was calm and still; not a leaf moved, as the sunlight stole amongst the majestic trees, crowning one, and robing another from head to foot with its red glory. I was accepting the rebuke with bowed head and clasped hands, when suddenly a sweet, low, girlish laugh—Lilian's laugh—rang out in the stillness, near me.

'There! I told you how it would be. I am not artist enough for that!'

'Try again,' returned a man's voice, clear and strong and in its way as musical as her own.

Whose voice—whose? For a moment I felt as though I were transfixed to the spot where I stood; then with trembling hands, softly parted the thickly covered branches which intervened between me and the speakers. Philip! My heart had already told me that it was he; and one swift glance shewed me that it was the Philip of my dreams—so improved as to bear only an ideal resemblance to the boy-lover I had parted with. He had developed grandly during the nine years we had been separated. Taller and larger in figure, his handsome bronzed face adorned with an auburn beard, whilst his gray eyes retained their old frank kindliness of expression, he looked the personification of manly strength, physical and mental.

Impulsively I advanced a step or two, then shyly and nervously shrank back again, clinging to the low outspreading branches of the tree. Presently, when my foolish heart did not beat quite so wildly—presently.

'Yes; that is better. Now a few bold strokes athwart the horizon. Have you not a coarser brush?'

'Yes. I will run in and fetch one.'

'Cannot I, Miss Maitland? Allow me.'

'O no; auntie could not tell you where to find it.' And away she ran, in the opposite direction to where I stood.

Without a moment's pause, in my anxiety for our meeting to take place whilst he and I were alone, I stepped hastily forward. He was examining Lilian's drawing, when he caught the sound of my footstep and looked up. His eyes met mine—ah Philip! ah me!—with the grave calm gaze of a stranger!

I stood utterly powerless to move or speak; and perhaps I looked more than ever unlike my past self in that moment of bitter anguish. But suddenly the truth flashed upon him.

'Great heavens—*Mary!*' he ejaculated, catching me in his arms as I swayed towards him.

I was still speechless; and looking down into my face, he added gently, it seemed to me sorrowfully: 'My poor Mary!'

'Am I so changed as that, Philip?' I murmured in a low broken voice.

'I—I fear you have gone through more than you would allow me to know about,' he replied, reddening. Adding a little confusedly: 'How was it that I did not find you at home, Mary?'

'I did not expect you quite so soon as this,' I stammered out quite as confusedly. 'You said a month or six weeks, and it is only three weeks since I received your letter.'

'I—found myself free sooner than I expected; and of course set my face homewards at once. I arrived at Liverpool last evening, and travelled all night, in order to be here in good time in the morning.'

'Did you get here this morning?'

'Yes; you had only left half an hour or so when I arrived. I should have met you, they told me, had I not taken the wrong turning from the stile.'

'Had—you a pleasant voyage?' I asked, terribly conscious that this was not the kind of talk which might be expected between him and me at such a moment.

I think he was conscious of this also. He stood a moment without replying, then every line in his face seemed to grow set and firm, and he said gravely: 'How is it that your friends here do not know that I have come to claim my wife, Mary?'

'I put off telling them from time to time,' I replied in a low voice; 'but I fully intended telling them this evening.'

'Let us go in at once,' he said hurriedly.

He drew my hand under his arm, keeping it firmly clasped in his own, and we went silently towards the cottage. Lilian was turning over the contents of a box in search of the brush she wanted, and Mrs Tipper was nodding over her knitting, fatigued with her day's exertion. Neither saw us approach, and both looked up with astonished eyes when we entered the room; and without a moment's pause, Philip introduced me to them as his promised wife.

'We have been engaged for the last ten years,' he said hurriedly, 'and I have just been taking Mary to task for not having told you so.'

'Dear Mary, dear sister, when you ought to have known how much good it would have done us to know!' said Lilian with tender reproach.

'Better late than never, my dear,' cheerfully put in dear old Mrs Tipper, eyeing me rather anxiously, I fancied.

The ground seemed to be slipping from beneath my feet and everything whirling round. I suppose I was looking very white and ill, for Philip gently placed me on the couch, and Lilian knelt by my side, murmuring tender words of love, as she chafed my hands, whilst Mrs Tipper was bending anxiously over me with smelling-salts, &c. But I shook my head, and tried to smile into their anxious faces, as I said: 'I am not given to fainting, you know—only a little tired.'

'The truth is, you have sacrificed yourself for us all this time, and it is now beginning to tell upon you!' said Lilian. Turning towards Philip, she added: 'We have all needed her so much, and she has been so true a friend to us in our time of trouble, that she has forgotten herself, Mr Dallas.'

He murmured something to the effect that he could quite understand my doing that.

'But of course it will all be very different now,' said Lilian. 'It will be our turn; and we must try what we can do to pay back some of the debt we owe to her.—Now, don't look fierce, Mary; it's not the least use, for petted you will have to be.'

'Then I am afraid fierce I shall remain,' I replied, trying to speak lightly.

'That is more like yourself, dear. You are feeling better now, are you not?' asked Lilian.

'O yes, quite well; only a little tired from walking farther than I need have done,' was my reply.

'To think of my talking "Mary" to you all day without knowing you were more than friends!' said Lilian, looking up smilingly into Philip's face. 'I know now why you bore the waiting so patiently, and why we got on so well together.—I felt at home with Mr Dallas at once, Mary. I think we both felt that we two ought to be friends.—Did we not?'

He bowed assent.

'And you must please try to like me more than an ordinary friend, Mr Dallas, or I shall be jealous. Mary is my sister, you know, or at least you will know by-and-by; and we cannot be separated for very long; so you must be considerate.'

'Philip knows more about you than you do about him, Lilian,' I put in.

'I am glad he knows about me, of course, Mary; but it will take a little time to quite forgive your reticence about him.—Will it not, auntie?'

'Auntie' thought that forgiveness might just as well come soon as late, in her simple placid way. Then, to my great relief, a diversion was caused by tea being brought in. If Philip had not won the heart of his dear little hostess before, he would have won it now by his hearty appreciation of the good things set before him. I quite understood why, for the first time since Becky had been at the cottage, her mistress had some cause to complain of her awkwardness. Becky's whole attention was concentrated upon Philip; and she placed things on the table in a somewhat hap-hazard fashion, gazing at him the while with curious speculative eyes.

Afterwards they commenced asking Philip questions about his voyage and so forth; and the conversation became less personal. He gave us an amusing account of his passage, humorously describing the peculiarities of life on board ship. Then as night drew on, Mrs Tipper very earnestly pressed the hospitalities of the cottage upon him. Of course he would be her guest—a room was already prepared, and she knew that she need not apologise to him for its homeliness. She had, I found, arranged to give up her own room for his use, and share Lilian's. But he explained that he was going back to an hotel in town, having arranged to stay there for the present.

'I am afraid I shall very frequently trespass upon your kindness nevertheless, Mrs Tipper. You will only get rid of me by giving up Mary, now.'

At which Lilian laughingly replied, *that* would be paying too dearly for getting rid of him. 'The better way would be to put up with you, for Mary's sake, and so secure you both.'

In truth, Lilian was a great deal more cheerful, I might say merry, than I had seen her for many a long day, in her unselfish rejoicing over my happiness. And the sweet, girlish, modest freedom—the freedom which is so diametrically opposite to fastness—of her manner with Philip, was so pleasant to witness! It was the kind of playfulness which is so charming in a sister towards an elder brother, and which so well became her.

When at length Philip was obliged to take his departure, in order to catch the last up-train from Graybrook, he bade me, in the matter-of-course way which seems so delightful in those we love: 'Come out and set me on my way, Mary; just as far as the stile, if you feel rested enough.'

Yes; of course I felt rested enough. I went out with him into the starlit lanes, walking silently on by his side, happy in the belief that *his* thoughts also were too deep for words. How could words express *my* proud-humility—the deep tender joy—the love half-afraid of its own strength which I felt! Would he *ever* know the heights and depths of my love? Would a lifetime be long enough to express it? With it all, I was conscious of a shyness and awkwardness of manner, born of the indescribable feeling which accompanies, and gives a tinge of pathos to, great happiness in some minds. What was I, to be so blessed? What other women find their ideal fall short of the reality, as I was doing? Noble and true as I knew him to be, I had not hitherto, I think, sufficiently appreciated the geniality of Philip's temperament and his keen sense of humour. I do not know whether it was more noticeable in contrast with Robert Wentworth, who certainly impressed one with the idea that he was older than he was; whilst Philip seemed younger than his age. His fine physique too. How very handsome he was, in the best way, and how grandly careless about it! The most cynical observer could not have detected the slightest trace of conceit or self-consciousness in his tone or bearing. In fine, his was the rare combination of physical and mental power. Whilst he possessed the *gaieté de cœur* almost of a boy, an appeal to his intellect would call forth the cool vigorous reasoning of a well-informed thinker.

He had won his way to wealth by dint of intelligence, persistence, and temperate living, in a climate which gives some excuse for, if it does not foster, all kinds of excess, and returned strong in mind and body to reap the fruits of his labour. Moreover, he had not been tempted to continue accumulating wealth for its own sake, nor acquired the huxtering spirit which self-made men so frequently do acquire.

'I think I must not go any farther, Philip,' I said, as we reached the stile. 'You have only to cross the two fields, and turn to the right when you get into the road—that leads direct to the station.'

For a moment he made no reply, and something, I hardly knew what, brought vividly back to my mind the remembrance of another who had stood there on such a night as this, silent beneath the stars—a remembrance which struck upon my happiness as might a sudden sword-thrust upon an enraptured dreamer.

He gathered my hands into his own, and looking down into my face, said in a low earnest voice: 'There can be no necessity for delay between you and me, Mary. When will you let me take you away from here?'

'Take me away from here?' I repeated, rather startled by the suddenness of the proposal.

'I mean, when will you marry me, Mary?'

'We will talk about that by-and-by,' I replied, overwhelmed with happiness again, yet afraid lest I might shew it more plainly than it is womanly to do if I said more.

'Why should there be any delay between you and me? I—beg of you not to make any unnecessary delay, Mary. You ought to have been my wife long ago. I know you would prefer a quiet wedding, and—afterwards—wouldn't you like to travel a few months before settling down? You used to have a fancy for seeing some of the old continental towns.'

I could only whisper that it would be very delightful—with him—lowering my head until my cheek rested upon his hand. Then to keep my reeling senses firm, I looked up into his face and made a little attempt at a jest about his not knowing me when first we met.

'Only for a second,' he replied. And even in that light I could see that his colour was heightened. He looked pained too; and I certainly had not meant to pain him. Amongst my failings was not that of the desire to be always trying little wiles to test those I love, as we women are sometimes accused of doing. I had used the words solely in jest and to steady myself.

'Only for a second,' he repeated; adding gently, 'and we will soon have you blooming again, Mary.'

Blooming again! I caught in my breath with a little half-sob. Then making a strong effort, telling myself that I must and would behave better than a love-sick hysterical girl, I lightly replied: 'What if my blooming days are over, Philip?'

He bent lower down, to get a better look into my face, as he said: 'Nonsense! What makes you talk in that strain? It is not fair to me.' Then he added more gravely: 'You have always told me that your friends here are real ones, Mary; and they seem to be very much attached to you. It was very pleasant to hear them talk of you in your absence.'

'They are everything and more than I have described them to be, Philip. Mrs Tipper has been like a dear old mother to me; and Lilian—the best and truest thing I can say about Lilian is, that she is what she looks. No one could be mistaken about Lilian. Hers is the kind of loveliness which takes its expression from the mind.'

'Yes; it is just that. The fellow who could not appreciate her deserves to lose her.' I had given him an account of Lilian's troubles in my letters; indeed he was well acquainted with all that was connected with my life at Fairview. 'I only regret that I was not in England at the time. I suppose it is too late now for'——

'It is too late for any kind of intervention now; but if vengeance is in your thoughts, you may rest content. It will be, I think, quite punishment enough to be the husband of the girl he has married, with the remembrance of Lilian. He certainly loved Lilian.'

'Ah, that is something! When were they married?'

'About three weeks ago,' I told him. And then we got talking over the Farrar history, until the chiming of a distant clock reminded us that he had but twenty minutes in which to reach the railway station, in order to catch the last up-train.

'I shall do it!' he ejaculated; and with a parting word and hurried kiss he vaulted over the stile, and ran across the field, turning once on the way to wave his hand to me.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

LAYING.

Before the days of steam-ships it would have been almost if not quite impracticable to lay ocean cables; for in order to do so with accuracy and success, it is necessary to be independent of wind and weather as far as possible. The course and speed of the ship must be under the control of the navigator, not at the mercy of the winds and currents, so that he may economise cable, and prevent undue strain upon it as the depth varies. Then too it is necessary that the ship should answer swiftly and surely to his will; that she should vary her speed, stop, or turn round, as promptly as he desires. The telegraph-ship is the helot of her cargo, and should be completely subservient to the work of laying the cable. A well-found steam-ship answers all requirements. Up till a few years ago no specially built telegraph-ship existed. The majority of cables have been laid from ordinary iron screw-steamers, fitted with tanks to contain the cable and paying-out gear. Recently, however, the steam-ships *Hooper* and *Faraday* (the first belonging to Messrs Hooper, the other to Messrs Siemens) were specially constructed as telegraph-ships for their respective owners. These vessels are very much on a par in size and carrying capacity. The *Faraday* is a ship of five thousand tons burden, and capable of carrying fifteen hundred miles of main or deep-sea cable. She is fitted with screws both fore and aft, so that her motion can be reversed without turning her in the water. She can thus, without changing her position, begin hauling in a cable which she had previously been paying out. Both of these ships are fitted with three large iron water-tight tanks for containing the cable—one fore, one amidships, and one aft. The depth of these tanks varies from thirty to forty-five feet, and they are upwards of fifty feet in diameter. The *Hooper* has laid the Brazilian coast cables, and the *Faraday* the Direct United States Atlantic cable. Besides the tanks for holding the cable, the only other peculiarities of a cable-ship, as distinct from other steamers, are the heavy deck machinery for paying out the cable and for picking it up if necessary; the electrical testing-room; and the stock of large iron buoys she carries lashed to her gunwales for use in laying.

The cable-ship having been moored alongside the works where the cable is stored, shipment begins. The cable presents three aspects of increasing thickness, namely the shore-end, intermediate, and main; and thus graduated it is payed out of the tanks in the works into the tanks of the ship. When all is aboard, the tanks are filled with salt-water till the cable is soaked, and the ship puts to sea.

During her voyage to the place from which she is to start laying, electrical tests are taken daily of the cables on board, to see that they continue sound, and the machinery for laying is got ready. The souls on board may be divided into three classes. The *engineers*, or those in charge of the mechanical work of the laying, and their helps 'the cable-hands,' who do the rough work in the tanks and on deck, or in putting out buoys from the ship. The *electricians*, or those in charge of the electrical work of the laying, whose duty it is to see that the cable is all right electrically. The *navigators*, or those in charge of the sailing of the ship, including captain, officers, and seamen. The engineer-in-chief is generally the head of the entire expedition; he requires reports from the chief electrician, and instructs the captain where to put the ship.

Before laying a submarine cable between the proposed places it is extremely important to take soundings and otherwise survey the ocean, so as to determine the exact route the cable should take. A cable is too costly to be flung away anywhere on the sea-bottom, and the sea-bottom is sometimes of a very unfavourable character. It may be said that too little attention has hitherto been paid to this point in cable-*laying*. Expensive cables have been manufactured at home, with their relative lengths of shore-end, intermediate, and main determined by formula or usage, and then hid away in seas whose character had been largely taken for granted; the consequence being that weighty and very costly shore-end has been deposited in mud soft as butter where it would be out of harm's way; while unprotected main has been laid along the jagged surface of coral reefs. The depth and nature of the bottom, the strength and direction of currents, the temperature at the bottom, should all be ascertained beforehand by a special ship appointed to survey the proposed track of the cable. The best route for the cable is then laid down on the charts, as a guide to the navigator and engineers engaged in the laying.

Great improvements have recently been made in the method of taking deep-sea soundings. The ordinary plan is to carry the lead-line (a strong line or small rope of fine tanned Manilla yarn) from the stern along the ship's side to the bows, and there drop the lead into the sea. As it sinks the rope runs out off the drum on which it is coiled, and when the lead strikes bottom the running ceases. The introduction of fine steel pianoforte-wire for the rope, by Sir William Thomson, is a great improvement upon this clumsy method. The wire sinks quickly through the water, and is pulled in again with a very great saving of time and labour. But the most ingenious of all contrivances for finding the depth of the sea is Siemen's Bathometer, a very recent invention. The bathometer simply stands in the captain's cabin like a barometer, and indicates the depth of the sea over which the ship is passing, just as a barometer indicates the height of the atmosphere above. The action of this ingenious contrivance depends on the attraction of the earth on a column of mercury. This attraction is proportional to the earth's density, and the relative distance of its crust from the mercury column. Earth being denser than water, exercises a greater downward attraction on the mercury. If then there are say a hundred fathoms of water just under the mercury instead of a hundred fathoms of earth or rock, there will be less downward attraction on it. Taking advantage of this law, the mercury column is adjusted so as to indicate the power of the attraction and give the depth of water it corresponds to.

Arrived at the place from which the cable is to be laid, the first thing done is the laying of the shore-end from the ship at her anchorage to the cable-hut on the beach. The cable-hut is generally a small erection of galvanised iron or stone and lime to contain the end of the cable and a few instruments. Cables are never if possible landed in harbours, or where there is danger from anchors. A suitable retired cove is generally selected, not far distant from the town where the telegraph office is, and a short land-line connects the end of the cable to the office. In the cable-hut the land-line and cable meet and are connected together.

The distance from the ship to the cable-hut is accurately measured by the ship's boats or steam-launch, so as to fix the amount of shore-end necessary to reach the shore. This is then coiled in a flat barge or raft, and payed out by hand as the launch tugs the raft ashore. When the water becomes too shallow for the raft to float, the men jump into the water and drag the heavy end ashore. A trench has been cut in the beach up to the cable-hut, and into this the end is laid. In a few moments a test from the cable-hut to the ship announces that the shore-end is successfully fixed.

Everything is now ready for the ship to begin paying out. The anchor has been got up; the paying-out gear is all in working order; the men are all at their appointed places. The cable is being held fast at the ship's stern, and the running out by its own weight is prevented. But directly all are aboard again, the word is given, the screw revolves, the cable is let go at the stern, and the real work of paying out begins.

The cable passes from the tank to the stern of the ship, and from thence to the bottom of the sea. The weight of that part which hangs in the water between the ship and the bottom pulls it out of the ship as the latter moves along. If the ship were stationary, still the cable would run out, but then it would simply coil or kink itself up on the bottom. The object is, however, to lay it evenly along the bottom, neither too tight nor too slack, so as at once to economise cable, and to allow of its being easily hooked and hauled up again from the bottom without breaking from over-tightness. The speed of the ship has therefore to be adjusted to the rate at which the cable runs out. It should be a little under the rate of the paying out, so that there is a slight excess of cable for the distance travelled over. Now the rate at which the cable runs out from the ship is greater, the greater the depth; therefore the speed of the ship must be varied as the depth changes. The rate at which the cable runs out, however, is not entirely dependent on the depth. It can be controlled on board by mechanism. The cable can be held back against the force pulling it overboard. But there is a limit to the extent to which it may be held back, and the tension on it must not be so great as to overstrain it. It is necessary, therefore, to know what tension there is on the cable at any time. To achieve this, two apparatus are used: the friction brake (for holding the cable back) and the dynamometer (for indicating its tension).

The cable is made to run cleanly out of the tank by being allowed to escape through a funnel-shaped iron framework called a 'crinoline.' This prevents it from lashing about or flying off as the ship rolls. It then passes over pulleys to the paying-out drum, round which it is passed several times. The paying-out drum is controlled by an Appold's friction brake, which is simply a belt or strap of iron with blocks of wood studded to it clasping the periphery of the drum and restraining its revolution by the friction of the wooden blocks. The tighter the belt is made to clasp the drum, the greater the friction on the drum, and the greater the force required to make it revolve. After passing several times round the drum, so as to get a good hold of it, the cable passes through the dynamometer to the sheave or grooved pulley projecting from the stern, and from thence it passes to the water. The dynamometer is simply a 'jockey pulley' riding on the cable; that is to say the cable is made to support a pulley of a certain weight; and according as the tension on the cable, due to the weight of cable in the water, is greater or less, so will the weight of this jockey pulley supported by the cable cause the cable to bend less or more. Although this jockey pulley is the essential part of the dynamometer, there are three pulleys altogether, two fixed pulleys at the same level, with the riding pulley between. The cable passes *over* both the fixed pulleys and *under* the riding pulley. The weight of the latter bends the cable into a V shape; and as explained above, the depth of this V is greater as the tension on the cable is less. In short the tension of the cable can be told from the depth of the V, which is therefore graduated into a scale of tensions.

By regulating the friction on the brake the cable can be held back, under restrictions of tension indicated by the dynamometer, and the speed of the ship adjusted to give the proper percentage of slack. Sixteen per cent. for a depth of two thousand fathoms is a usual allowance. The slack should vary with the depth, because of the possibility of having to hook the cable and raise it up from the bottom to the surface to repair it. The revolutions of the drum, the tension on the cable, the number of turns of the ship's screw, are constantly observed night and day as the laying goes on.

In the electrical testing-room the same watchful activity prevails. A continuous test is kept applied to the cable, to see that its insulating power keeps steady; in other words, to detect any 'fault' that may occur in the cable which is being laid. This is done by charging the cable throughout, from the end on board the ship to the end left behind in the cable-hut, with a current of electricity, and observing on a galvanometer (an instrument described in a recent paper) the amount of electricity which leaks through the gutta-percha from the copper wire inside to the sea-water outside. To shew that the copper wire too keeps continuous from ship to shore, a pulse of electricity is sent along the cable at stated intervals, usually every five minutes. This is either sent from the ship to the cable-hut, or from the cable-hut to the ship by the electricians left on duty there. The *resistance* too of the copper conductor is regularly taken at times, to see whether the conductor remains intact; for the pulse test only shews that it is continuous, and would not shew, for instance, that it had been half broken through.

The navigators of the ship are meanwhile as busy as the rest on board. It is important to keep the ship as nearly as possible up to the prescribed course marked on the chart, and in any case to determine accurately her place whatever it may be, so that the precise position of the cable on the bottom may be known, in order to facilitate future repairs, if necessary. Observations of the sun and other heavenly bodies are therefore made as often as feasible, and the navigation of the ship very carefully attended to.

If a fault should be reported from the testing-room, the engines are at once reversed and the ship stopped. The length of cable being payed out is cut in two within the ship, and that section still on board is tested first. If the fault is found to be there, a new length of cable is jointed on to the section in the sea, and the laying is again proceeded with. If, however, the fault is in the section already laid, special tests must be applied to locate the fault. If it should be proved to be but a few miles from the ship, she is 'put about;' the end of the section is taken to the bows, where the picking-up gear is situated, and the cable is hauled in slowly from the sea by the help of a steam-winch, the ship going slowly back the way she has come as the cable comes on board. This goes on until the fault is reached and cut out. If the fault should be proved to be twenty or more miles away, the end of the cable is buoyed, and the ship proceeds backward to the locality of the fault. Here she grapples for the cable, hooks it, and draws it up to the surface, where it is cut and the two parts tested separately. The flaw is then cut out of the faulty part and the cable made good. She then returns to her buoy, picks up the end there, joints on the cable on board to be paid out, and continues her voyage.

Arrived at her destination, the shore-end there is landed to its cable-hut. A test taken from there and signals exchanged between the two cable-huts proclaim the completion of her work. It only remains to test the cable daily for a specified period, generally thirty days; and if during this trial time it remains good and sound, it passes into the hands of the Company for whose use it has been laid, and is then employed for regular traffic and public benefit. In a concluding article we will describe the *working* of submarine cables.

THE ROMANCE OF A LODGING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'WELL, Fred, what will you say to all my sermons on extravagance, when I tell you that I have actually taken the landlady's first-floor rooms for a month; and that without any view to your advantage, which has hitherto actuated my movements? You will say it is only a preliminary step to my employing the artist—who by the way is not an artist after all—to take my portrait!'

Thus did Mrs Arlington announce her plans next morning at breakfast to Fred, who offered no remonstrance. It was enough for him that she chose to do it; he was too well satisfied and accustomed to her guidance and good sense not to fall in readily with everything she did, as the best possible that could be done; and so he assented without a remark.

'You don't scold me, Fred! I expected your reproaches; but they will come later; you are too engrossed at the present moment with the prospect of the examination before you to-day; but I have no fear for you; so have none for yourself.'

'What will you do while I am away?'

'Stay where I am; study the pictures; read the backs of all the books through the glass doors of the bookcase; and think what a churl the owner is to have locked them up. And this amusement over, I shall go in search of a piano; we cannot live for a whole month without one; can we? So I shall order it to be sent on Wednesday morning to our new quarters.'

'Suppose the "gentleman" unlocks his, and sets up an opposition tune; the jumble of melodies will be the reverse of harmonious.'

'Possibly; but then, you phlegmatic youngster, you wouldn't keep me without such a resource, for fear of an occasional discord! Let us hope the gentleman in question will give place to the ladies, and be amiable enough to listen without creating a discord; or he may decamp altogether, if he does not approve of our performances.'

'But tell me what has put it into your head to stay a whole month in London? I thought you said we had only funds for a week.'

'Well, my dear boy, it is just this: I have been thinking that we may as well wait and hear the issue of the examination; as in the event of your being among the successful candidates, of which I have very little doubt, you would be ready to go to Sandhurst without having to incur the double expense of the journey home and back again. Besides, I should like to see the last of you before I sink into my future oblivion, with no further call in the world upon my time and attention beyond writing to you.'

'What nonsense you can talk, mother, when you once begin! I suppose you expect me to believe you are one of the sort that is allowed to go into oblivion. I bet you ten to one some fellow will be wanting to marry you when I am at college!'

'Hush, Fred!' she said, with a solemnity of manner she well knew how to assume, that effectually quenched any conversation the subject of which she did not approve. 'It is time you started.'

'Forgive me; and good-bye,' he said, with a smile, as he prepared to go.

Wishing him 'God-speed,' she saw him depart, and then rung for the landlady.

'There is no difficulty, I hope, about the rooms?' she asked.

'None whatever, ma'am. I've told the lady; and they leave to-night.'

'Thank you. I wished to know positively before I ordered a piano. I suppose there is no objection to my having one, since there is another in the house?'

'None whatever, ma'am. Leastways Mr Meredith is mostly playing and singing when he isn't reading or painting, or at his meals; so that I am well accustomed to the sound by this time. I like it when he plays lively music. But dear me, ma'am! there are times when his spirits are low, or so I take it to be, and then he plays such dreary doleful tunes, it is for all the world as bad as the Old Hundred on them barrel-organs.'

'He is not married, then?'

'O my! no; not he; nor never likely to be,' she exclaimed, repudiating the idea of losing her lucrative lodger under such unfortunate circumstances. 'His man James says as how he once painted that there lovely faced young creature to remind him that women were one and all as false as—— I wouldn't like to offend your ears, ma'am, by naming the unholy gentleman as he likens them to; which I took to be no great compliment to myself, seeing I am a woman as was never false to none, which is saying a good deal, seeing how selfish and tiresome men are, as a rule, that it needs us women to be born saints and angels to put up with them.'

'I am afraid I can't quite agree with you there,' said Mrs Arlington, smiling. 'I rather think we give as much trouble as we get, and a little more sometimes.'

Wednesday morning saw her installed in the rooms above, which she busied herself in arranging tastefully, with a view to making their lengthened sojourn comfortable. Towards evening the piano came, and she was just about to try it, when an unusual bustle below-stairs announced the arrival of the gentleman, Mr Meredith. He was evidently a person of consideration in the eyes of the household; such hurrying to and fro and up and down to have everything as he would like, had not before been experienced.

'Glad to see you home, sir,' said Mrs Griffiths, courtesying, and beaming with pleasure.

'Thank you. Have the rooms been occupied?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I should say you ought rather to be sorry I have come, then.'

'Not at all, sir. I've been able to accommodate the lady up-stairs; and right glad I was that she came when she did, for she has got no troublesome hussy of a maid to come bothering about my kitchen.'

'The same old story, Mrs Griffiths!' he remarked, as he smiled pleasantly at her inability to hide her ruling mania; 'and now please let me have dinner as soon as you can, as I have an engagement this evening.'

He walked round the room, placing his desk and other articles he had brought with him in order; examined his pictures, to see that they had not undergone ruthless treatment at the hands of deputy-lodgers during his absence. After looking at them all he paused opposite the portrait of the young girl, and exclaimed mentally: 'Yes, there you are still, heartless mocker! just as you looked when you defied me and flung back my love in scorn. And yet—and yet—perhaps had I but been a little gentler, I might have softened you!' he cried in remorseful thought as he turned away; and the look of genuine regret he wore shewed how deep had been the wound that had the power still to call up a thrill of pain. 'Yes, I tried to break her proud spirit and make it subservient to mine, and I broke my heart instead! She was but young; I ought to have known better; but I was hard and determined, and could brook no opposition to my will. I had studied life, and established my views on most points, until I grew intolerant—a disease natural to culture as well as creed—and could ill bear to have my opinion questioned, especially by those who aspired to my friendship or affection: it interfered with my visions of harmony. Harmony! It was but a monotonous dreary unison I was cultivating, to foster my intense self-love. Bitter delusion! And from her, above all others, I demanded a slavish bending of her will to mine. I was jealous of her possessing an individuality or free right of being or thought apart from me. I was not content with her affection; I wanted her blind worship. No wonder her proud spirit revolted at such a prospect of bondage, and flung me and my love far from me. She was wise and right, and I was too headstrong to humble myself to sue for her forgiveness, or seek to win her by a nobler course. My heart was a flint, which it needed *her* loss to soften, for I have never seen another like my darling! Yes, my poor girl, I was unjust and cruel, and Providence was kind to you in rousing you to resist!'

In such a strain did his thoughts run, as he sat waiting for dinner, of which he partook in no very elated mood. When the spirit wanders in the sad lone land of irreparable regret, and surveys with the light of experience how different all *might* have been, had our hearts and wills been differently tuned to action, it is then our footsteps linger, painfully borne down by a weight, well nigh fatal to that courage which bids us bury our dead out of sight, and wander no more amid the graves of the past, but live afresh in the light of a new and better day, with high hope and stern resolve.

Something of this he had done, but not all, for the torment of self-reproach was at times powerful to waste his endeavours in fruitless action or torpid reverie. He was about to sink into the latter at the close of dinner, as, left alone with his coffee and cigar, he sat meditating on the past which he had invoked, when he was startled by the sound of music and the strains of a melody which seemed to float to him across the distant years, and reawaken his heart's sweetest and bitterest memories. Ah! how well he remembered it. It was one he had written and composed for *her* of whom he had been thinking; and when she sang it to him, he could scarce restrain his tears; but there came a little 'rift within the lute' one day, that soon 'made all the music mute.' Some slight alteration that she had asked for, jarred upon his sense of its perfection—and his own—and he refused half haughtily, which she resented; words succeeded words, until that was said which could never be forgiven or undone; and then she asked to have her freedom back, and he gave it: yes, he gave it! and had never seen or heard of her after, until now—he hears the echo of the melody; but the voice—'Can that voice be hers?' he cries passionately. Starting up in his chair he listens, with every nerve vibrating to the sound, until it is finished. 'My own song!' he exclaims aloud; and then he rings the bell nervously and summons the landlady. 'Who is your new lodger?' he inquires with assumed calmness.

'Mrs Arlington, sir.'

'Arlington? Arlington?' he mutters. 'Never heard of her. What is she like?'

'A tall sweet-looking lady, sir: I was that taken with I hadn't it in my heart to turn her from the door the night she come here; so I gave her your rooms for a couple of days, for her son and herself.'

'Son! did you say? How old?'

'About sixteen, I should reckon: he has come up for his examinations.'

'No; it is not she,' he thought sadly; 'she could never have had a son so old. But it may be some friend of hers. How else came she by that song, I must find out.—Thank you, Mrs Griffiths,' he said aloud; 'you did quite right to let the rooms; and since she is such a favourite with you, you are welcome to the newspapers for her. Perhaps you had better take them to her every day with my compliments.'

'Thank you, sir; I am sure you are most kind; and I'll tell her what you say.'

'I never will believe, ma'am, half as these good gentlemen say who profess so loud against womenkind. Here Mr Meredith down-stairs, as James says swears against a petticoat even if he sees it hanging in a shop-window, which is most unfeeling-like, to say the least of it—here's he been a begging I'll bring you the newspapers every day, with his compliments!'

'Indeed! That is very thoughtful of him,' said Mrs Arlington, smiling at her landlady's enthusiastic sense of victory. 'Pray give him my compliments, and say how very much obliged I feel. What did you tell me his name was?'

'Meredith, ma'am.'

'Of what family, do you know?'

'That's more than I can say, ma'am. Families, to my mind, is like flowers—a great lot all alike, but divided into so many branches, it were always a puzzle I stopped at. I call a pink a pink, and a carnation a carnation; though the gardener where I lived in service could tell you they were different branches of one family, with a long Latin name, as I never could see not the least bit of good to remember. So I just follow the same plan with families, call them by the names as they hold at birth and baptism; and I only know my gentleman by the label on his box: "Mr Firman Meredith." But if you were pleased to wish to know, I'll ask his man James.'

'Not on any account,' said Mrs Arlington; 'I am not in the least curious; I merely asked for asking's sake. Give my compliments and thanks, nothing more.'

The newspapers paid their regular daily visit for a week, during which time Mrs Arlington never once touched the piano when she knew that Mr Meredith was at home; although he had purposely remained indoors, hoping he might again hear the song which so roused his memory on the evening of his arrival; but after seven nights of waiting and disappointment, and ineffectual efforts to catch a glimpse of the lady, who did not go out once during that time, he grew so restless and impatient, that in desperation he summoned the landlady once more to his assistance.

'Well, Mrs Griffiths, is your lodger gone or dead? She is a very silent person.'

'O dear, no, sir,' said the landlady, smiling. 'She took the rooms for a month, certain; but she's been suffering from a cold; and the young gentleman has been away most days at his examinations; but he's that quiet you'd never know he was in the house but for his boots.'

'Had she any visitors the first evening I arrived?'

'None, sir. She hasn't told any of her friends, I imagine, that she is here; as it is not to be supposed as how such a well-to-do lady as she seems is without a whole score of friends, as would keep me busy at the door if they only knew where she was.'

'Do you think she objects to visitors then?'

'How can I say, sir? Were you pleased to wish to call?' she inquired somewhat slily. 'I'll speak to the lady, and find out if it would be agreeable, if you like, sir?'

'Please yourself about that,' he returned with feigned indifference. 'If I can be of any service to her or her son, beyond the newspapers, I shall be happy to call.'

'You are very good, sir, I am sure, and I'll tell her. She was most grateful for the newspapers.'

With a glow of triumph on her face, Mrs Griffiths next morning appeared before Mrs Arlington. It was now her settled conviction that her theories concerning the unreality of the enmity of certain men for women was as 'true as gospel,' to use her own phrase; and as there is nothing dearer to human nature, from the deepest philosopher even to a speculating landlady, than to feel that they have hit upon an infallible vein of truth, her rejoicing was very natural.

She had been planning all the way up the stairs how she might best introduce such a delicate topic with due acceptance, for Mrs Arlington was a lady, she felt, who was not to be taken liberties with; but impulse overruled discretion, and she burst out plumply with the question: 'Would you please to like the gentleman to call? I think, ma'am, for all he feigns to hate *us*, he's about dying to come up.'

Mrs Arlington fairly laughed aloud at the partnership in the compliment assumed by her good-natured landlady. 'What do you say, Fred?' she inquired, appealing to her son, as though declining the matter for herself.

'By all means have him up. We *should* be Goths to accept his papers, and say "No, thank you," to himself.'

'You can tell him then, Mrs Griffiths, that we shall be happy to see him this afternoon.'

'*You* will, you mean,' said Fred. 'You know I promised Cathcart to go out with him, at yesterday's exam., and spend the afternoon upon the Serpentine, after our week's fag.'

'Very well; then I will receive him. *Tant mieux.* I can judge if he is likely to prove a desirable friend for you, Fred.'

With the afternoon came Mr Meredith's servant with his master's card, requesting to know if Mrs Arlington could receive him.

Having granted the permission, her face betrayed unwonted agitation, which it required all her nerve to control before the door opened and he entered. He had advanced half-way up the room to where she stood waiting to receive him, when their eyes met, and flashed one mutual heart-stirring glance of recognition, which she was the bravest to bear, as he started exclaiming: 'Gertrude Bancroft!'

'Firman Meredith!' she cried, but with calmness, for she at least was in a measure the more prepared of the two. They shook hands; nay more; they met as we meet the loved and mourned, after years of parting; and then she whispered, as she held his hand: 'I am Gertrude, but not the proud, soulless, imperious girl whose portrait you have so faithfully preserved. I am now Gertrude Arlington, whose life, I hope, has not been altogether spent in vain. And yet mine was not the whole wrong; was it Firman?'

'No; my poor girl; God knows it was not. To myself alone I take all blame.'

'Nay; I cannot allow that.'

'But it is the truth all the same,' he sighed. 'Had you yielded to my will, I might have slain you with my cruel stony heart; when you resisted, as you must have done, matters might have ended I know not how. Indeed, I might have destroyed you, as surely as he who takes weapon of steel or drops of poison to rid himself of her of whom he has wearied! A merciful God saved you from such a fate, and me from the worse one of causing it.'

'You judge yourself too harshly, Firman; I have no such thought about you.'

'Not so, Gertrude, believe me. There are many gone to their rest who, if they could return, would tell you "he speaks truly:" poor souls, who have gone to their graves thanking God for their release from a life which left them nothing to hope for but death!'

'Then, Firman, there is nothing to regret between us; for across the gulf of precious years, wherein we have each learned so much, we can clasp hands faithfully as truest friends. May I tell you, it was for this I remained; for I recognised the sting I had left in your heart when I saw the pencil sketch of the portrait you had made; and I thought that if we could meet once more, and leave happier impressions than those remaining, it would be wise and right to thus overcome past evil with future good. And now once more you are my friend; are you not?'

'And nothing more! Ah, Gertrude, have you no dearer name to promise me, after all these years of sorrow and loneliness without you?' he pleaded.

'Yes; my whole life shall be yours, if you think I can make you happy,' she murmured; 'but not unless—have no misgivings, Firman.'

'Happy! That is a poor word to express the intensity of my gratitude for this meeting, and your promise that we shall never part again. Oh! I too have a past to repair, of which I hope your future life may be the witness! You *are* my Gertrude; and yet, now I look well at you, you are not mine, for your face has altered, and wears a softened look, different from the old Gertrude.

'Let us forget her altogether, and paint me afresh as I am—a woman, who for years has prayed for nought else but what is born of a humble, tender, loving heart. If you find I possess it, then, Firman, our long parting has not been in vain. But now we have much to tell each other of our past lives.'

'I shall feel more interested in planning our future,' he remarked, smiling.

'Ah, well, whatever we may arrange about that, I shall consider it a point of honour not to rob Mrs Griffiths of her pet lodger! It would be base of me to requite the good Samaritan by running off with the ass!' she added merrily; 'so we must keep her rooms for the present.'

'I'll take the whole house, if that is all, and then you will be obliged to stay altogether; for where I am, there you must be also.'

'And I leave it to you to tell Fred, my boy,' she added with a pretty blush, 'for I feel a guilty cheat towards him; he has looked upon me as his mother, I may say, for so many years, I shall seem like a deserter.'

'Say rather you *have* been one, and are now returning to your colours.'

'Strange to say, Fred was struck with the portrait, but found no resemblance to the original.'

'Because you are no longer the same woman; the original has gone.'

And thus were happily reunited for life two who, though severed for a while, had been all along intended for each other—this was the Romance of the lodging.

ROUGHING IT.

The explorer traversing a hitherto unknown country, the soldier engaged in a campaign, the hunter, the trader, and the settler in the borderlands of civilisation, have every day and sometimes every hour to supply by their own ingenuity needs which for us are satisfied by the simple expedient of sending to a well-stocked shop for what we require, or calling in a skilled workman to do a job for us. Accustomed as we have been all our lives to procuring our bread and meat from the baker and butcher, sleeping every night in comfortable bedrooms, trusting for protection to 'Policeman X' and his brethren of the blue coat and helmet, and making our journey by rail at fifty miles an hour—we can hardly realise the position of a man who is thrown on his own resources for food and shelter in a wild country, where perhaps his road lies over scorched plains or through dense forests. Yet if he only knows how to set about it, such a man can live and travel or do his work in comparative safety and comfort. Even on his own ground the uncivilised is inferior to the civilised man, for the latter has learned or can learn from the savage all that is most useful in a wild country, and can add this local knowledge to the resources which civilisation has placed at his command. His natural physical powers are generally superior to those of an uncultured people, and he can supplement them by aids derived from art. What is the piercing sight of an Indian or an Arab scout to the power of a good field-glass or telescope? And in the chase or the fight the assegai or the flint-lock musket stand but a poor chance against the rifle. Moreover the savage knows only a few shifts or 'dodges' peculiar to his own people; but the explorer has at his command at once the arts of civilisation and those of hundreds of uncivilised tribes. He learns from the Eskimo to traverse the snow on snow-shoes, or make long journeys with the dog-sledge; he takes the canoe of the Indian, and the Malayan outrigger; he can build a half-buried hut like a Tartar, or a palm-leaf cottage like a negro; he learns from the Guacho to stop a wild-horse with the lasso; and in the pursuit of game, the traditional lore of the trappers and hunters of every land is at his service. If he is strong, active, and hardy, and can use a few tools, he can learn in this way a hundred 'shifts and expedients,' either from oral instruction, or from books such as that which lies before us: *Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life, Travel, and Exploration.* By W. B. Lord, R.A., and T. Baines, F.R.G.S. *Field* Office. (30s.)

We have seen other works of the same kind, but none so complete as this. To the explorer, the soldier, the settler, and the missionary, it will be invaluable; and even stay-at-home people who lead an active life in the country, will gather many valuable hints from it. To all it will be of interest, on account of its numberless anecdotes of successful struggle with difficulties of every kind, sketches of the arts and customs of uncivilised man, and notes on the topography of many lands and the natural history of their winged and four-footed inhabitants. Here we are told how to set about building a boat of wood or skin; how to make a birch-bark canoe; how to repair a broken axle or wagon-wheel; how to cross a bridgeless river; how to build a hut or pitch a tent; to picket horses and secure camels; to trap wild beasts or snare birds; to find a dinner where there are no shops, and to cook it without a kitchen. These are a few of the many subjects treated by our authors, who are themselves veteran travellers and explorers, and have learned in the field much of the knowledge which they here communicate to others.

It would seem that one of the chief difficulties in organising an exploring expedition is to decide upon the stores and provisions to be carried. If there is not enough of these, the party may be crippled far from its base of operations; if there is too much, its movements will be seriously impeded by the necessity of transport. Much depends upon the nature of the country. One of the Australian expeditions which had to traverse districts where food of all kinds was scarce, had to carry an enormous amount of stores, the first item in the list being seventeen thousand pounds of flour; but then the party consisted of twenty-one men. Generally an explorer is in the best position who can start off with only one or two white followers, the rest of his party being hired natives, well used to the ways of the country; and we believe the most successful explorers have been those who, as far as white men are concerned, have worked alone or almost alone. Livingstone's success is a good proof of this. Mr Lord suggests that in countries where riding is practicable, explorers should make up their minds to eat horse-flesh occasionally, and start with a good train of pack-horses, each horse being shot and eaten as soon as its burden is disposed of. He does not appear to have ever tried the plan himself; and we fear that at the end of a long march the flesh of a hard-worked pack-horse would be a very poor substitute for roast-beef. It is a pity that oxen cannot be used as pack-animals. They are turned to a stranger purpose in South Africa, where the Hottentots and Kaffirs saddle and ride them; and one of the authors of this book of travel tells us that he has more than once had a very comfortable ride on one of these horned steeds.

The Tartars use dogs to carry packs; in the far north they do the chief work in pulling the sledges, though the Laplanders chiefly use the reindeer for this purpose. The Eskimo sledge-dogs are fine strong animals, nearly allied to the wolf; and Messrs Lord and Baines give some amusing hints about their management. The sledge-driver must never leave his sledge without securing it to a spear driven into the snow, or the dogs will perhaps start off of their own accord and distance all pursuit. They are very quarrelsome; but generally in every team there is one master-dog, with a very determined will and strong sharp teeth; and when he sees the others fighting, he will dash in amongst them, and vigorously assist his master in restoring order. When rough ice is to be traversed, the dogs' paws are protected by little bags or moccasins of hide. They are not fed till the day's work is over; and great care has to be taken that each gets his proper share, for 'some are so desperately artful and cunning that they do all in their power to delude their master into a belief that instead of having had their full allowance, it is yet to come.' The Lapland sled or *kerres* is different from the low flat Eskimo dog-sledge. It is shaped something like a big shoe, and is drawn by the reindeer, which is used in the same way in Siberia, and also for riding and carrying packs. In many countries summer sleds are used. One of the easiest to make is formed of a forked branch, with pieces of wood nailed across the fork, the horse or mule being harnessed to the pointed end. This is often used by the settler for dragging loads of all kinds over level ground.

These forked branches and sticks can be turned to an endless number of uses. Grindstones are mounted between them; they form yokes for hanging weights over the shoulders; hooks for suspending small objects in the hut or tent; racks for arms and harness. In many countries the native plough is formed of two forked branches tied together and dragged by one man, while another holds it down, and thus scratches a furrow in the ground. The frontier settler has sometimes to be content with a similar contrivance, made on a larger scale, of bigger branches, and drawn by a couple of his oxen.

Some of the architectural 'shifts' are very interesting, for there is a wide field for ingenuity in the construction of hut and boat. In the tropics, huts are very easily constructed by building up a framework of poles, branches, or bamboos, the sticks being not nailed but lashed together where they cross; this rough outline of walls and roof is then filled in with mats, bundles of rushes, or the broad leaves of the fan-palm. Another method is to build the hut of slabs ingeniously formed out of a very unpromising material—long reeds. A few sticks are cut and laid parallel to each other on the ground; then across these a thick bed of reeds is carefully arranged; another stick is laid on this bed, exactly over each of the sticks below; the projecting ends of each pair of rods are then tied together; and the solid mass of reeds thus secured can be raised on its lower edge and supported by props or by other slabs meeting it at an angle, much as children build houses of cards. In this way very serviceable stables and outhouses are often made in India. Having erected his light hut or pitched his tent, the traveller, if he is making a prolonged halt, proceeds to furnish it. Planks and boxes supply seats; and if there is a pole in the centre, a serviceable table can be made by fixing a wagon-wheel on it about two and a half feet from the ground, the pole passing through the centre of the wheel, and the spokes being covered with a few small boards. A comfortable bed is easily improvised. Livingstone had a new one made every night under his own supervision. This was his plan. First, he had two straight poles cut, two or three inches in diameter, which were laid parallel to each other at a distance of two feet apart; across these poles were placed short sticks, saplings three feet long; and over these was laid a thick pile of long grass; then came the usual waterproof ground sheet and the blankets. 'Thus,' writes Stanley, 'was improvised a bed fit for a king.' The wagon used by the colonists at the Cape is very like a long hut on wheels, and forms a very comfortable sleeping-place; while a large tent can be made by halting the wagon, driving in a few poles near it, and stretching the tent canvas from these to the wagon-roof. It has been proposed too that this roof should be an inverted boat of waterproof canvas, which could be removed at pleasure and used in crossing rivers. The wagon is so large that this seems to be quite a practicable idea.

Every explorer and traveller must carry some kind of a boat or canoe with him. If he is without one, the natives will often make most extortionate demands for the hire of their own to him; but if he has one, no matter how small, he can bargain on much more equal terms. But even if no boats can be procured, the mere crossing of a river can always be effected by means of rafts. These can be made of almost anything; casks, boxes, planks, reeds, bamboos, all can be pressed into the service; but we are told, it must be borne in mind 'that the cargo a raft can carry above water is always small, and not at all like the mountain of treasure invariably represented on that of Robinson Crusoe.' These rafts are often constructed of very strange materials. On the Nile they are made of jars, which are thus brought down the river to be sold at Cairo. On many of the African rivers they are made of bundles of sedge-grass; and lying down on these, the hippopotamus hunters approach the huge beast; the raft looking so like a natural accumulation that he does not attempt to get out of the way till it is too late. On such a raft, made on a larger scale, the Swedish naturalist Lindholm and his assistant successfully descended one of the rivers that feed Lake Ngami. The voyage was a strange one. The raft was built in a quiet nook by throwing hundreds of bundles of sedge across each other, without any other fastening than their natural cohesion and entanglement. On this huge floating mass a hut was built, and the two adventurers then poled it out into the stream, and it went down the current at the rate of about forty or fifty miles a day. Occasionally it took the ground at the bottom, but when a little of the grass tore off, it floated clear again. As the lower layers became sodden and pressed together, fresh grass had to be cut every day and laid on top, till at last there was six feet of the raft under water. Occasionally overhanging branches tore off some of the grass, and once a large projecting trunk lay so close to the water that it 'swept the decks fore and aft.' The hut was destroyed, and with much of its contents was carried away into the river; but the travellers saved themselves by climbing over the bough, and then repaired the damage and resumed their voyage. Sir Samuel Baker constructed a much more singular raft to cross the Atbara River in Equatorial Africa. A bedstead supported by eight inflated hides formed the basis of the structure; and on this was secured a large sponging bath three feet eight inches in diameter, which formed a dry receptacle for the ammunition and other baggage.

One of the most remarkable features of uncivilised life is the power savages shew of tracking men and beasts over immense distances. Many travellers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous, yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well-known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very common-sense hints on the subject. In countries like ours every trace of foot-print or wheel-track on roads and paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused; but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can conceal his track. In Kaffirland, when cattle are stolen, if their foot-prints are traced to a village, the headman is held responsible for them, unless he can shew the same track going out. A wagon-track in a new country is practically indelible. 'More especially,' say our authors, 'is this the case if a fire sweeps over the plain immediately after, or if the wagon passes during or after a prairie fire. We have known a fellow-traveller recognise in this manner the tracks his wagon had made *seven years before*, the lines of charred stumps crushed short down remaining to indicate the passage of the wheels, though all other impressions had been obliterated by the rank annual growth of grass fully twelve feet high.' Sometimes the original soil being disturbed, a new vegetation will spring up along the wagon-track, and thus mark out the road for miles. Even on hard rock a man's bare foot will leave the dust caked together by perspiration, so that a practised eye will see it; and even if there is no track, a stone will be disturbed here and there, the side of the pebble which has long lain next the ground being turned up. If it is still damp, the man or beast that turned it has passed very recently. If a shower of rain has fallen, the track will tell whether it was made before, during, or after the shower; similar indications can be obtained from the dew; and another indication of the time that has elapsed since a man passed by is furnished by the state of the crushed grass, which will be more or less withered as the time is longer or shorter. Other indications are drawn from the direction in which the grass lies; this tells how the wind was blowing at the time the grass was crushed; and by noting previous changes of the wind, one learns the time at which each part of the track was made. Much too can be learned from the form of the foot-prints. Savages generally turn their toes in, in walking; white men turn theirs out. A moccasin print with the toes turned out would indicate that a white man in Indian walking-gear had gone by; and almost every foot has a print of its own, which enables an experienced tracker to follow a single track amongst a dozen others. Similarly the character of the print will tell whether the man who made it walked freely or was led by others; whether he was in a hurry or travelling slowly; whether he carried a burden; and if he were sober or tipsy. A horse-track is equally well marked. It tells when the horse galloped, where he walked, when he stopped to feed or drink; and a scattering of sand and gravel will tell when he was startled by any strange sight. In all this two things are needed—sharp sight and careful training. The elephant often makes a very curious track as he walks; if he suspects danger, he scents the ground with the tip of his trunk, and this makes a well-marked serpentine line in the dust. Elephants have changed their tactics since rifle-pits were introduced. Formerly, when their chief danger was a pitfall, the leader of the herd felt the ground inch by inch; and if he detected the covering of a trap, tore it off and left it open. Now they rely much more on scent, and in this way, often from a great distance, detect the hunter lurking near their drinking-places. If so, they will sometimes travel fifty or a hundred miles to another stream or pool.—Such is a specimen of this generally amusing book.

FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS.

AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

While the German army inclosed in its iron grasp the most brilliant and pleasure-loving city of Europe, transforming in a moment its epicurean population into a people of heroes, the environs once so gay and so beautiful had experienced a change almost as great. Most of the detached villas were deserted, or occupied by the enemy, and the villages whose regular inhabitants had either taken refuge in Paris or fled to a distance, were repopulated by a singular assemblage of individuals belonging to all classes of society, and bound together only by the tie of a common nationality, and the necessity of finding a shelter and providing for their daily wants.

The hamlet of Boulainvilliers, which had been thus abandoned, had received an entirely new colony, and its beautiful avenue carpeted with turf of the most lovely green, had all the appearance of a camp. As long as the season would permit, cooking was carried on in the open air, and groups were constantly to be seen surrounding the fires and exchanging accounts of their mutual misfortunes.

A painter of Fleurs, bearing the English or rather Scotch name of MacHenry, was among these refugees. He had brought with him from Colombes, where he had before resided, a remarkably beautiful white goat called Fanchette. This creature, to which her master was much attached, figures in the most of his pictures. Light and graceful as a gazelle, she is represented sometimes cropping delicately the green branches of the hedgerows and bushes, sometimes entangled in a maze of brier-roses, their pink blossoms and green leaves falling around her in elegant garlands, and contrasting well with the snowy whiteness of her skin.

Fanchette was a universal favourite; and few there were at Boulainvilliers who would not have deprived themselves of a morsel of the bread sometimes so hard to procure, that they might reserve a mouthful for the goat, which, however, the saucy thing would only accept from her particular friends.

The grace and rare intelligence of the animal frequently relieved the miseries of the siege. All were surprised at the wonderful education her master had succeeded in giving her. He had even taught her something of his art; and it was really extraordinary to see the sensible creature busily employed in arranging pebbles on the ground, so as to form a rude resemblance to a human profile, often grotesque enough, but still such as one occasionally sees on human shoulders; and looking at her work, one could not help thinking that after all the *lower animals* are perhaps not so far inferior to us as we suppose.

The art with which Fanchette selected from a bunch of flowers each one that was named to her was really marvellous. Roses, wallflowers, tulips, camellias, were promptly chosen from the number, and it was rare indeed that she made the least mistake. Two centuries ago they would have burned the poor beast for a witch.

The exercise which she preferred to all others consisted in catching on her horns a series of brass rings which her master threw up in the air. This she did with the greatest address; and when she had got a dozen or so of them encircling her brow like a diadem, she would begin jumping and galloping and shaking her head to make them jingle, till, over-excited by their rough music, she would end by dancing in the most fantastic style on her hind-feet, till tired at length with her exertions, she would bound towards her master and throw the rings at his feet.

Among those who had found refuge in the hamlet was a child of five years old, called Marie, the daughter of a peasant whose farm had been burned by the invaders. She was an object of general interest in the little colony on account of her gentle manners, and the sweet but suffering expression of her pale infantine features. A year or two previously she had been so severely bitten in the arm by a vicious dog that the limb had to be amputated, and her delicate constitution had never recovered the shock. Fanchette soon took a great fancy to the little girl; and the doctor having advised her to be fed as much as possible upon milk, MacHenry offered that of the goat. It was beautiful to see the pleasure with which the affectionate creature took upon herself the office of nurse, and the avidity with which the child sucked in the grateful nourishment which was giving her new life. Fanchette became every day more and more attached to Marie. She rarely left her, except when wanted by her master for some new study; and when it was ended, and MacHenry set her at liberty, saying: 'Now be off to Marie,' with what joy the creature bounded away, and how rejoiced was the little one to have again by her side her darling Fanchette! Nestling her head under the child's hand, a world of loving things were interchanged in their mute caresses.

It once happened that a lady having in her hand a crown of artificial ivy which she had picked up somewhere, probably the *débris* of a school *fête* during happier times, placed it on the head of the little Marie. Fanchette, rising on her hind-legs, examined it with comical curiosity; and having made up her mind on the subject, scampered off to an old tree close by, around whose trunk the real ivy twined in thick and glossy wreaths, butted at it with her horns, twisting it round them, and tearing off long trailing garlands. She then ran back in triumph to throw her treasures at the child's feet, saying as clearly as if she had the gift of speech: 'Look! This is better than the coarse imitation they have decked you with; this is the real thing!'

Another day the child was looking at herself in a mirror, and Fanchette immediately began to do the same. The expression of sadness and wonder in her eyes seemed to say so plainly: 'Why are Marie and I so different? If I were like her I could speak to her, and then we should love each other still better!'

One evening Marie, who was sitting by her mother's side, began to fidget and complain of an uneasy sensation in her back. Her mother, busily engaged with some work, and thinking the child was only disposed to be troublesome, examined it slightly, and told her to be quiet; but the poor little thing continued to complain, when, the mother getting out of temper, gave her a sharp slap. Fanchette, who was present at this scene, presented her horns in a threatening attitude to the woman, and gently stroked the shoulders of her little friend with her foot. At the sight of the dumb animal's eloquent appeal, the woman began to relent, and calling the child to her, examined more carefully the state of things, when she found, to her horror, one of those large and poisonous caterpillars called in French 'processionnaires,' which had painfully irritated the delicate skin of the child.

It was about this time that MacHenry, continuing his artistic labours in spite of all the difficulties of the situation, resolved on taking for the subject of a new picture his goat Fanchette nursing the little Marie. Fanchette lent herself with her usual intelligence and docility to his wishes; and Marie was represented lying among grass and flowers with her four-footed friend bending over her. This picture, which was afterwards regarded as one of MacHenry's best works, obtained the most signal success at the Paris Exhibition of Modern Art—the truthfulness of the design, the freshness of the colouring, and the grace of the composition being equally striking.

But these bright autumn days soon passed away, and many may recollect the bitter cold of the sad Christmas of that dismal winter. Poor little Marie suffered so severely from it, that after a vain attempt to recall some warmth by lighting a fire of brushwood, the only fuel that could be procured, her mother, as a last resource, put her into her little bed, in the hope that by heaping upon her all the clothing she could procure, the child might regain a little heat; but it was in vain: no heat came, and the blood had almost ceased to circulate in her frozen limbs. At this moment Fanchette arrived, and without waiting for an invitation, sprang upon the bed. It was in vain they tried to drive her away; she only clung the closer to her nursling, and covering the child with her body, soon restored her to warmth and animation.

There was one among the temporary inhabitants of Boulainvilliers for whom Fanchette entertained an unmitigated aversion; this was a knife-grinder of the name of Massicault. His appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favourable impression, for his features were repulsive and his expression disagreeable. A low forehead, a scowling eye, and a short thick-set figure were the principal physical traits of this personage; nor were they redeemed by those of his moral character. He had for his constant companion a large ill-favoured bull-dog with a spiked collar, who seemed to share all the evil instincts of his master. Every one wondered how the knife-grinder managed to feed this animal at a time when it was so hard to find the merest necessaries of life for human beings—and that too without ever seeming to do a hand's turn of work; for all day long he was lounging about, and it was rare indeed to hear the noise of his wheel. When any one—alarmed at the threatening aspect of the brute, who never failed to growl and shew his fangs when approached—asked his master to call him off, Massicault used only to reply with an ill-natured laugh: 'He has not begun yet to eat such big morsels as you; but there's no saying what he may do one of these days!'

MacHenry was sorry that his goat partook of the general dislike to this man. He would have rather wished that she should have tried by her winning caresses to soften his rugged nature, and bring him to love the gentle creature that had gained all other hearts; but as we shall see in the sequel, things turned out very differently.

On one of the last fine days of that sad year, a crowd having gathered round her while her master was amusing himself by exhibiting her intelligence in the selection of the fruit and flowers he named, in which she acquitted herself with her usual sagacity, MacHenry bade her fetch an apple. There were some still hanging on a tree in a neighbouring garden; but instead of running off as usual to the well-known place, she went right up to the knife-grinder, and pushing aside with her paws the skirts of his coat, displayed two pockets stuffed with something, which the crowd, amid shouts of laughter, declared to be stolen apples. The artist tried to call off his goat, and the man drove her away with curses; but two vigorous peasants immediately laid hold of him, and insisted on seeing the contents of the suspicious pockets; which proved to be, as all had supposed, apples stolen from the tree in question. The discovery only increased the rage of Massicault, who swore with the most fearful oaths that he had never touched one of them, and that the apples found in his possession had been given to him by a friend. Though none believed him, several, in order to get rid of a disagreeable affair, feigned to do so, and he was finally let off; but many thought they had thus got a clew to the authorship of several robberies recently committed to the prejudice of different members of the little community.

This misadventure excited in the knife-grinder a violent hatred against Fanchette, which was heartily shared by his worthy companion the bull-dog. The latter was an object of special terror to poor little Marie. Fanchette seemed to understand the fears of the child, and whenever the dog approached her, she would lower her horns, as if to protect her nursling and defy her enemy. These demonstrations of valour were generally successful, the dog slinking off with glaring eyes and drooping tail.

One day Fanchette nestled up close to her master, putting her foot upon his arm, and having succeeded in gaining his attention, ran off to a particular spot, where she stopped to sniff the grass, and then trotting back, she renewed several times the same manœuvre. MacHenry, persuaded that something extraordinary must be the matter, rose and followed her. When she reached the spot, putting aside like a terrier dog the long herbage with her feet, she displayed to view a leather pocket-book, which the artist picked up and examined. An instant sufficed to shew that it belonged to the knife-grinder, and its contents proved that this man was one of the numerous spies the Germans had constantly and everywhere in their service. He found besides in this pocket-book, pushed under the covering, the picture of a child, one of those common photographs which have no other merit than a certain resemblance.

The very day that this pocket-book was found a frightful scene took place. Little Marie was sitting on a low stool eating a morsel of bread, which she was sharing with Fanchette, when the bull-dog chanced to pass. The animal stopped for a moment, and looked at her; then as if overcome by the temptation, he suddenly darted at her and snatched at the bread. He was prevented, however, by the goat, and with a toss of her horns she sent the ferocious beast sprawling to some distance; but he was only stunned, not seriously hurt; and furious at his repulse, he sprang upon the poor goat, seized her by the throat, and shook her with rage. Marie uttered piercing shrieks, and MacHenry having got hold of a stick, ran to the rescue. A sharp blow on the head caused the dog to lose his grip of poor Fanchette, and turn against his new enemy, seizing him by the shoulder; but a peasant coming to the assistance of the artist, forced the dog again to let go; and limping off and growling, he at last took refuge beside his master, who all the while had been an unmoved spectator of the scene.

Great was the general grief at the sight of poor Fanchette motionless on the grass, bleeding profusely from the wound in her throat; and strong the indignation excited by the ferocity of the dog and the conduct of its brutal master. Many were the threats muttered against both; and there is little doubt that the dog at least would soon have paid the penalty he deserved had Fanchette's wound been mortal; but on examination it was found to be less serious than it appeared, and her master's care of her soon effected a complete cure. The inhabitants of the hamlet, however, resolved not to let slip the opportunity for getting rid of the obnoxious knife-grinder. This ill-favoured individual was received whenever he shewed himself with cries of 'Be off and quickly too, and be thankful we do not throttle your wretch of a dog first.'

Unable to resist the general storm of indignation, the man and his worthy companion were about to take their departure; but they had hardly reached the entrance of the village, when they were met by a party bringing along with them an orphan boy of about six or seven years of age, whose parents had been found murdered some days previously in one of the detached cottages of the neighbourhood, which some still ventured to inhabit. The child, at the sight of the knife-grinder and his dog, uttered a loud cry and covered his eyes with his hands.

'What is the matter, my poor little fellow?' asked one of the by-standers. At length he was able with difficulty to reply, his words interrupted with deep sobs: 'That man! that dog! It was they that killed my mother! I saw it all from behind the curtain in which I was hid.'

Every one looked in astonishment at his neighbour, not knowing whether to believe the strange assertion of the child; when MacHenry produced the pocket-book and informed those around him of its contents. The child immediately cried out that it was his mother's; and had any doubt remained it would have been dispelled by looking at the portrait that was contained in it, for its resemblance to the poor little boy was striking.

In presence of such proof, there could be no hesitation, and two men immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive; but he had already got a considerable advance, and fear lent him wings, so that before they could reach him he had gained the protection of the German outposts. He did not succeed, however, in evading the fate he merited, for shortly after the news arrived that the wretched man had fallen into the hands of a detachment of French *francs-tireurs*, and having been convicted of being concerned in the burning of a farm, was immediately condemned and shot.

MacHenry adopted the orphan boy, and never had cause to repent of his generous action. 'I have now two children,' he used gaily to say; 'for my gentle intelligent Fanchette is almost as dear to me as if she were a human creature!'

LIME-JUICE.

Some interesting facts have been communicated to us, arising out of the publication of our recent article on 'Lime-Juice' (March 24, 1877). It appears that some years ago Messrs Sturge of Birmingham established a Company for developing the resources of the island of Montserrat in the West Indies. Attention was directed chiefly to the production of genuine lime-juice, mainly for the extraction therefrom of citric acid, of which Messrs Sturge are extensive manufacturers in this country. With this object in view, they paid sedulous attention to the maintenance of extensive lime-tree plantations. All the ripe sound fresh fruit is selected first, for the production of lime-juice, while the remainder becomes available for citric acid. The juice is bottled immediately on its arrival in this country. In 1874 the Company were the owners of no less than five hundred lime-trees in full bearing in the little island of Montserrat; and the number has since been increased by the conversion of unprofitable sugar-plantations into profitable lime-tree plantations. The collection and manipulation of the ripe limes give healthy employment to large numbers of women and young persons.

When Dr Leach, medical officer on board the *Dreadnought*, called public attention in 1866 to the recent appearance of scurvy in merchant-ships, he induced the Board of Trade to take up the matter seriously. This led to the passing of an Act in 1867, ordering the provision of lime-juice or lemon-juice in every merchant and passenger ship, and its use every day by every person on board. It is, however, known that lemon-juice is not so effective as lime-juice as an anti-scorbutic; and that, moreover, the best lime-juice does not require to be 'fortified' with ten or fifteen per cent. of alcohol to preserve it, which appears to be necessary for lemon-juice and inferior lime-juice. In the navy more strictness is observed. Lime-juice *only* is permitted; it must be prepared from ripe sound fruit, gathered in particular months of the year; and must bear analytical tests touching its citricity, flavour, and condition. As a consequence, scurvy is now almost unknown in the royal navy, except in the case of the recent Arctic Expedition, the particulars of which will no doubt be fully investigated and set forth by the Admiralty Committee duly appointed for that purpose. The navy is, we believe, supplied invariably with the best lime-juice only, to the exclusion of lemon-juice, and also to the exclusion of such juice of the real lime as requires, on account of its poorness of quality, to be fortified or 'doctored' with strong crude spirit. Very likely, in this as in so many other instances, cheapness is at the bottom of the whole affair: mercantile lemon-juice (even if called by the name of the lime) being cheaper than navy lime-juice. If so, it affords a sad instance of the misuse of the good word economy; for it certainly is not economical to imperil the health of the crews in trading-ships, and of passengers in emigrant-ships, by the use of that which is 'cheap and nasty.' Something there is in the common juice which renders it very unpalatable to the men, who often shirk their prescribed dose unless strictly watched. Let us hope that the Report of the Arctic Committee will strengthen the hands of the Board of Trade to deal with this matter.

AFFECTION IN BIRD-LIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT having read our recent article on Bird-affection, kindly sends us the following singular instance of intelligence and affection on the part of a duck. 'We have,' he tells us, 'two white ducks; the one designated Mr Yellowbill being wonderfully intelligent, yet fond of fun. My little son and he have great games together. The lad throws out an india-rubber ball a longer or shorter distance, leaving it for the bird to decide whether it shall be pursued with a flying or a running movement. In either case, the ball is swiftly seized by duckie, and returned to the thrower, who keeps up the game until both have had enough of it. Another peculiarity of Mr Yellowbill may be mentioned. At the splashing of water from an adjacent well he is aroused, and will instantly fly towards the scene of action, plunge in, bathe, jump out, flap his wings joyfully, and "like a bird," take himself off again. But the story of affection for his kind must now be told. The other day, when swinging on a gate, my little boy felt something tugging at his trousers, and on looking round discovered the duck, who, he supposed, invited him to a game at ball. So down he got, and caressed his feathered friend as the preliminary. The duck, however, continued pulling away in so unusual and persistent a manner that the lad decided to go whither he was led; and lo! at the corner of an outbuilding was found poor Mrs Yellowbill, lame of a leg and quite unable to waddle along. Meanwhile her husband continued to manifest the greatest concern about her, yet did not forget his manners and grateful acknowledgments, but bowed and better bowed to those around who had now come to the rescue; shewing that even a duck may act and feel as a gentleman. The cause of hurt referred to has not been ascertained; but happily Mrs Yellowbill is now quite well, and her husband is as lively as ever.'

LENACHLUTEN,

A WATERFALL IN ARGYLESHIRE.

'Mong crags where the purple heather grows,
'Mid rocks where blooms the mountain rose,
Onward the river calmly flows
To Lenachluten.

The waters dash on the rocks beneath
In a mad wild rush, they surge and seethe,
While dancing spray with a snowy wreath
Crowns Lenachluten.

Thus ever the stream of life flows on,
With faces happy and faces wan,
A moment here on this earth, then gone,
Like Lenachluten.

Some lives pass on like a peaceful dream;
Untouched by sorrow or care, they seem
To glide as the river whose waters stream
Towards Lenachluten.

Others career on their restless way;
Whate'er betide, they are ever gay,
As gleams the sparkling sunlit spray
On Lenachluten.

Some lives with folly and sin are fraught;
They dim earth's beauty with stain and spot,
As surges the scum, an ugly blot
On Lenachluten.

And now and again a genius bright
Dazzles the earth with his spirit's flight,
As shimmers the rainbow's tinted light
O'er Lenachluten.

H. K. W.

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A HOLIDAY IN THE LAKE-COUNTRY.

Let those who have not as yet made up their minds how or where to spend their summer holiday, turn their steps towards Lakeland. There, beauty ever changing and ever charming in all her multiform varieties, lies in wait for them at every turn. Life too among the hills has a free hearty zest, born of the invigorating mountain breezes, which you search for in vain elsewhere. The wind, as it sweeps along the hill-side, recalls, as it fans the weary brow, the quick glad feeling of existence, the exuberance of gay animal spirits, which were natural and unprized in careless boyhood, but which are too often extinguished by the cares assumed with advancing years.

The steep roads, the green hill-slopes, the peaceful mossy boulders, the picturesque nooks, in which nestle quaint little homesteads, and the broad calm lake stretching out like a great embossed silver shield at your feet, with the deep shadows of the hills shading into purple gloom in its shining ripples—who that has once seen such a picture, particularly in sunshine, can ever forget it?

In winter evenings, when the curtains are snugly drawn, and the howling storm shut out, and the firelight tinges all around with its warm ruddy glow, pleasant visions of the breezy fells, and the great hills with their changeful lights and shadows, and the leafy copses running down to the edge of the water, recur to the memory. You are again in the swiftly gliding boat; you lean over to gather the water-lilies, or to gaze into the clear pebbly-bottomed abysses of that softly yielding flood. Again you see mirrored in its crystal depths the straggling rifts of vapour, or the long rippling beaches of cloud. The sweet do-nothingness of the hour, its gay insouciance, or its vanished romance, are with you once more, and charm you as of old. It is with a feeling of half-sad tenderness that you turn away from the mental photograph, and leaving it safe in memory's keeping, go back to your busy commonplace world.

Mr Payn, in his beautiful volume entitled *The Lakes in Sunshine* (Windermere: J. Garnett), gives us a sparkling description of Lakeland. He begins with Windermere, because, as he says, 'the scenery of the northern lakes is unquestionably grander and wilder, and they should therefore be seen after their southern sisters.' Almost every one has seen Windermere, the queen of English lakes. Many have seen it as Mr Payn says it is best seen by a

> Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league
> Alone.

To such, a magic charm clings ever afterwards to each tree and shrub, investing those never-to-be-forgotten days of delicious idling on its pleasant shores with a glory peculiarly their own.

Among the distinguished people who have done Windermere and climbed Orrest Head, to gaze from thence upon the panorama of lake and mountain and wooded hill and sea which stretch around, was Beau Brummel, who was, however, much too fine a gentleman to get up any unfashionable enthusiasm upon the subject. 'Charles,' he would drawl out to his valet, when he was asked which of the lakes was his favourite—'Charles, which lake was it we liked best?'

Immediately beneath the tourist, as he stands on Orrest Head, is Elleray, where 'Christopher North' spent so much of his time. He loved the mountains around, and might be met upon them in all weathers, in shine or shower; the shower of course, as is the case all throughout Lakeland, predominating greatly. As a rule the weather is moist and often wet, although the dalesmen do not like to have it called so, or to have any exceptions taken to the lack of sunshine. They are as irritable upon the subject as a certain Parsee grandee was, who when his venerable ecclesiastical host, finding a dearth of topics of conversation, fell back upon that standing British theme the weather, and blandly observed: 'We have not seen the sun, Sir Jamsetjee, for many a day,' shut him up abruptly with a stern: 'And what is that to you, sir? The sun is my god.'

In like manner mist and rain, the tutelary genii of Lakeland, are under the special protection of the aborigines. There are a number of pretty houses in the vicinity of Windermere, and land for building purposes is in great demand, and very difficult to be had; for a dalesman, although seldom caring a straw about the beauty of the scenery, is passionately attached to the little bit of land he has inherited from his father, and tenaciously determined, as he will tell you, 'to hand it forat,' that his son may be no worse off than he was himself. Unfortunately, he has no ambition to make him better; and the authoress of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, could she revisit the earth, might find work enough and to spare amid the untidy and half-ruinous homesteads of the Lake country.

Towards the southern end of the lake is Storrs Hall, where once upon a time a brilliant company were wont to assemble, Canning, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and Christopher North. Intellectual Titans! All that of yore awoke your admiration is here, but not one of your number lingers to admire! There still are the wooded coombs and knolls rich in myriad shifting lights of beauty, the might of the silent hills, the placid loveliness of the romantic lake; but ye have gone, and the place that knows you no more preaches to the musing stranger an eloquent homily upon the transitoriness of life, and even of that fame which we fondly call immortal.

There is not in all Lakeland a more picturesque town than Ambleside. Here, as most people know, is the Knoll, the pretty little villa in which Miss Martineau spent the long tranquil autumn of her life. She built it for herself, and was commended for the wisdom of her choice by Wordsworth, who did not break into any poetic raptures over the lovely scenery; but taking a commonplace view of the case, said shrewdly: 'You have made a capital investment; it will double its value in ten years.' He also gave her a piece of advice about her housekeeping, which had more of calculating frugality in it than a superficial observer would have expected from the poetic temperament. 'You will have many visitors,' quoth the prudent bard of Lakeland. 'You must do as we do. You must say to them: "If you will have some tea with us, you are welcome; but if you want any meat along with it, you must pay for it as boarders do."'

Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home, is in the close vicinity of Ambleside, a sanctuary which Mr Payn would have closed against all pilgrims except those who can understand Wordsworth's works as well as quote them—a too severe ordeal, which would well nigh make a solitude of this classic spot. 'This intellectual winnowing-machine,' he says, 'would exclude about ninety out of a hundred of the well-meaning but really inexcusable folks who now request admittance at that sacred gate.'

Opposite the principal hotel at Grasmere, upon the roadside that leads to the Wishing Gate, is the white cottage in which Wordsworth spent his early married life, and where De Quincey lived after him, and filled the little drawing-room with his library of five thousand books. Here, invigorated by the mountain breezes, or absorbed in his books and the beautiful scenery, the far-famed Opium-eater made a sudden descent from three hundred and twenty grains (eight thousand drops) per diem of his favourite drug to forty grains, and found himself, Mr Payn says, in the novel position of a man with opium to give away.

One day when he was lounging among the June roses, a tawny stranger beturbaned and travel-stained asked an alms of him in the Malay tongue. Of this half-barbarous vernacular De Quincey was profoundly ignorant, as indeed he was of all Eastern languages, the only two Asiatic words he knew being the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish name for opium. So he tried the dusky suppliant with Greek, which he replied to glibly in Malay. The end of the strange colloquy being that De Quincey, divining from the stranger's aspect that he also was an opium-eater, bestowed upon him a large cake of the precious drug; enough, he calculated, to serve him a fortnight. The Malay took it, and without more ado, swallowed it outright, leaving his benefactor transfixed with horror, staring dumbly after him as he went upon his way.

For some days afterwards De Quincey was not unnaturally much exercised in mind, and very curious to learn from all passers-by if a man with a turban had been found dead on the road between Grasmere and Whitehaven. He was not; but he might as well have been, as far as De Quincey was concerned; for no shade returning from the ghostly shores of Avernus to haunt a living foe ever exacted a more terrible vengeance for unintentional wrong than did the Grasmere Malay. For months he haunted with persistent animus the opium dreams of De Quincey, and was not exorcised until he had run the gantlet of every unimaginable horror, far transcending any atrocity of which a Malay in the flesh could have been capable.

As a matter of course, in Lakeland there is, for those who like it, climbing enough and to spare; but there are not a few sagacious individuals who have no relish for this exercise, and are ready to exclaim with Mr Payn: 'Of what use are photographs if they do not convey so accurate an idea of the locality as to save us the trouble and exertion of conveying ourselves thither! For what is the effect of the barbarism of walking uphill until the human frame becomes somewhat inured to it, just as it becomes inured to taking arsenic or any other deleterious habit? Why, a trembling of the legs, excessive pain in the knee-joints, determination of blood to the head, singing in the ears, inordinate perspiration, and a desperate desire for liquids.' Let all holiday wanderers, not being members of the Alpine Club, take note of this. Leaving climbing to those adventurous spirits who love it, there is no lack of beautiful walks for more humble-minded pedestrians, only they must beware not of the dog, but of the bull. These formidable quadrupeds abound or did abound; and to find yourself face to face in a bowery glade with a huge bellowing brute, pawing the ground, distending his nostrils, glaring at you with his fierce red eyes, and otherwise unnecessarily exciting himself, is, to say the least, a situation in which it would be very difficult even for a Sir Charles Grandison to preserve an equable dignity of demeanour.

At Coniston you can, if a member of the Alpine Club, or qualifying for that honour, do the Old Man of Coniston; 'but to recommend the ascent of such a monster is altogether,' Mr Payn says, 'contrary to his principles.' He rather recommends the ascent of Black Coomb, a sombre but majestic hill, from which, said Wordsworth, 'there is the most extensive sea-view in Britain.'

Perhaps, however, O weary tourist, your head may not be of the steadiest at giddy heights, and it may be as well to pause in lowly but safe obscurity at its base, and there solace yourself with a description of its glories:

Close to the sea, lone sentinel,
  Black Coomb his forward station keeps;
He breaks the waves' tumultuous swell,
  And ponders o'er the level deeps;
He listens to the bugle-horn
  Where Eskdale's lovely valley bends;
Eyes Walney's early fields of corn;
  Sea-birds to Holker's woods he sends.
Beneath his feet the sunk ship rests
  In Duddon sands, with black masts bare.

Opposite Wallabarrow Crag is the hamlet of Newfield, where lived in days gone by a worthy clergyman, who was known far and near throughout the little world of the Dales by the name of Wonderful Walker. In a worldly sense, less blest than he of whom the poet sings, 'that he was passing rich with forty pounds a year,' for he had but eighteen, he yet with the help of this slender income maintained and educated a family of twelve, and died at the age of ninety worth two thousand pounds! This of course was not all saved out of the eighteen pounds a year. He acted as doctor, schoolmaster, and lawyer for his parishioners, and lent a hand besides at sheep-shearing and hay-harvest; for all which diverse services he exacted and obtained a modest fee.

Furness Abbey, with its vast piles of splendid ruins, with its lonely aisles, and roofless dormitories deserted and time-stricken, appeals to the gazer with a sense of beauty so full and exquisite in its calm decay, that content with the loveliness that remains, he scarcely cares to recall the glories that have gone by. Dire have been the alternations of fate through which this magnificent house of Our Lady of Furness has passed. In the spacious building which is now used as the railway hotel, Rogerus Pele, the last abbot, held his state. Here he was so unwise as to countenance a local rising against Henry VIII.; and here, when that Defender of the Faith had triumphed over all his enemies, he received from the ecclesiastical commission a list of questions, one or two of which bothered him not a little. Had not he, vowed as he was to the stern Cistercian rule, two wives? Had not one of his monks one, and another five?—an excess of blessing which Henry perhaps wisely thought ought to be included in the special rights of kings only. How did Abbot Rogerus answer these questions? Did St Bernard aid in his hour of need this degenerate son? It is to be feared not; for from this splendid house—and sure never was poor Cistercian more richly housed—the abbot and his monks, obeying the monarch's stern decree, went forth for ever.

Hawes-water, a lonely secluded lake, with no good inn accommodation near it, is visited by but few tourists, which is rather a pity, as it is one of the grandest of the sisterhood of meres, although inferior in picturesque beauty to Ullswater, of which Mr Payn says, contrasting it with Windermere, 'that Windermere is very homelike, and makes one wish to live for ever (or even die) in one of its many pleasant dwellings; but for grandeur, it is certainly not to be compared to its northern sister.'

Thus one by one the sweet smiling lakes pass by, the bright summer days fade away, and the pleasant holiday season comes to an end. The long shadows lengthen lovingly over Lakeland; the giant hills, like sleepy Titans, nod a last adieu; the darkling copsewood grows shadowy and indistinct; the sweet sunny mere in the hollow glimmers in the distance; the purple haze creeps up the well-known glens, golden with happy memories; and the lofty mountains we have or have not climbed, gloom with deeper shadows. What thanks do we not owe to all, lake, river, forest, and mountain, for many delightful hours and pleasant memories! Again would we recommend our holiday-making friends to point their route to Lakeland, commencing say at Windermere.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONGRATULATIONS.

I WALKED slowly back towards the cottage, taking myself to task for the foolish doubts and fears which had so oppressed me. How could I have been so disloyal as to have a moment's doubt? Philip was right: it was not fair to him! As though the love of a man such as he was, would depend upon a woman looking more or less blooming!

No doubt I had looked my very worst, standing there in the wood, pale and fagged and travel-stained, in my shabby old bonnet and mean-looking cloak; a great contrast to Lilian, in her fresh white pique dress, and with her delicately beautiful colouring of eyes and hair and complexion. Of course it was perfectly natural that he should be sorry to see me looking so worn and faded; all the more sorry because he loved me. Should not I have felt pained to see him looking in any way worse than I had expected to see him; and so forth; until I had argued myself into a state of perfect content again, quite convinced that I was the happiest of women.

Lilian met me at the gate with outstretched arms. 'Dear, darling, naughty Mary; if this were a night when scolding were possible! Why did you not tell us?'

'Dear Lilian, it was wrong, I know. But in truth I was longing to tell you, only—many things prevented my doing so.'

'But the wonder is how in the world you could contrive to avoid talking about him! So grand, and noble, and good; I am sure he is good.'

'Yes, dear, he is good;' beginning at last to find it pleasant to talk about him.

'The idea of your having such a lover hidden up in your thoughts all the time we were worrying your life out with our troubles! How could you have so much patience and sympathy with us—with me?'

'Perhaps, Lilian, for the very reason that he *was* hidden up in my thoughts.'

'Well, perhaps it was: yes; I can understand that, Mary;' adding with a little sigh, 'and I think I can guess now why you did not like talking about your happiness to me, dear kind sister that you are!'

'I am glad that you like Philip, Lilian.'

'Like him! Of course I do; though there is not much credit in liking one so nice as he is, I suppose. He knows how to pay compliments too. Do you know he paid me such a nice one, Mary? He said that I reminded him of you, and that he could trace the influence of your mind upon mine. I stupidly all the while never guessing the truth! The idea of your having been engaged for ten years, and once so nearly married, without your sister knowing anything about it!'

Afterwards there were dear old Mrs Tipper's congratulations to listen to. But although she was quite as ready as Lilian to say kind things, and evidently wished to make me understand that she was pleased for my sake, there was the shadow of a regret in her eyes, and I thought I knew the reason why.

Pleasant as it all was, it was even pleasanter to be once more alone with my thoughts. I sat by the open window half through the summer night, my elbows on the sill and my chin in my hands, trying to get used to my happiness. 'Tired nature sunk into repose, scarce told of life;' but a light breath of sound—the faint twitter of a bird—the whispering of the air amongst the roses clustering round the window—or the soft rustle of a leaf, seemed to hint that it was dreaming musically, as befitted a world watched over by the 'silent sentinels of the night.' It was early dawn before I was sufficiently sobered to betake myself to bed and attempt to sleep.

When at length sleep came, it was no love-visions which visited me, only a miserable distortion of what had taken place, as though some evil spirit were mocking my hopes. I rose pale and unrefreshed. The blooming process had certainly not commenced yet, I jestingly informed myself, as I tried to smile at the heavy lack-lustre eyes and white face which my glass reflected. I could afford no more star-gazing; requiring all the proverbial beauty-sleep I was able to compass. But I made the best of myself; and in my pretty fresh morning-dress was, I flattered myself, somewhat brighter and pleasanter to look upon than I had been the night before. Lilian came in before I had quite finished, to 'see after me,' she said, with a tender greeting.

'To begin with: I will not have that beautiful throat so muffled up; and I will have a bow in your hair and this flower in your dress. Now don't be obstreperous. Where is the use of being a sister, if I may not have such little privileges as this, I should like to know!' busily putting a little touch here and a little touch there to my toilet.

'Yes; that is certainly better—now you look kissable, my dear;' with a gay little laugh at my consciousness. 'It shews beautifully now!'

'What shews, goosy?'

'The love and happiness, and all the rest of it, child. Only look like that when he comes in, and I shall be *quite* satisfied. And remember, Mary, not that mean old bonnet again—not for the world! Did you order a new and fashionable one as I bade you, madam?'

I murmured something about a new bonnet being on its way, but could not speak positively as to its pleasing her.

'If you have ordered another old-fashioned-looking thing, it will have to be taken back to the place from whence it came; that's all, my dear. And until it comes, you must wear your garden-hat; it is twenty times more becoming than that old dowdy thing of a bonnet; and I have been up since five o'clock, if you please, making it pretty with new ribbon and a few poppies.'

'Dear Lilian—sister!'

'Tears! Good gracious, Mary, what *are* you thinking of? Pray, consider your nose; pray, do not spoil the effect! Yes; that's better; that will do, my dear;' with a grave little nod of approval, as I broke into a smile again.

It certainly was rather amusing. To judge by her tone, and without looking at her, she might have been supposed to be an elder sister admonishing and encouraging a shy young girl. Ah me! the diffidence I felt arose from a very different cause, and was of a very different kind from the diffidence of a young girl. It was nevertheless very delightful to have her hovering about me thus; her love so palpable in every word, and look, and tone. It was doubly precious to me just now; and perhaps she guessed that it was. By the time we were summoned to breakfast, she had succeeded in chasing away some of my morbid fancies; and she did not allow me to fall back again, keeping up a constant patter of merry speeches; at which her aunt and I were forced to smile.

Whether Lilian was beginning to see deeper into my mind than she had heretofore done, I know not; but one thing was evident: she could see the kind of treatment I required, and talked no sentiment. Mrs Tipper looked a little surprised at her unwonted gaiety, but very agreeably surprised. Lilian never appeared to greater advantage than in these playful moods.

'Of course you and I must be considerate when Mr Dallas is here, aunty; in the way of finding our presence required elsewhere, and making occasional discreet little disappearances, you know.'

'Nonsense! as though I would allow such a thing!' I replied laughingly.

'And as though such an experienced person as I did not know the right and proper thing to do!' She could even jest about her experience.

'Then I mean to shew you that the most experienced people may sometimes err in their notions as to what is right and proper,' I rejoined lightly.

But when, just as we had finished breakfast, Lilian descried Philip coming down the lane, she ran off with a gay look over her shoulder at me. Mrs Tipper was already in the kitchen, in solemn consultation with Becky over the contents of the larder, intent upon making Philip an honoured guest. Of course I very quickly had

Lilian in with us, and allowed no more discreet disappearances. Indeed in the first moments of my happiness it was sufficient to me to feel that Philip was present. There was even a kind of relief in having Lilian with us; and he soon found that anything which interested him and me might be freely discussed in her presence.

It was a glorious morning, and we betook ourselves to the 'drawing-room.' The windows were flung wide; and it was delightful to look from the cool shaded room to the lovely scene beyond, bathed in sunshine, the shadows of the light fleecy clouds sailing in the bright blue sky chasing each other up the hillside; whilst an occasional sound, the few-and-far-between strokes of the blacksmith's hammer, or the laugh of a child at play, floated lazily towards us from the village; even the proverbially busy bee seemed to hum drowsily in the perfume-laden air.

We agreed that it was a morning expressly intended to be spent in the half-idle wholly enjoyable way we spent it: renewing acquaintance with bits from our favourite authors, trying scraps of songs, &c., Lilian now accompanying him, and now me. Then there were our sketches to be examined and criticised—have I said Philip was no mean artist?—and our studies to be talked over, which brought us to Robert Wentworth.

I had already made Philip acquainted with him, so far as it could be done by letter, and unfortunately, as I now felt it to be, I had given more than one hint of my hopes and expectations respecting Lilian and Robert Wentworth. It was therefore natural enough that Philip should watch her a little curiously when the other's name was mentioned.

'He must be a fine fellow!' heartily said Philip, when Lilian quoted some remark of Robert Wentworth's.

'He is good,' simply replied Lilian. 'Not very fine, but good.'

'If you interpret what I say so very literally as all that, I shall have to be very careful in the choice of my words, Miss Maitland,' laughed Philip.

'I do not want you to be disappointed in him, even at first; and he is plain, and rather old.'

Plain, and rather old! That was *not* Robert Wentworth to me; but I recollected that I was not a girl between seventeen and eighteen, and made no comment.

Lilian looked flushed and nervous as she slipped her hand into mine, and went on in a low grave voice to him: 'Could not Mary's sister be—Lilian?'

He bowed low, with a murmured word or two about his appreciation of the privilege; and seeing that her face was still shadowed by the recollection which his use of her mother's name had called up, he presently contrived to lead to less embarrassing subjects.

After early dinner—Philip had begged that no difference should be made in the hour on his account—we went into the woods, to pass the afternoon under the grand old trees; taking with us books, needlework, sketching materials, and what not, with the persuasion that we did not mean to be wholly idle. Philip said that it was done for the purpose of impressing him with due reverence for our talents; but declared that it was only idle people who could not enjoy being idle. He spread all the aids and appliances picturesquely about us.

'There; that ought to do, I think. The most conscientious of workers ought to be satisfied with that—no one would venture to call you idle now!' he ejaculated, throwing himself on to the turf beside us, his hands clasped at the back of his head and his gray eyes full of fun and mischief.

'The idea of your thinking you will have nothing to do but watch us!' said Lilian. 'We shall want lots of help; shall we not, Mary? water fetched, and pencils cut, and'——

'No, no; I am sure you are above that sort of thing. Isn't it becoming the fashion for ladies to be independent?'—persuasively.

'We are old-fashioned, and like to be waited upon.'

He laughed. 'I should like to be useful, of course. But wouldn't you find me useful to point a moral? Suppose you were to illustrate the evils of laziness, for instance, and make me the example; eh, Mary?'—tossing a bit of twig on to my work.

'As though I would encourage you that way!'

'Shew that dimple again, if you please, Miss Haddon!'

'You absurd person!'

'Thank you.'

'I feel an inclination to be discreet coming on,' whispered Lilian.

'Repress it at once,' I replied very decidedly.

Ah, what pleasant nonsense it was! The woods rang out with many a merry laugh at our quips and cranks and gay *badinage* that afternoon. Philip affirmed that our lives had been too sombre and severe, and that he had only arrived just in time to rescue us from becoming 'superior' women. The brightening-up process devolved upon him. We could not deny that he had the power. Lilian altogether got rid of her shyness, and was almost as frank and outspoken with him as with me. She gaily claimed to be considered his sister by-and-by; and drew an amusing picture of herself in the future as a model old maid. 'Not prim and proper, you know—no, indeed; I intend to be a nice little round woman, to go about loving and comforting people.'

Philip confessed that he did not greatly affect old maids, but gravely opined that being round might make a difference.

I defended them as a 'worshipful body,' round or square; though I did not believe that Lilian would be allowed to be of the guild.

Lilian thought she would use her own judgment about it; but I recommended her asking Mr Wyatt's advice. At which I was pelted with bits of grass.

And so passed the hours away until Becky came to summon us to tea. She gazed so long and so curiously at Philip, who happened to be talking to Lilian whilst she gave Mrs Tipper's message, that I touched his arm and explained in a little aside that this was the Becky I had told him about, and that Becky's good opinion was worth something.

O yes; he had not forgotten; she was my protégée, he replied; going on to address himself to her, asking her whether she approved of his coming to take me away by-and-by.

Perhaps it was his jesting manner which she could not understand; perhaps it was some defect in herself—whatever might be the cause, I saw that Becky was not so much impressed in his favour as the others had been. Her quiet decided 'No, sir!' highly amused him.

'Not if Miss Haddon wishes to be taken away, Becky?'

But he could not get her to say any more. When he asked for reasons, she only shook her head, turning her eyes from him to me.

He tried banter. 'I understood that Miss Haddon was a favourite of yours, Becky.'

She did not appear to be at all anxious to defend herself to him, and she knew that it was not necessary to me. She stood aside for us to pass without a word; though I saw she eyed him steadily the while. Moreover, I found Becky a little cross-grained, when later I made occasion to ask what she thought of Mr Dallas. 'He is not so nice-looking as Mr Wentworth, Miss, to my mind,' was all she would say; and as I knew that those whom Becky liked were always good-looking, and those whom she did not affect were plain, I could draw my own conclusions. I was foolish enough to be a little annoyed, replying somewhat sharply: 'If you do not like Mr Dallas, you yourself, and not he, will be to blame for it, Becky.'

'Very well, Miss.'

Something in the expression of her eyes as she turned away made me add: 'Do not you think you ought to be inclined a little favourably towards the gentleman I am going to marry, Becky?'

'Yes, Miss; I know I ought;' in a low faltering voice. And that was all I got out of Becky.

RUSSIA AND HER PEOPLE.

A SKETCH.

The outbreak of war in the east of Europe has directed the attention of the English people to Russia, with a pretty generally expressed desire to become more acquainted with a country which may be destined in the future to play a greater part than it has yet done in the history of the world. This desire is a commendable one, for when two nations shew a mutual longing to become better known to each other, the risk of quarrelling is eventually reduced to a minimum, and as in the case of England and France, a free, hearty, and unchecked intercourse removes in a wonderfully short time whole ages of prejudice and ill-will.

Russia is, however, a difficult country to become acquainted with, for the traveller finds himself in an unfamiliar land, peopled by a race of whose thoughts and feelings he knows as little as he does of their language; and the information he receives from the persons he questions is either meagre or untrustworthy.

Her police regulations are vexatious; and on entering an hotel the traveller is bound, under awkward penalties, to give an exhaustive account of himself in a book kept for the purpose, and not only to enter into intimate relations with the authorities, but to have his mind made up as to his plans, and to purchase a *permis de séjour* or *de voyage* for a certain number of days; and this leave must not be exceeded without an authoritative extension of it.

The travelling arrangements for those who choose to use rail or steamer are pleasant, if one does not object to a rather oppressive atmosphere in the carriages, for during the greater part of the year the Russian's chief idea is to protect himself against the inclement climate; and as he keeps the windows and doors of the public conveyances hermetically closed, involuntary contact with him becomes anything but agreeable. But if the traveller wishes to gain an intimate acquaintance with Russia, and to see what is the real life of the people apart from towns and highways, he must be prepared to take many a long and tedious journey in a kind of lumbering cradle on wheels, or peasant's springless cart; for in some vehicle of this kind he will have to be bumped and jolted the livelong day, plagued with dust and heat in the summer, and in winter liable to frost-bite and snow-blindness; while he will probably be unable to get any food beyond what he carries with him except black bread, pickled cucumbers, and sometimes eggs. He will also have to sleep at night in fusty rooms, which are often without beds, and are almost invariably teeming with insects.

The northern portion of Russia consists chiefly of forest-land and morass, plentifully supplied with water, and broken up by numerous patches of cultivation; and the villages are generally composed of gray huts built on each side of a straight road which at times becomes a river of mud.

The big white church with its fine pear-shaped cupolas rising out of a bright green roof; the meadow in the foreground, through which meanders a sluggish stream; the whitewashed manor-house, with a verandah in front, standing on a bit of rising ground, and half concealed by a cluster of old rich-coloured pines: none of these details are beautiful in themselves, but all combine to form a very pleasant picture when seen from a distance, especially in the soft evening twilight. Every little household in these villages is a kind of primitive labour association, the members of which have all things in common, and submit to the arbitrary will of the Khosain or head of the family; while the wife of the Russian peasant is a very unromantic style of female, with very little sentiment in her otherwise kindly nature; but she manages to bring up her children on what is the veriest pittance of a wage, in a manner that would do credit to many better situated English peasant-women. In the north-eastern provinces of Russia the peasant has an extremely hard fight to maintain against the hostile forces of Nature, his field-labour sometimes resulting in no gain at all. He makes a living in various ways; and for whole days he wanders through the trackless forests in search of game; or he spends a month away from his home, fishing in some distant lake; or else devotes the summer to deep-sea fishing, bringing home, if he is lucky and frugal, enough money to tide him and his family over the winter.

In the excellent work, '*Russia*, by D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A., 1877,' from which we derive many of our facts, the author presents us with a 'family budget,' which will give a good idea of the expenditure of a peasant household in the far north. Its income during a tolerably prosperous year was L.12, 5s., chiefly obtained from the sale of game and fish. The expenditure was L.7, spent on ryemeal (2240 pounds), to supply the deficit of the harvest; L.3 on clothes, tackle, and ammunition; and L.2, 5s. paid in taxes.

As the peasant family of the old type is a kind of primitive association in which the members have their goods in common, so the village may be described as a primitive association on a larger scale. It has an administrator at its head, whose power is limited by the will of the heads of households themselves, forming a kind of village parliament, which is directly responsible to the state for the due and timely payment of all tithes and taxes. Various are the matters with which this village parliament has to deal, from the election of office-holders and the periodical collection of the taxes up to the redistribution of communal land—a subject which is often the occasion of lively scenes. But when once a decision is given, it is respected as scrupulously as any of the 'Acts' of our own House of Commons.

Thus we see in Russia the 'commune,' or 'mir' as it is called there, in full working order; and in a country ruled over by a despotic monarch it is perhaps the nearest approach to municipal or constitutional institutions that can with safety be attempted. The mir was instituted by the present Emperor or Czar, when he carried out that wise and humane act which will for ever be associated with his name—namely the emancipation of the serfs; and it has scarcely been long enough in existence yet to predict what form it may ultimately assume.

The Russian peasantry are, for the most part, grossly superstitious, and this may be owing in no small degree to the very inferior religious teaching to which they are accustomed; for we are told that they have not the faintest conception of anything like an inner religious life, but are the slaves of mere rites and ceremonies. For example, though a robber will kill a peasant on the highway, such are his religious scruples, that he will not eat a piece of cooked meat which he may find in his victim's cart, because perhaps it is a fast-day; and an artisan when about to break into the house of an Austrian attaché in St Petersburg, first entered a church and commended his undertaking to the protection of the saints, then killed the attaché in question. It is a species of grim fanaticism which binds the masses in Russia. The shrines in the public places are crowded with worshippers, who cover with their kisses the gilded pictures, while showers of small coins or copper money rattle into the boxes, which the priests hold in their hands. From these and other circumstances, we are warranted in saying that the Russo-Greek Church is about the most debased form of Christianity.

Not very high above the working classes of the towns in the matter of intellectual culture, come the traders. Many of them are very rich, but exceedingly ignorant, and do not bear a high character for honesty; but like every other class in Russia, this one also is being affected by the great changes which are taking place, and by which the old spirit of caste is dying out; while a number of nobles are infusing new ideas into mercantile circles.

Far above the trading classes stand the members of the official circles, who spend their days at their desks, and while away their evenings at card-playing, which is carried on to an extent unsurpassed in any country in Europe. This is doubtless owing to the eternal dullness which pervades Russian towns, but which one of their poets has declared to be the essential characteristic of Russian provincial life.

We come now to the *nobles* of Russia, of whom there is a very considerable number; but very small value is attached to a mere title, and there are hundreds of princes and princesses who have not the right to appear at court, and who would not be admitted into what is called in St Petersburg *La Société*, or for the matter of that, into refined society in any country. For instance, not long ago a certain Prince Krapotkin gained his living as a cabman in the Russian capital. The only genuine Russian title is Knyaz, which is commonly translated 'Prince.' The bearers of this title are the descendants of Rurik, of the Lithuanian Ghedimin, of the Tartar chiefs who were officially recognised by the czars, and of fourteen families who adopted it by imperial command during the last two centuries. Peter the Great introduced the foreign titles of Count and Baron, he and his successors conferring the title of count on sixty-seven families, and of baron on ten. Of the noble families, very few are rich, and none of them possess a shadow of political influence.

There are more than a hundred thousand landed proprietors in Russia, but it must not be inferred from this that they are equal in point of wealth to our landed gentry at home. Such is very far from being the case, for many of them are in a state of poverty, the wealthy ones not exceeding four thousand in number. This latter class includes two distinct schools of landowners, so to speak; those of the old school being described as 'contented, good-natured, hospitable, but indolent, apathetic, and dull;' while those of the later are a roystering boisterous set, fond of drinking and dissipation, and possessing a morbid passion for sport of all kinds, however demoralising or degrading it may be.

All travellers in Russia, from Dr Clarke downwards, have been astonished, and not a little disgusted with the depravity of official life. The taking of bribes by persons in authority seems to be universal, and has been represented as arising in some measure from the inadequacy of salaries. From whatever cause, this forms a blot on Russian society, and which we hope may disappear with the progress of education and intelligence.

In Russia, it is somewhat satisfactory to learn, Mohammedans and Christians get on very well together, and not only help each other, but take it in turns to be at the head of their several communes. This shews that under a tolerably good government the two races may enjoy a great amount of good-fellowship and freedom, without any reference whatever to religious differences.

All are loyal subjects of the Czar, to whom all Russians, of whatever rank or religion, yield an unhesitating and child-like obedience. But even this great measure of loyalty does not prevent them from occasionally resisting his authority when great interests are at stake, as is proved by the existence through many centuries of a secret society called the 'Raskol,' which all the power of the Russian emperors has failed to dissolve. So long as the Czar, however, identifies himself with the enthusiasm of his subjects, and especially the religious portion of them, his authority within his dominions is irresistible; but should his policy ever come into collision with the teachings of the clergy and the feelings of their flocks, the reverence paid to his sovereignty might be rudely shaken.

The saddest sight in Russia to a traveller is the manner in which civil prisoners are treated. It is a common spectacle to see three or four hundred poor wretches on their way to Siberia under a military escort; for most of them are chained together in couples, while the women and children who have elected to share their bread-winners' lot have also to submit to be treated as criminals. Poorly clad, and apparently half starved, the wonder is that any of the party should ever survive the dreadful journey. A Russian criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony; but when an officer of the army or other person of note has been sentenced to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform, and led to a scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the crowd he is made to kneel while his epaulets and decorations are torn from his coat and his sword broken over his head. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated, and his wife can consider herself a widow if she so chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey for Siberia. His wife and children, sisters or mother, can follow or accompany him if they choose, but only on condition that they share his exile.

Mr Arnold in his book entitled *Through Persia by Caravan*, relates how, when passing through Russia, he saw a party of prisoners embarked on board a steamer on the river Volga. They were positively caged amid-ships, so that every part of the interior could be seen, just as in the lion-houses of the Zoological Gardens, with this difference—that in the case of the prisoners there was no overhanging roof to prevent rain or sunshine from pouring in upon their wretchedness. At the back of the cage there was a *lair* common to all, without distinction of sex or age. And when all were secured, including the guiltless women and children, fights occurred for the places least exposed to the east wind. This is a system which must surely fade away beneath that public opinion which is fast becoming too strong for even autocratic monarchs to despise; for we are told that the emancipation of the Russian serfs has made a vast legal, social, and material improvement in the lower orders of the people; and it is to the people that the world will look for that much-needed reform, which will enable Russia, perhaps at no distant day, to take an honourable place amongst civilised nations.

An anecdote is related by Mr Wallace, who, upon one occasion when travelling on the great plain which stretches from the Sea of Azov to the Caspian, observed on the map the name *Shotlandskaya Koloniya* (Scotch colony). Being curious to ascertain why a village was so called, he made a pilgrimage thither and made inquiry. No one could tell him; but at last he was advised to ask an old Circassian, who was supposed to be learned in local antiquities. To this man he put a question in the Russian tongue, explaining that he was a Scotchman, and hoped to be able to find a fellow-countryman in the village; whereupon the old Circassian replied in broad Scotch: 'Why, man, I'm a Scotchman too!' He explained, however, that he was only a 'Circassian Scotchman,' being a native of the Caucasus; and as a child, had been purchased and brought up by the Scotch missionaries, who were then patronised by Alexander I., but were suppressed in the year 1835 by Nicholas.

Those of our readers who may wish for detailed information as to the general condition of Russia and her people, may safely be referred to Mr Wallace's interesting work.

THE DUKE'S PIPER:

A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was an unfortunate business—most unfortunate; for the Duke's piper and the Duke's game-keeper were the best of friends; they never met at the Glengolly clachan but they had their 'glass' together; nay, when friends met, such as they—and it was astonishing how often accident led the steps of both men to the smoky chimney-cheek of Betty MacDonald's clachan—the glass had to pass to and fro pretty often before the men parted. And as Betty knew full well that John Cameron the piper, and Donald MacTavish the game-keeper, her best customers all the year round, were critics upon whom no adulterated or diluted fluid could impose, Betty was careful that to them at least nothing but the best of whisky and stoup-measures—erring, if they erred at all, on the roomy side—should be served. The natural result of such companionship and mutual consumption of frequent gills was that John loved Donald 'like a vera brither;' while Donald frequently assured John, as they stumbled over the moor together in the gloaming, or more often when the horned moon was high, that not one of his own eight brothers was to be mentioned in the same breath with John—as regarded his, the game-keeper's, emotions towards him.

What then were Betty's feelings, late one unlucky autumn evening on her return from the byre, where she had gone to milk her solitary cow, to find the two friends in the midst of a hot argument, loud-mouthed both, and looking at each other across the table, on which stood the almost empty measure and glasses, with expressions on their honest gnarled faces that could hardly by any interpretation be termed mild? And this before a third guest too, a hairy-visaged gentleman whom Betty reckoned half-daft, seeing that he had spent the last three weeks 'splashin' a bit o' auld canvas wi' paint, and ca'ed it Ben Sluaigh,' but to whom it nevertheless behoved her to be polite, taking into account the liberal rent he paid for her best room. The gentleman sat in his chair with a tumbler of whisky-and-water before him, taking little part in the discussion, but smoking diligently with a broad grin, as Betty noted indignantly as she went 'ben' with her knitting, sorry to hear the voices of the disputants waxing louder and louder. Betty had a feminine dislike of argument; arguments in the clachan were generally the prelude to blows. Her idea of a 'good crack' admitted only of varying shades, not differences of opinion, softened by frequent application to the bottle—a good story being not one whit the less welcome because oft-told. But here were John and Donald glaring at each other with knit brows, and John, who could never brook contradiction, bringing his massive fist down on the table so that the stoup-measure and glasses swayed.

'Ye're wrang, Tonald, I tell ye again ye're wrang—it *wass* biled!'

The game-keeper thus addressed, only shook his bald head slowly from side to side, remarking after a pause, with a smile of superior knowledge that seemed to fan the flame of his friend's anger: 'Na, John, na: it iss nefer biled.'

'But it *iss* biled, and iss aye biled, I'm telling ye, and biled in sweet milk too.—I'm not like some folk, sir,' said the piper, turning to address the stranger in the arm-chair, 'that talk a lot o' nonsense apoot what they ken naething apoot.'

'Whether his oil-cake was boiled or not boiled,' said the stranger, 'the bull is as fine an animal as I have seen in the Highlands; though I was not sorry, as I sketched him, to have the stream and a good steep bank between us.'

'Noo, John, you are trying to impose on the ignorance o' the shentleman; that iss what ye are trying to do, John, and that iss no like ye. It iss verra pad to let the English shentleman go away, and it iss savages that he'll pe thinkin' we are in the Hielants, to pe feeding oor young bulls' (pronounced bills) 'wi biled oil-cake, as if oor young bulls needet oil-cake when they hef cood green grass and plenty; or allooin' they do need it, to hef it biled, and them wi' teeth that if they wanted wad crack whinstanes. Oh, but it iss a fine joke to hear ye talk o' biled oil-cake, John Cameron!'

'I'm telling ye, ye're wrang,' said the piper hotly; 'and it iss nonsense ye're talking apoot, Tonald MacTavish!—Though, sir,' again appealing to the stranger's intelligence, 'it iss not muckle that a game-keeper can ken apoot the rearing o' young bulls; they can tell a grouse from a partridge in a stubble-field on a dark nicht, I'll alloo that,' in a tone implying that he conceded the utmost; 'but the rearing o' young bulls iss oot o' their line; and for a man that has nefer peen oot o' his ain county from the tay he wass born till the tay o' his death, to teach anither man wha has peen roond the whole world moreofer wi' his Grace the Teuk—to tell *him* apoot savages'——

'I alloo,' interrupted Donald with a friendly wave of the hand, having filled and emptied a glass while John was speaking—'I alloo that there iss no petter piper in the county—no, nor in the whole Hielants moreofer, than yoursel', John Cameron; and it iss the Teuk himself I hef heard say as muckle many's the time that; and prood I hef peen to hear it; and I hope it iss to this shentleman and me that ye will pe giving a tune afore we pairt the nicht; but I canna alloo that ye are petter acquaint wi' the subject on hand. And ye can ask Sandy the Deuk's grieve yoursel' apoot it, and he wass in the byre when the bull was calfed, and he will'——

'Teffle a tune ye'll get from me this nicht; and it iss a obstinate mule ye are, Tonald MacTavish, and always wass; and as for Sandy MacIntyre, the Teuk's grieve, it iss all the parish that kens him for a foolish ignorant liar!'

The two men pushed their respective chairs a foot or so farther apart, and looked at each other in no amiable mood. John the piper was a tall thin Celt with fiery eyes, that flamed out from a mass of tangled hair as brown as heather, covering a low square brow; he was of a much more inflammable temperament than his friend, whose high cheek-bones, wide surly mouth, and cheeks that seemed to have gathered black forests of hair at the expense of his crown, which was of the shiny bald order, indicated a vein of Saxon blood in some progenitor, although his accent and fluency in Gaelic proved that he was a native of the west. Under the chair of the piper, Fingal the piper's collie, almost as excitable as his master, lay asleep; and in a corner by the game-keeper's gun, Jet, Donald's placid pointer, lay stretched at full length. Betty laid down her knitting in some trepidation when the argument reached this point, and came in to see if she could not pour oil on the troubled waters. She found the piper on his feet with his bagpipes under his arm, evidently much offended, looking about in the dark for his bonnet.

'It iss anither gless o' whusky ye'll pe taking now, Mr Cameron, pefore ye tak' the road this cauld nicht?'

'And it iss verra pad whusky ye hef peen giving us the nicht, Mrs MacTonald, eneuch to tak' the temper away from any man,' said the piper in his severest tones.

'And ye are quite richt there, Mr Cameron,' said Betty timidly, willing to appease her guest at the expense of her own reputation; 'and it iss myself that iss glad ye mentioned it, for I had to offer ye some o' the Cawm'lton-still the nicht, cass the gentry when they wass on the moor yesterday shooting took every drop o' the rale heather-watter away in their flasks, and left no a drop wi' me. But I'm sure, Mr Cameron, ye'll no pe so angry wi' me as that comes to as to go away angry like that.'

'The whusky iss cood eneuch, if taken wi' a thankful spirit, Mrs MacTonald,' said Mr MacTavish. 'But when a man iss prood and stuck-up cass he has travellet at the heels o' his betters—but the Teuk's dog has done as muckle—while his own neibors have bided at home, he thinks maype that naepody kens the tifference atween a reel and a hornpipe but himself! Gif me another gless, Mrs MacTonald.—Cood-nicht, John; I drink to your petter manners.'

John was at the door, having found his bonnet, but came back to say, shaking his fist in Donald's face: 'It iss an ignorant prute ye are, Tonald MacTavish, and I scorn to pit my fingers upon ye; but nae doot ye'll want me to bring my pipes to the clachan anither nicht; and nae doot your son Angus will pe wanting me to learn him to play the pipes too; and nae doot, when he comes for that purpose, he will look to have his crack wi' Maggie! Ye will live, Tonald, my man, to ken it wass an ill nicht when ye thocht fit to drink to *my* petter manners!'

With which flourish, wound up by an emphatic and defiant snap of the piper's fore-finger and thumb in close proximity to the nose of the calmer game-keeper, the piper marched with what dignity he could muster, seeing that he carried half a pint of fierce whisky beneath his belt, from the clachan to the pathway across the moor, homewards; and so absorbed was he in cherishing his anger, that he would not indulge himself on his solitary way with one of his favourite Jacobite lilts, lest the sound of the pipes might charm away his wrath. And his collie Fingal followed sadly at his heels.

The game-keeper sat for only a short time after his friend was gone; he gave utterance to a low hard laugh as the piper disappeared, and then relapsed into sulky silence. Presently he said, rising to leave: 'I 'd petter pay ye for my share o' the whusky, Mrs MacTonald.'

'Na; that can remain. Ye will pe here the day after to-morrow or so, I daresay, to make it up.'

'Take the money,' said Mr MacTavish firmly; 'he will peg my pardon pefore I drink another drop in his company.'

'A bad job!' said poor Betty, with tears in her eyes, as she slowly counted out to him the change.

On the afternoon of the same day, Maggie Cameron the piper's daughter was in her father's dairy busily at work. The piper's cottage and small farm-steading stood white and solitary at the mouth of Glen Heath, barely half a mile from Inversnow. The score of sheep that strayed about the glen with the red mark J. C. branded on their woolly sides belonged to the piper; so also did the three or four cows that stood cooling their feet in the heat of the day, in the peat-brown burn that coursed through the heart of the glen past the piper's fields and garden, to the loch. He was in a moderate way a prosperous man, and after the manner of men conscious of a bigger balance than their neighbours at the local bank, he thought he had a right to dogmatise on occasions. Folks who knew the piper knew that whoever ultimately was lucky enough to win the hand of his only daughter Maggie, would not take her dowerless; and that the dower would be something by no means to be sneezed at, was evident when the Inversnow intellect began to reckon on its finger-ends the various sources of the piper's income. There was first and foremost the farm; the piper's crops were ever the earliest and the heaviest; his mutton was always prime, and the piper knew well when and to what market to send. Nor on the Duke's whole estate were better turnips grown. Then what milk was to be compared to that which came from the piper's byre; and as for the piper's butter—churned by Maggie's own pretty hands—why, better butter was not to be had in or out of the parish for love or money. Besides which, the piper's white cottage, built on the slope facing the loch on one side and looking towards the glen on the other, within a few minutes' walk of the best scenery, the best shooting, and the best fishing in South-western Scotland, fetched—well, Inversnow did not know how much per month. Let to the 'gentry' during spring, summer, and autumn of every year, it was in itself another tap of gold flowing into the piper's pockets.

For several months in each year the Duke entertained guests at Inversnow Castle; and it was the piper's duty, as it was his pleasure, to march daily (Sundays excepted, and he grudged Sundays) for two hours to and fro in the hall of the castle while the Duke and his guests dined, the sonorous bagpipes discoursing appetising and digestatory music; and he was indeed a mean or thoughtless guest who departed without remembering the piper in some shape tangible to the piper. Dearly he loved his money. Nor was he a man likely to let money readily slip from his grasp when he once fingered it, and no man in Inversnow was more fertile in resources for adding to his store. But dearly as he loved gold, dearly as he loved his sheep, his cattle, and horses, his dram and his bagpipes, his one primary treasure was his winsome daughter Maggie. Rough he might be, but beneath the hard shell was a true human heart that beat warmly and tenderly towards her.

Maggie stood, as has been said, busily at work on the clean paved floor of the dairy, her burnished milk-pans full of creamy richness, arranged on shelves along the walls. The dairy was cool and shady, and the sweet fragrance of the fresh milk mingled sweetly with odour of late honeysuckles and fuchsias clambering in at the window. Between the leaves of honeysuckle there was to be seen from the window, far off across the sloping fields, a peep of the loch, the blue sky, and the heather-clad hills in the distance. The door was open, and the afternoon light fell upon no more pleasant sight than the bright shapely Highland lassie, whose sleeves were tucked up to the elbow, her dress pinned behind, while her hands were deftly shaping butter with the aid of a pair of wooden 'clatters' into tempting rounded pats, each pat being dropped, by a quick graceful turn of her skilful hands, into a dish of clear spring-water beside her. Maggie hummed in a sweet low treble as she worked, an old Gaelic air that had a touch of melancholy in it, her sole audience the piper's monstrous bull-dog, that lay all her length in the sunshine asleep on the threshold. Presently the formidable-looking animal raised her head, pricked her ears and growled; then, at the sound of footsteps, rose and bounded down the path; and Maggie, as she paused in singing, heard a well-known voice cry: 'Down, Diana; down, I tell ye; keep down!' The Highland girl went on with her work, with perhaps a tinge of crimson shewing through the sun-browned face, while a man's voice rang out 'Maggie!' from the kitchen door, and then the steps turned to the open dairy door.

'Well, Angus,' Maggie said in a tone of surprise that was hardly meant to be taken as real; 'and iss it you again? I thought you said yesterday that the yacht was going to meet some of the castle-folks at Sheepfell?'

'The Teuk changed his mind, or had a telegram or something. But are ye not glad to see me, Maggie, that ye won't shake hands wi' a body?'

'Deed and I am fery glad to see yourself, Angus, and well ye ken that; but my hands are wet wi' the watter and the butter; and indeed ye must excuse me.'

'But it iss a cold greeting to gif a body, that iss what it iss, no to shake a hand, Maggie,' said Angus; 'or maybe,' plucking up courage from the laughter in Maggie's eyes and the pose of Maggie's cheek, 'maybe *that* iss what you wanted!' And Angus boldly bestowed a kiss upon the girl's cheek.

'Oh, Angus MacTavish, and how could ye do the like o' that, when ye see I could not protect myself wi' my hands among the butter?'

'Then gif it to me back again, as the song says,' said Angus, taking his own again, before Maggie could make any show of resistance.

'But it iss a wild fellow ye are, and no deserving this drink o' new-drawn warm milk I am going to give ye!'

Maggie wiped her hands in the long white apron she wore, and turned to fill a tumbler full of milk from one of the pans.

'Well, Maggie Cameron, it iss maybe more than

I deserve,' said Angus, as he took the tumbler from her hand and raised it to his mouth; 'but here iss to your ferry good-health, Maggie!'

'I believe ye would rather it had been a dram,' said the girl, as she watched the milk swiftly disappear down the young sailor's throat. But Angus declared that in saying so she libelled him.

'And now, Maggie, ye must put on your hat and come with me,' said Angus seriously, when he had emptied the tumbler.

'Go with you, Angus! You 're joking. Wass it not for your lesson on the pipes ye came? But dad iss not at home this afternoon—he went the clachan-way with your father—but he will be disappointed to hef missed you.'

'I want you to come to the shore with me, Maggie; I have something to shew you, and I will take no denial for this once.'

'To shew me, Angus? But dad might not be pleased, if he came home when I wass out, to find I wass away trifling with you on the shore.'

'I will answer for that, Maggie Cameron.'

'Well, it iss true my churning is over, and the baking o' the scones can be done when I get back, but'—— The maiden hesitated.

'But there'—and Angus lifted the dish of butter-pats and marched off with them, followed by Maggie, to the kitchen. 'Now put on your hat and come with me.'

While Maggie went to her room, Angus turned the key in the dairy-door, and hung it on a nail in the kitchen; and leaving Janet the maid to bring in the cattle and milk them, the couple started on their expedition with light hearts.

They were a winsome couple, and Janet—a goodly lass herself—stood admiring them from the door-step, not without certain longings on her own account, as they walked along the pathway that skirted the meadow, to the bridge at the gate; and from thence over the stile and across a field, towards the loch. Margaret Cameron was a tall well-built girl, yet her head was just on a level with her companion's shoulder. Her face was fresh and sunny, light and shadow playing on it in quick responsive movement to the mental mood that happened to rule her. She was young, not yet out of her teens, full of youthful impulse, that expressed itself in frequent peals of merry laughter easily roused; with a tender heart too, as the sweet blue eyes told, by the quick rush of tears when she was moved by any tale of woe, or touched by the chill finger of disappointment. Angus was a broad-shouldered six-foot sailor, stooping slightly as he walked, with a bronzed cheery face, and the kindest of honest eyes, that looked you straight in the face fearlessly. He had been for many years one of the most trustworthy 'hands' on board the Duke's yacht, *The Curlew*, and was looked up to by the fishing-folks of Inversnow with all the respect due to a favourite of the Chief's, and to one whose ideas had been expanded by frequent visits to the Mediterranean.

'Where are we going?' asked the girl by-and-by, as Angus struck into a road leading to the town. 'It iss nefer into Inversnow we are going like this together!'

'And are ye ashamed to be seen walking with me, Maggie Cameron?'

'Ashamed? No! But it iss not well to be having folk talking idle gossip apoot us in the daytime, when maybe I ought to be at home working.' Maggie was made the more jealous of her reputation as a good housekeeper, by receiving a surprised nod at that moment from Mr M'Alister the grocer, who stood lazily on the door-step of his shop.

'Nefer mind what folk say, Maggie. This iss the way;' and Angus turned off the main street to the pier.

'Eh, Angus, what a pretty little poat—what a fery pretty poat!' said Maggie as they reached the end of the pier and looked down on a tiny boat resting placidly on the loch.

'And ye think her a pretty poat now, do ye, Maggie?' looking proudly from his achievement to his companion's interested face.

'I nefer saw anything prettier. She sits on the water like a sea-gull,' replied the girl warmly.

'And you can read her name on the stern now, can't you, Maggie—eh?'

The maid looked down fixedly and, as she looked, changed colour. Angus was watching her with beaming eyes. Painted in distinct blue letters on an oak ground were the words, 'MAGGIE CAMERON—INVERSNOW.'

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE fact that during last year (1876) no fewer than 1245 persons were killed and 4724 injured upon the various railways of Great Britain, is sufficiently startling; for these numbers, we need hardly remind our readers, exceed those of the killed and wounded in many a great battle. The average number killed per annum during the last five years has been 1295, and of those injured 4333.

Fortunately, however, for the peace of mind of the average British passenger, these numbers are not quite so alarming as they at first sight appear. That this is so, we shall shew by an analysis of the causes which led last year to the above-mentioned losses. Of those killed, no fewer than 305 were trespassers upon railway lines; and between thirty and forty of these were trespassers with the deliberate intention of committing suicide. Again, more than one half of the total number of persons killed were railway servants; and the same class furnished no fewer than 2600 of the 4724 cases of injury recorded in the returns. From their own misconduct or want of caution, 101 passengers lost their lives, and 604 sustained injuries. Level crossings are each year a very fertile cause of accidents, and to them no fewer than fifty-nine of the deaths of 1876 must be apportioned. We come now, however, to that which is undoubtedly a fact of the utmost gravity, namely, that thirty-eight passengers were killed and 1279 injured from causes over which they had *no* control, upon the railways of Great Britain.

In 1874, a Royal Commission was issued at the request of parliament to inquire into the causes and cure of railway accidents in Great Britain. For two years and a half the Commissioners pursued their labours; and their Report now lies before us. From it we gather that the Commissioners examined several hundreds of witnesses, including officers of the Board of Trade, general managers of railway companies, traffic managers, superintendents and assistant-superintendents of railways, inspectors and sub-inspectors of various classes, foremen of shunters, station-masters, engine-drivers, guards, brakemen, shunters, plate-layers, signalmen, pointsmen, boilersmiths, porters, and clerks. The Commissioners likewise arranged for a most valuable series of practical experiments upon the merits of the various systems of applying brake-power to trains, to be performed before them upon a portion of the Midland Company's railway near Newark. Of the important results disclosed by the elaborate system of experiments thus performed we shall have something to say presently. In addition to all this, the Commissioners personally inspected railway premises and works in various places throughout the kingdom, and investigated upon their own behalf certain 'typical cases' of railway accidents. Whatever conclusions, therefore, they may have arrived at claim at least the respectful consideration of all interested—and who is not?—in the prevention of railway accidents.

Regret has, we observe, been freely expressed in certain quarters that the Commissioners have not seen fit to advise the establishment of a government department which should exercise a general control over the practical administration of British railways. To have done so would, however, the Commissioners say, not have been in their opinion 'either prudent or desirable.' A government authority placed in such a position would, they remark, 'be exposed to the danger either of appearing indirectly to guarantee work, appliances, and arrangements which might practically prove faulty or insufficient, or else of interfering with railway management to an extent which would soon alienate from it public sympathy and confidence, and thus destroy its moral influence, and with it its capacity for usefulness.' Whilst, however, the Commissioners are thus strongly of opinion that any change which would relieve the railway companies from the responsibility which now rests upon them to provide for the safety of their traffic would be undesirable, they are nevertheless disposed to believe that legislation—by which the adoption of certain recognised improvements, and the construction of certain necessary works for the greater safety of the traffic, should be made compulsory upon the railway companies—would be a public gain. Amongst these improvements and necessary works are included by the Commissioners the compulsory adoption of the block and interlocking systems. The object of the block-system, we may here remark, is to preserve an arbitrary interval of space between all trains which are moving in the same direction upon the same line of rails. This is accomplished by dividing the line into sections; and not until a telegraphic message has been received announcing that a train has passed out of one section, is another permitted to enter that section. If properly carried out, this would prevent the possibility of one train running into another from behind, which as we all know has been a frequent cause of accidents.

We are not quite certain whether the Commissioners have done well in advising that 'increased facilities be afforded to the public to obtain redress by cheap and summary process when trains are late.' In the first place the Commissioners have not attempted to define when a train shall be held to be unpunctual; that is, whether one or five or fifteen or fifty minutes is to be held to constitute unpunctuality; and also whether the distance which the train has run is, or is not, to be taken into account. If every passenger by the Flying Scotchman from Edinburgh to London is to have a right to an action against the railway companies, in the event of that train being, say five minutes late upon its long journey of four hundred miles, the prospect of litigation thereby opened is sufficient to appal the hearts of shareholders in the North British, North-Eastern, and Great Northern Railways, and to make glad those of lawyers. Moreover, the Commissioners do not attempt to define what they mean by 'a cheap and summary process' being afforded to passengers of bringing actions against railway companies. At present such actions are occasionally brought in the County Courts, and it would be difficult, we think, to imagine 'a cheaper or more summary process' than they already afford.

At present, as most of our readers are aware, every passenger train which runs a distance of twenty miles without stopping is bound to carry with it some means whereby passengers can communicate with the guard or engine-driver of the train. The Royal Commissioners, however, have resolved to recommend that every train which runs for even eight miles without stopping is to be provided with a means of communication between the passengers and the servants of the company. Why this limit of eight miles has been arbitrarily fixed upon can only be left to conjecture. If some simple method could be devised whereby a passenger could instantaneously communicate with the servants of the train, an important benefit would be secured; but so long as the railway companies continue to call a small cord hidden away somewhere or other *outside* of the carriages, 'a means of communication between passengers and the servants of the company,' we confess that we do not attach much practical importance to this last recommendation of the Royal Commissioners.

We have already mentioned that the Royal Commissioners caused an extensive series of experiments to be performed in their presence upon a portion of the Midland Company's system near Newark, in order to test the various methods which have been invented for applying continuous brake-power to trains. Before, however, the trials of the various continuous 'brakes' were made, trials of the amount of brake-power *usually* supplied to the trains of some of the chief railway companies in Great Britain were made. From these experiments it appeared that with the amount of hand brake-power usually supplied, a train going at between forty-five and fifty miles an hour could not as a rule be brought to a full stop in much less than half a mile. During the trials at Newark, the merits of eight different kinds of 'continuous brakes' were tried; and 'amply proved the necessity for some greater control over fast passenger-trains than that hitherto provided in this country.' Speaking approximately indeed, it was shewn conclusively at these trials that a good continuous brake will reduce the stopping distances of fast trains to one-third of the distance within which they can be stopped by the present ordinary means. With regard to the effect upon passengers of any sudden stoppages by means of these continuous brakes, it is satisfactory to know that 'by none of the systems used in the trials could the brakes be applied too powerfully or too suddenly for the safety of the passengers.'

As the result of these Newark trials, the Royal Commissioners recommend that it should be made obligatory upon railway companies to provide every train with sufficient brake-power to bring it, at the highest speed at which it may be travelling and upon any gradients, to an absolute stop within five hundred yards. They also advise that a large proportion of the brake-power should be in the hands of the engine-driver. He is usually the man who first espies danger; and as when a train is travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, it passes over eighty-eight feet per second, it will easily be seen, that however slight may be the interval necessary for the driver to attract the attention of the guard, and for that official to apply his brakes, it may be sufficiently long to cause a serious accident.

Every newspaper reader must have remarked the frequent accidents which occur through passengers (whilst entering or leaving railway carriages) falling between the steps and the platform. This being so, it is satisfactory to remark that the Royal Commissioners have resolved to recommend that the adoption by railway companies of continuous foot-boards of sufficient width should be made compulsory wherever, in the opinion of the officials of the Board of Trade, 'the circumstances of the traffic are such as to render them necessary for the safety of passengers.'

As regards the important subject of the compensation which the railway companies are at present obliged to make whenever a passenger is —through no fault of his own—killed or injured whilst travelling upon their lines, the Royal Commissioners have not thought it necessary to make any special recommendations. They appear indeed to think that the principle of self-interest will be sufficient to make the companies introduce all reasonable improvements and take all possible means to secure the safety of their passengers. Mr Galt, however, one of the Royal Commissioners, dissents from this view of his colleagues, and we think with reason. He asks in connection with this subject the following very pertinent question: 'Does the sum paid in compensation by the companies exceed the expenditure that would necessarily be incurred for the avoidance of preventable accidents?' This question Mr Galt proceeds to regard from two points of view. First, the effect of accidents on the market value of railway shares; and second, the cost which the companies would have to incur in order to introduce various well-known means for the prevention of accidents, which have often been pressed upon their attention by Captain Tyler and other officials of the Board of Trade. The effect of an accident upon the market value of railway shares, even when it is one of exceptional severity, Mr Galt shews is only temporarily and never permanently to lower the value of the shares in the particular railway company upon whose system it occurred. The first cost, moreover, of introducing improvements upon their lines, Mr Galt points out, is felt very severely by railway companies; whereas the compensation which they pay for personal injuries does not at present amount to one per cent. of their total expenditure. Mr Galt indeed asserts that the saving which the companies would effect by the use of every available means for the prevention of accidents would 'scarcely amount to a shilling in the hundred pounds.' Hence he arrives at the very disagreeable conclusion, that so far as the *pecuniary* principle—apart from all higher considerations—is concerned, the railway companies' interests and those of the general public are diametrically opposed to each other!

We shall conclude this article by giving a brief epitome of the principal points upon which the Royal Commissioners have made formal 'recommendations' either for the consideration of parliament or of the railway companies. 1. They have recommended that discretionary powers should be conferred upon the Board of Trade to enforce the extension of stations and sidings wherever the accommodation provided for the traffic is so inadequate as to endanger safety. 2. To enforce the adoption of the block and interlocking systems on all lines or portions of lines where the introduction of these improvements is necessary for the safety of the traffic. 3. To restrict the speed of trains upon any line or section of a line which is in a condition to render a high rate of speed unsafe. 4. To require companies to provide their passenger carriages with continuous foot-boards. 5. To impose conditions upon companies in certain cases in sanctioning the opening of new lines. 6. To require companies to provide foot-bridges or subways at stations where the absence of such accommodation is proved to be a source of danger. 7. To require a lodge to be maintained at public crossings for foot-passengers wherever circumstances render it necessary for safety. 8. That railway companies shall be required by law, under adequate penalties, to supply all trains with sufficient brake-power to stop them within five hundred yards under all circumstances. 9. That in order to produce greater punctuality in the conduct of the traffic on railways, additional facilities be afforded to the public for obtaining compensation when trains are late. 10. That the 31st and 32d Vict. c. 119, s. 22, relating to intercommunication in trains, be amended in the manner which we have indicated above. 11. That the civil liability of railway companies for accidents to their servants, and of the criminal liability of persons in railway employment for acts of negligence endangering life, be extended.

Some at least of these proposals of the Royal Commissioners will doubtless be adopted by Her Majesty's government, and will be proposed to parliament, with all the weight of their authority, during the next (1878) session of parliament.

That the government measure which will embody these 'selected' recommendations of the Royal Commissioners will satisfy all parties—directors of railways, railway servants, and the general public alike—would of course be too much to hope. But this may at least be confidently predicted—that if the chief recommendations of the Royal Commissioners be adopted by parliament, and be loyally carried out in practice by the railway companies, they will tend in no inconsiderable degree to render railway travelling in Great Britain in the future both much safer and much pleasanter than it has been in the past.

DROLLERIES OF THE AMERICAN BENCH.

Droll things are reported of the bench and bar in the United States. Perhaps all that is said of them in the newspapers may have a tinge of exaggeration; but we do not doubt that there is a considerable substructure of truth. What, indeed, but odd sayings and doings can be expected from judges who are appointed by universal suffrage, and may in many cases be little better than the boon-companions of the culprits who are apt to come judicially before them. We cull a few drolleries of the American bench for the amusement of our readers.

Wearied beyond endurance by the tediousness of a long-winded pleader, a Kentuckian judge put himself out of his misery and his tormentor out of countenance by suddenly exclaiming: 'If the court is right, and she thinks she air, why then you are wrong, and she knows you is. Shut up!' Almost as rude in speech was Judge Dowling, who after serving as fireman and police-officer, became by election one of the magistrates of the Empire City. 'What are you reading from, sir?' asked he of a counsel.

'From the statute of 1876, your Honour,' was the reply.

'Well,' said Dowling, 'you needn't read any more; I'm judge in this court, and my statutes are good enough law for anybody!'

This worshipful gentleman plumed himself upon deciding 'according to the equities of the case,' law and precedent to the contrary notwithstanding; they went for nothing with him.

They did not go for much more with the western administrator of the law, Judge Alec Smith. A divorce case being called on, he, addressing the plaintiff's representative, said: 'I don't think people ought to be compelled to live together when they don't want to do so. I will decree a divorce in this case;' and the parties concerned were thereupon declared to be no longer man and wife. Presently the defendant's lawyer appeared, and was not a little surprised to find all was settled, that the judge had decided without hearing one side, much less both. He protested against such over-hasty proceedings, and appealed to the court to redress the wrong it had committed. The court not being inclined to own itself in fault, he was informed it was too late to raise objections; the decree had been pronounced; but if he wanted to argue the case 'right bad,' the court would marry the parties again, and let him have a crack for it.

When Miss Amelia Donnerschley claimed two hundred dollars from faithless Augustus Berker for breach of promise, the gentleman justified his conduct on the plea that after dwelling under the same roof with the young lady and her mamma for eight months, he found it so impossible to live comfortably with the one, that he was compelled to cry off with the other. The judge inquired if the mother purposed living with her daughter after marriage, and receiving an affirmative answer, asked the defendant whether he would rather live with his mother-in-law or pay two hundred dollars.

'Pay two hundred dollars,' was the prompt reply.

Said the judge: 'Young man, let me shake hands with you. There was a time in my life when I was in the same situation as you are in now. Had I possessed your firmness, I should have been spared twenty-five years of trouble. I had the alternative of marrying or paying a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Being poor, I married; and for twenty-five years have I regretted it. I am happy to meet with a man of your stamp. The plaintiff must pay ten dollars and costs for having thought of putting a gentleman under the dominion of a mother-in-law.'

The much-married dignitary was not so susceptible to the charms of the sex as his brother of Iowa, who refused to fine a man for kissing a girl against her will, because the complainant was so temptingly pretty that nothing but an overwhelming sense of its dignity prevented the court kissing her itself.

It is lucky for an offender when his judge puts himself in his place; justice is sure then to be tempered with mercy, as in the case of the snatcher of spoons brought before a Georgian court many years ago. Bela Brown, who then went the circuit as judge, was an able man, in equal repute as a lawyer and as a boon-companion. The night before the court was to open at Dayton, his Honour went to a tavern kept by Sterrit, and had such a good time of it with his legal friends that by midnight he was not quite so sober as a judge should be. Somebody cleared the table of all its spoons, and put them into the unconscious gentleman's pocket. He was greatly perturbed at finding them there next morning. They were Sterrit's spoons without doubt, for they bore the landlord's initials.

'Polly,' said the judge to his wife, 'was I tipsy when I came home?'

'Yes,' said she. 'You know your habits when you get among those lawyers.'

Much relieved in his mind, the judge declared he could understand how the spoons came into his possession. 'That fellow keeps the meanest liquor in the States; but I never supposed it would make a man steal.'

A day or two afterwards, a man was arraigned for larceny; he pleaded guilty, but urged he was intoxicated when he committed the offence.

'What's the nature of the charge?' inquired Judge Brown.

'Stealing money from the till at Sterrit's tavern,' replied the clerk.

'Young man,' said the judge solemnly, 'are you sure you were tipsy when you took this money?'

'Yes, your Honour; when I went outdoors the ground kept coming up and hitting me on the head.'

'That will do. Did you get all your liquor at Sterrit's?'

'Every drop, sir.'

Turning to the prosecuting attorney, the judge said: 'You will do me the favour of entering a *nolle prosequi;* that liquor of Sterrit's I have reason to know is enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got tipsy on it myself the other night, and stole all his spoons. If Sterrit will sell such abominable stuff he ought not to have the protection of this court.—Mr Sheriff, you may release the prisoner.'

Like the sailor who objected to his captain preaching and flogging too, offenders generally do not appreciate being suitably admonished as well as punished; and no doubt the Californian felt annoyed when, through incautiously demurring to the magistrate reproaching him with having no ambition, he found himself put to the question with: 'Where is it, sir? Where is it? Did you ever hear of Cicero taking free lunches? Did you ever hear that Plato gamboled through the alleys of Athens? Did you ever hear Demosthenes accused of sleeping under a coal-shed? If you would be a Plato, there would be a fire in your eye; your hair would have an intellectual cut; you'd step into a clean shirt; and you'd hire a mowing-machine to pare those finger-nails. You have got to go up for four months!'

The Honourable Kiah Rodgers, commonly called Old Kye, presiding in a Louisiana court, thus spoke his mind to a delinquent named Kettles: 'Prisoner, stand up! Mr Kettles, this court is under the painful necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you. This court has no doubt, Mr Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquors. The friends of this court all know that if there is any vice this court abhors it is intoxication. When this court was a young man, Mr Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink, and the friends of this court know that this court has naterally a very high temper; and if this court had not stopped short off, I have no doubt, sir, but what this court, sir, would have been in the Penitentiary or in its grave.'

Still more communicative was Judge Kye respecting his young days when summing up in an action brought by an overseer for wrongful dismissal from his situation.

'The jury,' said his Honour, 'will take notice that this court is well acquainted with the nature of the case. When this court first started in the world it followed the business of overseering, and if there is any business which this court understands, it's hosses, mules, and niggers; though this court never overseed in its life for less than eight hundred dollars. And this court in hossracing was always naterally gifted; and this court in running a quarter race whar the hosses was turned, could allers turn a hoss so as to gain fifteen feet in a race; and on a certain occasion it was one of the conditions of the race that Kye Rodgers shouldn't turn narry of the hosses.' Surely it must have been Old Kye who upon taking his official seat for the first time, said: 'If this court know her duty, and she thinks she do, Justice will walk over this track with her head and tail up.'

Prone as he might be to discursiveness, we fancy the Louisiana judge would have laid down the law a little more lucidly than the worthy to whom a Minnesota juryman appealed for aid, when his ideas as to what constituted murder had been confused by the arguments of counsel.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said this legal luminary, 'murder is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case is a murderer. Now murder by poison is just as much murder as murder with a gun, pistol, or knife. It is the simple act of murdering that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. Don't let the ideas of murder and manslaughter confound you. Murder is one thing, manslaughter is quite another. Consequently, if there has been a murder, and it is not manslaughter, then it must be murder. Don't let this point escape you. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. According to Blackstone and all the best living writers, one man cannot commit *felo de se* upon another; and that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, murder is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; the murder of a father is called parricide, but that don't enter into this case. This case is murder, and as I said before, murder is most emphatically murder. You will take the case, gentlemen, and make up your minds according to the law and the evidence, not forgetting the explanation I have given you.'

When an English judge has passed sentence upon a criminal, he has done with him. It would never enter his head to visit a man he had condemned to death. Judge Smith of Cincinnati had different notions of judicial etiquette. One Samuel Covert, about to be executed at Lebanon, had just taken his last meal, when the judge looked in, inquired how he felt, and asked for his autograph. Having obtained the autograph, and learned that Covert was pretty well, considering circumstances, the judge shook his hand warmly, saying: 'Good-bye, Mr Covert; I shall not see you again.'

'Good-bye, Mr Smith,' was the reply. 'Remember my last words to you: you have passed sentence of death upon an innocent man.'

'That is so, is it, Sam?' queried the visitor.

'Yes, sir.'

'If that be true, you've nothing against me; have you, Sam?'

'No, sir; you did your duty under the evidence.'

'Well, Sam, if you are an innocent man, it is a great calamity.'

'I am innocent,' repeated Covert.

The judge then departed, and Covert was marched to the scaffold.

Judge Smith hardly felt so easy in his mind as a Californian sheriff did after being interviewed by a self-confessed murderer, who desired to be sent to New York to answer for the crime he had committed in that city.

'So your conscience ain't easy, and you want to be hanged?' said the sheriff. 'Well, my friend, the county treasury ain't well fixed at present, and I don't want to take any risks, in case you're not the man, and are just fishing for a free ride. Besides, those New York courts can't be trusted to hang a man. As you say, you deserve to be killed, and your conscience won't be easy till you are killed, and as it can't make any difference to you or to society *how* you are killed, I guess I'll do the job myself!' and his hand moved to his pocket; but before he could pull out the revolver and level it at the murderer, that conscience-stricken individual was down the road and out of killing distance.

When lawyers behave in such a free-and-easy way, it is not surprising that a prisoner presumes to enter into familiar conversation with the bench. 'An old tippler,' asked by a Nevadan court whether he was rightly or wrongly charged with being intoxicated, pleaded, 'Not guilty, your Honour. Sunstroke!'

'Sunstroke?' queried Judge Cox.

'Yes, sir; the regular New York variety.'

'You've had sunstroke a good deal in your time, I believe?'

'Yes, your Honour; but this last attack was most severe.'

'Does sunstroke make you rush through the streets offering to fight the town?'

'That's the effect precisely.'

'And makes you throw brickbats at people?'

'That's it, judge. I see you understand the symptoms; and agree with the best recognised authorities, who hold it inflames the organs of combativeness and destructiveness. When a man of my temperament gets a good square sunstroke he's liable to do almost anything.'

'Yes; you are quite right—liable to go to jail for fifteen days. You'll go down with the policeman at once.' With that observation the conversation naturally closed, and the victim of so-called sunstroke 'went down.'

The bench does not always come off so victoriously. A prisoner before the court of Keatingville, Montana, neglecting to remove his hat, the sheriff was directed to do it for him, and obeyed instructions by knocking the offending head-gear off with his rifle. The owner picked it up, and as he clapped it on his head again shouted: 'I am bald, judge!' A repetition of the performance followed; at which, waxing indignant, his Honour rose and said: 'I fine you five dollars for contempt of court—to be committed until the fine is paid!'

The offender walked up to the judge, and laying down half a dollar, remarked: 'Your sentence, judge, is most ungentlemanly; but the law is imperative, and I will have to stand it; so here is half a dollar; and the four dollars and a half you owed me when we stopped playing poker this morning, makes us square!'

The card-playing administrator of justice must have felt as small as his brother-judge when he priced the cow. Being at Little Rock, Arkansas, on business, that judge strolled into the market, and seeing a farmer with a cow, stepped up to him and asked what he wanted for her. 'Thirty dollars,' said the farmer. 'She'll give you five quarts of milk if you feed her well.'

'Why,' quoth the judge, 'I have cows on my farm, not much more than half as big as yours, which give twenty quarts a day.'

The cow-owner eyed his new acquaintance very hard, as if trying to remember if he had seen him before, and then inquired where he lived. 'My home is in Iowa,' was the reply.

'Yes, stranger,' said the farmer, 'I don't dispute it. There were heaps of soldiers from Iowa down here during the war, and they were the worst liars in the whole Yankee army. Maybe you may have been an officer in some of them regiments?'

Without satisfying his interlocutor's curiosity on that point, the judge, we are told, 'slid for the court-house.'

THE FAIRIES.

WHERE are the wonderful elves, and the fairy creatures bright?
Where are the tiny things that danced in the pale moonlight?
Danced in a magic ring, and fluttered in robes of white,
Like motes in the sunbeam whirled, like leaves in the forest hoar.
Hark to the sound of the sea, and the cry of the waves on the shore.

Where are the dusky gnomes who toiled in the golden ground?
So that the miners trembled hearing their hammers' sound,
Hearing them tapping, tapping, delving in darkness bound,
A thousand tapping hammers, beneath them hammering.
Hark to the muttered thunder, the voice of the hidden spring.

Where are the forest fairies, the elves in Lincoln green,
Deep in the forest hidden, and never in cities seen,
Sought for by timid maidens, on sainted Hallowe'en,
The joy of all true lovers, a merry band were they!
Hark to the hum of the bee, in the scented blooms of May.

Where are the household fairies, who loved the embers' glow,
Who played at games with the shadows flickering to and fro,
But left no track on the sanded floor, no trace on the fallen snow,
And filled up the little slippers the children left behind,
Hark to the howl of the tempest, the moan of the stormy wind.

The elves are waiting, waiting, for the golden days to come,
When grief shall be known no longer, nor faithful love be dumb;
Till the figures all are added up, and finished the mighty sum.
Ah yes, they are waiting, waiting, till grief shall be no more.
Hark to the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted shore.

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SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

THE last representatives of our grandfather's generation having passed away, there is no reason why the following true stories of an old Scotch house should not be made public, for the entertainment of others besides those members of the family to whom only they have hitherto been known. I have slightly changed the names of persons and places, but not a detail of the stories has otherwise been altered from the first-hand accounts given us by those who were themselves their heroes and heroines.

On a winter's afternoon in the year 1816 three young officers were riding 'within a mile of Edinboro' toun;' they were pushing on in advance of their regiment, which was that day marching into new quarters, hoping to reach the city in time to choose lodgings for themselves, to whom rooms in barracks had not been allotted. Suddenly a gaunt gipsy woman of the Meg Merrilies type darted out upon them, and laid her detaining hand upon the bridle of Lieutenant T—— (my grandfather). He tried to shake his rein free, but without effect, and the little cavalcade was brought to a halt by her persistence; then addressing the gentlemen collectively, but keeping her eyes upon my grandfather, she offered to tell their fortunes. The young men laughed at the suggestion, and the gipsy wife waxed angry. 'Ye'll do little good in Edinboro' or elsewhere,' she retorted roughly to the two captains who had declined her services. 'But for ye' (speaking only to Lieutenant T——), 'there's a bonnie bride waiting in the first house ye enter!'

My grandfather threw her a shilling and galloped on with his companions, enduring for some time their good-natured raillery about the spae-wife's prediction; but when they reached the city they were too much engaged in observing the outsides of the houses which might afford them the desired lodgings, to think further of the prophecy. In the dim light, one large house with closed shutters looked as if it were untenanted and likely to suit their requirements; while a light from a lower kitchen window shewed that some one was left in charge who could attend to Lieutenant T——'s loud summons at the knocker. But the young man, accounted a gallant soldier enough, who had seen some service in the late wars, was entirely routed and discomfited by the furious reception his modest inquiry after lodgings met with from the stalwart maid-servant who answered the door. 'Lodgings! What was the world coming to when a daft young fool asked if her mistress let lodgings? The family was away in the north, and this would be a pretty tale to tell them on their return,' stormed the cross maid; and my grandfather, leaving a torrent of rough language behind him, made his escape down the steps of the house over whose threshold he had so mistakenly intruded. He remounted his horse amid the jeers of his two friends, who reminded him of his fate predicted by the gipsy, and begged him, if this were a sample of the 'bonnie bride's' usual temper, to exchange into another regiment as soon as he married. Eventually the young men found rooms to suit them, and in a few days became quite at home in the pleasant capital of the north, which was just beginning its gay winter season.

About a week after their arrival the officers were present at an Assembly ball, and Lieutenant T—— lost his heart at first sight to a lovely young *débutante* of fifteen, with whom he danced the whole evening. At the close of the ball he was introduced to a grand turbaned lady, his partner's mother; and on seeing the ladies to their carriage he asked leave to do himself the honour of calling for them next day. This permission and their address were given him, and the latter noted in his pocket-book. The next morning he eagerly sought out their house, which he did not recognise as the scene of his first adventure till Ailie, the same stalwart maid, opened the door, and this time admitted him graciously.

This visit was followed by many others; and before a year had passed my grandfather won the 'bonnie bride' of the spae-wife's prediction from the very house across whose threshold he had first set foot on entering Edinburgh. They were a very young pair; he only twenty-one and my grandmother just sixteen at their marriage; and how their housekeeping might have prospered or the reverse I do not know, had not Ailie decided to take service with the young couple, and maintained their interests during the wanderings of the next thirty years as faithfully as she had previously guarded the honour of her mistress's house. She was one of the now extinct race of family servants, a sort of factotum in the house, where she did her own work and a good part of every one else's in a wonderfully indefatigable fashion, only reserving to herself the privilege of keeping every one in order, from the master and mistress down to the kitchen wench.

To three out of the four generations of our family whom she served, she was 'old Ailie;' and her flowered chintz bedgown and mob-cap survived unaltered far into the era of crinoline and chignon. What stories she had to tell of Madam our great-grandmother, a very grand dame indeed, and well-known card-player; and of a certain Mistress Jean, her favourite heroine, whom some of us recollect as Aunt Moir, a little soft-faced, pink-and-white lady, not so imposing to look upon as the miniature of her powdered mamma, but a beauty nevertheless in her day. She lived at a time when it was the acknowledged fate of all Edinburgh belles to fall a prey to dyspeptic old East Indians, who having been drafted off as raw lads to India, were heard of no more till they returned as nabobs half a century later, to take their pick of the blooming lassies for whom the Scottish capital has ever been justly celebrated.

Aunt Moir would describe how she and her mother went every Sabbath morning to 'sit under' Dr M'——; and how, as they mounted the high steps to the entrance of the place of worship, the beaus young and old—some in blue swallow-tailed coats buttoned tight across the chest, and frilled *jabots* like protruding fins; others with military pigtails and riding-boots—stood on each side of the door and criticised their figures (a lady's face in those days being pretty well hidden by her telescopic bonnet), and more particularly their feet and ankles, incased in sandalled shoes and silk stockings. Aunt Moir admitted that her feet passed their examination creditably enough, though the criticism was sometimes more severe than gallant; and one of her young-lady friends went by the name of 'Flat-foot Meg.' But Aunt Jean's were evidently of a different order, and were swift and light enough to do even more than please the fastidious tastes of the Edinburgh bucks. Some years after her marriage with an old and invalid husband, who had carried her away from Edinburgh to a country home, Mistress Moir, little more than a girl still, one day going over her domains started a hare from a barley-stook, and throwing all her matronly dignity to the winds, she pursued Puss through a couple of meadows, and eventually captured and brought him struggling to the house. Whether she kept maukin as a pet and proof of her agility, or converted him into the excellent soup for which she has left us her recipe, labelled in a pointed Italian hand-writing 'Mistress Moir's Hare Broth,' history does not relate. Let us hope the former fate was his, for the recipe says in conclusion, 'Without the meat of *two* hares is the broth poor and meagre.'

Aunt Moir had no children of her own; but her heart and home were always open to the numerous members of the T—— family, her nephews and nieces. She found queer old ornaments, Indian beads and tartan scarfs, in her store-boxes for the girls; and the town-bred boys found rare opportunities for healthful delightful mischief when the High School released them for their holidays at Moir. One species of entertainment was specially sacred to Aunt Jean's kail-yard: to mount astride upon tall, well-grown, firm-hearted cabbages, and rock gently to and fro, with short leather-breeched, gray-stockinged legs sticking out straight like a cavalry officer's, until a warning crack in the stalk, or the sudden appearance of Aunt Jean's Tam rushing round some unexpected corner, with his climax of threats: 'I'll tell Mistress Alice,' drove the boys from their position.

A gray-headed, cross-grained old fellow was Tam, affecting to disapprove highly of the annual summer incursion of boys and girls into the Moir fruit-gardens, trampling among his strawberries that were destined for Mistress Jean's preserves, and rifling his bushes for 'honeyblobs.' But he had a soft spot in his heart for my mother, Anna T——, who reminded him, he fancied, of his little daughter Kirsty, dead thirty years before; and many a Sunday afternoon did Tam give mother a helping hand through her portion of the Shorter Catechism, imposed as a becoming exercise for the mind by Aunt Moir on each of the children. Tam was a rigid Sabbatarian of course, and even his favourite Anna was not exempted from blame when one Sabbath evening the whole young party were discovered in pursuit of a marauding rabbit who had for days past ravaged their gardens. Ananias and Sapphira, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were somewhat irrelevantly cited as cases in point, or at least as fellow-sinners; but he ended by muttering to himself, as he left the abashed T—— children to meditate over his sermon: 'An' the Lord spare me till the morn's morn, I'll shoot that deil mysel.'

Tam had been with Aunt Moir's parents at Portcorry before they migrated southwards to Edinburgh, to settle the boys in life and the girls in marriage. She had a queer story to tell us of her childhood connected with Tam's wife Kirsty, who lived as nursery-maid in her father's house, and had somewhat indifferently, and in the spirit of the lass who sang,

If it's ordained I maun tak him,
Wha will I get but Tam Glen?

married Tam the 'gairdner lad,' and retired with him to the lodge. When her little Kirsty was born, however, she gladly accepted the post of wet-nurse to the contemporaneous baby just arrived at the house, and returned to her old position in the nursery, bringing all her newly awakened maternal love, as well as her boundless devotion and respect for 'the family,' to lavish upon little weakly Uncle Donald. Baby Kirsty at the lodge flourished upon oatmeal porridge administered by Tam's clumsy hands, and was soon 'creeping' about everywhere with the big collie dog as her sole attendant; while up at the house Master Donald took all the devotion of two mothers to rear him, and was all-sufficient to Mrs Kirsty, who forgot husband, child, and home in her tendance of her foster-son.

At last, almost a year afterwards, the boy being weaned and fairly strong, it was thought time to dismiss the foster-mother to her home duties; and accordingly, after a violent and distressing parting, she tore herself away from the child and returned to the lodge for good. That same night Aunt Jean, a child of nine, who slept in the same room occupied by the head-nurse and the baby brother, woke suddenly without any particular reason, and saw by the dim light of the nursery lamp, Kirsty's well-known figure walking to and fro through the room with the little white bundle of a Donald in her arms. Presently she laid the quieted child down in his cot again; and then catching the wide-open eyes in the next bed, she made a sign to be silent, turning her head in the direction of the sleeping head-nurse. Aunt Jean, well aware of various little nursery jealousies between Mrs Macnab and Mrs Kirsty, gave a nod of acquiescence, and lay quite still, watching Kirsty as she softly bent over the little boy, settled him comfortably, and kissed him again and again. She was still there hovering round the cot with noiseless footsteps when the little girl fell asleep again.

Next morning, the first news that came to the house was that poor Mistress Kirsty had died suddenly in the night in her own bed of a sudden attack of heart complaint; brought on, the doctor said, by the excessive grief to which she gave way on parting from her adopted son. Tam and little Kirsty did not miss her much, I believe; nor, sad to say, did the little lad for whom she had spent her strength so willingly; but Aunt Jean held persistently to her story of the 'vision;' and the tale of 'faithful Kirsty' is still a beloved tradition in our nursery. Thanks to her care, Uncle Donald grew up a strapping lad, and when only fifteen served at the battle of Waterloo, and was present at the entry of the allied powers into Paris. There is still extant a funny etching, executed by some wit of the regiment, in which Ensign Donald is represented 'looting' a confectioner's shop, with drawn sword in one hand and immense half-demolished *brioche* in the other; the young ladies of the counter, attired in the classical costumes of the First Empire, flying every way from the onslaught of this hero from the Land o' Cakes.

They were a kindly race these Scotch relations of ours; less extravagant in their habits, customs, and ways of thought than their descendants of the present generation; handsomer and healthier too, perhaps, if we judge from the bright eyes and rosy smiling faces of the portraits they have left us; though even in these degenerate days, a return to the early hours, simple habits, and oatmeal porridge of the last century might yet make our lads and lassies, who inherit the friendly Scottish nature, as handsome, healthy, and happy as their grandfathers and grandmothers were seventy years since.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXIX.—PHILIP AND ROBERT.

We found Robert Wentworth with Mrs Tipper, and he too, I saw, very curiously examined Philip as they were introduced to each other. Each eyed the other curiously and critically for a moment or two, as they uttered the first few words; and I think each was as favourably impressed towards the other as I could desire them to be. They were kindred spirits, and soon recognised that they were, making acquaintance in easy, undemonstrative, manly fashion.

Robert Wentworth was like an elder brother of Philip's, and there was just sufficient difference between their minds to give a zest to their companionship. Philip's was a more mercurial temperament; whilst there was a vein of satire in the other, lacking in him. Lilian thought that Robert Wentworth had not the same poetical perception which Philip possessed; but that did *not* I, for whom the former had unfolded the hidden meaning, the subtle essence of some of *the* poet's most delicate imagery. Of course I could not suppose Robert Wentworth to be Philip's superior; but neither would I do him the injustice of calling him inferior. They were different.

One thing puzzled me not a little as time went on. Whether it was that my love for Philip made me shyer and more reticent with him, or whether he did not look for certain things in me, I know not; but one part of my mind, which was as an open book to Robert Wentworth, remained undiscovered and even unsuspected by my lover. Once when Philip made a little jest about Lilian's romance and enthusiasm, Robert Wentworth smilingly opined that there were graver offenders in that way than Lilian; but I knew that I was the only one to perceive his meaning. If Philip had any suspicion that the allusion was intended for me, he did not perceive its application. Would it have made any difference if I had been able to let my thoughts flow into words when alone with him? When I was his wife—when this foolish shyness, reticence, or whatever it might be, was once overcome—I knew that he would find me a much more attractive companion than now. But while I longed to give more expression to my feelings, I nervously shrank from doing so. I almost wished that he would *force* me to shew my thoughts, as Robert Wentworth used to take so much delight in doing.

What girl could love as I did? What love could be deeper and more intense than mine? Yet the consciousness that I was *not* a girl kept me silent whilst my soul vibrated to every look and word of his. Ah me—ah Philip! would it have been wiser to let you see? That night when we stood together in the moonlight—when you good-naturedly jested me about my matter-of-fact way of regarding things—would it have been better to let you see the volcano hidden beneath the snow? Ah Philip, when you feared I had caught a chill, and wrapped my shawl closer about me, would it have been wiser to let you know *why* I was trembling beneath your touch?

I have learned to say: 'No; better as it was.'

But I have been anticipating. This first evening of the meeting between Robert Wentworth and Philip, all was *couleur de rose*, and my mind was at rest. I sat more silent than usual, congratulating myself upon the prospect of the great desire of my heart being gratified. They two would be friends, even according to my somewhat *exigeante* notion of what friendship should be. Then it was pleasant to listen to Robert Wentworth's few words respecting his appreciation of Philip, so honestly and heartily spoken.

'You must not forget that it is a brother's right to give you away, when the time for giving away comes, Mary,' he said gently, as he and I stood together by the open window a few minutes, whilst Philip was turning over the music for Lilian, who was singing some of his favourite airs for him.

'Will you? It is kind to wish it,' I murmured, feeling that it was a great deal more than kind.

'Mr Dallas is, I believe, worthy of any man's sister, Mary.'

'I am glad you think so'—I paused a moment, then, as a sister should, added—'Robert.'

He smiled, and talked pleasantly on, contriving to set me quite at ease respecting the state of his own mind. I was now able to persuade myself that he had been deceived, and that his friendship for me had never really developed into a stronger feeling. Presently he said in his abrupt friendly fashion: 'Why do *you* not sing, Mary?'

'Oh, Lilian sings that so much better than I; and it is a favourite of Philip's.'

'Well, come now and enchant our ears;' going towards the piano as Lilian ceased, and looking out a song which he always said I sang well. 'Now, do your best.'

But although Philip and Lilian were more than satisfied, Robert was not. He and I knew that it was not my best, their kind speeches notwithstanding. He seemed to have quite changed his tactics with regard to me—doing everything in his power to make me appear to advantage in Philip's eyes. But he unconsciously deprived me of the pleasant termination of the day, which I had been looking forward to. Philip and he set forth together to walk to the railway station, and of course there was no moonlight walk for me that night.

But there was the morrow—many a happy morrow to come, now, I told myself, looking after them as they went down the lane together. The more they saw of each other, the sooner they would become friends. Lilian, who stood beside me at the gate, slipped her arm round my waist, and laid her head against my shoulder in eloquent silence.

It was fortunate that the day had come round for paying my promised visit to Nancy Dean. I felt that I needed some kind of reminder that I did not live in a world all flowers and sunshine. I set forth the next morning alone, thinking that Nancy might possibly feel less under constraint than if Lilian were present during our interview. Philip had some banking business to transact which would prevent his getting down to us until late in the afternoon; and I had therefore ample time for my errand before his arrival.

This time I found no difficulty in obtaining admittance; and was informed that the rules allowed me to remain an hour, if I chose so to do, with my friend Nancy Dean. That hour we were at liberty to spend in either the dining-hall or exercise-ground, as we chose. We gazed earnestly and curiously at each other as we shook hands; and I hope she was as pleased with me by daylight as I was with her.

Without being handsome or even pretty, Nancy Dean's was a face which pleased me much. If expressing a shade too much self-will and the firmness which, untrained, is so apt to degenerate into obstinacy, there was no trace of meanness, deceit, or dishonesty.

'You expected me to-day of course, Nancy?'

'I shouldn't be here if I hadn't, Miss,' she returned with a grave smile. We had elected to spend the hour in the open air; and with my arm linked in hers, we paced slowly up and down part of the old court-yard, or exercise-ground as it was called.

'In that case, I ought to be thankful that no accident occurred to prevent my coming. It might have, you know, and then poor I should have had to bear the blame for anything which followed.'

'How could you have been to blame if an accident had happened, Miss?'

'My dear Nancy, if you had fallen back, *some one* would have been in fault, since we could hardly throw the blame upon an accident.'

'You mean *I* should have been to blame, if I had gone wrong again because you did not come?'

I smiled. 'I am not altogether sure which of us would have been *most* in fault, Nancy.'

'But how could you'——

'One thing is clear. I did not succeed in giving you faith in me, although I had faith in you.'

She looked dubiously at me a moment, then her eyes slowly filled with tears. 'Perhaps I haven't been ready enough to believe in people. Till now, nobody ever seemed to believe in *me*.'

'It is not for me to judge, Nancy. I can only say I am pleased that you had the strength and courage to return here and remain, under the circumstances.'

'You seem to know exactly the best thing to say to encourage me, Miss!' ejaculated Nancy. 'And even when you hit hard, as you sometimes do, I don't seem to mind it so much from you as I do from other people—it's different, somehow! You don't seem to enjoy thinking about my wickedness.'

'If I thought you wicked, I certainly should not enjoy thinking so; and if you were, you would not have come back here. Poor Nancy, I am afraid it has been rather hard for you!'

'If you could only know *how* hard it has been!' she murmured. 'Think of never being spoken to by any of the others for a week; kept in silence and solitude, and looked upon as the worst creature that ever breathed!'

'All the more credit to you for bearing it. But we will not talk about that. Let us rather think about the future. I told you I am going to be married shortly—in a month or two probably—and then we are going abroad for a time.'

'Shall I have to stay here till you come back, Miss?' she asked anxiously, her face falling at the thought.

'No; I do not wish it; that would be too much to expect. I am sure I shall be able to make some arrangement for you; possibly I may arrange for you to stay with a dear old friend of mine, who has only one young servant, until my return; but I promise you shall not remain here much longer.'

This was better; she brightened up wonderfully again, and we spent the rest of the allotted time very cheerfully. What was perhaps most cheering of all to poor Nancy was my little speech about hoping by-and-by to set things right with her relations.

'It's too late for that, Miss,' she replied sadly; 'they know I've been in prison, and poor mother's gone.'

'Too late, indeed! Why, there is almost a lifetime before you in which to prove your innocence! Besides, after you have lived with me long enough to enable me to speak from experience, I will take the matter in hand, and write to your father and sister. In the meantime, we must seek for the poor creature for whom you suffered, and if we can, get her to give evidence that she put the ring into your box.'

She threw up her head and faced the sky. 'Thank God!'

'You see now where thanks are due, Nancy,' I said softly.

'Yes;' drawing a deep breath.

When a loud clanging bell warned us that the time for my leaving her had come, I was more demonstrative in my manner than is customary with me. Several of the other inmates and their visitors were congregated in the yard, and I chose them to see that Nancy Dean had at any-rate one friend who believed in her. The sudden flush which covered her face, the expression of the eyes turned towards the other women, as though to say 'You see!' sufficiently thanked me. It was a very pleasant walk home.

I was not a little surprised as well as disappointed to find that Philip did not take kindly to the idea of my last protégée. He came down with Robert Wentworth towards the evening, and Lilian mentioned my afternoon's errand to the Home to the latter, who had been extremely interested in Nancy's case.

Philip asked several questions about it; but I could not get him to shew any interest in Nancy, if he felt any. Indeed I could not help seeing that the idea of my visiting the Home was distasteful to him. It was all the more noticeable because Robert Wentworth had entered so warmly into the subject, taking my proceedings quite for granted.

'What led you to go there, Mary?'

What led me to go there?—what but the happiness his own letter had brought me. But that was not a question to be replied to just then, if ever; so I murmured something about having met Nancy in a state of desperation, and persuaded her to return to the Home, &c.

He said very little; his disapproval was more expressed in his manner than anything else. Seeing that he objected, and did not care to give his reasons for so doing, I did not attempt to discuss the point with him. I must trust to Nancy. If by-and-by she proved to be a success, it would be a better argument in my favour than any I could advance. Besides, I was too happy to allow a slight divergence of opinion between us to disturb me. Of course he knew that he would find me ready enough to yield whenever he shewed me a reason for so doing; he would find too, that in my heart of hearts I preferred his gaining the victory when it came to reasoning, though it must be a fair field and no favour between us.

But if Philip did not very favourably regard my visits to Nancy, he entered warmly enough into our scheme for improving the cottage homes. He not only approved but helped us in workmanlike fashion with a little carpentering and what not, which we had been unable to compass, beginning with a bracket and shelves, and launching out into more ambitious attempts. We began to contemplate improving the architectural effect with porches to the doors, over which climbing plants were to be trained, placing a seat at the side, and so forth; and if it was not all of the very highest art as to shape and make, it would be, we flattered ourselves, picturesque and comfortable-looking. If the porch proved as attractive as the village ale-house to sit and smoke in, in the summer evenings, it would be something gained.

With regard to the interior arrangements, we were altogether satisfied. Our protégés were beginning to take some little pride in their homes, and to brighten up such parts of them as did not match well with our efforts. We still always took care to leave some part of the room as we found it, to serve as a contrast; and the challenge was now more generally accepted than at first. It must, however, be acknowledged that we still met with occasional opposition. When Jemmy Rodgers, for instance, found that his tobacco jar was not refilled after being suggestively placed in our way, he began to shew his independence again; taking to his old ways and using the table for a kettle-stand. But we looked upon ourselves as successful enough to be as independent as he was now, and we took no further trouble about him or his table. At which Sally Dent informed us he gave it as his opinion that we had more 'grit' in us than he had given us credit for having; and that he wasn't sure he should not give in and clean the table himself. To his astonishment a clean table did not open our hearts; the tobacco jar remained unfilled.

In all our other schemes Philip joined heartily with purse and hand, and yet he so markedly stopped short when Nancy and the Home were in question. How was it? Was his remark about 'the impossibility of a woman retaining the delicate grace and refinement of thought—the, so to speak, bloom of her nature—which is her greatest charm, if she became too familiar with scenes of misery and sin,' intended as a gentle warning to me?

For whomsoever it was intended, she found a ready and able advocate in Robert Wentworth. He very decidedly gave it as his opinion that the delicate grace and bloom and all the rest of it could not be got rid of too quickly, if they were to prevent a woman holding out her hand to any of her own sex who needed help. 'But fortunately, or unfortunately, since there are not too many possessed of it, it is just the delicate grace of a refined woman which is required in such cases.'

'All very well in theory, Wentworth; but if it came to practice? I am sure you would be as desirous as I should be to guard a wife or sister from contact with the degraded?'

'My dear fellow, not I; unless I feared the possibility of some of her virtues being rubbed off by the contact; in that case she would of course require very careful guarding. But I should be very proud of a sister who could go *safely* amongst those who needed her, be they whom they might.'

Philip waived further discussion with a 'By-and-by, Wentworth.' I believe he thought that it was not complimentary to Lilian and me to carry on the conversation in our presence.

I could not but be grateful for the chivalrous respect which both shewed towards women, though I could not help contrasting their very opposite ways of shewing it. One seemed to represent the chivalry of the past, and the other that of the present. I could appreciate both: the poetry and romance of the old chivalry, and the reason and respect in the new; and I did not ask myself which was most really complimentary to women, or whether each was not a little the worse for being so dissevered from the other. It might be that in my heart I should have preferred Philip representing the present rather than the past; but I did not acknowledge so much to myself.

But all this was only a faint ripple on our stream, not sufficient to prevent the current from running smooth.

GOOD MANNERS

Are nothing less than little morals. They are the shadows of virtues, if not virtues themselves. 'A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.' How well it is then that no one class has a monopoly in this 'finest of fine arts;' that while favourable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should nevertheless be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes practising good manners towards each other. For what is a good manner? It is the art of putting our associates at their ease. Whoever makes the fewest persons uncomfortable, is the best-mannered man in a room.

Vanity, ill-nature, want of sympathy, want of sense—these are the chief sources from which bad manners spring. Nor can we imagine an incident in which a man could be at a loss as to what to say or do in company, if he were always considerate for the feelings of others, forgot himself, and did not lose his head or leave his common-sense at home. Such a one may not have studied etiquette, he may be chaotic rather than be in 'good form,' as the slang expression is; and yet because his head and heart are sound, he will speak and act as becomes a gentleman. On the other hand, a very pedant in form and bigot in ceremonies may be nothing better than the 'mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat.' As we can be wise without learning, so it is quite possible to be well-mannered with little or no knowledge of those rules and forms which are at best only a substitute for common-sense, and which cannot be considered essential to good manners, inasmuch as they vary in every country, and even in the same country change about with the weather-cock of fashion. Vanity renders people too self-conscious to have good manners, for if we are always thinking of the impression we are making, we cannot give enough attention to the feelings and conversation of others. Without *trying* to be natural—an effort that would make us most artificial—we must be natural by forgetting self in the desire to please others. Elderly unmarried ladies, students, and those who lead lonely lives generally, not unfrequently acquire awkward manners, the result of self-conscious sensitiveness.

Shyness was a source of misery to the late Archbishop Whately. When at Oxford, his white rough coat and white hat obtained for him the sobriquet of 'The White Bear;' and his manners, according to his own account of himself, corresponded with the appellation. He was directed, by way of remedy, to copy the example of the best-mannered men he met in society; but the attempt to do this only increased his shyness. He found that he was all the while thinking of himself rather than of others; whereas thinking of others rather than of one's self is the essence of politeness. Finding that he was making no progress, he said to himself: 'I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in spite of it. I will endeavour to think about it as little as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured.' In thus endeavouring to shake off all consciousness as to manner, he says: 'I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces; and acquired at once an easy and natural manner—careless indeed in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must be ever against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way, and of course tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good-will towards men which I really feel; and these I believe are the main points.'

Vanity again is the source of that boasting self-assertion which is the bane of manners. He is an ill-mannered man who is always loud in the praises of himself and of his children; who boasting of his rank, of his business, of achievements in his calling, looks down upon lower orders of people; who cannot refrain from having his joke at the expense of another's character, whose smart thing must come out because he has not the gentlemanly feeling that suggests to us

> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives.

The habit of saying rude things, of running people down, springs not so much from ill-nature as from that vanity that would rather lose a friend than a joke. On this point Dr Johnson once remarked: 'Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.' The vain egotism that disregards others is shewn in various unpolite ways; as, for instance, by neglect of propriety in dress, by the absence of cleanliness, or by indulging in repulsive habits. Some think themselves so well-born, so clever, or so rich, as to be above caring what others say and think of them. It is said that the ancient kings of Egypt used to commence speeches to their subjects with the formula, 'By the head of Pharaoh, ye are all swine!' We need not wonder that those who take this swine-theory view of their neighbours should be careless of setting their tastes and feelings at defiance. Contrast such puppyism with the conduct of David Ancillon, a famous Huguenot preacher, one of whose motives for studying his sermons with the greatest care was 'that it was shewing too little esteem for the public to take no pains in preparation, and that a man who should appear on a ceremonial day in his night-cap and dressing-gown could not commit a greater breach of civility.'

'Spite and ill-nature,' it has been said, 'are among the most expensive luxuries of life;' and this is true, for none of us can afford to surround himself with the host of enemies we are sure to make if, when young, we allow ill-nature to produce in us unmannerly habits. Good manners, like good words, cost nothing, and are worth everything. What advantage, for instance, did the bookseller on whom Dr Johnson once called to solicit employment get from his brutal reply: 'Go buy a porter's knot and carry trunks?' The surly natures of such men prevent them from ever entertaining angels unawares.

It is want of sympathy, however, much more than a bad nature that produces the ill-mannered hardness of character so well described by Sydney Smith: 'Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoofs upon your heart. Analyse the conversation of a well-bred man who is clear of the besetting sin of hardness; it is a perpetual homage of polite good-nature. In the meantime the gentleman on the other side of you (a highly moral and respectable man) has been crushing little sensibilities, and violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; and without violating anything which can be called a *rule*, or committing what can be denominated a *fault*, has displeased and dispirited you, from wanting that fine vision which sees little things, and that delicate touch which handles them, and that fine sympathy which this superior moral organisation always bestows.'

Of course we must not judge people too much by external manner, for many a man has nothing of the bear about him but his skin. Nevertheless as we cannot expect people in general to take time to see whether we are what we seem to be, it is foolish to roll ourselves into a prickly ball on the approach of strangers. If we do so, we cannot wonder at their exclaiming: 'A rough Christian!' as the dog said of the hedgehog.

It is difficult to see how the 'natural-born fool' —to use an American expression—can ever hope to become well mannered, for without good sense, or rather tact, a man must continually make a fool of himself in society. Why are women as a rule better mannered than men? Because their greater sympathy and power of quicker intuition give to them finer tact. Nor is talent which knows what to do of much use, if the tact be wanting which should enable us to see how to do it. He who has talent without tact is like the millionaire who never has a penny of ready-money about him. Mr Smiles illustrates the difference between a man of quick tact and of no tact whatever by an interview which he says once took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr Behnes the sculptor. At the last sitting which Lord Palmerston gave him, Behnes opened the conversation with: 'Any news, my lord, from France? How do we stand with Louis Napoleon?' The Foreign Secretary raised his eyebrows for an instant, and quietly replied: 'Really, Mr Behnes, I don't know; I have not seen the newspapers!' Behnes, with much talent, was one of the many men who entirely missed their way in life through want of tact.

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. Well-mannered people do not talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is *con* (with), that it means talking with another, they abstain from lecturing, and are as ready to listen as to be heard. They are neither impatient to interrupt others nor uneasy when interrupted themselves. Knowing 'that their anecdote or sharp reply will keep, or need not find utterance at all, they give full attention to their companion, and do not by their looks vote him a bore, or at least an interruption to their own much better remarks. But beside the rule, that we should not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* should occur in our conversation, another rule is, not to take for our theme—ourselves. We must remember that, as a rule, we and our concerns can be of no more importance to other men than they and their concerns are to us. Why then should we go over the annals of our lives generally and of our diseases in particular to comparative strangers; why review the hardships we have suffered in money matters, in love, at law, in our profession, or loudly boast of successes in each of these departments? Why, lastly, should the pride that apes humility induce us to fish for compliments by talking *ad nauseam* of our faults? We need not say that low gossip or scandal-bearing is quite incompatible with good manners. 'The occasions of silence,' says Bishop Butler, 'are obvious—namely when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid; better either in regard to some particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation of a more agreeable kind; or better, lastly, with regard to himself.'

A well-mannered man is courteous to all sorts and conditions of men. He is respectful to his inferiors as well as to his equals and superiors. Honouring the image of God in every man, his good manners are not reserved for the few who can pay for them, or who make themselves feared. Like the gentle summer air, his civility plays round all alike. 'The love and admiration,' says Canon Kingsley, 'which that truly brave and loving man Sir Sidney Smith won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went.' Certainly the working-classes of England, however respectful they may be to those whom—often for interested reasons—they call 'their betters,' are far from being sufficiently polite to each other. Why should not British labourers when they meet take off their hats to each other, and courteously ask after Mrs Hardwork and family? There is not a moment of their lives the enjoyment of which might not be enhanced by kindliness of this sort—in the workshop, in the street, or at home.

We know that extremes meet, and there is an over-civility that becomes less than civil, because it forces people to act contrary to their inclinations. Well-mannered people consult the wishes of others rather than their own. They do not proceed in a tyrannical manner to prescribe what their friends shall eat and drink, nor do they put them in the awkward position of having to answer a thousand apologies for their entertainment. When guests refuse an offered civility, we ought not to press it. When they desire to leave our house, it is really bad manners to lock the stable-door, hide their hats, and have recourse to similar artifices to prevent their doing so. As, however, this zeal of hospitality without knowledge is a good fault, and one not too common, there is perhaps no need to say more about it. It leans to virtue's side.

We must not confound etiquette with good manners, for the arbitrary rules of the former are very often absurd, and differ in various ages and countries; whereas good manners, founded as they are on common-sense, are always and everywhere the same. It would be invidious to illustrate this assertion from the society of our own country, so we shall import a *reductio ad absurdum* of etiquette from Japan. In *The Gentle Life*, the following account is given by a resident at the Japanese court. 'When one courtier was insulted by another, he who bore the insult turned round to the insulter, and quietly uncovering the stomach, ripped himself open. The aggressor, by an inexorable law of etiquette, was bound to follow the lead, and so the two die. The most heart-rending look ever witnessed was one given by a Japanese, who, having been insulted by an American, carried out the rule, expecting his opponent to follow suit. But the Yankee would do nothing of the sort; and the Japanese expired in agonies—not from the torture of his wound, but from being a sacrifice to so foolish and underbred a fellow—whilst the American looked at him in a maze of wonder.' If it were not so sad, we might laugh at such accounts of self-torture, as well as at people of our own acquaintance who, worshipping conventionality, are ever on the rack about 'the right thing to do,' about 'good form.'

But this sort of folly should not blind us to the value of good manners as distinguished from etiquette.

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind.

Were it not for the oil of civility, how could the wheels of society continue to work? Money, talent, rank, these are keys that turn some locks; but kindness or a sympathetic manner is a master-key that can open all. If 'virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner,' how great must be the power of winning manners, such as steer between bluntness and plain-dealing, between giving merited praise and flattery.

Men succeed in their professions quite as much by complaisance and kindliness of manner as by talent. Demosthenes, in giving his well-known advice to an orator—that eloquence consisted in three things, the first 'action,' the second 'action,' and the third 'action'—is supposed to have intended manner only. A telling preacher in his opening remarks gains the good-will of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and that he can say it—by his manner. The successful medical man on entering a sick-room inspires into his patients belief in himself, and that hope which is so favourable to longevity—by his manner. Considering that jurymen are scarcely personifications of pure reason unmixed with passion or prejudice, a barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking. Again, has the business man any stock-in-trade that pays him better than a good address? And as regards the 'survival of the fittest' in tournaments for a lady's hand, is it not a 'natural selection' when the old motto 'Manners makyth man' decides the contest? At least Wilkes, the best-mannered but ugliest man of his day, thought so. 'I am,' he said, 'the ugliest man in the three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest.'

If kindliness of disposition be the essence of good manners, our subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is the heart that makes both the true gentleman and the great theologian. The apostle Paul (see speech delivered on Mars' Hill) always endeavoured to conciliate his audience when he commenced addressing them. And his letters, as well as those of his fellow-apostles, are full of sympathy and consideration for every one's feelings, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended to even the greatest of sinners.

THE DUKE'S PIPER.

A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'OH, Angus!' Maggie held out her hand to him on the pier, and he held it as in a vice. 'It iss your own poat, then, Angus?'

'No; she iss not,' said Angus.

'No?'

'No! She iss yours, Maggie! I built her for ye—every inch of her grew under my own hand—and she 's no a pad poat at all, though it iss me that says it'——

'Well, Angus'——

'Don't say another word, but go aboard,' said Angus, proceeding down the steep slippery steps to the loch, leading Maggie gallantly by the hand. Speedily the rope was unloosed, the white sail spread to the breeze, and the boat moved gracefully and rapidly, under a glorious sunset sky, out into the loch. Maggie sat holding the tiller silently while Angus adjusted the ropes. The loch was radiant from shore to shore in the rich evening light; quickly the white houses of the town were left in the distance; and hardly a movement but the delicious ripple of water cleft by the boat's bow, or the cry of a sea-gull sailing lazily overhead, disturbed the stillness. Here and there in the pools among the boulders in lonely parts of the shore, a heron stood silent as its own shadow and solitary as a hermit; from the grassy hollows by the beach a thin white mist rose, softening the green wooded slopes, and adding a sense of distance to the heathery ridges in the background, glorified by the red autumn sunset. Maggie was supremely happy. When the sail was fairly set, Angus came and stretched himself by her side.

'And ye think she iss a nice poat, and ye like her?' he said, looking into Maggie's face.

'It wass fery kind of ye to think of giving me such a present as this, Angus; but I cannot possibly take it.'

'Maggie,' said Angus, taking her disengaged hand in his, 'I hef long wanted to tell you something—indeed I hef, Maggie—not that I'm a goot hand at telling anything I want, but—all the time I wass building her, and that wass longer than ye might think, Maggie—I hef looked to this moment as a reward—when I would see you sitting there, looking that happy and that peautiful—yes, Maggie, peautiful, and pleased with my work—and proud am I to see ye so pleased wi' a trifle'——

'But it iss *not* a trifle,' said the maiden interrupting him; 'it wass a great undertaking! I nefer saw anything I liked half so much.'

'But it iss nothing, I tell you, Maggie, to what I would gif you if you would be willing to take it—nothing! I would like you, Maggie, to take all I hef—and myself too. It iss true I am only a common sailor, but Maggie, my heart iss fery warm to you. Many's the time, when I wass a hundred and maybe thousants of miles away from here, I wad pe thinking of you—many a time in the middle of the night, when I wass on the deck alone, watching and looking at the stars under a foreign sky, I would single out a particular star and call it Maggie's eye, and watch it lovingly, cass I thocht you might pe looking at it too, even if you wass not thinking of me thousants of miles off; and it makes me fery unhappy when I'm a long way off, to think that maybe I am forgotten, and some other man iss trying to get your love, and maybe I losing my chance of happiness for life, cass, like a fool, I held my peace, when by speaking a word my happiness and yours might pe secure.'

Angus's arm had stolen round the girl's waist as he proceeded in the speech that was a direct outflow from his heart. She did not try to speak for a little. Angus saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

'It wass wrong of ye, Angus, efer to think I would forget ye,' she said.

'Then ye do think sometimes apoot me when I am not near you?'

'Angus, how can you pe speaking nonsense like that!'

'But it iss not nonsense to me, Maggie,' said her lover seriously; 'I love you, Maggie, as I love no woman in the world; and Maggie, if you were to—to—it wad break my'——

It was the old story. Two human souls meeting under the light of heaven, each recognising in the other that which each yearned for, to give completeness to life; the spoken word being the outward force impelling them towards each other, as two dewdrops merge into one by a movement external to both. The Highland girl had no desire to break her lover's heart; nay, she was ready to give her own in exchange for his love with all the impulsiveness of a simple and true nature. As the boat sped on they noted not that twilight was deepening into evening, that the stars were myriad-eyed above them, and the crescent moon glimmered over the hills and shone in quivering tracks along the loch. So it came about that at the same moment of time when the piper in the clachan was apostrophising Angus's father in the words already recorded—'Nae doot your son Angus will pe wanting me to learn him to play the pipes too; and nae doot, when he comes for that purpose, he will look to have his crack wi' Maggie,' &c.—his daughter's arms were being thrown impulsively about Angus's neck, and Angus himself was the happiest man in the Western Highlands.

Maggie reached Glen Heath with a joyous heart. She was there before the piper. She speedily girt on her apron, and with tucked-up sleeves proceeded to the more prosaic duty of baking 'scones' that might be warm and palatable for the piper's supper; and as she rolled out the dough, and patted and rolled and kneaded it, and turned it before the fire until an appetising browniness covered each surface, she sang merrily one of the merriest of the sad Gaelic melodies.

But the piper was late. The white cloth was spread, and the scones had time to cool, before Diana leaping to her feet, stretched herself, yawned, and went to the door sniffing. Maggie opened the door immediately; the piper swung along the path unsteadily. The dog went to meet him without enthusiasm, half-doubtful of her reception, and only narrowly escaped the kick which the piper aimed at her.

'Get out, ye prute!' he said, as he came in; and when the animal still came fawning towards him, he hurled his bagpipes with great force at her head, only with the result, however, of breaking the pipe's mouthpiece. 'O the prute!' he cried when he saw what had happened; 'she has proken my favourite shanter—the shanter that I've played wi' for fifteen years. O the prute! I'll cut her throat, to teach her to keep oot o' my way. My best shanter too!'

'Come, dad, you are late,' said Maggie cheerily, going to meet him; 'you hef had a long walk. I hef boiled some eggs for ye, and baked some scones; come, hef some supper before ye go to bed.'

'Ay, ay, ye are a praw lass, Maggie, one o' the right sort,' the piper said. 'But to think my poor shanter's broken. I will nefer see her like again whatefer!'

The piper sat down to supper with an enormous appetite, and Maggie waited upon him devotedly, uncertain whether she should reveal her secret or not in the present dubious state of her father's temper.

'Anypody peen here for me the day?' he asked between mouthfuls.

'Yes, Angus MacTavish wass here in the afternoon; and he'——

The piper laid down his knife, looked straight in his daughter's face with a fierceness that startled her, saying: 'Hang Angus MacTavish and efery man i' their black clan! A MacTavish nefer darkens my threshold again! If Angus MacTavish efer comes to my house he will live to rue it. I *hate* efery living MacTavish!'

Maggie looked in her father's face amazed. To violent language she was well accustomed; but sober or otherwise, she had never heard him utter a word against the MacTavishes until now.

'Come, dad,' she said after a short silence, during which time she decided it would be better to say nothing of what was uppermost in her mind until morning—'come, dad; something has vexed you to-night. You will be petter in the morning. Angus iss the best friend either you or I hef in the wide world.'

'I tell you,' burst out the piper, 'I will not hef his name mentioned in my hoose, not by you or any other! And if you go apoot with him, Meg, as I hef seen ye do lately, I'll—I'll maybe pack you out of doors too!'

The tears were in poor Maggie's eyes, but she comforted herself as she put up the bolt in the door for the night, by assuring herself, as she heard the piper stumbling up-stairs to his room: 'Poor dad, he iss worse than usual to-night.' And when she slept, she dreamed of Angus.

CHAPTER III.

The piper's anger seemed to be modified on the following morning; but he still growled when his daughter introduced the name MacTavish as he sat before a steaming bowl of porridge and a basin of milk, which he attacked with a large horn spoon and an appetite comparable only to the giant's who fell a victim to the adroitness of Jack the celebrated Giant-killer. Maggie's enthusiastic account of Angus's gift of the boat was received with a critical coldness that made her heart sink within her.

'O ay, Maggie; it iss no doot a peautiful poat—she wass sure to pe that if Angus built her; but it iss fery easy to see what Angus MacTavish iss driving at. Maybe he'll find he has peen counting without his host mirofer, if he thinks he iss going to get you for his wife by gifing you a fishing-poat; what wass a fishing-poat to a lass like you?—as if ye wass a poor lass! Ye're no to pe fashing your head apoot Angus MacTavish, lass—no; he iss no doot a cood lad, but no for the like o' you! There iss Sandy Buchanan noo, the lawyer's clerk mirofer, a far more likely lad to make ye a cood man, and willing?'

'O dad, and how can ye pe saying such things to me on the happiest day o' my life, for Angus asked me yesterday to be his wife; and I—I'——

'Ye what?' said the piper, laying down his spoon and eyeing his daughter sternly.

'Weel, dad, I—I—didna say No.'

'Then I'm thinking ye'll hef to go this fery day whatefer and say "No," my lass, for I'm telling ye I won't hef it!'

Maggie was not generally one of the tearful sort, but the sudden emphasis of her father's words filled her eyes with tears and drove her to silence. She did not trust herself to speak, but lifted her pail hurriedly with a flushed face, and went sorrowfully to milk the 'kye,' whose deep impatient lowing from the byre was urgently demanding attention. When she was half across the courtyard she heard her father calling her back. She turned and went to him.

'Maggie,' he said, drawing her to his knee and holding her brown face between his rough hands tenderly, 'it iss not crying ye are, my bonny lass? No; I wad not hef my lass crying for any MacTavish that efer drank a dram! Not that Angus iss a pad lad—no, I will not say he iss that—he plays the pipes petter than any lad of his years I efer saw—but the MacTavishes—— Ah weel, they're no jist the clan that the Camerons should marry into. Noo, dry your eyes, lass, and pe off to your milking mirofer—Crumple iss moaning as if her udder wass going to crack.'

The maiden said nothing; she kissed him, but the smile was all vanished from her face as she stooped to relieve Crumple of her milky burden.

The piper went to the stable, and the sound of his whistling rang over the place as he brushed down his horses and gave them their morning feed.

Maggie was in strong hopes, as the morning advanced, that before nightfall, when she expected Angus to come, the tempest would be over, and Angus hailed by her father in his old manner. This hope was dispelled, and poor Maggie made miserable beyond bearing when her father returned to his mid-day meal. The piper had early in the forenoon taken his fishing-rod and gone to a favourite spot of his known as 'the Black Hole,' on the stream, where he had wiled away many an hour and tempted to the bank many a fat spotted trout. When he returned to dinner, his daughter saw with surprise that he brought no fish with him, and that his fishing-rod was broken into half-a-dozen pieces; and moreover, that he was white with anger. Fingal his collie was following with dejected tail and a torn ear, apparently in as bad a temper as his master, judging from the snarling greeting he gave Diana who went to meet them.

'Py the powers, but I'll put the law on him; I'll hef him put in the jail,' cried the piper, as he went into his kitchen and tossed the fragments of his fishing-rod into a corner. 'The plaguard, to preak my fishing-rod and steal my fish mirofer; but I'll hef the law on him! He shall go pefore the shirra as sure as my name iss John Cameron!'

Maggie did not know that Mr MacTavish was at the same moment on his way home with a swollen black eye, carrying with him a goodly fish that ought to have been in the piper's basket, 'Jet' limping behind his master very much bruised indeed.

'And it iss the Teuk that wull pe told all apoot it; the prood teffle, poaching the salmon like a common thief, and knocking a man apoot as if he wass a lower animal,' said the game-keeper, recording *his* grievance indignantly to his buxom wife, in answer to sympathetic ejaculations as to the state of his eye, when he returned to his dinner.

True to his word, the piper sent the herd-boy to the lawyer's office to tell Sandy Buchanan, with the piper's compliments, &c., that Mr Cameron desired to see him at Glen Heath on important business.

'Well, dad,' Maggie had said impetuously when she heard this message given to 'Geordy,' as they sat at dinner, hardly understanding from what motive her father sought the presence of the detested Sandy Buchanan, 'I can only say that I shall not bide in the hoose if that red-headed, ill-looking man comes to the hoose; I won't inteed!'

'Ye are red-headed yourself!' said the piper abruptly.

'No; I'm not.'

'Yes, ye are. The man canna help himself if the Almichty gef him a red head. The best o' folks iss red-headed. I'm red-headed; and ye are red as a fox or a squirrel yourself, I tell ye'——

'Well, well, dad, we'll no quarrel apoot that; maybe I am; but'——

'I tell ye what it iss, Maggie, ye will bide at home when Mr Buchanan comes, and ye'll pehave yourself civilly, or maybe it may pe worse for ye. Angus MacTavish hass turned your head; but he'll get a bit o' my mind maybe yet, as his father hass pefore him mirofer, and that pefore the set o' sun too!'

'O dad, dad! ye'll break my heart, so ye will, inteed and inteed ye will, dad, if it iss in that way ye speak o' Angus.'

'I'll not hef him come apoot my hoose longer! He iss a wanderin' rake; efery sailor iss that, and no fit to make a cood huspand to the like o' you.'

'He iss not a rake! Ye are no speaking the words of truth, father!' exclaimed the girl passionately.

'Efery sailor iss a rake, Maggie; eferypody knows that; and I daresay he iss none better than his neibors.'

Stung by the cruel words, Maggie ran to the dairy, where she shut herself in and burst into a flood of tears. The Highland maid had few hatreds; she had the impulsive almost passionate temperament of every true Celt, but her impulsiveness ran in loving channels. But if she did hate, she hated warmly—also after the Celtic manner. And the one living object for whom she felt undying scorn was this Sandy Buchanan, who knew more of her father's affairs than any man in Inversnow; and whose studied civility to her on all occasions, and attentions more or less marked, were resented by her as she would have resented another man's insults. Perhaps he was all the more despised because he kept at a respectful distance when Angus was at home; a peculiarity that Maggie attributed to a certain dread of physical consequences, that was not to be wondered at in a weak-legged milksop fellow like him. But whenever the Duke's yacht was away, Mr Sandy danced attendance upon her assiduously, insisting upon seeing her safely home from the kirk on Sunday evenings, and otherwise thrusting his obnoxious presence upon her in ways which she considered offensive.

And sure enough, just as the sun was veering round to the west, the piper was seated at the table of his best parlour with a bottle of whisky and glasses, and a plate of Maggie's crisp oatmeal bannocks between him and the detested Sandy Buchanan, whose breath blew forth gales of peppermint—an odour that Maggie always associated with him, and put the worst construction upon—as he listened patiently to the rather confused statement of the piper's grievance. Sandy tried honestly to look at the case from the piper's stand-point; but put in any form, it appeared that if any legal action was to be taken the decision could hardly take the only form which would satisfy the irate piper—namely the immediate arrest, trial, conviction, and imprisonment of Mr MacTavish for an undefined number of months in the county jail. Sandy gathered that the piper had succeeded in hooking a 'cood seven-pound grilse;' that while he was landing the same, Mr MacTavish appeared on the scene threatening to report him to the Duke for poaching; words passed between them, not of a complimentary nature, ending ultimately in one of two catastrophes—the piper could not clearly remember which—either the game-keeper had seized the piper's rod with result of breaking it to pieces, or the piper had broken his fishing-rod over the game-keeper's back; and then a struggle had ensued, the upshot of which was that the latter walked off with the 'grilse' and a black eye, while the former did the like with his shattered fishing-rod and empty basket, each vowing to lay the matter before 'the shirra.'

The Sheriff, as represented by Sandy Buchanan the fiscal's clerk, thought, much to the delight of the piper, that he had good ground for an action for assault against Mr MacTavish; and presently father and daughter (poor Maggie was compelled to remain in the room to hear the brutal manner in which he, a Cameron, had been treated by a MacTavish) were thrown into a state of mental confusion by the adroit manner in which Sandy now addressing the piper as 'our client,' now as 'the plaintiff;' both of which phrases the piper received and acknowledged in the light of a personal compliment, and also by liberal but not very coherent allusion to Act of Queen Victoria this, and chapter of Act Queen Victoria that; all tending to prove the piper the most abused and injured of men.

In the midst of the conference Angus MacTavish appeared at the door. He indiscreetly opened it and looked in without knocking. The piper, who was feeling at the moment keenly alive to his own importance, with the delightful sense that he had matter to bring before the 'shirra' (as he called the Sheriff), looked up and frowned, fingering his glass of whisky the while.

'What idiot iss it that walks into a shentleman's hoose withoot knocking at the door, and withoot waiting to be asked to come in?'

'Come, piper,' said Angus, walking boldly into the room, somewhat surprised to see Buchanan there, but holding an outstretched hand to the piper; 'it iss not the first, nor the second, nor maybe the twentieth time I hef hed your hospitality, and I am thinking it will not pe the last time—and that without claiming it.'

'My name is Maister Cameron—Maister Cameron of Glen Heath, Maister Angus MacTavish! And apoot its peing the last time or not depends upon more consiterations than one!' The piper spoke with a sternness and pomposity of manner that made his visitor allow his hand to drop quickly to his side, and brought an indignant flush to the young face.

'What does it all mean?' said Angus in a bewildered way, turning to Maggie.

Maggie stood behind her father's chair the personification of misery. The man of law sat looking stolidly before him with the most wooden of expressions on his pale face.

'It means,' said the piper in the same harsh sharp key, 'that *that* is the door, that yonder is the road, that the quicker ye are there the petter it will pe for you, and the petter pleased too will all in this room pe.'

'Iss that it?' said Angus slowly, looking still at Maggie, and turning again towards the door.

'No, Angus, no! It iss not true that all in this room will pe petter pleased that ye should go. It iss not true!' burst out the girl in the fullness of her heart.

'But it *shall* pe true!' shouted the piper, bringing his hand firmly down upon the table. Angus did not stay to argue the matter, but sorrowfully went his way.

'Stop that whining, Maggie—stop that foolish whining; I will not hef it!' said the piper, turning upon his daughter fiercely, who tried in vain to repress a sob as Angus disappeared.

'O Sandy Buchanan, it iss muckle that ye'll hef to answer for, if ye'll make me that I'll hate my own father too,' said the poor girl, storming out into open mutiny.

'Leave the room, Maggie!' cried the piper, waving his hand. The maiden gladly availed herself of her dismissal, and fled to the solitude of her own room. 'Cott has not gifen to women the brains to understand pusiness,' he continued, generalising apologetically to his guest.

A week passed, and the piper's wrath against the clan MacTavish endured. The feud was not one-sided. Mr MacTavish replied to a letter full of nothing, expressed in the bitterest legal phraseology, written by Sandy Buchanan on the piper's behalf, by a document of elaborate counter-charges, written by the banker-lawyer of the town, breathing threatenings and lawsuits. And the case promised to be profitable to both of these astute gentlemen, as such cases generally manage to be.

HINTS TO SICK-NURSES.

TRYING as are many, indeed we may truly say most of the duties of the sick-room, nothing renders them so much so as the fact that the disease under which the patient is suffering is of an infectious, or of a contagious nature.

There is a great deal to be said on the head of avoidance of infection or contagion, while nursing a sufferer through disease of either one nature or the other. In this as in all other matters connected with sick-nursing, heroic, would-be-martyr-like conduct is absurd and blamable, for prudence goes for a great deal, and indiscretion brings trouble and suffering on others as well as yourself. 'I don't mind *what* risk I run; I am too anxious to think about myself!' always seems to us a feeble and (to use a strong northern word) a very feckless sort of remark, only made, in nine cases out of ten, to exact the tribute of a surprised or admiring look. On the contrary, the aim and end of every sick-nurse should be to do as much good and be as much comfort as possible *with the least possible risk.* To achieve this, the smallest and most apparently trivial precautions are worth taking, in order to prevent the friends and relatives about you having the additional trouble and anxiety of nursing you as a second invalid, just when 'number one' is recovering.

'I am so anxious I can't eat! I haven't touched a morsel to-day!' are by no means uncommon remarks to hear from the lips of some one who is nursing, or assisting to nurse a case of infectious disease. Yet this abstinence is just the very worst thing you can possibly do under such circumstances, and the most calculated to render yourself an easy prey to that unseen influence pervading the air, and like the seeds of some poisonous plant, ready to take root if soil be found favourable to its growth. Feebleness, over-weariness, exhaustion, want of sufficient nourishment—all these things aid in preparing this suitable soil, and woo the disease germs that are floating about in the air to take root and bring forth bitter fruit. A vigorous cheerful person, capable of strong self-control, often seems able to defy the closest contact with disease; and even if some *malaise* (often closely allied to the disease of the patient) knocks over the willing nurse for a time, the elastic constitution of body and mind seems to throw off the poison, and no serious illness results. Nothing is more common than the occurrence of these spurious attacks of illness, allied to that from which the person nursed is suffering, and the following case is an example.

A lady nursing a friend in small-pox, after lengthened attendance in the sick-room, was attacked by faintness, shivering, a sensation of nausea, and violent headache. Both the nurse and her friends concluded that a seizure of the loathsome disease from which the patient was suffering was inevitable. However, the following day several large blotches appeared on various parts of the body; all unpleasant symptoms gradually disappeared; and in a day or two—without the original sufferer having had any idea that her nurse was kept away by anything more serious than need of rest—she was able to return to her duties, and never suffered any further deterioration of health. In the same way we have known those who were nursing cases of fever to be suddenly attacked by sore throat, headache, and vertigo, these symptoms passing off after twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and no further evil resulting. A vigorous constitution, care while nurse-tending as to diet and exercise, joined to a mind calm and equable, and ready to face all possibilities without flurry, feverish excitement, or fear, will in many cases enable the sick-nurse to throw off the seeds of disease. But a malignant influence which floats in the atmosphere of the sick-room, pervading the breath of the sick person, and hanging like a bad odour about the bed-clothes, carpets, and even the wall-paper of the room, is necessarily a difficult enemy to evade—and such is infection. And any one who has a timorous dread of it is far better away from the sick-room.

This is, we think, a matter that cannot be too strongly insisted upon. To watch for symptoms is often to develop them; and constant dwelling upon the condition of any one organ of the body, and apprehension as to disease in that organ, will often produce at all events functional derangement if no greater evil. By this we do not mean that neglect of one's self is ever justifiable, but only that fearful and timorous apprehension is deleterious.

So strongly has this fact impressed itself upon us with regard to infection, that we even think it would be well to strain a point, and encourage a person to absent herself from the sick-room, rather than run the risk of having a nurse of this temperament near a patient suffering from disease of a catching nature. In sickness the perceptions are often rendered painfully acute, and the mind naturally much concentrated on itself, is therefore ready to take offence or be troubled by trifles. We have seen a patient shrink from the ministrations of a person whom he *felt* to be in a state of fear.

Just in the same way, if the duties of the sick-room are (as they often must be) unpleasant, a *look* of aversion or disgust is enough to wound the sufferer beyond the power of caress or words to heal! A woman who turns sick, or is obliged to put a handkerchief to her nose at a foul smell—who shudders at the sight of blood, ought never to be in a sick-room. The same may be said of one who is always feeling her own pulse, or (as we once saw) looking at her own tongue in the glass (by no means a graceful proceeding), to see if symptoms are 'declaring themselves.' All or much of this sort of nervousness may be affectation; but at the same time we must not judge unkindly of those who from natural temperament dread infection, and are therefore likely to fall a prey to it.

And now, taking it for granted that we have a tolerably sensible woman to deal with, and that she is called upon to nurse a case of fever, small-pox, diphtheria, or any such-like unpleasant ailment, what precautions are best calculated to reduce the risk of infection to a minimum?—a risk which we cannot do away with, but are certainly called upon to guard against to the utmost in our power. Attention to diet, so as to ward off great exhaustion *at any time*, and taking at least half an hour's exercise in the open air, are excellent rules to observe. Never go into the sick-room *fasting*. And here we must strongly urge upon every sick-nurse the value of coffee as a restorative. In times of cholera epidemics among our soldiers, the first precaution the authorities invariably take is to order a cup of strong coffee to be served out to each man the first thing in the morning. The effects of this plan are known to be admirable.

Take a brisk walk shortly after your breakfast; order a cup of hot strong coffee to be ready when you come in, and take it *before going into the patient's room*. Nothing helps to throw off the weariness of a night's watching like this turn in the fresh air (even if taken of necessity under an umbrella), and the coffee braces the nerves and invigorates the system.

To speak of the avoidance of alcoholic stimulants is to enter upon delicate ground; though we are of opinion that in *serious* cases the nurse should seldom touch anything stronger than coffee throughout the whole time. This abstaining gives a power of recovering with great promptitude from the effects of long-continued watching and heavy duties in the sick-room. Depend upon it that the recurring glass of sherry, the oft-repeated 'nip' of brandy-and-water, do a world of harm both in the sick-room and out of it.

That wine and brandy are valuable restoratives in weakness, cannot be denied; and it is certain that there are many constitutions which *need* a moderate amount of stimulant; but that stimulants are taken to a perfectly needless and most pernicious extent, even by those who by no means come under the term 'drunkard,' and that among these are numbered women as well as men, is a stubborn and unhappy fact. One of the many evils resulting from this over-use of stimulants is this: when severe illness and prostration call for wine or brandy, the system is so used to their action that but little benefit accrues; at all events, little when compared to that prompt answer the constitution gives to even small doses, when that constitution has either made very sparing use, or no use at all, of such whips and spurs to the energies of life.

The proper ventilation of a sick-room is a most important means of lessening the danger of infection; and this more particularly in such diseases as fever, small-pox, or diphtheria—that is, diseases coming distinctly under the head infectious. In those which are contagious, ventilation is of course also important, but not equally so. And this leads us on to speak of the difference between infection and contagion. Infection is subtly diffused through the atmosphere, the patient's breath, the clothes, hangings, walls, &c. Contagion consists in the disease being propagated by the emanations of the sick person. It is therefore obvious that the latter (contagion) is more easily guarded against by a prudent person than the former (infection). The plentiful use of disinfectants seems to be one of the best preventives against contagion; but of course all such details are generally regulated by the medical man in attendance, and no better advice can be given to the amateur sick-nurse than to follow his directions *implicitly*.

We will, before leaving this subject, quote one passage from Dr Aitken's excellent work, *The Science and Practice of Medicine*. In volume one, page 222, he says: 'Ill-health of any kind therefore favours the action of epidemic influences.' Thus then, we see how one of our highest medical authorities bears out the truth of what we have said—namely that for the sick-nurse to neglect her own health—to go without sufficient and regular food—in a word, to lower by any means whatever the standard of her own physical condition, is to intensify the risk of infection or contagion for herself, and trouble and anxiety for those belonging to her.

We have no belief in the disinfecting of clothes that have been worn during attendance on cases of an infectious nature. It is far better to wear an old dress, wrapper, shawl, &c., and when the illness is over *have them burned*. The same thing applies to clothing worn by the patient.

We remember one most lamentable case where (as was supposed) everything was disinfected, washed, and exposed to the air; yet the gift of a night-dress to a poor woman resulted in virulent small-pox, and the sufferer, a young married woman, was cruelly disfigured in spite of the best care and nursing an hospital could give.

It comes then to this: infection cannot be